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BY ORDER OF THE BOARD, October 1912

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"PORTRAIT" SYDNEY S. TULLY

Departure in Art Criticism (Page 63)

MacLean's Magazine

Vol XXI

Toronto May 1911

No 7

The Lonesome Factory on Hudson's Bay

By

J. B. Tyrrell

and James Grant

ALMOST any Hudson's Bay post is a poor place to find company—unless it be the company of your own thoughts. But the Post at Fort Churchill is just a few degrees more unhappy, in this regard, than any other.

Scattered over thousands of miles of Canadian wilderness lie these grey, weather-beaten houses, some more pretentious than others, where a lone man, with a white wife, perhaps, or native wife, carries on trade with the Indians in the territory round about. Each of them is sufficiently removed from the outside world, although some have a rival of the Revillon Freres nearby, for company; some have Indians close in around them; some are on the trails used by engineers, surveyors, or geologists inland bound; and some are even within a few days of the railways. But others have no mitigating circumstances, and of these is Fort Churchill.

It lies on the West coast of Hudson's Bay, as far north of the City of Toronto as Toronto is north of New Orleans. The settlement, as I knew it eighteen years ago and as it remains with only a few changes, consists of twenty-five half-breeds

the factor and his family, the missionary and his family, and the dogs. It lies on a little ledge of arid ground on the edge of the Churchill river just near where the river, having widened into a great lagoon, flows into Hudson's Bay. The lagoon and the Bay lie in front of the post. Behind it is a ridge of rock, perhaps a hundred feet high, over which, in winter, the snow drifts until it buries the post above the eaves of its ugly buildings. It is not even in a wooded country, where the forest might lend a little interest to life by its presence there, or out of which might come animals or Indians that might create some diversion, that might even offer to destroy the post and so confer a little excitement. No such good fortune. For hundreds of miles round about is a swampy country dotted at intervals with a few trees that maintain a difficult footing in the uncertain soil. The Indians that come to trade, are from, perhaps three hundred miles inland. They come but twice a year. The Esquimaux arrive from up the coast towards the Northern lights. Once a year—in August it used to be, and it may be yet, for all I know—the Company's ship pays its visit,

renews the stores, takes off the furs and carries back the report of the Factor and perhaps a letter or two from the factor's wife and the missionary's wife, to the people "at home." Once or twice a year there is a coasting trip up the shore among the Esquimaux. On Sundays and holidays the missionary in the Anglican Church prays for the King and the Queen and such as are in peril on the sea, but the most sincere part of the prayer is the simple little line about Daily Bread. Because Daily Bread in Churchill is not always a certainty for the half-breed congregation and it is just as well, when praying, to ask for it anyway.

It is eighteen years since first I was there. Mister Hawes was the trader then and Bishop Lofthouse, who is now at Kenora, was the "Church Missionary Society" Missionary in the place. Lofthouse was just a plain ordinary variety of hero, by which I mean that he did nothing sensational such as is now-a-days called heroism, but he LIVED for about fifteen years in that forsaken country because he believed it was his duty—it must have required a large faith in his duty. With him, lived his wife, just as heroic, who helped him in everything, from the

preaching to working in the garden to make the turnips grow, turnips being the only thing that they could raise in that soil.

But Mister Hawes was a different man. He is dead now and it will make no difference if I speak of him. Not that he ever did anything that was discreditable, nor that he ever said anything that he should not have said. But the Hudson's Bay Company does not like traders that talk too much—nor does any good employer for that matter, I suppose—and it might not have approved Hawes, were he alive, in saying what he said.

He was a quiet little man who could smoke for hours at a time without speaking. He had been a sea-captain in the Company's service and had learned the art of saying nothing in the course of sailing vessels in and out of the Hudson's Bay. But it was more than mere quietness that possessed Hawes. There was a tinge of melancholy in it.

I began to think that the half-breeds had something to do with it. I dropped a piece of bacon on the "street" one day, just outside the general trading store. It was just a little piece but you would never have forgotten it had you been the one



A CHARACTERISTIC VIEW OF CHURCHILL—TREELESS, AND ALMOST HOPELESS.

that dropped it. It was pounced upon before it touched the ground, not by dogs but by three half-breed boys who had been watching me with terrible patience.

That night I talked to Hawes. His young wife was putting the children to bed, and singing a hymn about "Shall we gather at the river—" Old Hawes was in one of his moods and I knew that the hymn was worrying him.

"It must be a big responsibility to see that not only the men you employ get food enough, but that their wives and children are fed, too," I said.

"Yes," he answered.

"Your people seem pretty hungry," I remarked, and told him about the bacon.

"Well!"

"Well—is food so scarce?"

"Where do you think food comes from in this country?" he returned. "Don't you know that pretty nearly every ounce of it has to be carried out here from England? When there were five half-breeds around the post that was not too bad. There was enough work for them to do to justify the company in feeding 'em. But when there's twenty-five and work for only six, the company can't afford to feed the whole crew—though, Lord knows, it does what it can."

"Can't the men hunt?"

"Hunt!" he grumbled. "There's nothing worth while hunting within a hundred miles of here, and besides—they have lost the knack. They couldn't hunt well enough to keep alive."

"So—"

"So they live around the post, doing chores; feeding the dogs, taking a boat up the coast to trade with the Esquimaux, taking a dog-team up the river in winter for fire-wood. I don't need so many. If I fed 'em all there'd be no sense in maintaining a post in this country at all. The company keeps me here to trade food for furs. If I feed all the food to the breeds where am I going to get furs?"

"Yes, but what's to become of them?"

"God knows. They love children, and it's a good trait in 'em, I suppose. But this is no country for loving children. For if you do you can't feed 'em. More brats, less food. I've told 'em often enough to quit this business of havin' children. I've told the Bishop to tell 'em, and he promises he will, but never does. It would be

inconsistent with his religion, I suppose. Well—it's little use training for the life hereafter if they can't get enough to *train* on. I've twenty-five. All I need is four. If they don't soon quit bringing more children into the light of this damn country, or unless there's a plague strike us, or those people down in Canada build one of their high-falutin' railways into this country so as to give my breeds work, there's going to be another story like the story at ——— Factory."

And the next night, in little pieces, and very slowly, I heard the story of ——— Factory, a post on Hudson's Bay, which has since been dismantled. This is the story:

There was a Hudson's Bay post once that began with a poor devil of a white trader, who tried his best for eighteen months to be faithful to the memory of a dead wife, when all he had was a photograph and some hair and a letter she had written him once. But indigestion from his own cooking "got him," and to save himself he married a motherly little native who was clean and almost Christian, except that she used to grunt as she grew old. He had a white helper, and he, after awhile, married another native

And that was the beginning.

In a few years, when other factors were appointed to that post, there was quite a little colony of half-breeds, and it was a tradition that went with the factorship that the breeds were to be looked after. In time the feeding of the half-breeds became a problem. The company raised the food allowance for the post and sent a letter by the boat, intimating that it was time the unwarranted staff of half-breeds justified its existence by bringing in more furs from the surrounding country. Presently, even the increased food allowance became inadequate. Factor wrote that they must send him more food. Company replied to cut down the staff. Factor knew that that meant the woods for the supernumeraries, and that the woods meant death from starvation. He tried to stretch the rations, but failed. He put off the evil time as long as possible, and then, of a certain day, he announced his ultimatum: all but four of the men must be turned off; they must shift for themselves.

It was not easy. The fifty were eloquent. The factor was not a woman, but



THE ANGLICAN CHURCH AT FORT CHURCHILL. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE COASTING BOATS USED IN TRADING EXPEDITIONS NORTHWARD AMONG THE ESQUIMAUX.

he locked himself in his house and would not listen. He knew it was useless. A few prayed. The others straightened up and prepared to depart.

In two days the post was peculiarly quiet. The fifty had melted away. In time, the factor forgot about them until the trading season came on, the time when the hunters come in with their furs. All the usual Indian hunters, except one or two, who had died of starvation because some little thing had caused the deer to avoid their usual grounds, came in. But there was no sign of the half-breeds that had been turned adrift, until one night, near the end of the trading time, the factor, walking in the edge of the bush, came across three huskies sniffing. He caused the thing at which they were sniffing to be given a decent burial, then he locked himself up in his house again and sulked. Two days afterward, three out of the fifty half-breeds crawled into camp. They had been successful; they brought furs with them. They were healthy and had established their families well—but of the others—. They did not know and the factor did not press the question.

"Yes," said Hawes, slowly, without emo-

tion, "that happened in ——'s Factory. I hope it don't happen here. The man over there," pointing vaguely, "took to rum and religion both at once. They killed him."

The Hudson's Bay Company may deny this, and Hawes is dead, and there are no documents except a letter from the Bishop which I received years after leaving the post, in which he made an urgent plea that something be done to remove the superfluous half-breed population. He mentioned that the only apparent alternative was starvation. He was quite casual about it, as any one would be who had lived as long among the breeds, and had witnessed the problems of their existence. But you cannot say that the company is to blame. It has done what it could for the breeds. In other posts, except a few in sterile country, such as Churchill, they do very well. It cannot afford to support indefinite numbers of half-breeds forever, because, of course, it supports the usual number of widows and orphans, which justify the existence of all great companies.

But when all is said and done concerning the Hudson's Bay Railway Company,

when everybody has pointed out the obvious advantages which that railway gives the country and the bread-eaters of London, and the company which is to operate it, it is the half-breed who shall be most vitally affected by it. It may give him work and food.

I said before, that I thought it was the half-breed problem that caused Hawes his fits of melancholia. But I was mistaken. He was sorry for them, that was all. He gave them as much food as he could. But the thing that worried him was, I found, a shipwreck, one of those wrecks that never gets into print, unless by accident, but which is written gravely against the profit and loss account of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Hawes had lost his ship in the Bay. He had made some slight error in his calculations and the rocks and tides of the Bay, resenting her intrusion into parts of the Bay where she was not supposed to go, wrecked the vessel. Hawes was saved. That was what worried him.

"You were lucky to escape," I said.

"Lucky!" he turned and studied my face intently for several moments. His pipe he held suspended near his lips. "Lucky!" he echoed, gruffly. "Hmph! Next time I'm aboard a ship and she gets hurt—I stay aboard. That's where a captain should stay. That's where I should have stayed."

He was quite calm about it. He had merely made up his mind that he should have gone down with the boat, instead of having been rescued and given this post by the company.

A few years ago I read in a Montreal paper that a passenger steamer was wrecked on Lake Winnipeg. All but two women and the captain were saved. They refused to leave the vessel. When I was in Winnipeg again I looked up the reports of the wreck there and found what I had suspected. The captain was Hawes. He had left the company's service and had satisfied his grudge against himself.

* * *

This that I have written is a little of the story of Churchill. The Bishop, who is now at Kenora, could tell much more much better. But even he could not tell it all. Churchill has been a marked place

on the map for almost three hundred years. In 1619, Jens Munck, a noble-hearted Dane, who wanted to find the road to China, wintered there. One of his vessels was lost. All of his men, save two, died of scurvy. He and the two returned ed to Denmark in the sloop which had accompanied the larger vessel.

An hundred years after Jens Munck, the Hudson's Bay Company founded a trading station there, and a few years later, in carrying out a clause in its agreement with the British Government, it fortified the country by the construction of what is now the most remarkable military ruin on the continent of North America. Its walls were forty feet thick, with ordnance to match. Nevertheless, when, a few years later, a gentleman-trader named Samuel Hearne was in charge of the factory and the fort, and when a dapper French admiral sailed up and demanded admittance, the courteous Hearne threw open his gates, handed over the keys, and surrendered with as much grace as though the French admiral had been offering to cheat himself in a bargain in furs. Hearne was made prisoner, returned to England at the conclusion of the war, and sent out by the company again to take charge of the post, without even a reprimand, so far as can be learned, which throws some light on the Hudson's Bay Company's ideals in those days.

Since then Churchill has been a mere trading station. The French destroyed portions of the great fort and left it as it now lies, crumbling. To-day, nobody pays any attention to it. The post exists to trade with the Indians and the Esquimaux, as said before. The Indians are paid one price for their furs and receive in return so much supplies. The Esquimaux are paid half the price for the same thing, and when they buy their supplies receive half as much as the Indian receives. That is the usage of that country. The company started it, and therefore, it is law. The Esquimaux acknowledge it and the Indians approve. What does it matter if an Esquimaux receives only one-quarter as much supplies for a fur as an Indian receives for the same thing?

This is not to blame anybody. The company would not care, and, anyway, it



A "STREET" IN THE FACTORY. ABOUT THE CENTRE OF THE PICTURE IS THE FIRST CHURCH THE POST EVER POSSESSED. IT BECAME TOO SMALL TO SHELTER THE HALF-BREED WORSHIPPERS.

is a matter for philanthropists and Governments—what becomes of the people in that country. But it is always interesting—no, it is terrible, to recall the story of Churchill. It is the lonesome post. Heaven, in the eyes of a Churchill half-breed, will be a hole scooped in the lee side of a loaf of bread—an inexhaustible loaf.

Churchill may become a great port if the Hudson's Bay Railway should happen to go there, but it will be a bad place in summer on account of the flies and the mosquitoes, and there will always remain,

carved in the rock which lies behind the post, the picture of the man who was hanged for stealing a salted goose from the company. That carving was probably made by one of the masons employed in the building of the great fort in 1742. In those days there was a little more food in Churchill than to-day, because all the wild geese had not been killed off by the "game hogs" of more southern latitudes. But even then, they hanged a man for stealing one, so precious was food; and when I was there, they had given up the goose hunt. Because there were no more geese.

Conscience Money

By

Ella Middleton Tybour

MISS WETHERBY counted money in the Redemption Division of the Treasury Department. Moreover, she had counted it for twenty-five years, which is quite a slice out of one's lifetime, taking it all in all. She had spent those years in a swivel-chair in the basement of the Treasury building, and had worn holes in several cushions as the days came and went.

Filthy lucre it was indeed she handled. Notes worn out in service came back to her for final counting when condemned for circulation and sentenced to destruction.

"Sometimes, my dear," confided Miss Wetherby to a sympathetic listener, "I shrink from touching them. I do indeed."

And it was not strange that she shrank from her daily task. Limp, mutilated, and inconceivably dirty were the notes that had started forth so crisp and clean. It almost seemed as if they had returned dejected and humiliated from their encounter with the world. Certainly they were scarred, battered, and badly worsted by the conflict, even as unsuccessful mortals are exhausted by the fray and unable to cope with the inequalities of life. A bank-note must be very bad indeed to be pronounced unfit for use.

Through the days of the week Miss Wetherby was a counting machine, and existed; at night and on Sundays she was a woman, and lived—not quite as other women, perhaps, for she who goes forth daily to earn her bread is widely separated from her who eats the bread that others earn; but still a woman with something to love and live for.

"I think," remarked a neighbor in the Redemption Division, "it is outrageous for you to have to support another woman's

children. I don't see how you can endure it so patiently."

"Endure it!" Miss Wetherby's mild blue eyes grew large with astonishment. "Endure it! Alicia's children!"

"Oh, well, of course she was your sister, and all that. But you can't deny they are a constant expense and anxiety."

Miss Wetherby did not deny it. She lost herself momentarily in retrospection. Expense and anxiety—yes, that was true. Alicia's children were that, and something more. She pondered gravely, then her thin, middle-aged face became suddenly luminous, as she laid her hand upon another package of notes.

"Yes," she said; "yes, that's all true. But, then, can't you see? I have something to go home to."

And the other woman, who lived alone in a third-floor back, became suddenly silent and counted industriously.

Something to go home to! After all, is not that the key-note of life?

Alicia's children had come to Miss Wetherby when the boy and the girl were six and four years old, respectively. At that age they were altogether charming, and, given food, warmth, and unlimited love, had no further demands to make upon life. Now they were eighteen and sixteen, and, while still undeniably charming, their demands were less moderate.

The Treasury Department paid Miss Wetherby seventy-five dollars a month. Alicia's legacy brought her love in plenty, but nothing at all in hard cash. Hence the problems of existence became very puzzling.

Robert had graduated at the High School, and Miss Wetherby had visions of West Point for him, having a deep-rooted conviction that he was destined to defend his country in time of stress, and ornament it when peace prevailed. Meanwhile, the

boy grew apace, and developed critical faculties regarding neckties and hosiery. Little Alicia still went to school, but she too had reached the period of adolescence. Her skirts were longer, and she received callers in the evenings.

"I don't understand it," mused Miss Wetherby, fingering her pay envelope. "There used to be enough, but now everything is changed."

There was not enough. Robert, frowning over a denied request involving the expenditure of five dollars, announced his determination of becoming self-supporting and independent.

Miss Wetherby carried a heavy heart to the Treasury Department next day. For the first time, the personal equation entered into her soul with regard to the money she counted. Those ragged, dirty notes, destined to be ground into nothingness—what would a few of them mean to her?

"Ah, well," she sighed, "there's no use wishing.

That night Robert, sulkily triumphant, announced that he had obtained employment with a real-estate firm.

"A chap I know got me in," he boasted. "I'll be no more expense to you, Aunt Mary."

"Oh, Robert dear! And your West Point appointment promised!"

Robert carelessly lit a cigarette and assumed a manly attitude.

"I might as well tell you, Aunt Mary, that I'm not going to West Point. I'm going into business. What's the Army anyhow? West Point? Oh, bosh!"

Thus was one more castle in the air shattered and crumbled into dust.

Robert received twenty-five dollars a month for his services, and felt himself a capitalist. In the first flush of his independence, he had asked his aunt what board she expected, pulling out his roll of five-dollar bills with the casual manner of one accustomed to deal with much larger matters. Her eager and almost tearful repudiation of the money, he accepted with a careless "Oh, well, all right—if *that's* the way you feel about it."

And Miss Wetherby straightway began having much better dinners than she could afford, because Robert, having wished to pay his board, might go elsewhere if the food were not to his liking.

The world is full of Miss Wetherbys, and the weakness of their love has helped to wreck many lives. But then, too, it may shine out like a beacon and bring safely home one whose wandering feet would otherwise have stumbled and fallen in the dark byways of life. Who knows?

So time slipped away. Little Alicia had a new party frock, and Robert celebrated his nineteenth birthday. This celebration took place down-town, and his aunt and his sister were not invited to attend.

Time passed. Miss Wetherby counted money all day in the Treasury, and took to counting it in her dreams at night, in a vain effort to make her receipts equal her expenditures.

One day a note, worn to dissolution, fell out of the bundle after she had recorded her count, and she passed on her package of money without seeing it. All bundles of condemned notes are cut in two, and each half is counted by a different person. If the counts do not agree, there is investigation; if they do, the money is ground into pulp.

In straightening her desk preparatory to going home, Miss Wetherby discovered the fragment and carefully placed it in a drawer. To-morrow she would see that it reached its proper destination, but for to-night it would be quite safe.

She dined with Alicia, the third place at the little table being unfilled, and the food was ashes to her. Alicia grumbled a little about her brother's freedom.

"He goes where he pleases, Aunt Mary, and you never say a word to *him*. I'll bet anything he went to Benning this afternoon."

"My dear!" Miss Wetherby was startled, the idea not having occurred to her before.

Alicia persisted.

"Well, I do think so. He's always talking about the races, and I heard him tell Joe Ridgway he could pick the winning horse every time. I wish you'd let *me* go, Aunt Mary. Need we have rice-pudding quite so often, and don't you think I'm old enough to have coffee after dinner?"

Miss Wetherby made no reply. She was staring at the empty place with a curiously strained expression. Robert's father, she remembered, had also been sure of his

ability to select the winner, and, indeed, had often done so. Once, however, he had staked all and failed.

Long after Alicia had gone to bed, Miss Wetherby sat in the tiny parlor, her hands clasped in her lap. She seemed to know what to expect, and had no censure for the lad for whom she waited; only love and commiseration.

"Perhaps," she reflected, with her customary optimism, "if he loses all his earnings now, it will be a lesson to him and save trouble after a while. I hope he won't win—that would encourage him to keep on."

Robert did not win. When at last the door opened and the boy entered, with lagging footsteps and a furtive air that told its own story, Miss Wetherby asked no questions. She watched him pass into his own room, and heard him cast himself upon the bed. Should she go to him? She did not know. Robert had not encouraged demonstrations of affection lately. So she waited silently until she could endure it no longer, and then went in.

"Robert," she said, "what is it?"

It was no longer the man of the world to whom she spoke, but a wretched boy, who clutched her hand tightly, feeling that a port of any sort is not to be despised during a storm.

"What is it?" she repeated.

Then he told her, his face pressed into the pillow and his voice muffled and indistinct. Once she interrupted him:

"I don't understand. You say you *took* money. Surely, surely—oh, Robert, not *that*!"

It was the old story. The real-estate firm by whom he was employed received much money in checks and currency. It was his daily duty to take this money to the bank and deposit it. Lately, however, he had deposited the checks and retained the currency.

"You don't understand, Aunt Mary; you—you *can't*. It's the ponies — they got possession of me. I went to Benning every afternoon and every afternoon I lost. I had to keep on going, to make good."

He stopped, and swallowed convulsively.

"The first of the month," he said, in a frightened whisper, "they'll find it out, and then they'll arrest me."

"How much did you take?" Miss

Wetherby was surprised to find her voice so firm.

He named a sum whose magnitude deprived her of breath momentarily. She had expected a possible fifty dollars as an outside limit. Faint and dizzy, she retreated to her room, and the dawn of day found her sitting there by the window.

At the usual time Miss Wetherby, perhaps a shade paler than yesterday, went to the Treasury, and the morning was like other mornings in the Redemption Division. Many packages of money passed through her thin, blue-veined hands. Mechanically she counted them, but always as she recorded the amount she saw the sum need by Robert before the first of the month. She felt bitter and resentful toward this money which was to be ground into pulp, while her boy—Alicia's son—must hereafter subsist upon apples of Sodom for lack of it.

"Let's go over to the park for a breath of air."

Miss Wetherby glanced at the clock, and was surprised to find it noon.

"No," she said; not to-day, Mrs. Mills. I have a letter I must write."

"Well, then"—Mrs. Mills was busily pinning on her hat—"I won't put it away. You'll look after things."

She waved her hand comprehensively toward the money on her desk.

"Yes," replied Miss Wetherby; "yes, of course, Mrs. Mills. I'll look after things."

From force of habit, she opened a drawer in her desk and took out her lunch, but she did not untie it. Instead, she sat gazing into the open drawer, as if fascinated. The half-note so carefully put away the night before lay there quite safe and comfortable, and in the corner were three figures—a five and two ciphers. She took it out and laid it on her blotter. It was a very veteran of a note, scarred and battered to the point of dissolution, but the figures were distinct enough. Five hundred dollars! And Robert needed—. Her eyes wandered toward the package she had just counted and recorded, also five-hundred dollars in denomination, but the other end of the note. With a slight movement of the hand, she removed the top one and laid it also on her blotter. The result was a perfect note, barring the wear and tear of time.

Miss Wetherby gasped and looked around. She was virtually alone in the large room, and quite unnoticed. With a quick movement of her hands, she separated the flimsy half-note just removed from her package, leaving figures in the corners of each part. One piece she returned to the package, the other lay beside its companion on her blotter, and the note it made was almost perfect.

"Now God forgive me," she whispered, as she reached for the mucilage-bottle.

Five minutes later a respectable old note, held together by a strip of tissue-paper, and minus one corner, lay in Miss Wetherby's black bag. It was so easy—so very easy. Yesterday she had counted the money and recorded the amount before the note found in her drawer had slipped away from the elastic band that held them. The amount marked on the package must have agreed with the other half, or she would have known it by this time. Hers was the last count before destruction, and the money would not be handled again. That much was sure, and for to-day she would take chances. She took desperate chances. Looking hastily at the packages of money before her, she snipped a strip sometimes from one and sometimes from another. Then she paused and looked at her neighbor's desk. Mrs. Mills, it appeared, was counting the other end of five-hundred-dollar bills.

"Why not?" said Miss Wetherby, and snipped again.

She grew more skilful and more thoughtful. Any note that can show its denomination, she knew, can be redeemed, no matter how dilapidated, therefore it was not necessary to withdraw any figures from Mrs. Mills's packages—merely fragments of the middle. From her own packages she took the edges and the figures, and always she left enough of the note to be destroyed to show what it had been. There was also enough of the note to be redeemed to show the amount intended.

With compressed lips and feverish hands, she again made use of tissue-paper and mucilage, and within the half-hour allowed for lunch she managed, quite unnoticed, to piece together four notes. When Mrs. Mills returned from the park, she found her friend leaning back in her chair, white and exhausted, with glitter-

ing eyes and trembling hands; but she resumed her work when the others did, and counted industriously all the afternoon. The notes went to the grinding machine, and Miss Wetherby went home richer by two thousand dollars, made in one short half-hour. She had no fear about the mutilated money. Any bank would exchange it for new, and send it in for redemption.

She went home with a curious feeling of elation. Robert was safe—there was enough, and more than enough. Why she had taken the extra amount, she did not know. Had the half-hour been longer, she would probably have continued piecing notes together and secreting them in her black bag, so possessed was she by the desire for money, and the conviction that she must accumulate all she could while the opportunity lasted.

When she reached home, Alicia and Robert were out. On the table lay the day's mail, with on top a long white envelope bearing the War Department stamp. It was Robert's appointment to West Point. Miss Wetherby read it many times, and as she read she formulated the one great resolution of her life.

"Robert," she said that night, "here is your appointment. And I have arranged to get that money for you, but I will not give you one cent unless you agree to go to West Point. Otherwise the law may take its course."

Lying broad awake that night, Miss Wetherby listened to the passing hours, and to the quiet breathing of the girl at her side. Out of the surrounding darkness little devils appeared and attacked her with poisoned darts.

"You are a thief, a thief," they said.

"I have wronged no one," she protested. "The money would have been destroyed; and the Government is rich."

"You are a thief, a thief."

The clock ticked it, the passing street cars ground it out, wheels rolling over the asphalt repeated it, and the rain that beat against the window took up the refrain:

"A thief, a thief."

"Our Father in Heaven," prayed Miss Wetherby, "have mercy upon me. I had to have the money—you know I did."

It is not necessary to dwell upon the days that followed. Robert took and passed his examination, and was duly en-

tered at the Military Academy. Money was promptly produced for his entrance fee and other incidental expenses.

"I've given you your chance," said his aunt. "I was determined you should have a chance. Now, make the most of it, for I can do no more."

Money was also forthcoming when Alicia mentioned an invitation to spend the summer with a friend in the Berkshires.

"I can't go without clothes," said the girl, "and I know you can't give them to me, Aunt Mary. I'm past seventeen now, and I'd rather stay at home than not have suitable things."

"You shall have them," said Miss Wetherby.

So Alicia went away, and the summer—the red-hot Washington summer—slowly passed.

All day Miss Wetherby counted money, looking at it with sick abhorrence, and loathing the physical contact as it passed through her hands. She no longer wanted it, but nevertheless at night, when in her little stifling room she slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, she usually dreamed she was piecing together mutilated notes. Often she awakened frightened and trembling—discovered and in the clutches of the law.

When the autumn came, Alicia did not return to the little flat. Instead, she wrote her aunt of her marriage to the brother of the girl with whom she had spent the summer.

I knew you'd say I was too young, Aunt Mary, and how could you give me a wedding, anyhow? So we just did it quietly in New York, and Ruth went with me, so it's all right. We're going at once abroad, but I'm coming first to say good-bye to you, for I want you to see Harry. I know you will like him. . . .

Another letter came also, frank and manly in tone, and containing eminently satisfactory statements as to references and settlements. Apparently, Alicia had done well for herself. Miss Wetherby folded the letters with shaking hands.

"If I hadn't done it," she said, "Robert would have been in prison, and Alicia could not have gone to the Berkshires."

Two large tears glistened on her pale

cheeks, and more followed when she tried to wipe them away.

"Thank God!" she sobbed. "Thank God! Now I can begin to save."

For the best part of four years Miss Wetherby saved, and her bank account swelled visibly, but she no longer had her little flat. One room was quite enough, she said, now that she was alone. She had a small oil-stove in it, and did light housekeeping—so light, sometimes, it could hardly be called housekeeping at all. The Treasury still paid her seventy-five dollars a month, and each month she put away fifty dollars, and lived upon the remaining twenty-five—food, lodging, and raiment, and the little gifts she always sent her children at Christmas. And every year the price of living steadily increased. She had to buy medicine, too, at times, for there were heavy colds in winter and equally heavy inertia in summer.

She grew daily more languid, and her friends in the Redemption Division recommended raw eggs, beef juice, and port wine. Miss Wetherby smiled acquiescence and purchased breakfast foods, the cheaper vegetables, and an occasional soup-bone. Whenever she could add a dollar or two to the monthly fifty, she did it, and rejoiced greatly.

She was often cold in winter and stifled in summer, but the seasons passed somehow, and now there was enough. There was even a little over, for the bank paid interest, and a little still remained of her first deposit.

And so one day she did not go to the Treasury at nine o'clock, as usual. Instead she went to the bank and withdrew her deposit, down to the very last dollar. There were four five-hundred-dollar bills and some additional smaller notes.

Seated at a writing-table in the ladies' room, she carefully counted it, then took from her bag a long white envelope, linen lined and ready stamped. It was addressed:

The Conscience Fund,
Treasury Department,
Washington, D. C.

and contained a few lines in delicate, old-fashioned writing:

The enclosed is in payment of money taken by me from the Gov-

ernment during a period of great need. It has been returned at the first possible moment. I deeply regret my sin, and have made what reparation I could.

Miss Wetherby took up a pen, hesitated, and laid it down again.

"I cannot sign my name," she said. "I cannot do it."

She folded the sheet of paper about the four five-hundred-dollar bills and placed them in the envelope, sealing it carefully. Her business being now transacted, she left the bank and sought the letter-box on the corner. It received the envelope with the indifference of letter-boxes in general, and Miss Wetherby straightened her shoulders and held her head a little more erect as she turned away.

Suddenly she felt very tired. The June sun beat mercilessly upon her head, and heat-waves reflected from the asphalt scorched her face. In Lafayette Park, near by, the shade looked cool and inviting. She thought she would go over and sit on the bench beneath the giant elm for a while.

Washington was in the throes of the period of intense heat often experienced in June, and luckless humanity gasped for breath, existing because they must, and not from personal desire to do so.

It was not so cool under the elm as it had looked from the sidewalk. Miss Wetherby sank down upon the green bench and put her hand to her head. She was glad to rest. She hoped soon to lose that uncomfortable ringing in her ears that had set itself to the old refrain, "You are a thief, a thief."

"I was," she said, half aloud. "I was yesterday, but not to-day."

She held tightly to her black bag, for it contained the smaller notes not enclosed in the envelope, and with them she meant to be extravagant. She was going to West Point, to see Robert graduate. Everything was all planned and arranged. When she had rested a little, she was going down-town to buy two ready-made silk dresses—two at one time!

"I will take the next car for down-town," she thought.

Many cars went by, and still Miss Wetherby sat on the green bench under the elm. Noon approached, but still she sat there, her black bag clutched in her

hands, and her lips parted in a tremulous smile. A policeman passed, paused, looked searchingly at her, and walked slowly on. Miss Wetherby resented it vaguely. What right had he to look at her to-day? She had returned the money. The very next car should take her down-town, and she would buy a lavender foulard trimmed in white.

The sun climbed higher, and the heat increased. Across the broad avenue the White House glistened, spotless and dazzling, with the many-columned Treasury on its right. In its basement women were counting condemned money, regardless of the heat. Miss Wetherby reflected that she, too, would be counting there to-morrow, as usual.

She looked again across the avenue, but now she could not see the Treasury clearly, because the air was full of purple waves. It was strange she had never before noticed how crooked some of the columns were. Again the policeman passed, and paused uncertainly.

Miss Wetherby looked him full in the face, and rose to go down-town—swayed, caught at the green bench, and collapsed, a crumpled heap, upon the asphalt.

"I knew it," said the policeman, hurrying up. "Another case of heat prostration. Call the ambulance."

In the Emergency Hospital they did their best, but the young doctor shook his head.

"Utter exhaustion and lack of nourishment," he said. "No chance in this heat. No chance at all."

Miss Wetherby opened her eyes and looked at him.

"The Thief upon the Cross was saved," she said; "have I no chance?"

The clerk in charge of the Conscience Fund whistled when he opened a long white envelope, next morning, and two thousand dollars fell out upon his desk. He started the money upon its proper course in red-tape officialdom, then expressed an opinion to a companion.

"It beats me," he said, "this Conscience Fund business. But I suppose they only send it back when they have so much money they don't know what else to do with it."

And in the Redemption Division a well-worn swivel-chair was pushed to one side, empty and neglected.



A TURN IN ONE OF OTTAWA'S PARTICULARLY BEAUTIFUL PATHS.

The Glory of the Cities

What a bit of grass, some trees, a flower and pool of clean water may mean to the most commercial town or city in Canada

By Madge Macbeth

THE modern business man may tell you that the glory of the cities is the wreath of smoke that sways over the busiest of them, just touched on the under side by the steeples of industry—the tall chimnies. The long-haired idealist on

the city council,—or if he is not on the city council he is Secretary of the Women's Auxiliary of the leading church—will tell you that the glory of the cities, should be green grass and trees and running streams and fountains and free Wag-

nerian concerts. But both are wrong. A dirty smoky city is all very well. So is the pastoral beauty of a farm and the hysterics of the Wagnerian affair. But the real Glory of the modern city is when the business man has been made to see that a clean city, with a reasonable amount of green grass and parks and trees, makes business better; and when the civic beauty faddist has been fished out of the clouds on the end of a window rod, and made to see that busyness is the basis of all the cities and that without a factory or two, there is no sense in making parks and boulevards.

way. A city may be made beautiful and maintain factories at the same time. And in fact, if some of the money which many a Canadian city now devotes to its publicity department, were turned into the making of wider streets and allowing for parks and gardens within the city, they might find better results.

A city is born dirty. There are bound to be the things that have been left by the builders, the shavings and bits of brick as it were. And it is admitted that a city must first of all secure transportation facilities and industries. But after that, in the making of these industries



The three towers are a part of the rustic archway leading into the Ottawa Exhibition grounds. This arch is made of every kind of Canadian wood, and no two sections are alike. It took a prize at the St. Louis Fair.

Now the City of Ottawa has made long strides in this direction. All Canada has heard about the Ottawa Improvement Commission and Guilds of Civic Art have been supporting it as a righteous example for many moons. Some cities have been inclined to answer that Ottawa has not the industries that *they* have, and that while Ottawa may prink and preen herself and admire her own reflection in the placid waters of the Rideau Canal, it is Hull—'dirty face' Hull, on the other side of the river, that really is busy and really is contributing to the wealth of the country. But they have no right to answer that

more successful and in the attraction of other industries to the locality, civic improvement helps. And in this civic improvement, Ottawa is still an example for the others.

Nebuchadnezzar left us the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Appius Claudius bequeathed us an aqueduct and roadway. Diocletian is remembered for his stunts in monuments and baths. Crazy Caligula beautified Rome. The di Medicis gave Florence some of her many jewels. Versailles points back to Louis XIV. The Floating Gardens of Mexico are to the honorable memory of the Aztecs. Mont-

real will no doubt live forever by the reputation of its wharves. Toronto for its smug prosperity. Winnipeg as the Master of the Canadian West and Vancouver because it has sold all its waterfronts to railways. But Ottawa shall be called a city of beauty when these other places are ten foot deep in the dust of their own business. And it behooves them to wake up! To remember that clean air means better workmen and that sunlight makes brighter wits! And as for the New Little Cities, that are springing up all over Canada, let them cherish the waterfront and the valleys and the trees. Let them remember

cities; no pains should be spared to make her a polished gem set in the surrounding grandeur of the great Dominion.

But a city must breathe, it must have lungs. All the great over-populated centres recognize this now, when for many reasons, land in the closely settled districts is almost unpurchasable. Why, New York paid \$1,800,000.00 for the site of Seward Park, recently—less than two acres of ground in a congested section. Note that and be warned, ye City Treasurers!

So it goes without saying that to provide against expensive luxuries like this, care must be taken in the youth of a city



A SHADOWED RESTING-PLACE ALONG THE DRIVEWAY.

that the railways don't need to be given *every* square inch of waterfront property, and—that there was once a man who remarked upon the value of a Thing of Beauty.

The premier has been accused of making the beautification of Ottawa his hobby—in fact, he admits it, and it would do every Canadian credit to follow Sir Wilfrid's example. There is an especial reason that Ottawa should receive more attention than any other city in the Dominion—for, of course, she is the Capital, hence more or less a model, a place set apart from, and a little above, her sister

to build it well, and it is shocking to realize how little provision has been made in the younger cities, for lungs and good circulation. Canadians who did not have the privilege of hearing Mr. Henry Vivian when he was on this side of the Atlantic, will be surprised to learn that some of the worst slum conditions are not in the older cities, where perhaps excuses might be made for them. But let me quote Mr. Vivian as nearly as memory will permit:

"This fetid district" (showing on canvas an unspeakably squalid mass of houses from which a stream of filthy men, women and children oozed) "this district



TANGLED UNDERGROWTH IS A RELIEF FROM TOO MUCH REGULARITY OF TRIMMED LAWNS AND CLIPPED SHRUBBERY.

gives you an idea of prevailing slum conditions, not in London, not in Paris, but in Toronto! And this" (showing another picture, worse than the first if possible) "is not Berlin, not St. Petersburg, but Winnipeg!"

Does it not seem incomprehensible that Winnipeg, our pride, our Chicago, growing with such prosperity and swiftness, I

say does it not seem incomprehensible that she should already in the heyday of her youth have a blot on her 'scutcheon?' Ottawa, indeed, has slums too, but none of the conditions such as were brought to light in those pictures.

In every well built metropolis there should be reserved sections where *air* may drive out condensed gasoline, where blue



A GLIMPSE OF THE RIDEAU CANAL: AN ALLURING STRETCH FOR THE CANOE MEN OF THE CITY,



WHERE THE WATER OF THE CANAL IS LED INTO AN ARTIFICIAL LAKE.

sky may take the place of blazing electric signs, and where old Sol, himself, may be seen—not merely his reflection in the plate glass windows of a twenty story office building! There should be a real grass plot undecorated by a KEEP OFF

notice, where Baby may stick her pudgy fingers in the dirt, and bring forth—who knows!—perhaps an angle worm: where Tom, Dick and Harry play mumbly-peg without fear of breaking the point off a new jack knife, as when playing in the



A QUIET NOOKERY BESIDE THE DRIVEWAY WHERE ONE CAN REST

sod which surrounds the base of a stunted tree!

Of course, the story of Ottawa's regenerate days is known to all Canadians. The first strip of Ottawa's driveway was built on King Edward Avenue just below Rideau Street. In comparison to the work done later it looks but a meagre attempt at beautification. From there, the work grew swiftly. Ottawa now has nine miles of road and park way: by the spring she will have thirteen, extending, with a very small break, from the Experimental Farm to the Rockcliffe Rifle Ranges. Almost this whole length of Driveway extends along the bank of the Rideau Canal, or the Ottawa river.

From the illustrations may be gathered a general idea of the manner in which 'the Driveway' is laid out. Between the two roadways there are foot paths, studded here and there with rustic summer houses, and flower beds, while diminutive rustic bridges span the spaces between one grassy elevation and another. The work at Rockcliffe varies slightly from the other section, in that it seems to aim at preserving the natural beauty of the woods, and there is little attempt at "laying out" a park—there is no need for it. Another photograph herewith reproduced shows the improvement made in what was a filthy dumping ground. This was known as Patterson's Creek and looking to the left of the Canal, may be seen the way in which sunken gardens have taken the

place of a hideous, unhealthy spot. The little bridge and lodge are built entirely of cedar and add materially to the beauty of the place. Artificial lakes have been made along the strip beginning at the Laurier Avenue bridge and these are bordered by dense ferns, as may be seen in illustration. The last piece of work undertaken by the Commission is the park on 'Nepean Point.' From this point the Driveway will continue along the water's edge toward Rockcliffe, and from there a wonderful view may be obtained of the river, the slope of the Parliament Hill, and the new Chateau Laurier.

Too much stress can not be laid upon the necessity for making our cities beautiful and healthful. We have not the cathedrals, the art galleries, the ancient castles, the Coloseums, and the Parthenons of older cities, but we have God-given resources and men of genius who can use them to the greatest advantage; and while the building of St. Peter's may appeal to some as an achievement well nigh unparalleled, it must be remembered that there are thousands of people on this continent who will never be the better for St. Peter's—they will never see it; but the good done for them within their own cities will earn for the man or men who have the people's well-being at heart, greater thanks and appreciation—greater results—than will the Shades of Michael, about whom perchance many of the people know nothing.



HAVING asked and received much from life, what have we given in return?

The Automobile and its Temperaments

By

Douglas Hallam

MAN has created no more human thing than automobiles. These creations of rubber, canvas, wood, leather and steel are not mere machines, they have characters and souls. Who has not come across the bad character car! The automobile with a weak character and a low soul is a very bad automobile indeed. Such automobiles are like many an unskilled laborer, working grudgingly, unintelligently, and often on strike. But the other kind! They have the souls of conquerors, sportsmen, poets; they annihilate distance, run with eagerness and exhilarate with the ease and splendor of their flight.

When it comes to buying, caring for, and driving an automobile these things must be considered—the soul and character must be reckoned on. Some pleasure automobiles have the soul of a professional road runner and demand a great sum of money for each mile run. Others, oversmart in appearance, with big hoods over small engines, and wearing too much brass jewelry, are like village corner sports, loud in their promises and boasts but failures in execution. Then there are machines like some women, machines which need to be coaxed and fussed over, which are delicate and cannot stand rough work, which obey or sulk without any apparent causes. And lastly there are automobiles like strong, adventurous, self-reliant men, ready for anything at anytime, never lying down under the load and never quitting. Such an automobile is the kind to buy; but to pick it out!—that is a difficult matter.

The first thing to determine is the work the machine will have to do; that is, the

number of people to be carried, the baggage to be transported, the roads over which the machine is to run, the weather conditions and the mileage expected. And the second thing is to find out where your car can be repaired and the reputation of the company selling the car, as to the matter of repairs. Getting a car to suit the number of people to be carried makes a great difference in costs—both first and running, and comfort. If a seven passenger car carries only two or three people the total cost per mile per person is very high and comfort is sacrificed. In the first place the original outlay is greater than necessary, running charges are high because of the big engine which eats up gasoline whether carrying three or seven people, and the weight of the body on the big tires puts up the rubber bill. Then, too, a car with springs designed to carry some thousand pounds in passengers and baggage are harsh and stiff when carrying only from three to four hundred pounds. Useless weight in a car is only a nuisance and expense. A four-seated body is much lighter than a seven-seated body. The difference in weight between the two will make a slow sullen car lively and add miraculously to hill-climbing power. It is important to buy a car suited to the number of people to be carried. Many people find it cheaper to keep a small four-seated car for city use only and a big car for the country. Of course a small car is quite capable of trips into the country of from twenty-five to sixty miles if the roads are at all decent.

Considering the question of roads, it is of course obvious that the car for town use will not be suitable for touring and the

touring car not suitable for town use. A car, suitable for the city, should have a short wheel-base so that it may be turned easily in a narrow street; small wheels so that tire charges will not be great, and in this connection it may be mentioned that a 36 x 5½ inch tire cannot be retreaded economically while smaller tires can; and a low-powered engine so that the consumption of fuel will be small. On well paved streets such a car answers all requirements and is satisfactory for short runs into the country. But the absolute city car is the limousine, built to keep out dust, rain, snow and cold. With its heavy body and light-powered engine it can only be used in the city. The vibrations from the rough country roads pull apart the limousine top and it becomes full of complaining noises. Also, at high speed, the top-heavy limousine sways from side to side in an alarming manner. Travelling at forty miles an hour in a limousine on a country road gives more thrills than traveling at sixty miles an hour in a touring car. A touring car should have a low wheel-base to lessen the movement when going over bumps, large wheels to bridge over hollows in the road or step easily over obstructions, low centre of gravity to minimize the chances of skidding or upsetting, and an engine with plenty of reserve power for hills, sand, mud, and for getting out of ditches and other tight places. Such a car in the city is hard to handle in traffic and eats its head off: and the constant stopping and starting of a heavy car is very hard on the tires.

If a car is to be used in the city all winter or in the country in all sorts of weather it must have a more powerful engine than a merely fair weather car. And again, if a big mileage per day is expected from an automobile the high-priced heavy car is the cheaper in the end, depreciation and repairs amounting to less, with the added sureness of running.

Also, before buying a car it should be ascertained where repairs are to be made. Dealers in cars not made in Canada sometimes say that they carry all necessary parts and so on and so forth, but in reality if anything serious happens to their cars the parts have to sent across the border. If it is necessary to send to the United States for gears, or bearing cones, or other vital parts, or to have the crank shaft re-

paired, it is just as well to buy another make of machine which can be repaired in Canada, all other things being equal. The delay in getting things through the customs, and the slowness in getting the parts from the far-distant factories, and the chance that the men who do assemble the parts are not experts, should be taken into consideration.

There are few things which can be "jotted down" about driving a car—a good motorist is born, not made. But one thing should be attended to, and that is the brakes. The best thing to do theoretically, would be to drive without using your brakes at all; and, practically, to use them as little as possible. Some showy drivers, regardless of the damage to the car or the tires, come racing up to the place where they are to stop at great speed, then, throwing on the brake, they bring the car up short, often letting it slide ten feet or more with locked wheels. Such braking racks the car, ruins the brakes and weakens the tires. Such a stop has been estimated to cost thirty dollars. In running a car in the country it is well to find out early in your acquaintance with your car at what speed you get the best results from your engine in noiseless operation, usage of fuel, and freedom from breakdown. Some cars will run their best at fifteen miles an hour, some at thirty-five; but whatever the pace is this mileage per hour will get you over greater distances faster than any other rate. It is a mistake on long trips to speed up an engine which runs smoothly at twenty-five miles an hour and travel for a short distance at fifty miles and then drop for a time to fifteen or twenty. And besides the speed at which the engine carries the car most smoothly is easiest on the tires, and bursts of speed weaken them. Fifteen or twenty minutes spent in changing a tire means eight miles lost at twenty-five miles per hour, besides the labor involved and the expense. And in addition to all these reasons, high speed on the road is inconsiderate to other users of the road and has caused the unjust legislation concerning speed that is now in force in many localities.

From these few pointers it is to be seen that buying a car and running it successfully does not depend entirely on having the original "price."

The Instinct Eternal

By

Stanley Olmstead

THERE were bunches of crumpled pink roses about the room, and a pervading scent of citron hardly to be accounted for. The rugs were sparse on the carpet of sage green, with a nap so heavy that one had the feeling of treading on some especially exotic species of hot-house moss. The open fire blazed. Everywhere within the wide spaces of this Portage Avenue apartment was a sort of fresh closeness.

"Well, I'm with you!" cried Armath heartily.

Obedient to the direction of the maid at the outer door, he had followed the long hallway its full length, and now stood at the designated threshold, facing Mrs. Biederman.

"Tossed up again!" she said, and arose, still holding her book, with languid brightness. "How do you do, Rufe?"

"Never for keeps," he jested, for her first allusion. Then he deluged her with his big hand-shake which was like the rest of him.

Mrs. Biederman did not sit down again, but stood as if warming herself before the fire. She was wreathed in a mild gaiety, responsive to the vigorous cheer of the man. But she trembled slightly, and the hand he had clasped was icy cold.

"You bridge-builders," she said, "bring some of the draught from your canons, some of the spray from your cascades. Let me see, Rufe—how long has it been this time?"

"If I were to tell you, it wouldn't be diplomatic," he parried. "Yet I keep the tally, down to the day."

"Seven years—I know. I don't count them; but they confront me."

"They pass in just about the time of

Christmas to Christmas when we were children," he reflected. "Christmas to Christmas!"

"Oh," she shuddered—"that used to be much, much longer."

For the first time he noted that her hair was snow-white. But the change was far less than she imagined. After all, his most vivid recollection of her was from their school days; and then she had worn long, thick braids of an indescribably pale flax, almost colorless. Once, in a fit of jealous irritation, he had boyishly tried to disillusionize himself, describing her as "towhead."

"Only this morning," he ventured "they told me of your—" He was halted. The word "bereavement" seemed inappropriate. He had none of that subtlety which can satirize a recognized fact with the effect of good form. She came quietly to his assistance.

"Mr. Biederman died three months ago, yes—after an illness of three years."

The mere citation seemed to give her back the courage she had lacked in the beginning. She smoothed a fold in her morning gown. And now it occurred to him that she was a pastel of delicate color, grey-blue and white, with one or two of the crumpled pink roses pricked in at her belt. The deep isolation in which he had understood she lived was, then, the only formal acknowledgment made to her widowhood.

* * *

"It's an odd thing," he mused—"but sometimes I've had a theory that when a man loves, truly and sincerely, in his boyhood, he establishes a sort of wireless to last him through his life. Nobody seem-

ed to feel that I need be kept informed about you; yet I believe, for instance, I could put my finger on the very moment when all this—" He paused, eyed her keenly, and made a sweeping gesture with his huge right hand. "When all this—proved a fizzle."

It was a decisive comment, from him. Twice during the first seven years of her residence in Winnipeg they had talked thus together for an hour; talked fully and freely, as befitted old friends who understood each other. Yet never during the life of her husband had Armath by so much as the turn of an eyelash given signal of suspicion. He had more than left her pride intact, even as her world had left it intact; blithely ignoring what all of them must surely know she endured. And now behold him, flinging an almost brutal allusion to the hollowness of the luxury she had so deliberately chosen.

She marvelled at her own lack of resentment. At this of all moments such a comment should be execrably tactless. Yet somehow the flavor of it was indefinitely exhilarating; as if, for the first time since their boyhood and girlhood, friendship arose once more to the level eliminating mere questions of good taste. She feared to return his look which searched her with frank kindness. She feared the light she felt in her eyes—something akin to actual gratitude.

"You escaped a lot, though," he went on. "To me, personally, my life has been as satisfactory as a man has a right to expect—yet I have never been exactly what you would call successful. I never will be. I shall just go on building bridges and things in out-of-the-way corners."

"Often I've wondered," she said, "where you were and what you were doing. Yet always that certainty was there to refresh me; always I could be sure you were out under the open sky and the stars!" She drew a deep breath. "It is exhilarating. It did me good."

Then she did not know, perhaps. Her words touched him with a vague anxiety which he tried to dismiss as reasonless.

"Did no one ever tell you," he began—"of my marriage?"

"Your marriage—" She seemed to grope for the meaning. A blindness lay across her forehead.

"Why, no, Rufe." Her words were voiceless, the merest whisper. "No one ever told me of that."

He had meant to relate the story, but now his face was averted. She realized that she made it hard for him.

After all, why should he not have married? There surged keenly within her a tender selfishness, obliterating the nameless wound of vanity which suddenly she could smile at; excusing herself that, after all, she was very, very human and—a woman.

When she spoke again her voice had ring and timbre. "I suppose no woman ever lived," she exclaimed in an abandon of frankness, "no woman—who didn't wince at surrendering everything or anything she has voluntarily given up. It's the old paradox of the dog in the manger—I suppose I'm no better than the rest of them, and yet—I'm going to be—I *am already!* For it comes over me, all in an instant, that you could bring me no better news of *you*. Knowing you as I do, I am utterly reassured. You would never marry save as marriage fulfilled your truest, highest impulse. If *you* are married, then the woman of your choice does honor to whomsoever you would once have chosen. I'm so glad of you, Rufe—so glad!"

Her eyelash was dewy as she spoke. A serene joy of self-wrought exaltation obsessed her. She was oblivious to the brooding into which he had sunk. Ordinarily more sensitive than the crumpled rose-petals which now she picked asunder and scattered, she was, for the moment, blunt to his sinister hesitation.

"It's a good deal of a long story," he was saying. "You have just admitted you were a woman. Well, I can't add a whole lot in my own defence from a woman's point of view. About the most I can say is in exact unison with you—that I am a man, and no better than the rest of them. In my own eyes, I am justified. But I doubt if I am to be in yours."

And now the woman trembled. He was threatening the single talisman which had withstood the years.

"For God's sake, what would you tell me?"

"It was just the act of a man," he went on, "keeping faith with those instincts

which are as truly a part of him as renunciations where faith has no opportunity. I married in British Columbia, six years ago—a half-breed girl.”

She broke loose in a wildness like delirium. “Ah,” she cried, “then I was right—my girlhood’s decision was right. There is no crime upon my soul. Now you may hear what I had thought never to let cross my lips. My marriage was a crucifixion, yes—but not for my family, not because I was weak, as you supposed. It was because I was strong; because I had then the clear vision I was afterward to lose. The dominant trait in your nature was something which frightened me—something I could neither assist nor inspire, and I somehow knew it then, even if I was to forget it later. You were a giant meant to live among the hills. I was a bit of milk and honey to lure you sometimes indoors; to sour on your palate; to fetter all things in you that would most rebel. Long afterward, when I had seen you, spoken with you, and felt the danger, if not the sin, of a murdered yearning, and known the toll exacted of riches, and the curse of a disparity in years forbidding the pretense of congeniality between husband and wife—then I thought I had been wrong. But I had not been wrong.”

She paused for some reply; but he said nothing. She could see how he weighed each word she uttered.

“And my marriage, too, justified itself at last. It justified itself!” she exulted. “During those three years of his sickness my husband was as a little child. The physicians pitied me. They had an ugly name for his malady. But mother love was granted me, and I rejoiced. I was needful to him. No one else could have been. It had all happened for that.”

“Catherine!” It was the first time he had called her by name. “Catherine! Motherhood was ever the strongest trait in you. At times it has come to me as it comes to me now; it was the motherhood in you that let me go—just because I didn’t need you enough. And you were right. Maybe when I’ve told you the rest you’ll see my extenuation. I, too, loved children—you’ll grant me that. And now I have two little girls—two little orphaned girls. At the birth of the younger my little wild wife died!” . . .

She held forth her hands. She called back to him as one calls to sudden light smiting darkness.

“Oh!” she cried. “Bring them to me! Bring them to me!”

WHICH will the wise man choose, the love of knowledge or the knowledge of love.

A Gentleman !



ONCE again the resourceful Liberals have been trying to aid the Conservative Party to destroy itself, by spreading stories of the dissensions within that party, and by going even so far as to announce that Mr. Borden had resigned from its leadership. It was unquestionably true that the Conservatives had family trouble. But it is, nevertheless, interesting to observe with what indefatigable energy the Liberals promoted the circulation of the stories. The breach has been stopped. There are just now no further rumors that Mr. Borden is resigning, but the Conservative leadership remains unsettled, and the Banquo's Ghost of R. L. Borden's resignation is lurking in the corridors of the House of Commons.

The question is, can a man be as much of a gentleman as Mr. R. L. Borden is, and succeed as a leader? It is not to be inferred by this that the previous Premiers and Sir Wilfrid do not qualify under the term gentlemen. Most of them have dressed decently, spoken with varying degrees of polish and politeness, and died sober. Many of them have had, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier apparently *has*, high principles. But it may be asked, nevertheless: Can a man be as much a gentleman as is Mr. R. L. Borden and lead a political party into the Treasury Benches?

Roughly, there are two classes of successful political leaders in Canada. There is the "politic" leader—such as Premier Laurier and Honorable Richard McBride—who combines tact and good judgment with a certain attractive personal quality. There is also the man who, while lacking as much tact and as much good judgment, bristles with political "principles," with hobbies, fads and manias, and who possesses, above all, "force of personality," as it is called—although it is really a pig-headed or bullying quality. Whitney might be said to have been of the second type. While he has judgment, he is inclined to bully, to force people into seeing as he sees.

But R. L. Borden is neither of the one type nor the other. He is a rigid man. He sees with a single eye and believes firmly

in what he sees. He moulds his own judgment and is slow to accept advice after he has made it. He arrives at a conclusion through certain methods of gathering his impressions. He does not like these methods interfered with.

This would be proper enough if, when he had made up his mind, he would insist that all other people should think as he thinks. If he would say, "I think the St. Lawrence river should be pumped dry so that the water may be used to water the wheat



MR. R. L. BORDEN

in the West; and because I think so, all you people in my party must think the same way or get out"—there would not be so many stories of his resignation. If he would but take his party by the coat collar and shake it, roar at it, frighten it to death—there would be fewer puny malcontents plotting inside the caucus to oust him.

But he is neither an oiled manipulator nor a horny-handed Whitney. He makes up his mind according to his own lights. He refuses to see crookedly for any political move, he will not

distort facts nor slander men whom he believes to be innocent. When the less generous men in the party wanted him to attack Fielding, he would not take the advantage because he believes Fielding is an honest man. When they wanted him to use the "Annexation Scare" as a weapon against Reciprocity, he refused. He had determined that these were false methods of attack. He had opinions of his own. He declined to be advised by the strategists of the party.

But, on the other hand, he has not the other quality which might have redeemed him from himself. Instead of announcing his ideals and threatening every man-jack of his party with dire revenge that failed to endorse them, he said, in effect: "These are my ideals. I am sorry that you do not agree with me. If you do not approve of my leadership permit me to tender my resignation."

Such mildness, such courtesy, such unobtrusiveness merit the respect of everyone. But there are men in the Conservative Party who are getting somewhat weary of the waiting game. Lennox and Lancaster and Northrup and most of the others have been waiting a long time for something to turn up. But Honorable George Graham's tenure of office as Minister of Railways shows no signs of expiring and the half dozen gentlemen on the Left of the Speaker who would like to be able to style themselves Minister of Finance, are somewhat faint-hearted. It is no wonder that they would have their leader make use of every possible point to upset the Government. It is no wonder that some of them chafe when they find that Ambition can never upset Mr. Borden's ideas of how things should be done. Looking closely at Mr. Borden, you might almost wonder whether he really cares about getting into power, or whether he is not content, so long as he believes the Government to be tolerable, just to lead an effective Opposition. Of course, this is not so; it would be ridiculous on the face of it; and yet, if you travel with him in a tour of one of the Province, you are bound to discover that he is not half the partisan that his followers are. He has too great a sense of Justice. He apparently cannot condemn any act of the Government when he feels that it is a good one.

He is, in a way, like President Taft. His knowledge of The Law, and his experience in it, has given his mind a certain poise, a calmness, and a clearness of outlook, which cannot be stampeded by party feelings. Roosevelt was picturesque, wrecking conventions and ideals, theories and practices. Taft was of another type. And as Taft is different from Roosevelt so is Borden different from Whitney.

A perfect gentleman! A most upright and honorable course! But unless, the future folly of the Liberal party helps him into power, and unless he learns the undignified, but necessary, art of beating his obstreperous followers into line—some of the cunning animals in his party who are less high-principled may yet undo him. And it would be unfortunate, for, politics aside, Canada would be honored to have so admirable a gentleman in the Premiership.

A Municipal Report

By

O. Henry

Fancy a novel about Chicago or Buffalo, let us say, or Nashville, Tennessee! There are just three big cities in the United States that are "story cities"—New York, of course, New Orleans, and, best of the lot, San Francisco.—Frank Norris.

The cities are full of pride,
Challenging each to each—
This from her mountainside,
That from her burthened beach.

—R. Kipling.

EAST is East, and West is San Francisco, according to Californians.

Californians are a race of people; they are not merely inhabitants of a State. They are the Southerners of the West. Now, Chicagoans are no less loyal to their city; but when you ask them why, they stammer and speak of lake fish and the new Oddfellows' Building. But Californians go into detail.

Of course, they have, in the climate, an argument that is good for half an hour while you are thinking of your coal bills and heavy underwear. But as soon as they come to mistake your silence for conviction, madness comes upon them, and they picture the city of the Golden Gate as the Bagdad of the New World. So far, as a matter of opinion, no refutation is necessary. But, dear cousins all (from Adam and Eve descended), it is a rash one who will lay his finger on the map and say: "In this town there can be no romance—what could happen here?" Yes, it is a bold and a rash deed to challenge in one sentence history, romance, and Rand and McNally.

Nashville.—A city, port of delivery, and the capital of the State of Tennessee, is on the Cumberland River and on the N. C. & St. L. and the L. & N. railroads. This city is regarded as the most important educational centre in the South.

I stepped off the train at 8 p.m. Having searched the thesaurus in vain for adjectives, I must, as a substitution, hie me to comparison in the form of a recipe.

Take of London fog 30 parts; malaria 10 parts; gas leaks 20 parts; dewdrops gathered in a brickyard at sunrise 25 parts; odor of honeysuckle 15 parts. Mix.

The mixture will give you an approximate conception of a Nashville drizzle. It is not so fragrant as a moth-ball nor as thick as pea-soup; but 'tis enough—'twill serve.

I went to a hotel in a tumbril. It required strong self-suppression for me to keep from climbing to the top of it and giving an imitation of Sidney Carton. The vehicle was drawn by beasts of a bygone era and driven by something dark and emancipated.

I was sleepy and tired, so when I got to the hotel I hurriedly paid it the fifty cents it demanded (with approximate lagnippe, I assure you). I knew its habits; and I did not want to hear it prate about its old "marster" or anything that happened "befo' de wah."

The hotel was one of the kind described as "renovated." That means \$20,000 worth of new marble pillars, tiling, electric lights and brass cuspidors in the lobby, and a new L. & N. time table and a lithograph of Lookout Mountain in each one of the great rooms above. The management was without reproach, the attention full of exquisite Southern courtesy, the service as slow as the progress of a snail and as good-humored as Rip Van Winkle. The food was worth traveling a



HE PONDERED GRAVELY FOR A MINUTE AND THEN REPLIED: "WELL, BOSS, I DON'T REALLY RECKON THERE'S ANYTHING AT ALL DOIN' AFTER SUNDOWN."

thousand miles for. There is no other hotel in the world where you can get such chicken livers *en brochette*.

At dinner I asked a negro waiter if there was anything doing in town. He pondered gravely for a minute, and then replied: "Well, boss, I don't really reckon there's anything at all doin' after sundown."

Sundown had been accomplished; it had been drowned in the drizzle long before. So that spectacle was denied me. But I went forth upon the streets in the drizzle to see what might be there.

It is built on undulating grounds; and the streets are lighted by electricity at a cost of \$32,470 per annum.

As I left the hotel there was a race riot. Down upon me charged a company of freedmen, or Arabs, or Zulus, armed with —no, I saw with relief that they were not rifles, but whips. And I saw dimly a caravan of black, clumsy vehicles; and at the reassuring shouts, "Kyar you anywhere in the town, boss, fuh fifty cents," I reasoned that I was merely a "fare," instead of a victim.

I walked through long streets, all leading uphill. I wondered how those streets ever came down again. Perhaps they didn't until they were "graded." On a few of the "main streets" I saw lights in stores here and there; saw street cars go by conveying worthy burghers hither and yon; saw people pass engaged in the art of conversation, and heard a burst of semi-lively laughter issuing from a soda-water and ice-cream parlor. The streets other than "main" seemed to have enticed upon their borders houses consecrated to peace and domesticity. In many of them lights shown behind discreetly drawn window shades; in a few pianos tinkled orderly and irreproachable music. There was, indeed, little "doing." I wished I had come before sundown. So I returned to my hotel.

In November, 1864, the Confederate General Hood advanced against Nashville, where he shut up a National force under General Thomas. The latter then sallied forth and defeated the Confederates in a terrible conflict..

All my life I have heard of, admired, and witnessed the fine marksmanship of the South in its peaceful conflicts in the tobacco-chewing regions. But in my hotel a surprise awaited me. There were twelve bright, new, imposing, capacious brass cuspidors in the great lobby, tall enough to be called urns and so wide-mouthed that the crack pitcher of a lady baseball team should have been able to throw a ball into one of them at five paces distant. But, although a terrible battle had raged and was still raging, the enemy had not suffered. Bright, new, imposing, capacious, untouched, they stood. But, shades of Jefferson Brick! the tile floor—the beautiful tile floor! I could not avoid thinking of the battle of Nashville, and trying to draw, as is my foolish habit, some deductions about hereditary marksmanship.

Here I first saw Major (by misplaced courtesy) Wentworth Caswell. I knew him for a type the moment my eyes suffered from the sight of him. A rat has no geographical habitat. My old friend, A Tennyson, said, as he so well said almost everything:

Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,
And curse me the British vermin, the
rat.

Let us regard the word "British" as interchangeable *ad lib*. A rat is a rat.

This man was hunting about the hotel lobby like a starved dog that had forgotten where he had buried a bone. He had a face of great acreage, red, pulpy, and with a kind of sleepy massiveness like that of Buddha. He possessed one single virtue—he was very smoothly shaven. The mark of the beast is not indelible upon a man until he goes about with a stubble. I think that if he had not used his razor that day I would have repulsed his advances, and the criminal calendar of the world would have been spared the addition of one murder.

I happened to be standing within five feet of a cuspidor when Major Caswell opened fire upon it. I had been observant enough to perceive that the attacking force was using Gatlings instead of squirrel rifles; so I side-stepped so promptly that the major seized the opportunity to apologize to a non-combatant. He had the blabbing lip. In four minutes he had become my friend and had dragged me to the bar.

I desire to interpolate here that I am a Southerner. But I am not one by profession or trade. I eschew the string tie, the slouch hat, the Prince Albert, the number of bales of cotton destroyed by Sherman, and plug chewing. When the orchestra plays Dixie I do not cheer. I slide a little lower on the leather-covered seat and, well, order another Wurzburger and wish that Longstreet had—but what's the use?

Major Caswell banged the bar with his fist, and the first gun at Fort Sumter echoed. When he fired the last one at Appomattox I began to hope. But then he began on family trees, and demonstrated that Adam was only a third cousin of a collateral branch of the Caswell family. Genealogy disposed of, he took up, to my distaste, his private family matters. He spoke of his wife, traced her descent back to Eve, and profanely denied any possible rumor that she may have had relations in the land of Nod.

By this time I began to suspect that he was trying to obscure by noise the fact

that he had ordered the drinks, on the chance that I would be bewildered into paying for them. But when they were down he crashed a silver dollar loudly upon the bar. Then, of course, another serving was obligatory. And when I had paid for that I took leave of him brusquely; for I wanted no more of him. But before I had obtained my release he had prated loudly of an income that his wife received, and showed a handful of silver money.

When I got my key at the desk the clerk said to me courteously: "If that man Caswell has annoyed you, and if you would like to make a complaint, we will have him ejected. He is a nuisance, a loafer, and without any known means of support, although he seems to have some money most the time. But we don't seem to be able to hit upon any means of throwing him out legally."

"Why, no," said I, after some reflection; "I don't see my way clear to making a complaint. But I would like to place myself on record as asserting that I do not care for his company. Your town," I continued, "seems to be a quiet one. What manner of entertainment, adventure, or excitement have you to offer to the stranger within your gates?"

"Well, sir," said the clerk, "there will be a show here next Thursday. It is—I'll look it up and have the announcement sent up to your room with the ice water. Good night."

After I went up to my room I looked out the window. It was only about ten o'clock, but I looked upon a silent town. The drizzle continued, spangled with dim lights, as far apart as currants in a cake sold at the Ladies' Exchange.

"A quiet place," I said to myself, as my first shoe struck the ceiling of the occupant of the room beneath mine. "Nothing of the life here that gives color and variety to the cities in the East and West. Just a good, ordinary, humdrum, business town."

Nashville occupies a foremost place among the manufacturing centres of the country. It is the fifth boot and shoe market in the United States, the largest candy and cracker manufacturing city in the South, and does an enormous wholesale dry goods, grocery, and drug business.

I must tell you how I came to be in Nashville, and I assure you the digression brings as much tedium to me as it does to you. I was traveling elsewhere on my own business, but I had a commission from a Northern literary magazine to stop over there and establish a personal connection between the publication and one of its contributors, Azalea Adair.

Adair (there was no clue to the personality except the handwriting) had sent in some essays (lost art!) and poems that had made the editors swear approvingly over their one o'clock luncheon. So they had commissioned me to round up said Adair and corner by contract his or her output at two cents a word before some other publisher offered her ten or twenty.

At nine o'clock the next morning, after my chicken livers *en brochette* (try them if you can find that hotel), I strayed out into the drizzle, which was still on for an unlimited run. At the first corner I came upon Uncle Cæsar. He was a stalwart negro, older than the pyramids, with grey wool and a face that reminded me of Brutus, and a second afterwards of the late King Cettwayo. We wore the most remarkable coat that I ever had seen or expect to see. It reached to his ankles and had once been a Confederate grey in colors. But rain and sun and age had so variegated it that Joseph's coat, beside it, would have faded to a pale monochrome. I must linger with that coat, for it had to do with the story—the story that is so long in coming, because you can hardly expect anything to happen in Nashville.

Once it must have been the military coat of an officer. The cape of it had vanished, but all adown its front it had been frogged and tasseled magnificently. But now the frogs and tassels were gone. In their stead had been patiently stitched (I surmised by some surviving "black mammy") new frogs made of cunningly twisted common hempen twine. This twine was frayed and disheveled. It must have been added to the coat as a substitute for vanished splendors, with tasteless but painstaking devotion, for it followed faithfully the curves of the long-missing frogs. And, to complete the comedy and pathos of the garment, all its buttons were gone save one. The second button from the top alone remained. The coat was fastened by other twine

strings tied through the button-holes and other holes rudely pierced in the opposite side. There was never such a weird garment so fantastically bedecked and of so many mottled hues. The lone button was the size of a half-dollar, made of yellow horn and sewed on with coarse twine.

This negro stood by a carriage so old that Ham himself might have started a hack line with it after he left the ark with the two animals hitched to it. As I approached he threw upon the door, drew out a feather duster, waved it without using it, and said in deep, rumbling tones:

"Step right in, suh; ain't a speck of dust in it—jus' got back from a funeral, suh."

I inferred that on such gala occasions carriages were given an extra cleaning. I looked up and down the street and perceived that there was little choice among the vehicles for hire that lined the curb. I looked in my memorandum book for the address of Azalea Adair.

"I want to go to 861 Jessamine Street," I said, and was about to step into the hack. But for an instant the thick, long, gorilla-like arm of the negro barred me. On his massive and saturnine face a look of sudden suspicion and enmity flashed for a moment. Then, with quickly returning conviction, he asked blandishingly: "What are you gwine there for, boss?"

"What is that to you?" I asked, a little sharply.

"Nothin', suh, jus' nothin'. Only it's a lonesome kind of part of town and few folks ever has business out there. Step right in. The seats is clean—jes' got back from a funeral, suh."

A mile and a half it must have been to our journey's end. I could hear nothing but the fearful rattle of the ancient hack over the uneven brick paving; I could smell nothing but the drizzle, now further flavored with coal smoke and something like a mixture of tar and oleander blossoms. All I could see through the steaming windows were two rows of dim houses.

The city has an area of 10 square miles; 181 miles of streets, of which 137 miles are paved; a system of waterworks that cost \$2,000,000, with 77 miles of mains.

Eighty-sixty-one Jessamine Street was a decayed mansion. Thirty yards back from the street it stood, outmerged in a

splendid grove of trees and untrimmell shrubbery. A row of box bushes overflowed and almost hid the paling fence from sight; the gate was kept closed by a rope noose that encircled the gate post and the first paling of the gate. But when you got inside you saw that 861 was a shell, a shadow, a ghost of former grandeur and excellence. But in the story, I have not yet got inside.

When the hack had ceased from rattling and the weary quadrupeds came to a rest I handed my jehu his fifty cents with an additional quarter, feeling a glow of conscious generosity, as I did so. He refused it.

"It's two dollars, suh," he said.

"How's that?" I asked. "I plainly heard you call out at the hotel: 'Fifty cents to any part of the town.'"

"It's two dollars, suh," he repeated obstinately. "It's a long ways from the hotel."

"It is within the city limits and well within them," I argued. "Don't think that you have picked up a greenhorn Yankee. Do you see those hills over there?" I went on, pointing toward the east (I could not see them, myself, for the drizzle); "well, I was born and raised on their other side. You old fool nigger, can't you tell people from other people when you see 'em?"

The grim face of King Cettiwayo softened. "Is you from the South, suh? I reckon it was them shoes of yourn fooled me. They is somethin' sharp in the toes for a Southern gen'l'man to wear."

"Then the charge is fifty cents, I suppose?" said I inexorably.

His former expression, a mingling of cupidity and hostility, returned, remained ten seconds, and vanished.

"Boss," he said, "fifty cents is right; but I *needs* two dollars, suh; I'b *obleeged* to have two dollars. I ain't *demandin'* it now, suh; after I knows whar you's from; I'm jus' sayin' that I *has* to have two dollars to-night, and business is mighty po'."

Peace and confidence settled upon his heavy features. He had been luckier than he had hoped. Instead of having picked up a greenhorn, ignorant of rates, he had come upon an inheritance.

"You confounded old rascal," I said, reaching down into my pocket, "you ought to be turned over to the police."

For the first time I saw him smile. He knew; *he knew*; HE KNEW.

I gave him two one-dollar bills. As I handed them over I noticed that one of them had seen parlous times. Its upper right-hand corner was missing, and it had been torn through in the middle, but joined again. A strip of blue tissue paper, pasted over the split, preserved its negotiability.

Enough of the African bandit for the present; I left him happy, lifted the rope and opened the creaky gate.

The house, as I said, was a shell. A paint brush had not touched it in twenty years. I could not see why a strong wind should not have bowled it over like a house of cards until I looked again at the trees that hugged it close—the trees that saw the battle of Nashville and still drew their protecting branches around it against storm and enemy and cold.

Azalea Adair, fifty years old, white-haired, a descendant of the cavaliers, as thin and frail as the house she lived in, robed in the cheapest and cleanest dress I ever saw, with an air as simple as a queen's, received me.

The reception room seemed a mile square, because there was nothing in it except some rows of books, on unpainted white-pine bookshelves, a cracked marble-top table, a rag rug, a hairless horsehair sofa and two or three chairs. Yes, there was a picture on the wall, a colored crayon drawing of a cluster of pansies. I looked around for a portrait of Andrew Jackson and the pine-cone hanging basket, but they were not there.

Azalea Adair and I had conversation, a little of which will be repeated to you. She was a product of the old South, gently nurtured in the sheltered life. Her learning was not broad, but was deep and of splendid originality in its somewhat narrow scope. She had been educated at home, and her knowledge of the world was derived from inference and by inspiration. Of such is the precious, small group of essayists made. While she talked to me I kept brushing my fingers, trying, unconsciously, to rid them guiltily of the absent dust from the half-calf backs of Lamb, Chaucer, Hazlitt, Marcus Aure-

lius, Montaigne and Hood. She was exquisite, she was a valuable discovery. Nearly everybody nowadays knows too much—oh, so much too much—of real life.

I could perceive clearly that Azalea Adair was very poor. A house and a dress she had, not much else, I fancied. So, divided between my duty to the magazine and my loyalty to the poets and essayists who fought Thomas in the valley of the Cumberland, I listened to her voice, which was like a harpsichord's, and found that I could not speak of contracts. In the presence of the nine Muses and the three Graces one hesitated to lower the topic to two cents. There would have to be another colloquy after I had regained my commercialism. But I spoke of my mission, and three o'clock of the next afternoon was set for the discussion of the business proposition.

"Your town," I said, as I began to make ready to depart (which is the time for smooth generalities), "seems to be a quiet, sedate place. A home town, I should say, where few things out of the ordinary ever happen."

It carries on an extensive trade in stoves and hollow ware with the West and South, and its flouring mills have a daily capacity of more than 2,000 barrels.

Azalea Adair seemed to reflect.

"I have never thought of it that way," she said, with a kind of sincere intensity that seemed to belong to her. "Isn't it in the still, quiet places that things do happen? I fancy that when God began to create the earth on the first Mondoy morning one could have leaned out one's window and heard the drops of mud splashing from His trowel as He built up the everlasting hills. What did the noisiest project in the world—I mean the building of the tower of Babel—result in finally? A page and a half of Esperanto in the *North American Review*."

"Of course," said I platitudinously, "human nature is the same everywhere; but there is more color—er—more drama and movement and—er—romance in some cities than in others."

"On the surface," said Azalea Adair. "I have traveled many times around the world in a golden airship wafted on two wings—print and dreams. I have seen (on one of my imaginary tours) the Sul-



AND I SAW, DIMLY, A CARAVAN OF BLACK, CLUMSY VEHICLES. . . . "KYAR YOU ANYWHERE IN THE TOWN, BOSS, FUH FIFTY CENTS!"

tan of Turkey bowstring with his own hands one of his wives who had uncovered her face in public. I have seen a man in Nashville tear up his theatre tickets because his wife was going out with her face covered—with rice powder. In San Francisco's Chinatown I saw the slave girl Sing Yee dipped slowly, inch by inch, in boiling almond oil to make her swear she would never see her American lover again. She gave in when the boiling oil had reached three inches above her knee. At a euchre party in East Nashville the other night I saw Kitty Morgan cut dead by seven of her schoolmates and lifelong friends because she had married a house painter. The boiling oil was sizzling as high as her heart; but I wish you could have seen the fine little smile that she carried from table to table. Oh, yes, it is a humdrum town. Just a few miles of red brick houses and mud and stores and lumber yards."

Some one knocked hollowly at the back of the house. Azalea Adair breathed a soft apology and went to investigate the sound. She came back in three minutes with brightened eyes, a faint flush on her cheeks, and ten years lifted from her shoulders.

"You must have a cup of tea before you go," she said, "and a sugar cake."

She reached and shook a little iron bell. In shuffled a small negro girl about twelve, barefoot, not very tidy, glowering at me with thumb in mouth and bulging eyes.

Azalea Adair opened a tiny, worn purse and drew out a dollar bill, a dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn in two pieces and pasted together again with a strip of blue tissue paper. It was one of the bills I had given the piratical negro—there was no doubt of it.

"Go up to Mr. Baker's store on the corner, Impy," she said, handing the girl the dollar bill, "and get a quarter of a pound of tea—the kind he always sends me—and ten cents' worth of sugar cakes. Now, hurry. The supply of tea in the house happens to be exhausted," she explained to me.

Impy left by the back way. Before the scrape of her hard, bare feet had died away on the back porch, a wild shriek—I was sure it was hers—filled the hollow

house. Then the deep, gruff tones of an angry man's voice mingled with the girl's further squeals and intelligible words.

Azalea Adair rose without surprise or emotion and disappeared. For two minutes I heard the hoarse rumble of the man's voice; then something like an oath and a slight scuffle, and she returned calmly to her chair.

"This is a roomy house," she said, "and I have a tenant for part of it. I am sorry to have to rescind my invitation to tea. It was impossible to get the kind I always use at the store. Perhaps to-morrow Mr. Baker will be able to supply me."

I was sure that Impy had not had time to leave the house. I inquired concerning street-car lines and took my leave. After I was well on my way I remembered that I had not learned Azalea Adair's name. But to-morrow would do.

That same day I started in on the course of iniquity that this uneventful city forced upon me. I was in the town only two days, but in that time I managed to lie shamelessly by telegraph, and to be an accomplice—after the fact, if that is the correct legal term—to a murder.

As I rounded the corner nearest my hotel the Afrite coachman of the polychromatic, nonpariel coat seized me, swung open the dungeony door of his peripatetic sarcophagus, flirted his feather duster and began his ritual: "Step right in, boss. Carriage is clean—'jus got back from a funeral. Fifty cents to any—"

And then he knew me and grinned broadly. "'Scuse me, boss; you is de gen'l'man what rid out with me dis mawin'. Thank you kindly. suh."

"I am going out to 861 again to-morrow afternoon at three," said I, "and if you will be here, I'll let you drive me. So you know Miss Adair?" I concluded, thinking of my dollar bill.

"I belonged to her father, Judge Adair, suh," he replied.

"I judge that she is pretty poor," I said. "She hasn't much money to speak of, has she?"

For an instant I looked again at the fierce countenance of King Cettiwayo, and then he changed back to an extortionate old negro hack driver.

"She ain't gwine to starve, suh," he said slowly. "She has reso-ces, suh; she has reso-ces."

"I shall pay you fifty cents for the trip," said I.

"Dat is puffedly correct, suh," he answered humbly. "I jus' had to have dat two dollars dis mawnin', boss."

I went to the hotel and lied by electricity. I wired the magazine: "A. Adair holds out for eight cents a word."

The answer that came back was: "Give it to her quick, you duffer."

Just before dinner "Major" Wentworth Caswell bore down upon me with the greetings of a long-lost friend. I have seen few men whom I have so instantaneously hated, and of whom it was so difficult to be rid. I was standing at the bar when he invaded me; therefore I could not wave the white ribbon in his face. I would have paid gladly for the drinks, hoping, thereby, to escape another; but he was one of those despicable, roaring, advertising biblers who must have brass bands and fireworks attend upon every cent that they waste in their follies.

With an air of producing millions he drew two one-dollar bills from a pocket and dashed one of them upon the bar. I looked once more at the dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn through the middle, and patched with a strip of blue tissue paper. It was my dollar bill again. It could have been no other.

I went up to my room. The drizzle and the monotony of a dreary, eventless Southern town had made me tired and listless. I remembered that just before I went to bed I mentally disposed of the mysterious dollar bill (which might have formed the clue to a tremendously fine detective story of San Francisco) by saying to myself sleepily: "Seems as if a lot of people here own stock in the Hack-Drivers' Trust. Pays dividends promptly, too. Wonder if—" Then I fell asleep.

King Cettiwayo was at his post the next day, and rattled my bones over the stones out to 861. He was to wait and rattle me back again when I was ready.

Azalea Adair looked paler and cleaner and frailer than she had looked on the day before. After she had signed the contract at eight cents per word she grew still paler and began to slip out of her chair.

Without much trouble I managed to get her up on the antediluvian horsehair sofa and then I ran out to the sidewalk and yelled to the coffee-colored Pirate to bring a doctor. With a wisdom that I had not suspected in him, he abandoned his team and struck off up the street afoot, realizing the value of speed. In ten minutes he returned with a grave, grey-haired and capable man of medicine. In a few words (worth much less than eight cents each) I explained to him my presence in the hollow house of mystery. He bowed with stately understanding, and turned to the old negro.

"Uncle Cæsar," he said calmly, "run up to my house and ask Miss Lucy to give you a cream pitcher full of fresh milk and half a tumbler of port wine. And hurry back. Don't drive—run. I want you to get back sometime this week."

It occurred to me that Dr. Merriman also felt a distrust as to the speeding powers of the land-pirate's steeds. After Uncle Cæsar was gone, lumberingly, but swiftly, up the street, the doctor looked me over with great politeness and as much careful calculation until he had decided that I might do.

"It is only a case of insufficient nutrition," he said. "In other words, the result of poverty, pride, and starvation. Mrs. Caswell has many devoted friends who would be glad to aid her, but she will accept nothing except from that old negro, Uncle Cæsar, who was once owned by her family."

"Mrs. Caswell!" said I, in surprise. And then I looked at the contract and saw that she had signed it "Azalea Adair Caswell."

"I thought she was Miss Adair," I said.

"Married to a drunken, worthless loafer, sir," said the doctor. "It is said that he robs her even of the small sums that her old servant contributes toward her support."

When the milk and wine had been brought the doctor soon revived Azalea Adair. She sat up and talked of the beauty of the autumn leaves that were then in season, and their height of color. She referred lightly to her fainting seizure as the outcome of an old palpitation of the heart. Impy fanned her as she lay on the sofa. The doctor was due elsewhere, and I followed him to the door. I told him that it was within my power and in-

tentions to make a reasonable advance of money to Azalea Adair on future contributions to the magazine, and he seemed pleased.

"By the way," he said, "perhaps you would like to know that you have had royalty for a coachman. Old Cæsar's grandfather was a king in Congo. Cæsar

himself has royal ways, as you may have observed."

As the doctor was moving off I heard Uncle Cæsar's voice inside: "Did he git bofe of dem two dollars from you, Mis' Zalea?"

"Yes, Cæsar," I heard Azalea Adair answer weakly. And then I went in and



HE HAD ORDERED THE DRINKS ON THE CHANCE THAT I WOULD BE BE-
WILDERED INTO PAYING FOR THEM.

concluded business negotiations with our contributor. I assumed the responsibility of advancing fifty dollars, putting it as a necessary formality in binding our bargain. And then Uncle Cæsar drove me back to the hotel.

Here ends all of the story as far as I can testify as a witness. The rest must be only bare statements of facts.

At about six o'clock I went out for a stroll. Uncle Cæsar was at his corner. He threw open the door of his carriage, flourished his duster and began his depressing formula: "Step right in, suh. Fifty cents to anywhere in the city—hack's puffically clean, suh—jus' got back from a funeral—"

And then he recognized me. I think his eyesight was getting bad. His coat had taken on a few more faded shades of color, the twine strings were more frayed and ragged, the last remaining button—the button of yellow horn—was gone. A motley descendant of kings was Uncle Cæsar.

About two hours later I saw an excited crowd besieging the front of a drug store. In a desert where nothing happens this was manna; so I edged my way inside. On an extemporized couch of empty boxes and chairs was stretched the mortal corporeality of Major Wentworth Caswell. A doctor was testing him for the immortal ingredient. His decision was that it was conspicuous by its absence.

The erstwhile Major had been found dead on a dark street and brought by curious and ennuied citizens to the drug store. The late human being had been engaged in terrific battle—the details showed that. Loafer and reprobate though

he had been, he had been also a warrior. But he had lost. His hands were yet clinched so tightly that his fingers would not be opened. The gentle citizens who had known him stood about and searched their vocabularies to find some good words, if it were possible, to speak of him. One kind-looking man said, after much thought: "When 'Cas' was about fo'teen he was one of the best spellers in school."

While I stood there the fingers of the right hand of "the man that was," which hung down the side of a white pine box, relaxed, and dropped something at my feet. I covered it with one foot quietly, and a little later on I picked it up and pocketed it. I reasoned that in his last struggle his hand must have seized that object unwittingly and held it in a death grip.

At the hotel that night the main topic of conversation, with the possible exceptions of politics and prohibition, was the demise of Major Caswell. I heard one man say to a group of listeners:

"In my opinion, gentlemen, Caswell was murdered by some of these no-account niggers for his money. He had fifty dollars this afternoon, which he showed to several gentlemen in the hotel. When he was found the money was not on his person."

I left the city the next morning at nine, and as the train was crossing the bridge over the Cumberland River I took out of my pocket a yellow horn overcoat button, the size of a fifty-cent piece, with frayed ends of coarse twine hanging from it, and cast it out of the window into the slow muddy waters below.

I wonder what's doing in Buffalo.



The Man Who Wouldn't Stay "Dead"—Earl Grey

Some facts and inferences about the Governor-General who was supposed to be a figure-head, but who proved to be *a man*, very much alive

By Britton B. Cooke

THE function of a Canadian Governor General has become exceedingly difficult in the later years of Canadian History. When the Dominion was in its infancy the Office was more or less advisory—a medium for communication between the Colonial Office and Ottawa. Durham's position was simple compared to Earl Grey's. For the Governor General has to fill the position of a Diplomat. His function requires the exercise of the greatest prudence and skill in order that the happy, but none the less delicate relation which has come to exist between Canada and the Mother country since the Canadians have attained their present degree of National autonomy may not be disturbed. It is his task to speak and act in such a way as to maintain sympathetic relations between the Imperial Government and the degrees of Imperialism and Anti-Imperialism in the Dominion. There are, in this broad country, divergent political views and ambitions—due in some measure to the cosmopolitan composition of our population—which might easily be aggravated, by any undiplomatic action of the part of the Governor General, into an Imperial disaster.

Not only is there popular sentiment to be reckoned with, but there is the direct relation between the official head of the Canadian Government and the official Head of the Imperial Government. Rideau Hall represents the relation between the head of the Foreign Office and the "Canadian Dictator," Sir Wilfrid Laurier

—For, whether it be a fault or a virtue in our political system, the Premier of Canada is practically a Dictator, responsible eventually to the will of the people, but for the interval between elections, little less than an absolute monarch. With this man, with his almost unlimited power, on one hand, and the sometimes not-too-well-informed Colonial Office on the other hand, the Governor General must co-operate.

With an ordinary gentleman these conditions might not have been very difficult. With anyone but His Excellency, Earl Grey, they might have been taken for granted. A figure-head, a good figure, a pleasant manner, a little grace and some dignity might easily have carried off the situation. But Earl Grey was a man—and he still is for that matter—with ideas. He was almost American in his energy. With Rhodes in South Africa he learned to be "busy." He was wont there, to conceive plans and see them executed. He projected himself into active affairs, and things that were not active he stirred up. When he was announced, six years ago, as the coming Governor General of Canada, the newspapers of the nation had forebodings. When he landed on Canadian soil they were filled with polite intimations to His Excellency that he would do well to follow the advice given to little boys touching the advantages of being seen and not heard. For a few days he was in the light of newspaper publicity. Then he moved into the quiet of Rideau



HIS EXCELLENCY EARL GREY

Hall and began "Governor Generaling" Canada.

There are different ways of measuring a Governor General's record. A Governor General who leaves his post as popular with the People as when he came, who has made no diplomatic errors, and who has carried out the wishes of the Colonial Government, may be said to have done well. If he has made himself personally popular, so much the better. A Governor General who has improved the relations between his Principal and the people to whom he has been delegated, is in still a more worthy class. But that Governor General who has been able, not only to improve the Imperial Government's relations with the Colonial Government, but who, in addition, has even done much good for the "Colony" itself, may be said to have been exceptionally successful. And of Earl Grey this has been true. The success of his Governor Generalship has been exceptional.

No doubt His Excellency has done things that have not met with unanimous approval. His instinct for putting his finger into quiet places to see if they are hot, is still active. We have reason to believe that His Excellency has not always been as reserved as the Master of Parliament could have wished. It has been said that he has been a trifle hasty in offering advice and suggestions and requests, in high quarters where interference is resented. Yet, thanks to the quick perception of His Excellency, and the sagacity of Canada's statesmen, no echo of unpleasantness has ever disturbed the Public ear.

Once or twice, in his public utterances, he has said things that were not considered quite pertinent by the Canadian Public. This may have been a fault on the part of the audience. In one instance he took it upon himself to criticize the manners of Canadian school children. In effect, he said that they were not good, and that they were worse than the manners of English school children. The point need not be debated here although there is unquestionably another side to this story of school children and their manners which his Excellency has neglected to take into consideration. At another time, Earl Grey attempted to carry out a scheme affecting the sale of intoxicating liquors in Canada.

He suggested the adoption of the "Gottenburg System" as it is called, whereby the right of retailing these articles is given to an "association" which engages to apply whatever profits may result to the purposes of general utility. The merits of His Excellency's plan were not entered into. His advocacy met with such resentment that he has not, since then, opened a discussion of any vexed question. It is probable that the criticisms of the Press at that time were due to apprehension on its part lest the Governor General should assume the role of a bothersome reformer.

There have been other criticisms based upon even broader grounds than these. The two political parties, each warring against the other, have each accused him of showing political bias. The answer to this is obvious. Accused by both, he cannot have favored either, appreciably. The only public allegation of political bias on the part of His Excellency, was made in a despatch to the Toronto Globe from Ottawa. This was printed shortly after Earl Grey's arrival in Canada and it would appear, from its contents, that Sir Wilfrid Laurier had recommended Royal titular honors to certain persons, which honors had not been forthcoming. This was taken to mean that Earl Grey had not forwarded the recommendations. The Globe at that time said:

"Surprise and disappointment are expressed over the absence of names from the list of Honours which it was confidently expected would appear there. The question is asked, for example, why have the Chief Justice of Ontario and the Chief Justice of Quebec been passed over? Surely these men are deserving of recognition. The omission of the names of gentlemen standing high in the commercial world is also noted and commented on. The singular thing about this year's Honour list is that, although certain recommendations were forwarded to the proper quarter, they do not appear to have carried any weight. In Liberal circles one hears the query: are Liberals not considered worthy of recognition by His Majesty? There is also a desire to know upon what principle Birthday Honours are bestowed."

This article may not have been justified. The Globe's criticism seems to have been based upon the fact that certain men, high in the Liberal Party, were overlooked in

the list of Knighthoods. There may, however, have been many other reasons why these gentlemen were not honored and among them may have been the fact, as in the case of Honorable Mr. Fielding, at least, that the distinction was not desired. Nevertheless, this is one of the points upon which His Excellency has been criticized, the inference being that out of dislike for the Liberals he ignored the Premier's recommendations.

Of course the Nationalists of Quebec have made direct attacks upon His Excellency from the political platforms of Quebec. He has been accused by Mr. Henri Bourassa's followers of being too zealous in the cause of British Imperialism. Most Anglo-Saxon Canadians are not likely to quarrel with the Governor General on these grounds. In this connection the establishment of the Canadian Navy is associated with Earl Grey. He undoubtedly used his influence to bring the Government to adopt a policy that would, in his opinion, be worthy of the Empire. He has not expressed any direct opinion as to whether he approved of the basis on which our naval armament now stands or whether he would have preferred some other scheme. Many Canadians may have argued against the Navy; many are for it. Just how the division of opinion may stand cannot be told at present. But in advocating that Canada should do her share toward her own and the Empire's defense, the Governor General did the least that he could be expected to do as an agent of the Imperial Government.

These are the major matters upon which His Excellency has been criticized during his sojourn here. There may have been one or two others, such as the lack of tact he displayed when he failed to invite any Canadian Press Representative to accompany him on his recent trip via the Hudson's Bay, but instead took with him an English correspondent, able no doubt, but somewhat inadequate. Then too it is frequently said that His Excellency has kept a steady look-out for good investments for his own money in Canada, and that he has even used his official privileges in investigating them on his own part or the part of his friends. His treatment of the Canadian newspapermen was no doubt unfair, but many men have done much worse things and some would have erred

in wanting too much publicity. As for Earl Grey's investments it is only to be said that Canada's chief need at present is just such investors as His Excellency no doubt is.

On the other hand, Earl Grey has influenced three vital matters as well as some smaller ones. He has "advertised" Canada throughout the whole Empire; he has strengthened the sentimental ties between England and this country; and he has done more to Imperialize Quebec than almost any other man that may be named. In fact, we cannot recall one man who has done as much. As for his activities in the former two matters, they need not be commented upon, beyond saying that his enthusiasm for Canada is akin to the honest enthusiasm of a good commercial traveler for his own "line" of goods; and that his efforts on behalf of closer Imperial relations have unquestionably led both the Colonial Office and the Canadian statesmen to a more intelligent understanding of their mutual problem.

Mr. J. S. Ewart, K.C., of Ottawa, made an attack upon Earl Grey in a recent letter to the Press. His chief grievance against His Excellency seems to have been the fact that Earl Grey has been working to strengthen Imperial ties and these ties, in Mr. Ewart's opinion, are the very thing against which all patriotic Canadians should work. He accuses the Governor General of having broken away from that strict neutrality with regard to political matters, which the King rigidly maintains, and he pretends to base his charge against Earl Grey upon the fact that His Excellency extends His patronage to a club called The Overseas Club—evidently an Imperialistic institution. There is, however, more than this behind Mr. Ewart's attack. It seems probable that his enmity is aroused by his belief that Earl Grey is working against the successful consummation of the Reciprocity Agreement. It is reported, that he founded his attack upon statements made by the Governor General in private conversation. If this is at the root of Mr. Ewart's letter then his criticism is most unfair, for His Excellency, whatever he may have said privately and in confidence, has not made a single public utterance which could be construed into an expression of opinion on the Reciprocity negotiations. Unless the Canadian

people are very much smaller-minded than they are credited with being they must resent an impeachment in the public press of the Governor General's private views.

The Imperialization of Quebec is a matter by itself. Earl Grey has done more than make pretty speeches in that Province. His organization of the Tercentenary of Quebec, his addresses to the French-Canadians at that time, all had their effect upon the minds of the people of Lower Canada. But his most effective work has been done otherwise:— in his private conversations with influential French-Canadians, in casual words at dinner, at lawn parties, at small private functions. One of the leaders of the Nationalists in Quebec, a man whose conception of the future of the British Empire is startlingly at variance with the views held by most Canadians, stated privately to the writer not long ago that Earl Grey had done wonders to win the leading French-Canadians to the side of British Imperialism. His tact, his sanity and his energy had made many converts, he said. This work alone on Earl Grey's part merits the recognition of the Canadian Nation. For, as much as he has created greater sympathy for, and sentiment towards British Connection in the French-Canadians, that much has he reduced the difference between the English and the French inhabitants of Canada.

Earl Grey was sent to Canada to be a pleasant figurehead, with the usual mentioned characteristics of the Serpent and the Dove. But he declined the role. He has proved himself a "live" man. He has fostered the artistic impulses of the Dominion by his annual musical and dramatic trophy. He has promoted the campaign against tuberculosis. He has placed a goodly number of corner stones and made unnumbered pretty speeches about nothing to nobody—at ceremonies. The other day he arrived in Toronto to lay a corner stone, yet not one of the papers had a note about his presence in town until the next day, when his speech at the function was somewhat scantily reported. This was not because he is not popular. It is because he has made himself ONE of the Canadians. He has not fenced himself in with differences. He has taken an interest in what we are doing and has spoken his mind several times. Whenever this has been resented by the Canadians it has been because they did not understand how much he really thought about the country in which he was a guest. In fact, he seems many times to have acted more in the manner of a citizen than as a visitor. He has been enthusiastic about Canada. He has shown a whole-hearted interest in the country, and *not* the sort of interest which is filtered through a lorgnette or a field glass, but the REAL interest of a real man whose enthusiasms are not all dead.





"SUMMER'S FAREWELL."—A. M. FLEMING.

A Departure in Art Criticism

A successful experiment in connection with the
Annual Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists.

ONCE upon a time—this is an old story—a young newspaper man was sent to an Art exhibition in the City of Montreal, to write "a story." In short, he was to criticize the exhibition. He knew as much about art as a painter knows about nursing over-heated bearings on a rotary converter. He was receptive enough. He had an instinct for good composition and color schemes. The wings of his fettered soul fluttered when he saw certain pictures. He could not have said why, yet over a face, a figure, a scene, or a bit of atmosphere on canvas, he might grow enthusiastic. Of technique he knew nothing. He was merely a lay impressionist.

The story he wrote was very bad. At least, it was bad from the standpoint of the painters who had exhibited at that exhibition. There was a certain simple look-

ing little landscape that he liked very well, and said so. And another thing, masterly in execution, but without any appeal to the reporter's imagination, he slated—for he was a bold young man, and the public loves to read of nasty things well said.

The lay public liked the story immensely. The city editor said it would do, and the reporter, to tell the truth, clipped it out of the paper and pasted it in the scrap-book among his other "best things." But among the artists it was called very, very bad and a number of superior persons, who live in studios and don't know a city editor with a vocabulary, nor the exhilaration of sitting on the world's pulse every day and saying what you think of it to the public, sniffed and mentioned high atmospheres and the post impressionists.



"N. W. HOYLES, K.C., LL.D."—J. W. L. FORSTER.

The reporter eventually had his salary increased—one dollar a week, and was appointed to write all art criticisms for that paper forever. The artists sighed and said nobody ever did understand them anyway, and went on trying to corral something or other that was in their heads, and express it in pigments.

The story arrived in Toronto just before the recent opening of the 39th annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists. It was discussed in a queer and de-

lightful little club called the Arts and Letters Club, and it begat argument. Certain of the artists there wanted to know WHY it is that art criticisms are often written without sufficient understanding on the part of the newspaper critic.

"But," said a newspaperman, "If painting is the medium used by you artists to express yourselves, you should make yourselves clear to the public without the need of any mere word-broker."



"THE MASTER OF NORTHCOTE."

"In this canvas the problem was as difficult as it was interesting. 'The Master of Northcote' (amongst his own popular trees) had to be painted in the method known as 'premier coup,' sittings on three successive days being all the time that circumstances permitted me to bestow on it. In this instance the rapid progress of the picture probably conduced to the incisiveness of its technical method. The personality and attitude of the man suggested a dramatic note in the landscape. As to its colour, it may be called variations on a gray theme."—E. WYLY GRIER.

"No," said another, a wild Irishman of a painter who has been trying to pound art into the fingers of several young ladies. "It's wrong. You can't talk to a Greek in the language of the Fiji Islands. You must have an interpreter."

The upshot of the affair was an agreement among the artists, that each painter might well write his own criticism of his

own contribution to exhibition. That is to say, he would try to state within a few words, what his idea had been in painting this or that picture; under what conditions he was viewing the object, and what effects he sought to bring out.

As a result, when a certain Toronto daily paper came to give its views of the exhibition of the Ontario Society of Ar-



"THE FOG COMING IN WITH THE TIDE."

"In my picture, 'Fog Coming In With the Tide,' I have endeavored to express the untiring forces of the seas in their never-ending strife with an island outpost of a continent, whose thunder of battle will still be heard though hidden by the approaching fog."—ROBT. F. GAGEN.

"BY THE RIVER—EARLY SPRING."

"In the picture, 'By the River—Early Spring,' there is no attempt to represent a conventional beauty of landscape. The idea is rather to convey a sense of the awakened strength and motion of nature after the comparative quiescence of winter. To this end all the leading lines of the picture are given a forward movement from one side of the picture to the other. It will be seen that their general trend is all down the river, which flows straight across the picture. The ice cakes, piled as the river left them, are placed on the side of the picture toward which the river is flowing to suggest the shore and passage of a mighty force. The muddy rapids, suggestion of cloud movement, wind in the trees, the pushing action of the river drivers are all intended to convey an idea of the flow and movement of the season. Perhaps the single figure on the right summarises the 'motif' of the picture. The general color is sombre, suggesting soft and dull weather, but there is a hint of veiled blue in the sky."—J. E. H. MACDONALD.





"HAZY MORNING ON THE THAMES."

"In 'A Hazy Morning On the Thames,' the artist has not seen the subject as the camera sees it. Eliminating all small details, scarcely even suggesting the rigging of the river-craft, an endeavor has been made to show the early morning light struggling through the smoke-charged atmosphere, suffusing all the scene with colours, and glistening on the singgish river."—F. M. BELL-SMITH.

"IN THE GRAND VALLEY."

"In the Grand Valley,' an endeavor to interpret the spirit and effect of a clear, sharp November afternoon has been made—when long shadows of rapidly moving clouds chase each other over a rolling landscape of farm, forest, clearing and stream. The rays of the sun shining from between the clouds cause sharply defined contrasts of sunshine and shadow, intensifying extremes both in tone and color."—HERBERT S. PALMER.





"THE PIONEER."

"In the picture, 'Pioneer Plowing,' I have tried to represent the stumpy and rocky condition of the land not long after the clearing away of the virgin forest, the remnants of which form the background along the shore of a lake. The tall, straight trunks and thick top foliage, together with the long shadows and newly-plowed ground, are composed in line and mass to contribute to the decorative aspect of the picture, and I have sought to bathe the whole scene in the soft light of late afternoon. Believing, as I do, that every work of art must have its main purpose, its reason for existence, its appeal, its soul, or, if you like, its story to tell, with which every part must be in harmony, I have tried to make each physical aspect of the composition contribute to the expression of the pioneer and his work by the use of fitting and significant parts decoratively arranged."—G. A. REID.



"OLD WHARF, NANTUCKET, MASS."—JOSEPH T. ROLPH.

tists, most of the painters had written explanatory notes to accompany their respective pictures. These notes were printed in pamphlet form to accompany the catalogue of the exhibition, and those who

ceives and who executes with more than ordinary clarity and brilliance, and whose future is pregnant with many artistic victories. Upon his suggestion the exhibiting artists, including many of the



"THE RETURN FROM TOWN."

In this picture I have sought to contrast a party of tipsy lumbermen returning, intoxicated and hilarious, to their lumber camp, as against the still dignity, the high solemnity of the forest through which they are passing. I have attempted to bring out the dignity of nature as against the—less worthy qualities in human nature.—L. S. HARRIS.

read the notes were much better equipped to appreciate the pictures.

* * *

The idea is new. The credit is due to Mr. Lorne Harris, a young Canadian painter who is said, by most competent judges, to be a man who sees, who con-

best known painters in Canada, wrote brief notes to explain their own pictures. Mr. Harris edited them and arranged for their publication in the *Toronto News*, as well as in pamphlet form. It is understood that the plan will be adopted at the next Exhibition and it is thought that it



"AT LOW TIDE."

"In the painting 'At Low Tide,' an endeavor has been made to give more than a topographical rendering of the scene emphasizing the atmospherical effect in rain clouds and sunshine on the Bay of Fundy."—F. H. BRIGDEN.

will be carried out even better than in the present instance. Several artists, in the present case, did not fall in with the suggestion, possibly because they did not

understand exactly what was intended. For most laymen the new plan made the Ontario Society of Artists' latest exhibition, many times as interesting as before.



"MOONRISE, OCTOBER."—MARY HIESTER REID.



"READY FOR PLAY."—HENRIETTA M. SHORE.

It has even added, it is said, to the appreciation of each artist for the work of the others.

We reproduce herewith a number of the paintings for which their painters have written notes. One or two others have no

notes. We suggest that those with the notes are very much more interesting to the layman than those without. In some cases the notes are inadequate; the artist has sought to describe rather than to explain his picture. Some need no explain-



"EARLY AUTUMN."

"I have endeavored to give interest to a rather commonplace subject by painting it under an uncommon effect of light and shade. I have relied, for pictorial effect, upon the decorative pattern of the trees along the banks of the stream, the whole mass of which is enveloped in a shadow cast by a passing cloud. The simple dignity and grandeur of the trees is enhanced by the strong contrast of the splash of sunlight on the distant hillside and by the expanse of the blue sky."—J. W. BEATTY.

ing and yet an explanatory note would lend new interest to the picture itself. Another year, no doubt, the artists will have caught the idea better and those who did not co-operate this year may by that time have discovered how much they can add

to the pleasure of those unlearned in technicality, by giving these notes. The unlearned may in this way be made learned and thus the ranks of possible picture buyers may be extended to the glory, not to say profit, of Canadian Art.—B.B.C.



The Trail of '98

By
Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako."

BOOK III.

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued

TWAS early in the bright and cool of the morning when we started for Eldorado, Jim and I. I had a letter from Locasto to Ribwood and Hoofman, the laymen, and I showed it to Jim. He frowned.

"You don't mean to say you've palled up with that devil," he said.

"Oh, he's not so bad," I exposulated. "He came to me like a man and offered me his hand in friendship. Said he was ashamed of himself. What could I do? I've no reason to doubt his sincerity."

"Sincerity be danged. He's about as sincere as a tame rattlesnake. Put his letter in the creek."

But no! I refused to listen to the old man.

"Well, go your own gait," he said; "but don't say that I didn't warn you."

We had crossed over the Klondike to its left limit, and were on a hillside trail beaten down by the feet of miners and packers. Cabins clustered on the flat, and from them plumes of violet smoke mounted into the golden air. Already the camp was astrid. Men were chopping their wood, carrying their water. The long, long day was beginning.

Following the trail, we struck up Bonanza, a small muddy stream in a narrow valley. Down in the creek bed we could see ever-increasing signs of an intense mining activity. On every claim were dozens of cabins, and many high cones of greyish muck. We saw men standing on

raised platforms turning windlasses. We saw buckets come up filled with the same dark grey dirt, to be dumped over the edge of the platform. Sometimes when the dump had gradually arisen around man and windlass, the platform in the centre of that dark-greyish cone was twenty feet high in the air.

Every mile the dumps grew more numerous, till some claims seemed covered with them. Looking down from the trail, they seemed like innumerable ant-hills blocking up the narrow channel, and around them swarmed the little ant-men in never-resting activity. The golden valley opened out to us in a vista of green curves, and the cleft of it was packed with tents, cabins, dumps and tailing piles, all bedded in a blue haze of wood fires.

"Look at that great centipede striding across the valley," I said.

"Yes," said Jim, "it's a long line of sluice boxes. See the water a-shinin' in the sun. Looks like some big golden-backed caterpillar."

The little ants were shovelling into it from one of their heaps, and from that point it swirled on into the stream, a current of mud and stone.

"Seems to me that stream would wash away all the gold," I said. "I know it's all caught in the riffles, but I think if that dump was mine I would want sluice-boxes a mile long and about sixteen hundred riffles. But I guess they know what they are doing."

About noon we descended into the creek-bed and came to the Forks. It was

a little town, a Dawson in miniature, with all its sordid aspects infinitely accentuated. It had dance-halls, gambling dens and many saloons; every convenience to ease the miner of the plethoric poke. There in the din and daze and dirt we tarried awhile; then, after eating heartily, we struck up Eldorado.

Here was the same feverish activity of gold-getting. Every claim was valued at millions, and men who had rarely owned enough to buy a decent coat were crying in the saloons because life was not long enough to allow them to spend their sudden wealth. Nevertheless, they were making a good stab at it. At the Forks I inquired regarding Ribwood and Hoofman; "Goin' to work for them, are you? Well, they've got a blamed hard name. If you get a job elsewhere, don't turn it down."

Jim left me; he would work on no claim of Locasto's, he said. He had a friend, a layman, who was a good man, belonged to the army. He would try him. So we parted.

Ribwood was a tall, gaunt Cornishman, with a narrow, jutting face and a gloomy air; Hoofman, a burly, beet-colored Australian with a bulging stomach.

"Yes, we'll put you to work," said Hoofman, reading the letter. "Get your coat off and shovel in."

So, right away, I found myself in the dump-pile, jamming a shovel into the pay-dirt and swinging it into a sluice-box five feet higher than my head. Keeping at this hour after hour was no fun, and if ever a man desisted for a moment the hard eyes of Hoofman was upon him, and the gloomy Ribwood had snatched up a shovel and was throwing in the muck furiously.

"Come on, boys," he would shout; "make the dirt fly. 'Taint every part of the world you fellers can make your ten bucks a day."

And it can be said that never laborer proved himself more worthy of his hire than the pick-and-shovel man of those early days. Few could stand it long without resting up. They were lean as wolves those men of the dump and drift, and their faces were gouged and grooved with relentless toil.

Well, for three days I made the dirt fly; but towards quitting time, I must say, its flight was a very uncertain one. Again I suffered all the tortures of becoming toil-

broken, the old aches and pains of the tunnel and the gravel-pit. Towards evening every shovelful of dirt seemed to weigh as much as if it was solid gold; indeed, the stuff seemed to get richer and richer as the day advanced, and the last half-hour I judged it must be nearly all nuggets. The constant hoisting into the overhead sluice-box somehow worked muscles that had never gone into action before, and I ached elaborately.

In the morning the pains were fiercest. How I groaned until the muscles got limbered up. I found myself using very rough language, indeed, groaning, gritting my teeth viciously. But I stayed with the work and held up my end, while the laymen watched us sedulously, and seemed to grudge us even a moment to wipe the sweat out of our blinded eyes.

I was glad, indeed, when, on the evening of the third day, Ribwood came to me and said:

"I guess you'd better work up at the shaft to-morrow. We want a man to wheel muck."

They had a shaft sunk on the hillside. They were down some forty feet and were drifting in, wheeling the pay-dirt down a series of planks placed on trestles to the dump. I gripped the handles of a wheelbarrow loaded to overspilling, and steered it down that long unsteady gangway full of uneven joins and sudden angles. Time and again I ran off the track, but after the first day I became quite an expert at the business. My spirits rose. I was on the way to becoming a miner.

CHAPTER IX

Turning the windlass over the shaft was a little, tough mud-rat, who excited in me the liveliest sense of aversion. Pat Dooan was his name, but I will call him the "Worm."

The Worm was the foulest-mouthed specimen I have yet met. He had the lowest forehead I have ever seen in a white man, and such a sharp, ferrety little face. His reddish hair had the prison clip, and his little reddish eyes were alive with craft and cruelty. I noticed he always regarded me with a peculiarly evil grin, that wrinkled up his cheeks and revealed his hideously blackened teeth. From the first he gave me a creepy feeling, a disgust as if I were near some slimy reptile.

Yet the Worm tried to make up to me. He would tell me stories blended of the horrible and the grotesque. One in particular I remember.

"Youse wanta know how I lost me last job. I'll tell youse. You see, it was like dis. Dere was two Blackmoore guys dat got into de country dis Spring; came by St. Michaels; Hindoos dey was. Well, one of them 'Sicks' (an' dey looked sick, dey was so loose and weary in dere style) got a job from old man Gustafson down de shaft muckin' up and fillin' de buckets.

"Well, dere was dat Blackmoore down in de deep hole one day when I comes along, an strikes old Gus for a job. So, seeing as de man on de windlass wanted to quit, he passed it up to me, an' I took right hold and started in.

"Say, I was feelin' powerful mean. I'd just finished up a two weeks' drunk, an' you tink de booze wasn't workin' in me some. I was seein' all kinds of dam funny things. Why, as I was a-turnin' away at dat ol' windlass der was red spiders crawlin' up me legs. But I was wise. I wouldn't look at dem tings, give dem de go-by. Den a yeller rat got gay wid me and did some stunts on me windlass. But still I wouldn't let on. Den der was some green snakes dat wriggled over de platform like shiny streaks on de water. Sure, I didn't like dat one bit, but I says, 'dere ain't no snakes in de darned country, Pat, and you knows it. It's just a touch of de horrors, dat's all. Just pass 'em up, boy; don't take no notice of dem.'

"Well, dis went on till I begins to get all shaky and jumpy, an' I was mighty glad when de time came to quit, and de boys down below gives me de holler to pull dem up."

"So I started hoistin' wid dose snakes and spiders and rats jus' cavortin' round me like mad, when all to once who should I hoists outa de bowels of de earth but de very devil himself."

"His face was black. I could see de whites of his eyes, and he had a big dirty towel tied round his head. Well, say, it was de limit. At de sight of dat ferocious monster comin' after old Pat I gives one yell, drops de crank-handle of de windlass, an makes a flyin' leap down de dump. I hears an awful shriek, and de bucket and de devil goes down smash to de bot-

tom of de shaft, t'irty-five feet. But I kep' on runnin'. I was so scared.

"Well, how was I to know dey had a Blackmoore down dere? He was a stiff when dey got him up, but how was I to know? So I lost me job."

On another occasion he told me:

"Say, kid, youse didn't know as I was liable to fits, did youse? Dat's so; eppy-lespy de doctor tells me. Dat's what I am scared of. You see, it's like dis: if one of dem fits should hit me when I'm hoistin' de boys outer de shaft, den it would be a pity. I would sure lose me job like de oder time."

He was the most degraded type of man I had yet met on my travels, a typical degenerate, dirty, drunken, diseased. He had three suits of underclothing, which he never washed. He would wear through all three in succession, and when the last got too dirty for words he would throw it under his trunk and sorrowfully go back to the first, keeping up this rotation till all were worn out.

One day Hoofman told me he wanted me to go down the shaft and work in the drift. Accordingly, next morning I and a huge Slav, by name Dooley Rileyvitch, were lowered down into the darkness.

The Slav initiated me. Every foot of dirt had to be thawed out by means of wood fires. We built a fire at the far end of the drift every night, covering the face we were working. First we would lay kindling, then dry spruce lying lengthways, then a bank of green wood standing on end to keep in the heat and shed the dirt that sloughed down from the roof. In the morning our fire would be burned out, and enough pay-dirt thawed out to keep us picking all day.

Down there I found it the hardest work of all. We had to be careful that the smoke had cleared from the drift before we ventured in, for frequently miners were asphyxiated. Indeed, the bad air never went entirely away. It made my eyes sore, my head ache. Yet, curiously enough, so long as you were down there it did not affect you so much. It was when you stepped out of the bucket and struck the pure outer air that you reeled and became dizzy. It was blinding, too. Often at supper have my eyes been so blurred and sore I had to grope around

uncertainly for the sugar bowl and the tin of cream.

In the drift it was always cool. The roof kept sloughing down on us, and we had really gone in too far for our own safety, but the layman cared little for that. At the end of the drift the roof was so low we were bent almost double, picking at the hard face in all kinds of cramped positions, and dragging after us the heavy bucket. To the big Slav it was all in the day's work, but to me it was hard, hard.

The shaft was almost forty feet deep. For the first ten feet a ladder ran down it, then stopped suddenly, as if the excavators had decided to abandon it. I often looked at this useless bit of ladder and wondered why it had been left unfinished.

Every morning the Worm hoisted us down into the darkness, and at night drew us up. Once he said to me:

"Say, wouldn't it be de tough luck if I was to take a fit when I was hoistin' youse up? Such a nice bit of a boy, too, an' I guess I'd lose my job over de head of it."

I said: "Cut that out, or you'll have me so scared I won't go down."

He grinned unpleasantly and said nothing more. Yet somehow he was getting on my nerves terribly.

It was one evening we had banked up our fires and were ready to be hoisted up. Dooley Rileyvich went first, and I watched him blot out the bit of blue for a while. Then, slowly, down came the bucket for me.

I got in. I was feeling uneasy all of a sudden, and devoutly wished I were anywhere else but in that hideous hole. I felt myself leave the ground and rise steadily. The walls of the shaft glided past me. Up, up, I went. The bit of blue sky grew bigger, bigger. There was a star shining there. I watched it. I heard the creak, creak of the windlass crank. Somehow it seemed to have a sinister sound. It seemed to say: "Have a care, have a care." I was ten feet from the top. The bucket was rocking a little, so I put out my hand and grasped the lowest rung of the ladder to steady myself.

Then, at that instant, it seemed the weight of the bucket pressing up against my feet was suddenly removed, and my arm was nigh jerked out of its socket.

There I was hanging desperately on the lowest rung of the ladder, while, with a crash that made my heart sick, the bucket dashed to the bottom. At last, I realised, the Worm had had his fit.

Quickly I gripped with both hands. With a great effort I raised myself rung by rung on the ladder. I was panic-stricken, faint with fear; but some instinct had made me hold on desperately. Dizzily I hung all a-shudder, half-sobbing. A minute seemed like a year.

Ah! there was the face of Dooley looking down on me. He saw me clinging there. He was anxiously shouting to me to come up. Mastering an overpowering nausea I raised myself. At last I felt his strong arms around me, and here, I swear it on a stack of Bibles; that brutish Slav seemed to me like one of God's own angels.

I was on firm ground at last. The Worm was lying stiff and rigid. Without a word the stalwart Slav took him on his brawny shoulder. The creek was downhill but fifty yards. Ere we reached it the Worm had begun to show signs of reviving consciousness. When we got to the edge of the icy water he was beginning to groan and open his eyes in a dazed way.

"Leave me alone," he says to Rileyvich; "you Slavonian swine, lemme go."

Not so the Slav. Holding the wriggling, writhing little man in his powerful arms he plunged him heels over head in the muddy current of the creek.

"I guess I cure dose fits, anyway," he said grimly.

Struggling, spluttering, blaspheming, the little man freed himself at last and staggered ashore. He cursed Rileyvich most comprehensively. He had not yet seen me, and I heard him wailing:

"Sure de boy's a stiff. Just my luck; I've lost my job."

CHAPTER X

"You'd better quit," said the Prodigal.

It was the evening of my mishap, and he had arrived unexpectedly from town.

"Yes, I mean to," I answered. "I wouldn't go down there again for a farm. I feel as weak as a sick baby. I couldn't stay another day."

"Well, that goes," said he. "It just fits in with my plans. I'm getting Jim to come in, too. I've realised on that stuff

I bought, made over three thousand clear profit, and with it I've made a dicker for a property on the bench above Bonanza, Gold Hill they call it. I've a notion it's all right. Anyway, we'll tunnel in and see. You and Jim will have a quarter share each for your work, while I'll have an extra quarter for the capital I've put in. Is it a go?"

I said it was.

"Thought it would be. I've had the papers made out, you can sign right now."

So I signed, and next day found us all three surveying our claim. We put up a tent, but the first thing to do was to build a cabin. Right away we began to level off the ground. The work was pleasant, and conducted in such friendship that the time passed most happily. Indeed, my only worry was about Berna. She had never ceased to be at the forefront of my mind. I schooled myself into the belief that she was all right, but, thank God, every moment was bringing her nearer to me.

One morning, when we were out in the woods cutting timber for the cabin, I said to Jim:

"Did you ever hear anything more about that man Mosely?"

He stopped chopping, and lowered the axe he had poised aloft.

"No, boy; I've had no mail at all. Wait awhile."

He swung his axe with viciously forceful strokes. His cheery face had become so downcast that I bitterly blamed myself for my want of tact. However, the cloud soon passed.

About two days after the Prodigal said to me:

"I saw your little guttersnipe friend to-day."

"Indeed, where?" I asked; for I had often thought of the Worm, thought of him with fear and loathing.

"Well, sir, he was just getting the grandest dressing-down I ever saw a man get. And do you know who was handing it to him—Locasto, no less."

He lit a cigarette and inhaled the smoke.

"I was just coming along the trail from the Forks when I suddenly heard voices in the bush. The big man was saying:

"'Lookee here, Pat, you know if I just liked to say half a dozen words I could

land you in the penitentiary for the rest of your days.'

"Then the little man's wheedling voice:

" 'Well, I did me best, Jack. I know I bungled the job, but youse don't want to cast dem t'ings up to me. Dere's more dan me orter be in de pen. Dere's no good in de pot callin' de kettle black, is dere?'"

"Then Black Jack flew off the handle. You know he's got a system of man-handling that's near the record in these parts. Well, he just landed on the little man. He got him down and started to lambast the Judas out of him. He gave him the 'leather,' and then some. I guess he'd have done him to a finish hadn't I been Johnnie on the spot. At sight of me he gives a curse, jumps on his horse and goes off at a canter. Well, I propped the little man against a tree, and then some fellows came along, and we got him some brandy. But he was badly done up. He kept saying: 'Oh, de devil, de big devil, sure I'll give him his before I get t'rough.' Funny, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it strange;" and for some time I pondered over the remarkable strangeness of it.

"That reminds me," said Jim; "has any one seen the Jam-wagon?"

"Oh yes," answered the Prodigal; "poor beggar! he's down and out. After the fight he went to pieces, every one treating him, and so on. You remember Bullhammer?"

"Yes."

"Well, the last I saw of the Jam-wagon he was cleaning cuspidors in Bullhammer's saloon."

* * * * *

We had hauled the logs for the cabin, and the foundation was laid. Now we were building up the walls, placing between every log a thick wadding of moss. Every day saw our future home nearer completion.

One evening I spied the saturnine Ribwood climbing the hill to our tent. He hailed me:

"Say, you're just the man I want."

"What for?" I asked; "not to go down that shaft again?"

"No. Say! we want a night watchman up at the claim to go on four hours a night at a dollar an hour. You see, there's

been a lot of sluice-box robberies lately, and we're scared for our clean-up. We're running two ten-hour shifts now and cleaning up every three days; but there's four hours every night the place is deserted, and Hoofman proposed we should get you to keep watch."

"Yes," I said; "I'll run up every evening if the others don't object."

They did not; so the next night, and for about a dozen after that, I spent the darkest hours watching on the claim where previously I had worked.

There was never any real darkness down there in that narrow valley, but there was dusk of a kind that made everything grey and uncertain. It was a vague, nebulous atmosphere in which objects merged into each other confusedly. Bushes came down to within a few feet of where we were working, dense-growing alder and birch that would have concealed a whole regiment of sluice-robbers.

It was the dimmest and most uncertain hour of the four, and I was sitting at my post of guard. As the night was chilly I had brought along an old grey blanket, similar in colour to the mound of the pay-dirt. There had been quite a cavity dug in the dump during the day, and into this I crawled and wrapped myself in my blanket. From my position I could see the string of boxes containing the riffles. Over me brooded the vast silence of the night, and by my side lay a loaded shotgun.

"If the swine come," said Ribwood, "let 'em have a clean-up of lead instead of gold."

Lying there. I got to thinking of the robberies. They were remarkable. All had been done by an expert. In some cases the riffles had been extracted and the gold scooped out; in others a quantity of mercury had been poured in at the upper end, and, as it passed down the boxes, the "quick" had gathered up the dust. Each time the robbers had cleaned up from two to three thousand dollars, and all within the past month. There was some mysterious master-crook in our midst, one who operated swiftly and surely, and left absolutely no clue of his identity.

It was strange, I thought. What nerve, what cunning, what skill must this midnight thief be possessed of! What desper-

ate chances was he taking! For, in the miners' eyes, cache-stealing and sluice-box robbing were in the same category, and the punishment was—well, a rope and the nearest tree of size. Among those strong, grim men justice would be stern and swift.

I was very quiet for a while, watching dreamily the dark shadows of the dusk.

Hist! What was that? Surely the bushes were moving over there by the hillside. I strained my eyes. I was right: they were.

I was all nerves and excitement now, my heart beating wildly, my eyes boring through the gloom. Very softly I put out my hand and grasped the shot-gun.

I watched and waited. A man was parting the bushes. Stealthily, very stealthily, he was peering around. He hesitated, paused, peered again, crouched on all-fours, crept forward a little. Everything was quiet as a grave. Down in the cabins the tired men slept peacefully; stillness and solitude.

Cautiously the man, crawling like a snake, works his way to the sluice-boxes. None but a keen watcher could have seen him. Again and again he pauses, peers around, listens intently. Very carefully, with my eyes fixed on him, I lift the gun.

Now he has gained the shadow of the nearest sluice-box. He clings to the trestle-work, clings so closely you could scarcely tell him apart from it. He is like a rat, dark, furtive, sinister. Slowly I lift the gun to my shoulder. I have him covered.

I wait. Somehow I am loath to shoot. My nerves are a-quiver. Proof, more proof, I say. I see him working busily, lying flat alongside the boxes. How crafty, how skilful he is! He is disconnecting the boxes. He will let the water run to the ground; then, there in the exposed riffles, will be his harvest. Will I shoot . . . now . . . I will

Then, in the midnight hush, my gun blazed forth. With one scream the man tumbled down, carrying along with him the disconnected box. The water rushed over to the ground in a deluge. I must catch him. There he lay in that pouring stream . . . Now I have him.

There in that torrent of water I grappled with my man. Over and over we rolled. He tried to gouge me. He was

CHAPTER XI

small, but oh, how strong! He held down his face. Fiercely I wrenched it up to the light. Heavens! it was the Worm.

I gave a cry of surprise, and my clutch on him must have weakened, for at that moment he gave a violent wrench, a cat-like twist, and tore himself free. Men were coming, were shouting, were running in from all directions.

"Catch him!" I cried. "Yonder he goes."

But the little man was shooting forward like a deer. He was in the bushes now, bursting through everything, dodging and twisting up the hill. Right and left ran his pursuers, mistaking each other for the robber in the semi-gloom, yelling frantically, mad with the excitement of a man-hunt. And in the midst of it all I lay in a pool of mud and water, with a sprained wrist and a bite on my leg.

"Why in hell didn't you hold him?" shouted Ribwood.

"I couldn't," I answered. "I saved your clean-up, and he got some of the lead. Besides, I know who he is."

"You don't! Who is he?"

"Pat Doogan."

"You don't say. Well, I'm darned. You're sure?"

"Dead sure."

"Swear it in Court?"

"I will."

"Well, that's all right. We'll get him. I'll go into town first thing in the morning and get out a warrant for him."

He went, but the next evening back he returned, looking very surly and disgruntled.

"Well, what about the warrant?" said Hoofman.

"Didn't get it."

"Didn't get——"

"No, didn't get it," snapped Ribwood. "Look here, Hoofman, I met Locasto. Black Jack says Pat was cached away, dead to all the world, in the backroom of the Omega Saloon all night. There's two loafers and the barkeep to back him up. What can we do in the face of that? Say, young feller, I guess you mistook your man."

"I guess I did not," I protested stoutly.

They both looked at me for a moment and shrugged their shoulders.

The days went on and the cabin was quietly nearing completion. The roof of poles was in place. It only remained to cover it with moss and thawed-out earth to make it our future home. I think these were the happiest days I spent in the North. We were such a united trio. Each was eager to do more than the other, and we vied in little acts of mutual consideration.

Once again I congratulated myself on my partners. Jim, though sometimes bellicosely evangelical, was the soul of kindly goodness, cheerfulness and patience. It was refreshing to know among so many sin-calloused men one who always rang true, true as the gold in the pan. As for the Prodigal, he was a Prince. I often thought that God at the birth of him must have reached out to the sunshine and crammed a mighty handful of it into the boy. Surely it is better than all the riches in the world to have a temperament of eternal cheer.

As for me. I have ever been at the mercy of moods, easily elated, quickly cast down. I have always been abnormally sensitive, affected by sunshine and by shadows, vacillating, intense in my feelings. I was truly happy in those days; finding time in the long evenings to think of the scenes of stress and sorrow I had witnessed, reconstructing the past, and having importune me again and again the many characters in my life drama.

Always and always I saw the girl, elusively sweet, almost unreal, a thing to enshrine in that ideal alcove of our hearts we keep for our saints. (And God help us always to keep shining there a great light.)

Many others importuned me: Pinklove, Globstock, Pondersby, Marks, old Wilovich, all dead; Bullhammer, the Jam-wagon, Mosher, the Winklesteins, plunged in the vortex of the gold-born city; and lastly, looming over all, dark and ominous, the handsome, bold, sinister face of Locasto. Well, maybe I would never see any of them again.

Yet more and more my dream hours were jealously consecrated to Berna. How ineffably sweet were they. How full of delicious imagings. How pregnant of

high hope. O, I was born to love, I think, and I never loved but one. This story of my life is the story of Berna. It is a thing of words and words and words, yet every word is Berna, Berna. Feel the heartache behind it all. Read between the lines, Berna, Berna.

Often in the evenings we went to the Forks, which was a lively place indeed. Here was all the recklessness and revel of Dawson on a smaller scale, and infinitely more gross. Here were the dance-hall girls, not the dazzling creatures in diamonds and Paris gowns, the belles of the Monte Carlo and the Tivoli, but drabs self-convicted by their coarse, puffy faces. Here the men, fresh from their day's work, the mud of the claim hardly dry on their boot-tops, were buying wine with nuggets they had filched from sluice-box, dump and drift.

There was wholesale robbery going on in the gold-camp. On many claims where the owners were known to be unsuspicious, men would work for small wages because of the gold they were able to filch. On the other hand, many of the operators were paying their men in trade-dust valued at sixteen dollars an ounce, yet so adulterated with black sand as to be really worth about fourteen. All these things contributed to the low morale of the camp. Easy come, easy go with money, a wild intoxication of success in the air; gold gouged in glittering heaps from the ground during the day, and at night squandered in a carnival of lust and sin.

The Prodigal was always "snooping" around and gleaning information from most mysterious sources. One evening he came to us.

"Boys, get ready quick. There's a rumor of a stampede for a new creek, Ophir Creek they call it, away on the other side of the divide somewhere. A prospector went down ten feet and got fifty-cent dirt. We've got to get in on this. There's a mob coming from Dawson, but we'll get there before the rush."

Quickly we got together blankets and a little grub, and, keeping out of sight, we crawled up on the hill under cover of the brush. Soon we came to a place from which we could command a full view of the valley. Here we lay down, awaiting developments. It was at the hour of dusk. Scarfs of smoke wavered over the cabins

down in the valley. On the far slope of Eldorado I saw a hawk soar upwards. Surely a man was moving amid the brush, two men, a dozen men, moving in single file very stealthily. I pointed them out.

"It's the stampede," whispered Jim. "We've got to get on to the trail of that crowd. Travel like blazes. We can cut them off at the head of the valley."

So we struck into the stampede gait, a wild, jolting, desperate pace, that made the wind pant in our lungs like bellows, and jarred our bones in their sockets. Through brush and scrub timber we burst. Thorny vines tore at us detainingly, swampy niggerheads impeded us; but the excitement of the stampede was in our blood, and we plunged down gulches, floundered over marshes, climbed steep ridges and crashed through dense masses of underwood.

"Throw away your blankets, boys," said the Prodigal. "Just keep a little grub. Eldorado was staked on a stampede. Maybe we're in on another Eldorado. We must connect with that bunch if we break our necks."

It was hours after when we overtook them, about a dozen men, all in the maddest hurry, and casting behind them glances of furtive apprehension. When they saw us they were hugely surprised. Ribwood was one of the party.

"Hello," he says roughly; "any more coming after you boys?"

"Don't see them," said the Prodigal breathlessly. "We spied you and cottoned on to what was up, so we made a fierce hike to get in on it. Gee, I'm all tuckered out."

"All right, get in line. I guess there's lots for us all. You're in on a good thing, all right. Come along."

So off we started again. The leader was going like one possessed. We blundered on behind. We were on the other side of the divide looking into another vast valley. What a magnificent country it was! What a great manœuvring-ground it would make for an army! What splendid open spaces, and round smooth hills, and dimly blue valleys, and silvery winding creeks! It was veritably a park of the Gods, and enclosing it was the monstrous, corrugated palisade of the Rockies.

But there was small space to look around. On we went in the same mad,

heart-breaking hurry, mile after mile, hour after hour.

"This is going to be a banner creek, boys," the whisper ran down the line. "We're in luck. "We'll all be Klondike Kings yet."

Cheering, wasn't it? So on we went, hotter than ever, content to follow the man of iron who was guiding us to the virgin treasure.

We had been pounding along all night, up hill and down dale. The sun rose, the dawn blossomed, the dew dried on the blueberry; it was morning. Still we kept up our fierce gait. Would our leader never come to his destination? By what roundabout route was he guiding us? The sun climbed up in the blue sky, the heat quivered; it was noon. We panted as we pelted on, parched and weary, faint and footsore. The excitement of the stampede had sustained us, and we scarcely had noted the flight of time. We had been walking for fourteen hours, yet not a man faltered. I was ready to drop with fatigue; my feet were a mass of blisters, and every step was intolerable pain to me. But still our leader kept on.

"I guess we'll fool those trying to follow us," snapped Ribwood grimly.

Suddenly the Prodigal said to me: "Say, you boys will have to go on without me. I'm all in. Go ahead, I'll follow after I'm rested up."

He dropped in a limp heap on the ground and instantly fell asleep. Several of the others had dropped out too. They fell asleep where they gave up, utterly exhausted. We had now been going sixteen hours, and still our leaders kept on.

"You're pretty tough for a youngster," growled one of them to me. "Keep it up, we're almost there."

So I hobbled along painfully, though the desire to throw myself down was becoming imperative. Just ahead was Jim, sturdily holding his own. The others were reduced to a bare half-dozen.

It was about four in the afternoon when we reached the creek. Up it our leader plunged, till he came to a place where a rude shaft had been dug. We gathered around him. He was a typical prospector, a child of hope, lean, swarthy, clear-eyed.

"Here it is, boys," he said. "Here's my discovery stake. Now you fellows go up or down, anywhere you've a notion to, and

put in your stakes five hundred feet to a claim. You all know what a lottery it is. Maybe you'll stake a million-dollar claim, maybe a blank. Mining's all a gamble. But go ahead, boys. I wish you luck."

So we strung out, and, coming in rotation, Jim and I staked seven and eight below discovery.

"Seven's a lucky number for me," said Jim; "I've a notion this claim's a good one."

"I don't care," I said, "for all the gold in the world. What I want is sleep, sleep, rest and sleep."

So I threw myself down on a bit of moss, and, covering my head with my coat to ward off the mosquitoes, in a few minutes I was dead to the world.

CHAPTER XII

I was awakened by the Prodigal.

"Rouse up," he was saying; "you've slept right round the clock. We've got to get back to town and record those claims. Jim's gone three hours ago."

It was five o'clock of a crystal Yukon morning, with the world clear cut and fresh as at the dawn of Things. I was sleep-stupid, sore, stiff in every joint. Racking pains made me groan at every movement, and the chill night air had brought on twinges of rheumatism. I looked at my location stake, beside which I had fallen.

"I can't do it," I said; "my feet are out of business."

"You must," he insisted. "Come, buck up, old man. Bathe your feet in the creek, and then you'll feel as fit as a fighting-cock. We've got to get into town hot-foot. They've got a bunch of crooks at the gold office, and we're liable to lose our claims if we are late."

"Have you staked, too?"

"You bet. I've got thirteen below. Hurry up. There's a wild bunch coming from town."

I groaned grievously, yet felt mighty refreshed by a dip in the creek. Then we started off once more. Every few moments we would meet parties coming post-haste from town. They looked worn and jaded, but spread eagerly up and down the creek. There must have been several hundred of them, all sustained by the mad excitement of the stampede.

We did not take the circuitous route of the day before, but one that shortened the distance by some ten miles. We traveled a wild country, crossing unknown creeks that have since proved gold-bearing, and climbed again the high ridge of the divide. Then once more we dropped down into the Bonanza basin, and by nightfall we had reached our own cabin.

We lay down for a few hours. It seemed my weary head had just touched the pillow when once more the inexorable Prodigal awakened me.

"Come on, kid, we've got to get to Dawson when the recording office opens." So once more we pelted down Bonanza. Fast as we had come, we found many of those who had followed us were ahead. The North is the land of the musher. In that pure, buoyant air a man can walk away from himself. Any one of us thought nothing of a fifty-mile tramp, and one of eighty was scarcely considered notable.

It was about nine in the morning when we got to the gold office. Already a crowd of stampedeers were waiting. Foremost of the crowd I saw Jim. The Prodigal looked thoughtful.

"Look here," he said, "I guess it's all right to push in with that bunch, but there's a slicker way of doing it for those that are 'next.' Of course, it's not according to Hoyle. There's a little side-door where you can get in ahead of the gang. See that fellow, Ten-Dollar Jim they call him; well, they say he can work the oracle for us."

"No," I said, "you can pay him ten dollars if you like. 'I'll take my chance in the regulation way.'"

So the Prodigal slipped away from me, and presently I saw him admitted at the side entrance. Surely, thought I, there must be some mistake. The public would not "stand for" such things.

There was quite a number ahead of me, and I saw I was in for a long wait. I will never forget it. For three days, with the exception of two brief sleep-spells, I had been in a fierce helter-skelter of excitement, and I had eaten no very satisfying food. As I stood in that sullen crowd I swayed with weariness, and my legs were doubling under me. Invisible hands were dragging me down, throwing dust in my eyes, hypnotising me with soporific gestures. I staggered forward and straight-

ened up suddenly. On the outskirts of the crowd I saw the Prodigal trying to locate me. When he saw me he waved a paper.

"Come on, you goat," he shouted; "have a little sense. I'm all fixed up."

I shook my head. An odd sense of fair play in me made me want to win the game squarely. I would wait my turn. Noon came. I saw Jim coming out, tired but triumphant.

"All right," he megaphoned to me; "I'm through. Now I'll go and sleep my head off."

How I envied him. I felt I, too, had a big bunch of sleep coming to me. I was moving forward slowly. Bit by bit I was wedging nearer the door. I watched man after man push past the coveted threshold. They were all miners, brawny, stubble-chinned fellows with grim, determined faces. I was certainly the youngest there.

"What have you got?" asked a thick-set man on my right.

"Eight below," I answered.

"Gee! you're lucky."

"What'll you take for it?" asked a tall, keen-looking fellow on my left.

"Five thousand."

"Give you two."

"No."

"Well, come round and see me to-morrow at the Dominion, and we'll talk it over. My name's Gunson. Bring your papers."

"All right."

Something like dizziness seized me. Five thousand! The crowd seemed to be composed of angels and the sunshine to have a new and brilliant quality of light and warmth. Five thousand! Would I take it? If the claim was worth a cent it ought to be worth fifty thousand. I soared on rosy wings of optimism. I revelled in dreams. My claim! Mine! Eight below! Other men had bounded into affluence. Why not I?

No longer did I notice the flight of time. I was ready to wait till doomsday. A new lease of strength came to me. I was near the wicket now. Only two were ahead of me. A clerk was recording their claims. One had thirty-four above, the other fifty-two below. The clerk looked flustered, fatigued. His dull eyes were pursy with midnight debauches; his flesh

sagged. In contrast with the clean, hard, hawk-eyed miners, he looked blotched and unwholesome.

Crossly he snatched from the other two their miner's certificates, made the entries in his book, and gave them their receipts. It was my turn now. I dashed forward eagerly. Then I stopped, for the man with the bleary eyes had shut the wicket in my face.

"Three o'clock," he snapped.

"Couldn't you take mine?" I faltered; "I've been waiting now these seven hours."

"Closing time," he ripped out still more tartly; "come again to-morrow."

There was a growling thunder from the crowd behind, and the weary, disappointed stampeder slouched away.

Body and soul of me craved for sleep. Beyond an overwhelming desire for rest, I was conscious of nothing else. My eyelids were weighted with lead. I lagged along dejectedly. At the hotel I saw the Prodigal.

"Get fixed up?"

"No, too late."

"You'd better take advantage of the general corruption and the services of Ten-Dollar Jim."

I was disheartened, disgusted, desperate.

"I will," I said. Then, throwing myself on the bed, I launched on a dreamless sea of sleep.

CHAPTER XIII

Next morning bright and early found me at the side-door, and the tall man admitted me. I slipped a ten-dollar gold piece into his palm, and presently found myself waiting at the yet unopened wicket. Outside I could see the big crowd gathering for their weary wait. I felt a sneaking sense of meanness, but I did not have long to enjoy my despicable sensations.

The recording clerk came to the wicket. He was very red-faced and watery-eyed. Involuntarily I turned my head away at the reek of his breath.

"I want to record eight below on Ophir," I said.

He looked at me curiously. He hesitated.

"What name?" he asked.

I gave it. He turned up his book.

"Eight below, you say. Why, that's already recorded."

"Can't be," I retorted. "I just got down from there yesterday after planting my stakes."

"Can't help it. It's recorded by some one else, recorded early yesterday."

"Look here," I exclaimed. "What kind of a game are you putting up on me? I tell you I was the first on the ground. I alone staked the claim."

"That's strange," he said. "There must be some mistake. Anyway, you'll have to move on and let the others get up to the wicket. You're blocking the way. All I can do is to look into the matter for you, and I've got no time now. Come back to-morrow. Next, please."

The next man pushed me aside, and there I stood, gaping and gasping. A man in the waiting line looked at me pityingly.

"It's no use, young fellow; you'd better make up your mind to lose that claim. They'll flim-flam you out of it somehow. They've sent some one out now to stake over you. If you kick, they'll say you didn't stake proper."

"But I have witnesses," I said.

"It don't matter if you call the Angel Gabriel to witness, they're going to grab your claim. Them government officials is the crookedest bunch that ever made fuel for hell-fire. You won't get a square deal; they're going to get the fat anyhow. They've got the best claims spotted, an' men posted to jump them at the first chance. Oh! they're feathering their nests all right. They're like a lot of greedy pike just waiting to gobble down all they can. A man can't buy wine at twenty dollars per, and make dance-hall Flossies presents of diamond tararas on a government salary. That's what a lot of them are doing. Wine and women, and their wives an' daughters outside thinkin' they're little tin gods. Somehow they've got to foot the bill. Oh, it's a great country."

I was stunned with disappointment.

"What you want," he continued, "is to get a pull with some of the officials. Why, there's friends of mine don't need to go out of town to stake a claim. Only the other day a certain party known to me, went to—well, I mustn't mention names, anyway, he's high up in the government, and a friend of Quebec Suzanne's

—and says to him, 'I want you to get number so and so on Hunker recorded for me. Of course I haven't been able to get out there, but——'

"The Government bug put his hands to his ears. 'Don't give me any unnecessary information,' he says, 'you want so and so recorded, Sam. Well, that's all right. I'll fix it.'"

"That was all there was to it, and when next day a man comes in post-haste claiming to have staked it, it was there recorded in Sam's name. Get a stand-in, young fellow."

"But surely," I said, "somehow, somewhere there must be justice. Surely if these facts were represented at Ottawa and proof forthcoming——"

"Ottawa!" He gave a sniffing laugh. "Ottawa! Why, it's some of the big guns at Ottawa that's gettin' the cream of it all. The little fellows are just lapping up the drips. Look at them big concessions they're selling for a song, good placer ground that would mean pie to the poor miner, closed tight in the name of some man that came in here on a shoe-string. How does he get it? Why, there's some big man in Ottawa at the bottom of the whole dirty business. Look at the liquor permits—crude alcohol sent into the country by the thousand gallons, diluted to six times its bulk, and sold to the poor prospector for whisky at a dollar a drink. An' you can't pour your own drinks at that."

"Well," I said, "I'm not going to be cheated out of my claim. If I've got to move Heaven and earth——"

"You'll do nothing of the kind. If you get saucy, there's the police to put the lid on you. You can talk till you're purple round the gills. It won't cut no figure. They've got us all cinched. We've just got to take our medicine. It's no use goin' round belly-aching. You'd better go away and sit down."

And I did.

CHAPTER XIV

I had to see Berna at once. Already I had paid a visit to the Paragon Restaurant, that new and glittering place of resort run by the Winklesteins, but she was not on duty. I saw madam, resplendent in her false jewelry, with her beetle-black hair elaborately coiffured, and her large bold face handsomely enamelled. She

looked the picture of fleshy prosperity, a big, handsome Jewess, hawkeyed and rapacious. In the background hovered Winklestein, his little, squeezed-up, talowly face beaded with perspiration. But he was dressed quite superbly, and his moustache was more wondrously waxed than ever.

I mingled with the crowd of miners, and in my rough garb, swarthy and bearded as I was, the Jewish couple did not know me. As I paid her, madam gave me a sharp glance. But there was no recognisant gleam in her eyes.

In the evening I returned. I took a seat in one of the curtained boxes. At the long lunch-counter rough-necked fellows perched on tripod stools were guzzling food. The place was brilliantly lit up, many-mirrored and flashily ornate in gilt and white. The bill of fare was elaborate, the prices exalted. In the box before me a white-haired lawyer was entertaining a lady of easy virtue; in the box behind, a larrikin quartette from the Pavilion Theatre were holding high revelry. There was no mistaking the character of the place. In the heart of the city's tenderloin, it was a haunt of human riff-raff, a palace of gilt and guilt, a first scene in the nightly comedy of "The Lobster."

I was feeling profoundly depressed, miserable, disgusted with everything. For the first time I began to regret ever leaving home. Out on the creeks I was happy. Here in the town the glaring corruption of things jarred on my nerves.

And it was in this place Berna worked. She waited on these wantons; she served those swine. She heard their loose talk, their careless oaths. She saw them foully drunk, staggering off to their shameful assignations. She knew everything. O, it was pitiful; it sickened me to the soul. I sat down and buried my face in my hands.

"Order, please."

I knew that sweet voice. It thrilled me, and I looked up suddenly. There was Berna standing before me.

She gave a quick start, then recovered herself. A look of delight came into her eyes, eager, vivid delight.

"My, how you frightened me, I wasn't expecting you. Oh, I am so glad to see you again."

I looked at her. I was conscious of a change in her, and the consciousness came with a sense of shearing pain.

"Berna," I said, "what are you doing with that paint on your face?"

"Oh, I'm sorry." She was rubbing distressfully at a dab of rouge on her cheek. "I knew you would be cross, but I had to; they made me. They said I looked like a spectre at the feast with my chalk face; I frightened away the customers. It's just a little pink—all the women do it. It makes me look happier, and it doesn't hurt me any."

"What I want is to see in your cheeks, dear, the glow of honest health, not the flush of a cosmetic. However, never mind. How are you?"

"Pretty well——" hesitatingly.

"Berna," boomed the rough voice of madam, "attend to the customers."

"All right," I said; "get me anything. I just wanted to see you."

She hurried away. I saw her go behind the curtains of one of the closed boxes carrying a tray of dishes. I heard coarse voices chaffing her. I saw her come out, her cheeks flushed, yet not with rouge. A miner had tried to hold her. Somehow it all made me writhe, agitate me so that I could hardly keep my seat.

Presently she came hurrying round, bringing me some food.

"When can I see you, girl?" I asked.

"To-night. See me home. I'm off at midnight."

"All right. I'll be waiting."

She was kept very busy, and, though once or twice a tipsy roysterer ventured on some rough pleasantry, I noticed with returning satisfaction that most of the big, bearded miners treated her with chivalrous respect. She was quite friendly with them. They called her by name, and seemed to have a genuine affection for her. There was a protective manliness in the manner of these men that reassured me. So I swallowed my meal and left the place.

"That's a good little girl," said a grizzled old fellow to me, as he stood picking his teeth energetically outside the restaurant. "Straight as a string, and there ain't many up here you can say that of. If any one was to try any monkey business with that little girl, sir, there's a dozen of the boys would make him a first-rate case for

the hospital ward. Yes, siree, that's a jim-dandy little girl. I just wish she was my darter."

In my heart I blessed him for his words, and pressed on him a fifty-cent cigar.

Again I wandered up and down the now familiar street, but the keen edge of my impression had been blunted. I no longer took the same interest in its sights. More populous it was, noisier, livelier than ever. In the gambling-annex of the Paystreak Saloon I saw Mr. Mosher shuffling and dealing methodically. Everywhere I saw flushed and excited miners, each with his substantial poke of dust. It was usually as big as a pork-sausage, yet it was only his spending-poke. Safely in the bank he had cached half a dozen of them ten times as big.

These were the halcyon days. Success was in the air. Men were drunk with it; carried off their feet, delirious. Money! It had lost its value. Every one you met was "lousy" with it; threw it away with both hands, and fast as they emptied one pocket it filled up the others. Little wonder a mad elation, a semi-frenzy of prodigality was in the air, for every day the golden valley was pouring into the city a seemingly exhaustless stream of treasure.

I saw big Sandy, one of the leading operators, coming down the street with his men. He carried a Winchester, and he had a pack-train of burros, each laden down with gold. At the bank flushed and eager mobs were clamouring to have their pokes weighed. In buckets, coal-oil cans, every kind of receptacle, lay the precious dust. Sweating clerks were handling it as carelessly as a grocer handles sugar. Goldsmiths were making it into wonders of barbaric jewelry. There seemed no limit to the camp's wealth. Every one was mad, and the demi-mondaine was queen of all.

I saw Hewson and Mervin. They had struck it rich on a property they had bought on Hunker. Fortune was theirs.

"Come and have a drink," said Hewson. Already he had had many. His face was relaxed, flushed, already showing signs of a flabby degeneration. In this man of iron sudden success was insidiously at work, enervating his powers.

Mervin, too. I caught a glimpse of him, in the doorway of the Green Bay Tree. The Maccaroni Kid had him in tow, and he was buying wine.

I looked in vain for Locasto. He was on a big debauch, they told me. Viola Lennoir had "got him going."

At midnight, at the door of the Paragon, I was waiting in a fever of impatience when Berna came out.

"I'm living up at the cabin," she said; "you can walk with me as far as that. That is, if you want to," she added coquettishly.

She was very bright and did most of the talking. She showed a vast joy at seeing me.

"Tell me what you've been doing, dear—everything. Have you made a stake? So many have. I have prayed you would, too. Then we'll go away somewhere and forget all this. We'll go to Italy, where it's always beautiful. We'll just live for each other. Won't we, dear?"

She nestled up to me. She seemed to have lost much of her shyness. I don't know why, but I preferred my timid shrinking Berna.

"It will take a whole lot to make me forget this," I said grimly.

"Yes, I know. Isn't it frightful? Somehow I don't seem to mind so much now. I'm getting used to it, I suppose. But at first. O, it was terrible! I thought I never could stand it. It's wonderful how we get accustomed to things, isn't it?"

"Yes," I answered bitterly.

"You know, those rough miners are good to me. I'm a queen among them, because they know I'm—all right. I've had several offers of marriage, too, really, really good ones from wealthy claim-owners."

"Yes," still more bitterly.

"Yes, young man; so you want to make a strike and take me away to Italy. Oh, my dear, how I plan and plan for us two. I don't care, my dearest, if you haven't got a cent in the world, I'm yours, always yours."

"That's all right, Berna," I said. "I'm going to make good. I've just lost a fifty-thousand dollar claim, but there's more coming up. By the first of June next I'll come to you with a bank account of six figures. You'll see, my little girl. I'm going to make this thing stick."

"O, you foolish boy," she said; "it doesn't matter if you come to me a beggar in rags. Come to me anyway. Oh, come, and do not fail."

"What about Locasto?" I asked.

"I've scarcely seen anything of him. He leaves me alone. I think he's interested elsewhere."

"And are you sure you're all right, dear, down there?"

"Quite sure, my dearest. These men would risk their lives for me. The other kind know enough to leave me alone. Besides, I know better now how to take care of myself. You remember the frightened cry-baby I used to be—well, I've learned to hold my own."

She was extraordinarily affectionate, full of unexpected little ways of endearment, and clung to me when we parted, making me promise to return very soon. Yes, she was my girl, devoted to me, attached to me by every tendril of her being. Every look, every word, every act of her expressed a bright, fine, radiant love. I was satisfied, yet unsatisfied, and once again I entreated her.

"Berna, are you sure, quite sure, you're all right in that place among all that folly and drunkenness and vice? Let me take you away, dear."

"Oh, no," she said very tenderly; "I'm all right. I would tell you at once, my boy, if I had any fear. That's just what a poor girl has to put up with all the time; that's what I've had to put up with all my life. Believe me, boy, I'm wonderfully blind and deaf at times. I don't think I'm very bad, am I?"

"You're as good as gold."

"For your sake I'll always try to be," she answered.

As we were kissing good-bye she asked timidly:

"What about the rouge, dear? Shall I cease to use it?"

"Poor little girl. Oh no, I don't suppose it matters. I've got very old-fashioned ideas. Good-bye, darling."

"Good-bye, beloved."

I went away treading on sunshine, trembling with joy, thrilled with love for her, blessing her anew.

Yet still the rouge stuck in my crop as if it were the symbol of some insidious decadence.

CHAPTER XV

It was about two months later when I returned from a flying visit to Dawson.

"Lots of mail for you two," I cried exultantly, bursting into the cabin.

"Mail? Hooray!"

Jim and the Prodigal, who were lying on their bunks, leapt up eagerly. No one longs for his letters like your Northern exile, and for two whole months we had not heard from the outside.

"Yes, I got over fifty letters between us three. Drew about a dozen myself, there's half-a-dozen for you, Jim, and the balance for you, old sport."

I handed the Prodigal about two dozen letters.

"Ha! now we'll have the whole evening just to browse on them. My, what a stack! How was it you had a time getting them?"

"Well, you see, when I got into town the mail had just been sorted, and there was a string of over three hundred men waiting at the general delivery wicket. I took my place at the tail-end of the line, and every newcomer fell in behind me. My! but it was such weary waiting, moving up step by step; but I'd just about got there when closing-time came. They wouldn't give out any more mail—after my three hours' wait, too."

"What did you do?"

"Well, it seemed every one gives way to the women-folk. So I happened to see a girl friend of mine, and she said she would go round first thing in the morning and inquire if there were any letters for us. She brought me this bunch."

I indicated the pile of letters.

"I'm told lots of women in town make a business of getting letters for men, and charge a dollar a letter. It's awful how that Post Office is run. Half of the clerks seem scarcely able to read the addresses on the envelopes. It's positively sad to watch the faces of the poor wretches who get nothing, knowing, too, that the chances are there is really something for them sorted away in a wrong box."

"That's pretty tough."

"Yes, you should have seen them; men just ravenous to hear from their families; a half-soaked clerk carelessly shuffling through a pile of letters. 'Beachwood, did you say? Nope, nothing for you.' 'Hold on there! what's that in your hand? Surely I know my wife's writing.' 'Beachwood—yep, that's right. Looked like Peachwood to me. All right. Next there.' Then the man would go off with his letter, looking half-wrathful, half-radiant. Well,

I enjoyed my trip, but I'm glad I'm home."

I threw myself on my bunk voluptuously, and began re-reading my letters. There were some from Garry and some from Mother. While still unreconciled to the life I was leading, they were greatly interested in my wildly cheerful accounts of the country. They were disposed to be less censorious, and I for my part was only too glad Mother was well enough to write, even if she did scold me sometimes. So I was able to open my mail without misgivings.

But I was still aglow with memories of the last few hours. Once more I had seen Berna, spent moments with her of perfect bliss, left her with my mind full of exaltation and bewildered gratitude. She was the perfect answer to my heart's call, a mirror that seemed to flash back the challenge of my joy. I saw the love mists gather in her eyes, I felt her sweet lips mould themselves to mine, I thrilled with the sheathing ardour of her arms. Never in my fondest imagings had I conceived that such a wealth of affection would ever be for me. Buoyant she was, brave, inspiring, and always with her buoyancy so wondrous tender I felt that willingly would I die for her.

Once again I told her of my fear, my anxiety for her safety among those rough men in that cesspool of iniquity. Very earnestly she strove to reassure me.

"Oh, my dear, it is in those rough men, the uncouth, big-hearted miners that I place my trust. They know I'm a good girl. They wouldn't say a coarse thing before me for the world. You've no idea the chivalrous respect they show for me, and the rougher they are the finer their instincts seem to be. It's the others, the so-called gentlemen, who would like to take advantage of me if they could."

She looked at me with bright, clear eyes, fearless in their scorn of sham and pretense.

"Then there are the women. It's strange, but no matter how degraded they are they try to shield and protect me. Only last week Kimona Kate made a fearful scene with her escort because he said something bad before me. I'm getting tolerant. Oh, you've no idea until you know them what good qualities some of these women have. Often their hearts are

as big as all out-doors; they would nurse you devotedly if you were sick; they would give you their last dollar if you were in want. Many of them have old mothers and little children they're supporting outside. and they would rather die than that their dear ones should know the life they are living. It's the men, the men that are to blame."

I shook my head sadly.

"I don't like it, Berna, I don't like it at all. I hate you to know the like of such people, such things. I just want you to be again the dear, sweet little girl I first knew, all maidenly modesty and shuddering aversion of evil."

"I'm afraid, dear, I shall never be that again," she said sorrowfully; "but am I any the worse for knowing? Why should you men want to keep all such knowledge to yourselves? Is our innocence simply to be another name for ignorance?"

She put her arms round my neck and kissed me fervently.

"Oh, no, my dear, my dear. I have seen the vileness of things, and it only makes me more in love with love and beauty. We'll go, you and I, to Italy very soon, and forget, forget. Even if we have to toil like peasants in the vineyards, we'll go, far, far away."

So I felt strengthened, stimulated, gladdened, and, as I lay on my bunk listening to the merry crackle of the wood fire, I felt in a purring lethargy of content. Then I remembered something.

"Oh, say, boys, I forgot to tell you. I met McCrimmon down the creek. You remember him on the trail; the half-breed. He was asking after you both; then all at once he said he wanted to see us on important business. He has a proposal to make, he says, that would be greatly to our advantage. He's coming along this evening—What's the matter, Jim?"

Jim was staring blankly at one of the letters he had received. His face was a

picture of distress, misery, despair. Without replying, he went and knelt down by his bed. He sighed deeply. Slowly his face grew calm again; then I saw that he was praying. We were silent in respectful sympathy, but when, in a little, he got up and went out, I followed him.

"Had bad news, old man?"

"I've had a letter that's upset me. I'm in a terrible position. If ever I wanted strength and guidance, I want it now."

"Heard about that man?"

"Yes, it's him, all right; it's Mosher. I suspicioned it all along. Here's a letter from my brother. He says there's no doubt that Mosher is Mosly."

His eyes were stormy, his face tragic in its bitterness.

"Oh, you don't know how I worshipped that woman, trusted her, would have banked my life on her; and when I was away making money for her she ups and goes away with that slimy reptile. In the old days I would have torn him to pieces, but now——"

He sighed distractedly.

"What am I to do? What am I to do? The Good Book says forgive your enemies, but how can I forgive a wrong like that? And my poor girl—he deserted her, drove her to the streets. O, if I could kill him by slow torture, gloat over his agony—but I can't, can I?"

"No, Jim, you can't do anything. Vengeance is the Lord's."

"Yes, I know, I know. But it's hard, it's hard. O my girl, my girl!"

Tears over-ran his cheeks. He sat down on a log, burying his face in his hands.

"O God, help and sustain me in this my hour of need."

I was at a loss how to comfort him, and it was while I was waiting there that suddenly we saw the halfbreed coming up the trail.

"Better come in, Jim," I said, "and hear what he's got to say."

(To be continued.)



Holland from an Angle

17

By

A. L. H.

ONE'S conception of Holland depends, very largely, upon what one is, and upon the angle from which one views it. The Germans are said to have designs upon it as a factor in their military ambitions. If therefore, one is German and of a war-like nature, one sees the strategical characteristics of the little Kingdom and nothing more. The English are wont to regard it as an interesting country worthy of English condescension and the protection of the Foreign office. The Americans corrupt the manners of the guides and create high prices in the brass kettle market, and in the markets for other souvenirs. The Canadian agriculturalist admires Holland's cattle and its dairying accomplishments. Or the Artist—for artists belong to no nation but the Kingdom of Paint—haunts its galleries or pitches his easel by the side of a dyke.

But if one is neither German, nor English nor American; and if one is unlearned alike in dairying and painting, Holland wears still another aspect. One sees it as a delightful little Kingdom, full, it is true, of historic associations, and of present day color and homeliness—in the original sense of that word—but above all, a place to take "trips," to find refreshment and rest after being surfeited with the newnesses of Columbus' discovery. We discourse with pride on the presence of virgin forests and virgin prairie, in Canada. We sniff with elation the smell of bricks and mortar which intimates that the town we inhabit is growing. But Holland wears, as it might be said, an air of antiquity like the Dutch caps on the overdone pictures of the Dutch girl. Her scenery is not sensational nor yet is it dull. It is restful. One retires early and remembers one's friends, pleasantly.



A GROUP COMING HOME FROM SCHOOL.



A TYPICAL FARMHOUSE.

It is almost ridiculous to think of using a train in exploring Holland. One can get all through the country in an incredibly short space of time by any ordinary means; and to make use of a train, unless it be for business purposes, is to be too expeditious altogether. The railways are indeed very good ones, well-run and quite comfortable, for the heavy volume of Holland's commerce, to say nothing of the dignity that doth hedge her Crown, necessitates the most modern things in transportation! But to become acquainted with Holland, to know it intimately, the train is inadequate. The canal boat is its superior.

The canal boat moves like an indignant woman, of much weight, with her nose in the air. She—for canal boats have many feminine characteristics—progresses slowly and heavily, almost with dignity. Her hull may be of any weird size or shape; her deck plans may be of the most fantastic conception; her hull is probably trimmed with broad bands of brilliant emerald green, or flaming red, or bright

yellow; but her pace is steady. She hurries for nothing. She may, it is true, run her nose into the bank or bump gently into the end of another vessel, but she only grunts and staggers, and having been pushed off again, goes forward, doggedly. Her broad deck is hospitable and her skipper not often unkind, so that with a little tact and a camp stool, one may book a passage and see Holland as one may never see it from the window of a mad Dutch train that is always running away from the landscape.

"She" takes you into the country—does the canal boat, and from your camp stool you may observe the life of the Hollanders, "purring along," as it were. A train, arriving and departing, makes excitement; but a canal boat—never. As one drops slowly down from village to village, with an extensive view of flat farm country stretching away to the horizon, with mill-wheels here and there for ornament, or a long avenue of magnificent poplars not far away, one may observe Dutch life in its simplicity and earnest

industry under the most favorable circumstances. True, the flat fields may appear to be somewhat uninteresting, divided as they are into mere square and oblong strips of level land, each surrounded with its own diminutive canal, with a painted white gate on each tiny 'bridge' to safeguard each small domain from the intrusion of roving cattle, but then it provokes whole minutes of amusement to see, for instance, how these very cattle will stare at each other across a ditch, or follow along the brink on either side of the narrow water-way, for hours at a time, without ever attempting to break bounds. They cannot have any imagination, these Dutch cattle! Like some people, they adventure nothing. Magnificent as animals, large, sleek and mild eyed, with their black coats fairly shining, they are wonderful models for the animal painter and examples for the Canadian farmer in the results of proper stabling and care; but that is all. They are no kin to the temperamental steer raging in a western corral.

In Canada we have no conception of the cleanliness of a Dutch dairy stable and yet in Canada one is fairly safe in drinking unsterilized milk. Not so is it in Holland. Although it is a revelation to visit the cow-stables at Monnikendam, and although the building is light, airy, odorless, spotless, floor and walls made of a dark composite material easily kept clean, steel stall-rings and brass fittings shining resplendent,—you must not drink the milk which the buxom Dutch girl in the adjoining cheese setting room may offer you. For it harbors typhoid fever. With all the outward show of cleanliness and despite the fact that the cow-herder sleeps in a hole in the wall of the cow-stable, so as to be beside his charges at all times, the vessels in which the milk is placed communicate to the milk, germs which they have accumulated from the filthy canal water with which the Dutch woman has washed the receptacles.

It is not an exaggeration to say that you could have eaten from the floors of the cheese-setting room next the actual cow-



AFTER MASS AT THE CATHEDRAL.

stable at Monnikandam. One could not help wondering how these people manage to get things so clean, for ordinary means in our experience fail to produce anything approaching similar results. Surrounding the particular stable to which I refer, was a plot of ground laid out in lawn, flower-bed and clipped path, and yet the canal nearby defeated this whole array of hygienic precautions.

Almost all Holland uses the water from the canals, except for the comparatively

apparent enjoyment. He must have imported germs into his system yet he surely survives else there would be no boys left in Holland at all.

The cheese market at Alkmar repays even the most blasé tripper for his pains in going to see it. Alkmar itself, is a rather out-of-the-way little place and yet it is the centre of distribution for the famous Dutch cheese. Week after week thousands of the monotonously round little affairs are loaded into the canal boats



GOSSIP—AND A DISCUSSION OF MARKET PRICES.

few houses that can afford a well. Half the time the canals are stagnant and filthy. Yet with this water the coppers and brasses are washed, and since the Dutch wife cannot be depended upon to sterilize the vessels it behooves the thirsty traveler not to be tempted by a glass of foaming white unless, first, it has been boiled. Over the natives it may be that the germs possess no power. One may see a Dutch boy, walking by the canal, suddenly slip off his wooden foot-gear, dip it into the canal and refresh himself—with

—perhaps the very one on which you yourself have arrived or are departing. The market square teems with life and color. Market carts with large black hoods rattle in over the brick pavement and deposit their freights as near the Market Hall as they can get, for under the ancient tower all the weighing and vouching is done. When the cheese have passed this stage they are carried in "boats" to the edge of the canal, where they are shot down a wooden shaft by a Dutchman with a face not unlike one of the cheese to an-

other Dutchman, probably with similar facial characteristics, whose duty it is to pile them, tier above tier, to the gunwale of the barge.

Holland's incongruities manifest themselves at almost every turn. One is amazed at the difference in manners and customs. In a country where "peasantry" are recognized as a class, one does not expect the easy familiarity of a republican country such as the United States where "equality!" is the cry of everyone from

collector or connoisseur. The clerk in a large department store in Amsterdam, declared his admiration of my small daughter of seven and invited her to correspond, by picture post card, with his own son of an approximate age. On the other hand, nothing exceeds the pride and haughtiness of the Dutch aristocracy. The whole nation is jealous of the dignity of the Crown. In the field of art the country is justly proud of its great achievements, while in many museums are displayed



WITH THE SEA-WIND IN THEIR FACES.

the bell-boy down. In Holland your host at the inn will treat you as his personal friend. The man who sells you bric-a-brac at the little shop down the street will invite you to go for a walk with him on Sunday afternoons. If you go he will probably discuss with you art or politics, just as you please. If he finds you know anything of the former he will, at parting, issue another invitation to drop down to his shop next morning when he promises to unearth, for your benefit, some hidden treasures, stored only for the

canvasses and articles which should be relegated to the attic.

The Dutch "gamin" is the avowed enemy of the traveling artist. He wages constant war on the painter or sketcher—fury and blue air following in his wake, or preceding him when he pursues. From a distance he arms himself with stones or soft mud, then he approaches the unwary artist with soft footfall. The artist is intent on his work. The gamin approaches under pretext of interest, then suddenly, without warning, a volley of stones and mud

strikes the canvas or, for that matter, any convenient object, such as the head or the hands or the person of the unhappy artist. The easel collapses. The canvas is prostrate, probably ruined. Pursuit is of no avail for the culprit has already jumped the canal into the next field, and is off and away. I was amused to see, from the window of my hotel, a distinguished American artist, well known for all the charming things he has told us about in

"From under the White Umbrella," sketching away peacefully, on the brink of the canal, under the protection of a stalwart policeman, who was doing sentry duty to ward off the attacks of these young hornets. I was told that this aggressive attitude was assumed by the young blood of Holland at the time of the Boer War and was supposed to be a demonstration of their hostile spirit towards the English.

QUATRAINS TO OMAR

1.

"A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine—a loaf of bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness,
Then wilderness were Paradise enow."

"Twas thus wrote Omar Khayham, did he guess
That this quaint vision of his happiness
Should draw our souls to it's simplicity,
Should make us yearn for neither more nor less?

That ever as the weary caravan
Winds o'er the dry, the desert life of man,
Trustful we say. To-morrow's sun shall see
Accomplished what we to-day began:—

And yet that morrow's sun doth stoop and move
From his high station in the heaven above,
There's one to-morrow less—and we, poor fools
Have found nor bread, nor wine, nor song, nor love.

2.

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose, as where some buried Caesar bled,
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head."

Be it then true that this our grim old earth
Breeds out of Death some fresher, fairer birth,
Draws in our fleshly tegument—until
The seed of sorrow yields the fruit of mirth;—

Then welcome Death—that I—who one time bore
A lily on my breast in days of yore,
May seek corruption, till a stranger's hand
Shall pluck the lily that was Me—before.

—Alan Sullivan.

Jenkins and his Money

The gentle art of dropping nickels in a tin bank
expounded upon and the benefits thereof indicated

By J. T. Stirrett

YOUNG Jenkins sat in the office and looked out past the tall buildings at the sky, arching above him like an inverted steel bowl studded with cold jewels. The rest of the staff had gone home. The caretaker was emptying the waste-paper baskets into a big sack. The scrub-women were lifting their pails and oil brooms out of the elevator.

Jenkins was growling, mentally.

He received thirty-two dollars a week and had nothing left, and—he hated his employer. As a small boy, in the habit of reading Sunday School books, he had made the acquaintance of numerous Godly youths who loved their masters and who were invariably rewarded for this affection by marrying their masters' daughters. After some years of experience in granite world, he had concluded that these characters were either fiction, or mediaeval. He had worked for three employers and had disliked all three. It was the very bond—the bond of salary—that drew him to them, yet at the same time made him hate them. He was not a socialist. He understood that before a man is obeyed he must obey. But it was the apparent permanency of his position as one of the EMPLOYED that chafed him. Down the vista of the years he could see himself walking behind an employer. It galled him. He did not like to think of himself as a "faithful employee," a good "old trusty," a confidential clerk. Jenkins wanted to be a master himself. He was worrying because he could not see it coming to him.

He was a clever man in his business but salary increases were hard to get. To get them he was forced to rely upon poker tactics, with this difference, that he "bluffed" with the high cards in his hand.

The increases came when other firms made him offers and his own, grudgingly, was compelled to come up, or lose their man. Jenkins had learned to distrust any employer that praised him too often. He had learned that it was often supposed to take the place of salary.

The caretaker interrupted him to reach under the desk for a piece of paper. Jenkins nodded good-night. Given this encouragement, the caretaker made overtures for a little conversation. His was a lonesome job.

"I see there was a big rise in Rio!" he said, referring to headlines in the evening paper that lay spread on a desk in front of Jenkins.

"Eh!" said Jenkins, who had started back into his ruminating room again, "What'd you say, Peter?"

"I say there was quite a fuss in the Exchange to-day. I made three hundred n'self."

Jenkins noticed that the caretaker's face was beaming with satisfaction.

"Three hundred! How's that?—"

"I had a hundred shares," returned the man with the waste-paper sack. "She went up three and I sold."

"Oh, stocks!" said Jenkins vaguely, "I wish I'd had a little Rio."

"Buy it," whispered the caretaker, "Buy it the first time the market gits quiet again. She's goin' up. I know." Then he passed on, out of range of Jenkins' desk.

"Buy it!" echoed Jenkins. "Buy it! I haven't paid for my winter overcoat yet, and yet—look at that caretaker!"

But Jenkins did not realize that he was living according to a certain standard that did not trouble the caretaker in the least. Nobody cared how little the caretaker

spent. Nobody cared where he lived or how much he spent on his table or his clothing. But They DID with Jenkins—or Jenkins thought they did. Jenkins had friends, a little social standing, calls to make, hospitality to return. He made far more than the caretaker could dream of earning but he spent all of it—much of it unwisely—while the caretaker probably spent only four-fifths of his smaller income.

Jenkins started in to think.

"In this country a little bit of capital opens the door to a thousand opportunities. A little in the bank may be drawn out and put into a real estate deal, into a legitimate stock venture. With a few more dollars and a clean reputation, a man may get into business for himself out West, or right here in town."

Jenkins was beginning to realize that he was like a tube in the Mint. The gold was being poured through him without a speck of it sticking to him. He began to see that capital is the accumulation of the surplus energies of one's youth and one's prime, so that in the later days when one's energy is less, or when it has failed, the surpluses of youth and middle life, support old age. He began to see that accumulated money is the crystallization of material power, the power to DO greater things than the mere work of a single cog in a machine.

Jenkins arrived at the further conclusion that there are only a few ways of accumulating it. There was only one way applicable in his case. That was, to cut down his little extravagances and save it—even just enough so that he could start investing it. He began to recall cases among his friends.

* * *

One of his friends who had been working on a small salary saw his inevitable end, if his present course were continued. It took him three years to save five hundred dollars. During that time he studied stocks carefully. He concluded that in the game of "in and out" he would be at a hopeless disadvantage. Ignorant of the inner mechanism of the market, he would be at the mercy of the big interests which controlled it, and would have his savings dissipated in the suicidal game of temporary buying at small margins. He spent the first year studying a dozen

stocks. At the end of the third year he had decided upon one. By that time he knew everything worth knowing about the company, its organization, capital, assets, real and imaginary, record, production, cost of operation, in short, he was almost as familiar with its business as its manager. The stock was selling at sixty and had not fluctuated more than a point in two years. It paid three per cent. He bought twenty-five shares on a margin of ten dollars per share. This took half his capital, leaving the rest in reserve in case of a call for more margin. For the next five years he saved two hundred dollars a year. Half this amount went annually to buy more shares of stock at a ten point margin. At the end of the fifth year he had seventy-five shares of stock and seven hundred and fifty dollars in reserve. In the meantime the stock had risen to one hundred, as he thought it would when he completed his three years' study of the company. His holding was worth three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, which brought his capital up to four thousand five hundred dollars.

* * *

Six years ago another young man was working as a druggist's apprentice in Toronto. He was saving money for a specific purpose, pay a year's tuition at college. When he graduated he began to save on principle and in two years accumulated four hundred dollars. He had been studying the growth of the city for years, taking long walks about the outskirts and counting the new houses. He bought thirty feet of land in the west end at four dollars a foot. Then he put up a drug store with the assistance of a loan company and stocked it on credit. He worked late and early with intelligence and saved his money. To-day his land is worth sixty dollars a foot and his store is clear of debt.

* * *

Several years ago a young woman in Toronto faced a problem which confronts many members of her sex. She was earning her living as a school teacher. The bloom of her youth was past and she had refused several offers of marriage because she was a high minded woman and had her ideals. The probability was that she would remain single. She immediately began to lay aside part of her salary. In

three years she had seven hundred dollars. During a summer vacation she took a trip West and had some long conferences with a relative who was a real estate man in the wonderful town of Saskatoon. She bought a section of land at six dollars an acre and paid seven hundred dollars down. For five years she paid interest and instalments on the principal. Then she sold at twenty-six dollars an acre, clearing over twelve thousand dollars on the transaction. She re-invested the money and went abroad for a year.

* * *

A young man of considerable ability married the daughter of a moderately wealthy man. Not a cent of dowry did she get. The young husband bought a house and borrowed the money to pay for it from his father-in-law, who took a mortgage for almost the full value of it. During the next ten years he exacted every payment of interest and principal with a severity which would have disconcerted Shylock. Not even illness was accepted as a legitimate excuse for leniency. By dint of rigid economy and careful planning, the house was paid for at the end of the ten years, but the parties were almost completely estranged.

"Well," said the middle-aged husband as he came home after paying the last cent, "Old Scratch has got his own at last."

"I never thought that my father could have been so mean," replied his wife.

Almost before she had finished speaking, the door opened and the person in question entered.

"I suppose you think I have been a hard man all these years," he remarked.

The silence of the room signified assent.

"When you were married I looked into the future," continued the old man. "Both of you were self-indulgent and knew little about thrift. Had I given you this house then you would have quickly put a mortgage on it and would have lost it ultimately. I really gave it to you but I made you pay for it to teach you to save money. Every cent you gave me I have invested, with the result that to-day you have your house clear of debt and twice its value in cash."

Eight years ago a young school teacher got married at the ripe age of nineteen years. As he was in receipt of a salary of four hundred dollars per annum, his relatives decided that his last chapter had been written. But they made a mistake. He taught three years and managed to save about two hundred dollars. Then he left his wife and child and went West. He entered a real estate office in a thriving city and worked night and day familiarizing himself with the details of the business. When he saved enough money he brought his wife and family from the East. For the next few years he saved and invested. To-day he receives a salary of two thousand dollars per annum and has a snug capital besides.

* * *

"There's going to be another of these fine moral anecdotes narrated for the benefit of posterity," said Jenkins, springing up, "and I know who will be the 'hero.'"

Then he rang up several of the boys and said that he had changed his mind about the theatre party and the little supper afterward.



A Rose Street Adventure

By

Clifford Howard

THOSE of you who live in Toronto and have heard of Miss Mackerel—

Miss Ethel Mackerel—not only know that her name is accented on the last syllable (thereby delicately enhancing its face value), but you also know that she is an exceptionally dignified and cultured young lady.

Both of these facts regarding Miss Mackerel I learned for the first time when, as a stranger in the city, I was on the eve of calling upon her at the request of my sister Rebecca. When Rebecca learned that I had gone to live in Toronto, she at

once wrote to me that I must meet her old school friend, as through her I could gain entrance to the best and most exclusive circles of Toronto society. Also, at the same time, she wrote to Ethel that I was here and would call upon her.

Rebecca has always been ambitious for me; and as much to please her as to advance my own interests, I undertook to call on Miss Mackerel.

It was by no means a comfortable task for me. I am naturally a timid man, particularly in the company of fastidious women. Perhaps I am too self-conscious. At all events, when the evening arrived on which I had arranged to call on Miss Mackerel I really was quite nervous. I am always more or less nervous when preparing for a social call, and such scraps of information as I had gathered concerning the present young lady contributed much to my customary agitation.

In the first place, she lived in a most aristocratic neighborhood—on Rose Street, to be exact; and those of you who live west of the Saskatchewan will realize what this means when I tell you that the mere tone in which I first heard this street mentioned by an old Torontonian prompted me to lift my hat. And, in the second place, I had learned that this aristocratic young lady was not only exceptionally dignified and cultured, but that she was also extremely critical. Herself a marvel of good breeding and punctilio, she admitted to her enviable circle of acquaintances only such as could measure up to her exacting standard of cultivation.

It is small wonder, therefore, that I approached her house in a state of trepidation. The fear lest I should fail to make a favorable impression and thereby ruin the social opportunities that lay open to



TO BEGIN WITH, I ENCOUNTERED A DOG.

me through her Rose-Street doorway, quite unnerved me. Were I a ready conversationalist or an adept in the niceties of conventional society, I should not have flinched; but, having a mere modicum of ceremonial experience to draw upon, and being by nature both meek and bashful and constitutionally deficient in the nimble graces of parlor finesse, I could not but anticipate the ordeal with many doubts and misgivings.

I know now I should have responded to my intuitions and stayed away. As it was, however, I rashly determined to overcome my fears, and the result was only what might have been expected.

To begin with, I encountered a dog. Next to a snake, there is nothing that so utterly terrifies me as a dog. This particular one was a fox terrier, and he was guarding Miss Mackerel's house. He was lying at the broad front steps, and as I approached and showed signs of wanting to come up, he growled at me.

I thought that if I walked on down to the end of the block and came back later, he might in the meantime be called in. So I sauntered by and went to the next corner, and by and by I walked back again—on the opposite side of the street. The dog was still lying on the step. It was already quarter of nine, and I thought it would be foolish to wait around any longer, in the hope of having the dog go inside. I felt, also that it would be wiser for me to go home, but I regarded this as unbecoming, and accordingly I crossed the street, grasping my cane in the middle and endeavoring to ignore the shivers that beset me.

I have found that most dogs respond more or less pleasantly to the name of Buster, and accordingly I called this one Buster, and spoke to him in such a way as to impress him with the belief that I loved him. At the sound of my voice he got up and wagged what was left of his tail, which I interpreted as a good omen. In spite of my fears, therefore, I mounted the steps and rang the bell, while Buster nosed about my legs, alternately whining and snorting.

I expected every moment he would bite me, and it was therefore a decided relief when the maid opened the door. I devoutly hoped she would not permit Bus-



SHE REMARKED, GRACIOUSLY, THAT I WAS EVIDENTLY FOND OF DOGS.

ter to come in, for I knew I should not be able to do myself justice as a caller if I had constantly hanging over me the knowledge that there was a dog loose in the house. However, Buster at once squeezed in between me and the doorpost, and though the maid did make some sort of a hasty attempt to close him out she did not insist upon it; and Buster, looking upon me as the means of getting him into the house, showed his gratitude by jumping up at me and leaving the mark of a dirty paw on my shirt-bosom. I did not like to offer any protest before the maid, so I merely smiled and in a tone of bewitching playfulness called him a naughty dog.

As a result of this show of friendliness, he insisted upon coming into the parlor with me, where he continued to jump about me and sniff at my shoes. I longed desperately to give him a kick; but I was afraid. And, besides, it would not have been proper. As an inmate of Miss

Mackerel's house, the dog was immune from all harm or outward criticism on the part of a guest. That, I believe, is one of the canons of etiquette. Nevertheless, I did venture to assume a sudden harshness of voice and tell him to get out. But he immediately barked at me and threw me into a perfect chill of terror. My only hope of relief, therefore, lay in the coming of his mistress. Surely, she would order him out. But no, she did not. She indulged his presence with a composure no less dignified and unruffled than that with which she accepted the presence of the piano or myself. In fact, when she came in she made no comment upon him at all, except to remark graciously, as he leaped up on my lap and snapped at my *bouttonniere*, that I was evidently fond of dogs. Of course, in order to be polite, I told her I was—especially of fox terriers; and that she might believe I admired her pet in particular. I courageously touched him on the head and stammered some feeble compliment about his aristocratic face; after which he jumped down and began sniffing about the room.

My nervousness because of the dog almost wholly unfitted me for any discriminating appraisal of Miss Mackerel and her elegant surroundings. I merely realized that she was a tall, slender woman, of the Du Maurier type, very tastefully attired, and possessed of a manner that was scrupulously polite, but uncomfortably cold and formal.

Had she proved in any way approachable or sympathetic, I should have been tempted to confess my weakness and ask her to remove the dog. As it was, however, she proved even more dignified than I had anticipated, and consequently I did not dare make any reference to the beast. I held my knees pressed tightly together, so that she might not see how they shook, and did the best I could to appear at ease while keeping up my end of the conversation.

I think we talked mainly about books. I am not sure. Most of my remarks were automatic. My thoughts were centered on the dog. While I was obliged to keep my eyes on my hostess, I followed the dog with my ears and my nerves.

For a time he roamed aimlessly about the parlor, wheezing and snorting and

making various other noises which no doubt belong of right to a dog, but which, to my mind, were certainly not in keeping with the elegance of the room. Miss Mackerel, however, utterly ignored him, as most persons do who are accustomed to dogs and like to have them about. Two or three times he crawled under my chair and bit at my heels. If only Miss Mackerel had smiled or commented upon it, I should have found a certain measure of relief, but she kept right on with her well-bred, impersonal talk, accepting the dog's attentions to me as a matter of course, and leaving me to shiver with fear while maintaining a pleased and gracious expression.

Suddenly, however, the dog interrupted the conversation by knocking over the fire irons. The noise was so startling that I could not restrain an exclamation of alarm. Miss Mackerel, however, remained beautifully calm. She turned her head slowly in the direction of the fireplace, but offered no remark. From this I judged that upsetting the tongs and shovel was one of the dog's familiar tricks, for which no explanation or apology was considered necessary.

"Allow me to pick them up," I volunteered, starting to rise.

"It is not necessary," she answered quietly; "the maid will attend to them," and forthwith she went on with her discussion of "The History of Christian Science."

After this the dog remained quiet for several minutes. I think he got up on a chair when the things fell down, and I hoped he would stay there. But presently I heard him jump down and begin mousing about the room again. He stopped for awhile under the piano, smelling noisily at something on the floor, and then came over to me and nipped at my shoelaces. I did my best to follow Miss Mackerel's example and appear calmly insensible to his whereabouts. Suddenly the brute snatched my handkerchief from my hand and dashed off with it to the other end of the room.

"I said, 'Ha, ha! He's a clever dog,'" I really felt I ought to say something. The cue was so obvious.

Miss Mackerel smiled approvingly. "Yes?" she answered graciously, as though

pleased with what I had said, and then went on talking.

I saw the dog go into a corner, out of Miss Mackerel's sight, and chew up my handkerchief; growling the while savagely and turning to cast an occasional vicious look at me, as though to warn me to keep this matter to myself. And, of course, I was careful not to say anything about it. I was more than willing he should have my handkerchief, if he would only stay away and let me alone.

came down with a bang, throwing the vase to the floor and breaking it; while the dog, with two or three sharp barks, scampered under a near-by sofa.

"Goodnes me! this is really too bad!" I exclaimed involuntarily; and I arose immediately to pick up the table.

"Please do not disturb yourself," commanded Miss Mackerel, with perfect evenness, "the maid will attend to it," and she touched a button in the wall within reach of her chair.



"GOODNESS ME! THIS IS REALLY TOO BAD," I EXCLAIMED, INVOLUNTARILY.

Near the corner in which he had encoined himself was a dainty mahogany table, supported on a slender pedestal with three claw-feet. Upon the table was a pale-blue vase containing an exquisite pink Maman Cochet. From the way the dog was fussing and backing around in the corner, I felt certain that sooner or later he would knock the table over. And, sure enough, that is what he did. The table suddenly tilted, lost its balance, and

"Of course," thought I, "it is her vase and her dog, and if she is agreeable to this sort of thing it is none of my concern." Nevertheless, her perfect coolness and her persistent indifference to the vulgar behavior of her pet seemed to me to be carrying dignity beyond the limits of endurance. It certainly tended in no way to relieve my distressing embarrassment and uneasiness, and I made up my mind then and there that if the dog did not

go, I would. I simply could no longer endure the torture of his presence and his unholy antics. There was no telling what he might do next. If he undertook to tear the clothes off me, his imperturbable mistress would probably accept it as a matter of course. I had absolutely no protection.

The maid entered, and Miss Mackerel quietly ordered her to pick up the table and remove the vase, the rose, and the spilled water.

"I hope it was not a valuable vase," I ventured, as the maid gathered up the pieces.

"Yes," responded Miss Mackerel: "it was quite a valuable vase—a rare bit of Cloisonne. I brought it with me from Japan last year. Are you interested in ceramics?" and without further reference to the catastrophe she led the conversation back into impersonal channels.

However, with a little manoeuvring, I succeeded shortly in making a more or less polite move to go. "But before going," I said, "may I not request the pleasure of a song? Rebecca has written

me of your musical gifts and insisted that I must hear you sing."

I should not have braved this request had it not been that the dog had remained quietly under the sofa, with no sign of again coming out, and that I felt it a duty to Rebecca to ask Miss Mackerel to sing. Perhaps, too, I thought, it might serve to break the ice, for surely up to this time Miss Mackerel had given no indication of unbending, and I could not but feel that I had failed to make a favorable impression.

Somewhat to my surprise, Miss Mackerel promptly acquiesced, and, without asking me for an expression of my preference, sat down at the piano and began at once a bewitching little Spanish song.

She had scarcely finished three bars of it, however, when the most unearthly howl broke loose from under the sofa. It was a long-drawn, excruciating wail, blood-curdling in its pain and intensity.

Miss Mackerel stepped and turned slowly about. "He is not on the pitch," she remarked serenely, "and perhaps we had better let him sing alone." She got up gracefully and moved over to her chair.

I, too, arose. Her loftly and unruffled patience with the dog was more than I could comprehend. It completely flustered me. I stammered an awkward expression of regret, and in my confusion I blurted out some highly disparaging remark about the brute under the sofa. It was inexcusable, of course; but I could not help it.

Miss Mackerel smiled coldly and held out her hand. "Remember me to your sister when you write to her," she said; and that is all she did say by way of valediction. She did not say she was glad to know me. She did not ask me to call again. I felt intuitively that my visit had been a failure. I was not to be numbered among the elect of Rose Street. I felt it in her tone, in her hand-shake, in her manner—all beautifully civil and proper, but informing me, nevertheless, that I was *persona inarata*.

She dismissed me at the parlor door. She did not come into the hall with me; but the dog did. When he heard that I was going, he came out from under the soft, and as soon as he had me alone in the hall he frightened me almost stiff by springing at my ear and barking furi-



SHE WAS CARRYING A LEATHER COLLAR IN HER HAND.

ously. And as soon as I opened the front door he rushed out with me, snapping and biting at my heels.

My terror turned to sudden, frenzied desperation. I had no sooner reached the sidewalk than I turned with an unholy shout of madness and struck the beast a terrific crack with my cane.

It sent him sprawling into the gutter. I expected he would get up at once and come after me; but he did nothing of the sort. Profaning the night with a series of ear-splitting yelps, he dashed wildly across the street and disappeared in the darkness.

I was about to move on when the door opened and Miss Mackerel's maid came

hurriedly down the steps, carrying a leather collar in her hand.

"Miss Mackerel told me to give you this," she said curtly, handing me the collar. "Your dog dropped it on the floor."

"My dog!" I ejaculated. "What do you mean?"

"Why, the dog you brought in with you this evening, sir," returned the maid, with an ill-concealed note of scorn; and thereupon she turned her back upon me and walked into the house.

The following morning I wrote a note of explanation and apology to Miss Mackerel, but I have never again called upon her.

THE SILLY SISTERHOOD

We are the silly sisters
You kiss and cast aside,
Poor lights o' love, good masters,
To whom is love denied.

From us in careless revel
You seek from idle mirth,
Poor daughters of derision
You hold of little worth.

In halls of empty laughter
We hold our loves for hire
With smiles of haggard beauty,
Vain handmaids of desire.

We win your mocking dalliance,
We bear your women's scorn,
Our Loves, a gaudy garment,
You cast aside outworn.

Behind are shattered visions,
Wide scattered to the breeze,
For us who still remember
Dear other days than these.

We are the silly sisters
Who grieve but may not weep;
For whom life holds no bounty,
And death has only sleep.

James P. Haverson.



MAJOR-GENERAL COLIN MACKENZIE—THE NEW CANADIAN CHIEF OF STAFF.

THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

The Growth of the People's Rule Movement in the United States

OUR Canadian political system and the system in the United States have at least one thing in common, and that is the fact that in both countries the Party Machine is liable to obtain more or less control of the administration of the Government, and so thwart the theory of representative government. In the United States, where the political system is older and where the abuses are perhaps more easily carried on, movements are afoot among the people generally to overcome these evils—much in the same way that the citizens of Montreal undertook to wipe out its municipal dishonor. An illuminating article by Judson C. Welliver, is contained in April *Munsey's*. It deals with the movement only in the United States. But the facts are pertinent to Canadian affairs, nevertheless. Following is the article:—

Organizations, Mr. Welliver begins, which claim to number in their membership one-third of the voters of the United States are engaged in an effort "to restore the government to the people." They are not political parties, and are not working through existing political parties.

Almost everybody feels vaguely that the movement is portentous. Almost everybody realizes that highly significant progress is making. But the question is constantly asked, "What do these people mean by 'bringing the government back to the people'?" Is not this already a government by the people? If it isn't, what have these reformers to offer by way of making it more distinctly a popular affair?

Furthermore, is it desirable that the people should have any more to do with their government than they now have?

These are large and serious questions—the largest and most serious before the nation. From time to time, they are getting their answer, and it is an answer in favor of a larger and more direct participation by the people in the business of government. It is well worth while that we should study and understand the proposal of those propagandists who are behind the movement.

There is an ancient colored preacher in Richmond who once a year delivers a sermon to prove that the world is flat. He is said to have some few followers, too. A stand-patter of this variety might agree that the process of governmental evolution is finished; that its perfect flower is represented in our system of government. Hardly anybody else would question that development must continue.

It is very plain that the developments of the near future are going to be along the lines laid down by these advocates of people's rule. They are writing their ideas into the laws and constitutions of States and nations, into the charters of cities, into the administrative processes of all our governmental units. Surveying what they have done already, and considering the organization with which they propose to do more, we should be mere imitators of the ostrich if we insisted on poking our heads into the sand and protesting that nothing was happening around us.

Evolution of governmental institutions is going on all over the world faster than ever before. We think of China as being peculiarly backward, because it is only beginning seriously to consider the experiment of constitutional monarchy. But then, New Zealand regards us as old-fashioned. We wonder whether Persia

and Turkey are going to succeed in their efforts to establish parliamentary government; but, on the other side, Switzerland wonders if the United States will manage to democratize its institutions as the Swiss have democratized theirs, and marvels that we are so slow about it.

Among our own States, we can see some curious contrasts. Oregon is sorry for the backwardness of New York, while Massachusetts regards with affrighted concern the radical proposals that are so popular in Washington and Wisconsin.

Likewise, there are some interesting parallels in this world-wide progress of evolution. For example, the British constitution is in process of amendment to lessen the power of the House of Lords. The British constitution is the oldest and most stable in the world, though the most easily amended. The proposal to amend it by taking from the peers their power of veto is regarded by many as the beginning of the end of the two-chamber form of legislature. That seems revolutionary, yet the American movement in favor of the popular election of Senators is based on an exactly similar conception of the desirability of reducing the prerogative of the so-called upper chamber, and correspondingly increasing the importance of the popular branch.

This people's rule movement is not a single, organized and coherent campaign for a particular reform or set of reforms. There are many organizations in it, working for various particular changes in institutions. In a general way it may be set down that these people are united in the purpose of getting the largest possible measure of governmental power into the hands of the people, but that they make no pretense of agreeing about what the people ought to do with what power when they get it.

Some of them are socialists, some of them are individualists; but they all insist that they are democrats—democrats with the little "d." Some of them are protectionists, some are free-traders, and some occupy a middle ground. Some want the problems of modern industry solved by restoring competition; others believe that competition is dead and should be comfortably laid away and forgotten, while substitutes, in the form of government re-

gulation or of public ownership, may be devised.

In short, as to economics, the advocates of people's rule do not agree at all. Therefore they refuse to project their propaganda into the realm of economics. They are sticking to the things on which they are in general accord, and that is what makes them so strong.

The one thing on which they agree is that the people ought to own and absolutely to control the government, and that thereafter, if the people make mistakes in economic policy, they will have nobody but themselves to blame for it, and will have in their own hands the means to correct their mistakes.

Illustrating this point, there is a story of the recent campaign in Oregon.

"I am dead against this plan of turning all of the power of government over to the people. If they ever get it, they'll go straight to hell with it!" quoth a conservative who feared the results of direct legislation by the people.

"Well," replied an advocate of direct legislation, "if they do, they'll have a return ticket!"

There it is. The people's rule advocates insist that the people can afford even to make mistakes, if they have the power to correct them — the power which, it is claimed, will be given them by the adoption of the various measures now advocated.

What are these measures? Without attempting to enumerate all, the following may be put down as measures on which practically all the propagandists are agreed:

The initiative and referendum.

The recall.

The short ballot.

Direct nomination for all offices.

Popular election of United States Senators.

Publicity of campaign contributions and expenses before and after primaries and elections.

Effective corrupt practices acts.

Commission government of cities.

Popular designation of delegates to national political conventions, with opportunity for the voter to indicate his choice for President.

Perfection of the Australian ballot laws.

Elimination of machine management in House of Representatives and in the United States Senate.

There is nothing here about the tariff, or the trusts, or the railroads, or any pressing economic question. The people's government advocates insist that they want first to give the tools of democracy back into the hands of the people, in order that the people may use them to carve out their own solution of these questions.

Officials of the organizations that are promoting these various proposals assure me that their aggregate membership numbers close to one-third of all the voters who voted for Presidential candidates in 1908. The most important of these organizations are the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union, the Progressive State Granges, the American Federation of Labor, the National Progressive Republican League, the Democratic Progressive Federation, the Non-Partizan Progressive Federation, the Conference of Progressive State Granges, the Short Ballot Organization, and a multitude of Initiative and Referendum Leagues.

There is one fundamental difference between this movement and others that have gone before it—the people's rule advocates are not trying to form a third party. They recognize that this is a government through parties, and they purpose to get the people into the folds of the parties, so that through the parties they may control the government. I think this is the largest reason why the movement has persisted so long, has already secured so much of results, and seems to be gaining strength constantly.

I have before me a little pamphlet whose title-page proclaims:

THE PEOPLE AGAINST THE SPECIAL
INTERESTS—FREEDOM IN 1912

Five years ago you would have been perfectly sure that this was a socialistic document. But it isn't. It outlines a proposal to organize the mass of Democratic voters so that they can capture the Democratic national convention of 1912, and a similar plan to organize the Republican masses for the capture of their national convention. It sounds like that same old stuff that the Populists and the

Farmers' Alliance used to hand out to us, but it is different in that it has no thought of destroying either of the old parties, or of establishing a new one. It is different, also, in that it has summoned to its aid the resources of practical, business-like organization and political methods.

Let us examine the different proposals in this program of restoring the government to the people's control.

Take the initiative and referendum. You can easily recollect when those terms were the sign and symbol of an acute but probably harmless intellectual mania, which the alienist had not entirely grasped, and for which society was a trifle slow about putting men in jail. We used to be sure that people who believed in things of that sort were hopeless cranks. But to-day the leadership of the most vigorous, virile and securely established elements in our public life is promulgating these very crankisms. Not only are many highly respectable public men—Senators, Congressman, Governors, publicists—committed to these things, but many communities have adopted them as part of the governmental system.

The initiative is a plan empowering the people to initiate legislation. A fixed percentage of the voters, by signing a petition in favor of a certain piece of legislation, and filing it with the proper administrative authority, can require that that particular measure be submitted to the people at an election. If at the election the majority vote for it, it becomes law, without intervention of any legislative authority other than that of the people.

In this fashion, if the Legislature has failed to pass a law which the people want, the people are able to pass it themselves. On the other hand, if the Legislature passes a law which the people do not want, a similar petition in protest can be filed, requiring that the law be submitted to a vote of the people; and if the majority reject it, the act is nullified.

This may sound revolutionary, but it has been adopted in South Dakota, Oregon, Missouri, Maine, Arkansas, Montana and Oklahoma, and is being pressed by the Governors of Massachusetts, California, Nebraska, North Dakota, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Washington and various other States. The constitutional convention of Arizona, which recently drafted a consti-

tution under which that Territory desires to enter the Union, wrote this plan into the fundamental law, and some eighty-five per cent. of the people approved it, despite insistent report that if so radical a constitution were adopted, the Washington government would probably reject it, and refuse Statehood until a more moderate instrument should be proposed by the people. Illinois, by a vote of over four to one, has also declared in favor of the same doctrine.

The most common objection to the initiative and referendum is that it would have the practical effect of putting the Legislatures out of business, and turning their functions over directly to the people. Advocates of the reform retort that this is not true at all, and cite the experience of States which have the initiative and referendum. They say that in such States the Legislatures continue to legislate, but they always do it with a realization that their work may be either added to or overturned by the people. This, it is claimed, makes the Legislatures the more concerned to square their legislative product with the popular purpose.

Last summer no fewer than thirty-two measures were submitted to the people of Oregon in this way. Some were adopted, some were rejected. Doubting Thomases protested that the people would get muddled, and would pass laws they ought to defeat, while defeating laws they ought to pass; but when the results were at hand it became apparent that the people had done just about what they wanted to do. General satisfaction was expressed over the outcome. I suppose it will be admitted that if the people are satisfied, nobody else can reasonably complain.

Only a short time ago, the people of Denver had submitted to them under the referendum a long series of legislative proposals. Five of these were commonly understood to be measures from the people, while the rest, though very similar in title and general appearance, were alleged to contain jokers in which selfish interests were concerned. There was a good deal of fear among advocates of the system that the people would get confused, and might adopt the measures with the jokers, instead of the ones which really represented the popular purpose. But all sides agreed,

after the election, that the people had voted for the right measures and had voted against the wrong ones. As in Oregon, the result was pretty nearly what the people wanted.

The widest application of the initiative and referendum principle, in the United States, has been given in connection with the commission plan of city government. As this is the most widely advertised and best understood application of the reform proposals that we have under discussion, it will be worth while here to consider just what it means.

More than one hundred cities have adopted the commission plan of government, which includes, in most cases, the initiative and referendum, the recall, the short ballot, and direct nominations. I am assured that no city, after once adopting the plan, has ever rejected it. In its operations, therefore, we find the best available testimonial to the practicability of the general scheme of giving the people a larger direct participation in their government.

Five years ago, the hopeless corruption and inefficiency of our city governments were the despair of every pessimistic observer. To-day, that particular problem is neatly wrapped, tagged, and shelved, with a label which tells us that it has been solved by the commission plan of government.

Under the commission plan, partizanship is eliminated, and the direct primary nominates all officers. It has long been conceded that partizanship has no place in city government, and is really responsible for much of the prevalent inefficiency and corruption. Why should a man be elected mayor of Des Moines, where the burning issue concerns the method of improving the river-front, because he favored tariff for revenue only?

Obviously, opinions on national issues have nothing to do with municipal affairs. So the framers of the Des Moines plan, which is the generally accepted scheme of reform municipal government, provided a method of election which should absolutely shut out partizanship.

Only five people are elected to office by the electorate at large—a mayor and four councilmen. Any citizen can be a candidate for these offices. As many as please

can put their names on the ballot at the primary, by filing petitions signed by twenty-five citizens. They are not labeled as Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, Prohibitionists, or anything else. Every man has to run on his own merits as a citizen.

The two candidates for mayor and the eight candidates for councilmen who receive the highest votes at the primary thereupon become nominees for election. At the election proper, these ten names are put on the ballot, still without any party designations, and the one candidate for mayor and four candidates for councilmen receiving the highest votes are declared elected. Thus partizanship is entirely eliminated.

The mayor and four councilmen, as I have said, are the only people whom the voters elect. In these five are vested all legislative and administrative authority. They employ all other officers and employees of the city. This is what is known as the short ballot plan—that is, having the people vote for the smallest possible number of officials, and holding these responsible for all appointments and administrations.

Under the old methods of municipal government, the voters at large would elect a mayor, a board of aldermen, a city treasurer, city solicitor, auditor, engineer, and a long list of other officials. Concentration of authority would be impossible, and uniformity of policy equally so. The short ballot plan accomplishes these things.

The government of the United States is the biggest political organism in the world based on the short ballot plan. The people of the United States vote for a President, and the President appoints his Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of State, and so on. Through his Cabinet members he wields the entire appointing power of the government. No other ruler in the world is directly vested with the control of so many appointments.

If the United States government were organized like that of the States, we should elect the President, and also the members of his Cabinet, and probably a good many subordinate executives. On the other hand, if the State governments were organized on the short ballot plan, like the Federal government, the State would elect a Governor, and he would appoint a State

treasurer, a State auditor, a State engineer, and all the department executives. He would be responsible to the people for the acts of all these subsidiary executives, and would be in position to unify the policies of his administration, because he would be in position to impose those policies upon his appointees, or demand their resignations.

Thus we see that the rapidly extending commission plan of city government, and the long established scheme of the Federal government, both represent the short ballot idea. Protagonists of this system urge that it should be extended to all cities, States, and other political divisions. They argue that it parallels the concentration of authority which has been introduced into great business under modern schemes of organization; in short, that it represents the application of business methods to government.

Carrying our analysis of the commission plan of city government a step further, it also illustrates for us the workings of the recall. If any one of the five elective officers displeases the public in the administration of his department a petition signed by a fixed percentage of voters may demand a special election to vote on the question of recalling him and placing another in his position. Thus the council is made responsive to public opinion every day in the year, instead of merely on election days at stated intervals, one, two, three, or four years apart.

That is the recall. Its advocates would have it applied in all political bodies, and to all elective officials, save, perhaps, judges, concerning whom there is sharp disagreement as to the propriety of subjecting them to recall.

It is urged that the judiciary ought to be kept on a plane entirely independent of possible interference by reason of public disaffection with decisions. The people of Arizona do not seem to have been much influenced by this argument, for they have overwhelmingly adopted their proposed constitution, including the recall of judges, in face of the fact that particular objection has been made to this provision as a reason for denying the demand for admittance to the new State.

Commission government also includes the initiative and referendum, whereby

as already explained, the people may initiate laws and ordinances on their own account by petition, and then adopt them by vote; and whereby, likewise, they may veto enactments of the council.

Thus we find that a considerable part of the supposedly radical program of the people's government advocates is already adopted and working in a great number of American cities, as well as in several States. With the single exception of that remarkable crystallization of public opinion which gave the Thirteen Colonies their Federal Constitution, no program of institutional evolution has ever proceeded so rapidly in this country. Of States and of cities alike, it is universal testimony that these measures having once been adopted, they are continued in force—which is surely good evidence that they give satisfaction.

Direct nominations by the people have now been adopted in the policies of more than half the States. A few years ago, this idea was considered extremely radical. It is only about two years since I wrote an article for *Munsey's Magazine* telling what had been accomplished up to that time, pointing out that the West and South had made the most progress, and predicting that in the near future the popular primary movement would invade the East and become a leading issue. Was I right?

The answer can be found in the record of Governor Hughes's long fight for direct primaries in New York, followed by the declarations of both leading political parties, last year, in favor of the program. In New Jersey, Governor Wilson has vindicated and maintained the authority of the primary by insisting that James E. Martine be elected United States Senator, because in the State-wide primary he was designated as the people's choice. The States which have no general primary laws are moving to get them, and those which have such laws are trying to preserve and improve them.

The effect of such measures as the short ballot, the direct primary and popular designation of Senators, has been to weaken the hold of "boss rule" political organizations on government. On the other hand, the objection that such measures would keep the people constantly in a turmoil of

political activity has been shown unwarranted. In only two cases, thus far, have cities recalled public officials—Los Angeles and Seattle. The case of Seattle is a very recent one, in which the mayor was recalled because it was alleged he was running the town too "wide open."

Incidentally, it is a matter of special interest that the vote in the Seattle recall election clearly indicated that the women, recently enfranchised, cast the determining majority in favor of displacing a too liberal executive.

Only a few weeks ago, the people of St. Louis rejected a proposed city charter because it included the referendum, but did not include the initiative. The people wanted both, and will probably get them.

The city of Grand Junction, Colorado, has recently adopted a commission government charter containing a new wrinkle that represents the ideals of some of the more radical reformers. This is a provision for majority election of all candidates for office. The voter is permitted to name his first and also his second choice for a given position; and if nobody receives a majority of first votes, then the second-choice votes are taken into consideration.

Popular election of Senators, instead of their election by the State Legislatures, has been demanded for many years, and resolutions have repeatedly passed the national House of Representatives to submit a constitutional amendment to this effect. As I write, such an amendment, after receiving the necessary two-thirds vote in the House, is pending in the Senate, where it is expected to receive a handsome majority, but not quite the necessary two-thirds. It will, however, make a better showing than ever before, and its advocates are confident that in the new Senate, reorganized after March 4, it will command the two-thirds majority. After being submitted in this fashion by Congress, the amendment must be ratified by three-fourths of the States, and it is believed that ratification is assured.

There is very sincere difference of opinion whether popular election of Senators will effect any important change in the complexion of the Senate. In about half the States, much the same result has already been achieved through the system

of primary designation of Senatorial candidates. The Oregon plan is the most complete revolution in this regard that seems possible without a constitutional amendment. It has already been adopted by Oregon and Nebraska, and is likely to be accepted by several other States this year.

Under this plan, the people nominate candidates for Senators at their primaries, and vote on these nominees at the elections. Candidates for the Legislature are given the privilege of declaring, if they wish, that if elected they will vote for that candidate for Senator who receives a majority in the election. In the experience of Oregon and Nebraska, those legislative candidates who pledge themselves to the popular choice for Senator are usually victorious as against those who do not.

A particularly telling vindication of this plan was the recent election of Gilbert M. Hitchcock as Senator from Nebraska. Mr. Hitchcock was designated by the people under the Oregon plan. The Republicans elected forty-eight and the Democrats eighty-five members of the Legislature; but when it came to voting for Senator, all the Democrats and forty-four of the Republicans supported Mr. Hitchcock.

Closely related to the foregoing proposals is the demand for control of campaign expenses. Different methods have been adopted in different communities. Some require a public statement of all contributions and expenditures after election; others require this declaration both before and after election; and still others, before and after the primary, and also before and after the election. The purpose, of course, is to let the public know just what individuals and interests are supporting each candidate.

A variation is the proposal that campaign expenses shall be borne by the public. Thus Colorado, two years ago, passed a law providing that the State should contribute to each political party twenty-five cents for each vote cast at the preceding election for that party's nominee for Governor. Half of this sum is turned over to the county organization, and half is used by the State organization. The nominees are permitted to contribute from their own resources not more than forty per cent. of the first year's salary of the office, or, if the officer is entitled to fees,

a sum not exceeding one-quarter of the fees for the preceding year. After election, full accounting must be made of the money thus received. No other contributions are permitted, under severe penalties.

The Oregon publicity pamphlet is another method by which the State helps to finance campaigns. The State issues, at its own expense, a publicity pamphlet for each campaign, giving an abstract of arguments for and against every measure submitted. A copy is sent to every voter. Each candidate is allowed a certain amount of space in the pamphlet to state his arguments in favor of his own election.

In the effort to prevent selfish interests from financing political campaigns, and thereby placing parties and officials under obligation, a variety of corrupt practices acts have been formulated. Stringent enactments of this character are being adopted this year in numerous States. Their general purpose is to limit the use of money in politics, and particularly to prohibit contributions from corporations and individuals having immediate interest in laws that may be passed, or in their administration.

Thus the Oregon corrupt practices act prohibits any corporation, person, trustee, or trustees, holding the majority of stock of a bank, trust, surety, indemnity, insurance, railroad, street-railway, telephone, gas or other public service corporations, or any holder of public franchises, to contribute to campaign expenses. Candidates are not permitted to make presents, or even to "treat" voters. The voter who accepts the social drink or the festive election cigar or any other form of "treat," is thereby made liable to have his vote challenged, and in case of a contest it shall be rejected.

Another of the important planks in the people's rule platform demands the introduction of the Australian ballot law in those communities which have not yet adopted it, and its perfection and safeguarding in those which have it. There is remarkable diversity among the ballot laws of the States, but the constant tendency is to improve them with a view to assuring the absolute secrecy of the vote, and to prevent the voter being moved by any influence other than his own free will.

The "freedom in 1912" advocates are just now particularly enthusiastic in urg-

ing Presidential preference laws—that is, laws under which delegates to Presidential nominating conventions shall be chosen directly by the people, and the voters shall have opportunity to indicate their Presidential preference on the ballot.

The feasibility of this plan has been widely questioned, on the ground that as nominations are made in Republican conventions by majority vote, and in Democratic conventions by two-thirds vote, there could never be any nomination, save in rare cases, if all the delegates were rigidly instructed in favor of particular candidates. To obviate this difficulty, it has been proposed to allow the voters to designate first, second, and third choices. The delegates would then be bound to nominate the first choice if possible; failing in that, to nominate the second, and then the third choice. Thus, it is claimed, there would be ample play for legitimate combinations.

The effect of such laws would be to eliminate "dark horses." Nobody would have a chance of being nominated who did not bring to the convention at least a respectable showing of first, second, and third choice delegates.

All these measures are obviously aimed to break down the power of the political machine, and to substitute the expression of the people's will as registered at the ballot-box.

Public-opinion laws represent a method of submitting to the people specific proposals in legislation or policy to ascertain what they want their representatives to do. Illinois has had such a law since 1901. Ten per cent. of the voters of the State, or twenty-five per cent. of the voters of the town or city, by petitioning for it, can require that any particular proposition be submitted at an election. Under this law, Chicago cast 140,000 votes for and 21,000 against municipal ownership of gas and electric lights; 143,000 for and 28,000 against municipal ownership of street-railways; 140,000 for and 17,000 against direct nominations. Under the same law, the State of Illinois cast 451,000 votes for and 77,000 votes against direct election of Senators.

The people of Chicago have had several referendums to determine what should be

done with their street-railway systems, and there is no doubt that this system of testing public sentiment is largely responsible for the settlement of the transit problem of Chicago on a basis highly favorable to the public interest. Under the Illinois law, the instructions given at these public-opinion elections were not mandatory; but such decisive popular majorities as have been quoted necessarily have a powerful influence upon Legislatures and city councils.

People who object to these various innovations tending to restore legislative powers to the people protest that their effect is to break down our representative system of government, and to substitute a purely democratic system. Even now, there is pending in the Supreme Court of the United States a case which raises the question whether the Oregon initiative and referendum system as a republican form of government.

The Federal Constitution provides that "the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government." But what is republican form of government?

The dictionaries tell us that a republic is a state in which the sovereignty resides in the people, and the administration is lodged in officers elected by and representing the people. When the people make their own laws, they are dispensing with representatives, and the government becomes strictly democratic; for the same dictionaries tell us that a democracy is "the political system in which the government is directly exercised or controlled by the people collectively." Our Supreme Court is shortly to answer the rather technical question which this conflict of definitions raises in case of the Oregon system of direct rather than representative government.

The Oregon people insist that no lexicographers' shading of definitions can defeat, on such a technicality, the purpose of the people. Furthermore, they point out that the State constitutions themselves recognize the referendum as part of a republican form of government, by providing that constitutional amendments must be submitted to the vote of the people.

Thus the referendum seems to have been already adopted into our scheme of a democratic republic.

Again, the initiative is represented by that time-honored institution, the New England town meeting, and by the county meetings of the South.

There are all kinds of views in regard to these various governmental innovations. Extremists tell us that we are approaching the time when all legislation will be done by the people directly. If so, we are approaching it very slowly. The more conservative view, and the view entertained by most advocates of these measures, is that the citizens are taking back into

their own hands the powers to make and to veto legislation as a safe-guard upon their elected representatives. The people desire to have an assurance that they themselves can do that which their Legislatures have left undone, and can undo, if they desire, that which Legislatures may wrongfully do.

At any rate, it is certain that the present tendency is to make the people's direct participation in their government more important, and to provide a further system of checks and balances to operate upon the representatives chosen to exercise powers that fundamentally reside only in the community at large.

The Bogey of Japanese Trade

THE following article by Clarence Poe, in the *World's Work*, was written in Japan after a personal investigation and discussions with Japanese cabinet ministers, manufacturers, and merchants, and English and American commercial attaches. It is a remarkably valuable article.

With all the markets of the Orient right at Japan's doors and labor to be had for a mere song—four-fifths of its cotton-factory workers who are girls and women receive an average wage of only 13.5 cents a day and the males get only 22 cents—it is simply useless for Europe and America to attempt to compete with Japan in any line that it chooses to monopolize. Now that it has recovered from its wars, it will doubtless forge to the front as dramatically as an industrial power as it has already done as a military and maritime power, while other nations, helpless in competition, must simply surrender to Mikado-land the lion's share of Asiatic trade—the rich prize which the world has sought for since before Columbus.

In some such strain as this, prophets of evil among English and American manufacturers have talked for several years. For the last few months, professing to see in Japan's adoption of a high protective tariff partial confirmation of their predictions, they have assumed added authority. Their arguments, too, are

so plausible and the facts of Japan's low wage scale are so patent that the world has become acutely interested in the threatened Japanese competition.

And yet, after having seen the big factories and the little factory-workers in Tokyo and in Osaka, and after having listened to the most ambitious of Japan's industrial leaders, I shall leave the country convinced of the folly of the talk that white labor cannot compete with Japanese labor. I believe indeed that the outlook is encouraging for manufacturing in the Mikado's empire, but I do not believe that this development is to be regarded as a menace to English or American industry.

In the very outset, the assumed parallel between Japan's rise as a military power and its predicted rise as an industrial power should be branded as the groundless *non sequitur* that it is. "All our present has its roots in the past," my first Japanese acquaintance said to me—and we ignore fundamental facts when we forget that for unnumbered centuries Japan existed for the soldier, as the rosebush for the blossom. The man of martial courage was the goal of all striving, the end of all travail. Society was a military aristocracy, with the Samurai as the privileged class. And at the same time commerce was despised as dishonorable and industry merely tolerated as a necessary evil,

In the Japan of Yalu, Liao-yang, and Mukden we have no modern Minerva springing full-armed from the head of Jove, but rather an unrecognized Ulysses of ancient skill surprising onlookers ignorant of the long record of his prowess. Viewed from the same historical standpoint, however, industrial Japan is a mere learner, unskilled, with the long and weary price of victory yet to pay.

In the race that it has to run, moreover, the Mikado's land has no such advantages as many of our people have been led to believe. In America it has long been my conviction that cheap labor is never cheap; that so-called cheap labor is a curse to any community—not because it is cheap but because it is inefficient. The so-called cheap Negro labor in the South, for example, I have come to regard as perhaps the dearest on the continent. Here in Japan, however, I was quite prepared to find that this theory would not hold good. By reason of conditions in a primitive stage of industrial organization, I thought that I might find cheap labor with all the advantages, in so far as there are any, and few of the disadvantages encountered elsewhere. But it is not so. An American factory-owner in Osaka, in summing up his Job's trials with raw Japanese labor, used exactly my own phrase in a newspaper article a few days ago—"Cheap labor is never cheap." And all my investigations have convinced me that the remark is as true in Japan as it is in America or in England.

The per capita wage of Japanese laborers here is, of course, amazingly low. The latest 1910 statistics, as furnished by the Department of Finance, indicate a daily wage (American money) of 40 cents for carpenters, 31.5 cents for shoemakers, 34 cents for blacksmiths, 25.5 cents for compositors, 19.5 cents for male farm laborers, and 22 cents for male weavers, and 12 cents for female. In the cotton factories that I have visited, which were of the better sort, the wages vary from 5 cents a day for the youngest children to 25 cents a day for good women workers. In a mousseline mill I was told that the average wages were 22.5 cents, ranging from 10 cents to a maximum of 50 cents for the most skilled employees. And this, be it remembered, was for eleven hours' work

and in a factory requiring a higher grade of efficiency than the average.

But in spite of the fact that such figures as these were well known to him, it was my host in the first Japanese house to which I was invited—one of the Emperor's Privy Councillors, a man of much travel and culture who had studied commercial conditions at home and abroad rather profoundly—who expressed the conclusion that Japanese factory labor, when reduced to terms of efficiency, is not greatly cheaper than European, an opinion which has since grown rather trite in view of the number of times that I have heard it. "In the old handicrafts and family industries to which our people have been accustomed," my host declared, "we can beat the world; but the moment we turn to modern industrial machinery on a large scale, the newness of our endeavor tells against us in a hundred hindering ways. Numbers of times I have sought to work out some industrial policy which had succeeded, and could not but have succeeded in England, Germany, or America, only to meet general failure here because of the unconsidered elements of a different environment, a totally different stage of industrial evolution. Warriors from the beginning and with a record for continuous government unsurpassed by any European country, our political and military achievements are but the fruitage of our long history; but in industry we must simply wait through patient generations to reach the stage represented by the Englishman, Irishman or German, who takes to machinery as if by instinct."

All my investigations since have confirmed the philosophy of this distinguished Japanese whose name, if I should mention it, would be familiar to many in America and England. In the Tokyo branch of the Kanagafuchi Spinning Company (a company which controls 300,000 spindles) the director, speaking from the experience of one of the greatest and best conducted industries in Japan, declared: "Your skilled factory laborers in America or England will work four sides of a ring-frame; our unskilled laborer may work only one." A young Englishman in another factory declared: "It takes five men here to do work that I and my mate would take care of at home." An American

vice-consul told me that it takes three or four times as much Japanese as foreign labor to look after an equal number of looms. A Japanese expert just back from Europe declared recently that "Lancashire labor is more expensive than ours but really cheaper." Similarly the Tokyo correspondent of the London Times, summing up an eight-column review of Japanese industry, observed: "If we go to the bottom of the question and consider what is being paid as wages and what is being obtained as the product of labor in Japan, we may find that Japanese labor is not cheaper than labor in other countries."

My own conviction is that in actual output the Japanese labor is somewhat cheaper than American or European labor, but not greatly so; and that even this margin of excess in comparative cheapness represents mainly a blood-tax on the lives and energies of the Japanese people, the result of having no legislation to restrain the ruinous overwork of women and little children—a grievous debt which the nation must pay at the expense of its own stamina and which the manufacturers must also pay in part through the failure to develop experienced and able-bodied laborers. The latest Japan Year-Book expresses the view that "in per capita output two or three skilled Japanese workers correspond to one foreign," but under present conditions the difficulty here is to find the skilled workers at all. When Mr. Oka, of the Department of Commerce and Agriculture, told me that the average Japanese factory hand remains in the business less than two years, I was astonished, but inquiry from original sources convinced me that he was right. With the best system of welfare work in the Empire, the Kanagafuchi Company keeps its laborers two and a half to three years; but in a mill in Osaka of the better sort, employing 2,500 hands, I was told that only 20 per cent. had been at work as long as three years. Under such conditions, the majority of the operatives at any time must be in a stage of deplorable inexperience, and it is no wonder that the Year-Book just quoted goes on to confess that "one serious defect of the production is lack of uniformity in quality—attri-

buted to unskilled labor and overwork of machinery."

The explanation of this situation, of course, is largely to be found in the fact that Japanese industries are women's industries—there being seven times as large a proportion of women to men, the Department of Commerce informs me, as in European and American manufacturing. These women workers are mostly from the country. Their purpose is only to work two or three years before getting married, and thousands of them (called home to marry the husbands whom their parents have selected, or else giving way physically under strain) quit work before their contracts expire. "We have almost no factory laborers who look on the work as a life business," was an expression often repeated to me.

Not only in the mills, but in numerous other lines of work, have I seen illustrations of the primitive stage of Japan's industrial efficiency. As a concrete illustration I wish I might pass to each reader the box of Kobe-made matches on the table before me (for match-making of this sort is an important industry here, as well as the sort conducted through matrimonial middlemen without waiting for the aid or consent of either of the parties involved.) I have never in my life seen such a box of matches in America. Not in a hundred boxes at home would you find so many splinters without heads, so many defective matches. And in turning out the boxes themselves, I am told that it takes five or six hands to equal the product of one skilled foreign laborer. "It takes two or three Japanese servants to do the work of one white servant" is the general verdict of housekeepers, while it has also been brought to my attention that in the stores two or three clerks are required to do the work of one at home. A Japanese newspaperman (his paper printed in English) tells me that linotype compositors set only half as many ems per hour as in America. In short, the general verdict, as I have found it, is indicated by what I have written; and the most enthusiastic advocate of Japanese cheap labor, the captain of the steamer on which I came from America, rather spoiled his enthusiasm about getting his ship coaled at Nagasaki for 7½ cents a ton by acknowledging

that if it had rained he should have had to keep his ship waiting a day to get sufficient hands.

Moreover, while the Japanese factory workers are forced into longer hours than labor anywhere else — eleven hours at night this week, eleven hours in the day next week — I am convinced that the people as a whole are more than ordinarily averse to steady, hard, uninterrupted toil. "We have a streak of the Malay in us," a Japanese professor said to me, "and we like to idle now and then. The truth is that our people are not workers; they are artists, and artists must not be hurried."

Certainly in the hurried production of the factory the Japanese artistic taste seems to break down almost beyond redemption, and the people seem unable to carry their habits of neatness and carefulness into the new environment of European machinery. "Take the Tokyo street-cars," said an ex-Cabinet officer to me; "the wheels are seldom or never cleaned or oiled, and are half eaten up by rust." The railroads are but poorly kept up; the telephones exhaust your patience; and in telegraphing, your exasperation is likely to lose itself in amazed amusement. A few days ago, for example, I sent a telegram from Osaka to Kobe; then I took my ricksha across town, waited for a slow train to start—and reached Kobe and the street destination of my message before it did!

In considering the failure of Japanese labor to produce a satisfactory output, however, we should not put the blame wholly on the wage-earner. Not a small proportion of the responsibility lies at the door of inexpert managers. The family system of production has been the rule for generations with that minority of the people not engaged in farming, and it is still the dominant type of Japanese industry. It will take time even to provide opportunities for training a sufficient corps of superintendents in the larger lines of production.

In further illustration of my argument that cheap labor is not proving so abnormally profitable, I may question whether Japanese factories have paid as good dividends, in proportion to prevailing rates of interest on money, as factories in England and America. Baron Shibusawa, the dean

of Japanese financiers and one of the pioneers in cotton manufacturing, is my authority for the statement that 12 per cent. would be a rather high estimate of the average rate of dividend, while figures furnished by the Department of Finance show that for ten years the average rate of interest on loans has been 11.25 per cent.

The fact that Western ideas as to Japan's recent industrial advance have been greatly exaggerated may also be demonstrated just here. While the latest government figures show that in twelve years the number of female factory operatives increased from 261,218 to 400,925, and of male factory operatives from 173,614 to 248,215, it is plain that a manufacturing population of 649,000 in a country of 50,000,000 souls is small, and that actual progress has not been so great as the relative figures would indicate. Moreover, many so-called "factories" employ less than ten persons and would not be called factories at all in England or America. The absence of iron deposits is a great handicap, the one steel foundry being operated by the Government at a heavy loss; and in cotton manufacturing where "cheap labor" is supposed to be most advantageous, no very remarkable advance has been made in the last decade. From 1899 to 1909 English manufacturers so increased their trade that in the latter year they imported \$222 worth of raw cotton for every \$100 worth imported ten years before, while Japan in 1909 imported only \$177 worth for each \$100 worth imported a decade previous — though, of course, she made this cotton into higher-grade products.

It must also be remembered that the wages of labor in Japan are steadily increasing and will continue to increase. More significant than the fact of the low cost per day is the fact that these wages represent an average increase per trade of 40 per cent. above the wages eight years previous. The new 1910 "Financial and Economic Annual" shows the rate of wages of forty-six classes of labor for a period of eight years. It does not show a decrease in any class of labor, and for only two an increase of less than 30 per cent.; 16 show increases between 30 and 40 per cent.; 17 between 40 and 50 per cent.; 8 from 50 to 60 per cent.; 3 from

60 to 70 per cent.; while significantly enough the greatest increase (81 per cent.) is for female servants, a fact largely due to factory competition. In Osaka the British vice-consul gave me the figures for the latest three-year period for which figures have been published, indicating in these 36 months a 30 per cent. gain in the wages of men in the factories and a 25 per cent. gain in the wages of women.

Of no small significance, also, in any study of Japanese industry must be the fact that there are in Japan proper a full half-million fewer women than men (1910, men, 25,639,581; women, 25,112,338)—a condition the reverse of that in almost every other country. Now the young Japanese are a very home-loving folk; and even if they were not, almost all Shinto parents, realizing the paramount importance of having descendants to worship their spirits, favor and arrange early marriages for their sons. And with this competition for wives, the undiminished demand for female servants, and a half-million fewer women than men to draw from, the outlook for any great expansion of manufacturing based on women labor is not very bright. Moreover, with Mrs. Housekeeper increasing her frantic bids for servants 81 per cent. in eight years and still mourning that they are not to be had, it is plain that the manufacturer has serious competition from this quarter, to say nothing of the further fact that the Japanese girls are for the first time becoming well educated and are therefore likely to be in steadily increasing demand as office-workers. Upon this general subject the head of one of Osaka's leading factories said to me: "I am now employing 2,500 women. but if I wished to enlarge my mill at once and employ 5,000, it would be impossible for me to get the labor, though I might increase to this figure by adding a few hundred each year for several years."

Unquestionably, too, shorter hours, less night work, weekly holidays and better sanitary conditions must be adopted by most manufacturers if they are to continue to get labor. The Kobe Chronicle quotes Mr. Kudota of the Sanitary Bureau as saying that "most of the women workers are compelled to leave the factories on account of their constitutions being wrecked" after two or three years of night

work, tuberculosis numbering its victims among them by the thousands. Either the mills must give better food and lodging than they now provide or else they must pay higher wages directly, to enable the laborers to make better provision for themselves.

Yet another reason why wages must continue to advance is the steady increase in cost of living, partly due to the higher standard developed through education and contact with Western civilization, but perhaps even more largely to the fearful burden of taxation under which the people are staggering. A usual estimate of the tax rate is 30 per cent. of one's income, while Mr. Wakatsuki, late Japanese Financial Commissioner to London, is quoted as authority for the statement that the people now pay in direct and indirect taxes 35 per cent. of their incomes. And I doubt whether even this estimate includes the increased amounts that citizens are forced to pay for salt and tobacco as a result of the Government's monopoly in these products, or the greatly increased prices of sugar resulting from the Government's paternalistic efforts to guarantee prosperity to sugar manufacturers in Formosa.

Higher still, and higher far than anything the nation has ever yet known, must go the cost of living when the new tariff goes into effect next July; and wages must thereafter advance accordingly. From a British textile representative I learned the other day that a grade of English woollens largely used by the Japanese for underwear will increase in cost more than one-third under the new tariff, while the increased duty on certain other lines of goods is indicated by the following table:

PERCENTAGE OF DUTY TO COST OF ARTICLE

Printed goods	13.6
White lawns	21.2
Shirtings	25.6
Cotton Italians	22.8
Poplins	42.1
Brocades	45.4

Neither a nation nor an individual can lift itself by its boot-straps. The majority of the thoughtful people in the Empire seem to me to realize even now that, through the new tariff, Japanese industry

as a whole is likely to lose much more by lessened ability to compete in foreign markets than it will gain by shackled competition in the home markets. Far-seeing old Count Okuma, one of the Elder Statesmen and once Premier, seemed to realize this more fully than any other man that I have seen.

"Within two or three years from the time the new law goes into force," he declared, "I am confident that its injurious effects will be so apparent that the people will force its repeal. With out heavy taxes the margin of wages left for comfort is already small, and with the cost of living further increased by the new tariff, wages must inevitably advance. This will increase the cost of our manufactured products, now exported mostly to China, India and other countries requiring cheap or low-grade goods, and where we must face the competition of the foremost industrial nations of the world. As our cost of production increases, our competition with Europe will become steadily more difficult and a decrease in our exports will surely follow. It is folly for one small island to try to produce everything that it needs. The tariff on iron, for example, can only hamper every new industry by increasing the cost of machinery, and must especially hinder navigation and ship-building in which we have made such progress."

Not a few of the country's foremost vernacular dailies are as outspoken as the venerable Count, and the Kobe Chronicle declares that, with diminished exports to Japan, British manufacturers will find compensation in the lessened ability of the Japanese to compete in China, and that the Japanese will find that they have raised prices against themselves and damaged their own efficiency.

That such will be the net result of Japan's new policy seems to me to admit of no question. Unfortunately, certain special lines of British and American manufacturers may suffer; but, on the whole, what the white man's trade loses in Japan will be recompensed for in China and India. Even after Japan's adoption of the moderately protective tariff of 1899 its export of yarns to China—in the much discussed "market right at her doors"—dropped from a product of 340,000 bales

to a recent average of 250,000 bales. From 1899 to 1908 (according to the latest published Government figures), the number of employes in Japanese cotton factories increased only 240—one-third of one per cent.—from 73,985 to 74,225, to be exact. I have already alluded to the figures showing the comparative English and Japanese import of raw cotton from 1890 to 1909, as furnished me by Mr. Robert Young of Kobe—Japan increasing its imports from \$30,000,000 to \$54,000,000, or 77 per cent., while England's advance was from \$135,000,000 to \$300,000,000, or 122 per cent. The increase in England's case, of course, was largely (and in Japan's case almost wholly) due to the increased price of the cotton itself, but the figures are, none the less useful for the purposes of comparison.

In the frequent attempts of the Japanese Government to stimulate special industries by subsidies and special privileges, there is, it seems to me, equally as little danger to the trade of Europe and America in general (though here, too, special industries may suffer now and then), because Japan is in this way simply handicapping itself for effective industrial growth. Just at this writing, we have an illustration in the case of the Formosan sugar subsidy, which seems to have developed into a veritable Frankenstein; or, to use a homelier figure, the Government seems to be in the position of the man who had the bear by the tail, with equal danger in holding on or letting go. Already, as a result of the system of subsidies, bounties and special privileges, individual initiative has been discouraged; a dangerous and corrupting alliance of Government with business has developed; public morals have been debased (as was strikingly brought out in the Dai Nippon sugar scandal); and the people, as Mr. Sasano of the Foreign Department complains, now "rely on the help of the Government on all occasions." On the same point the Tokyo Keizai declares that "the habit of looking to the Government for assistance in all and everything, oblivious of independent enterprise . . . has now grown to the chronic stage, and unless it is cured by health and vitality of the nation will ultimately be sapped and undermined."

As for increasing complaints of "low commercial morality" brought against Japanese merchants, that is not a matter of concern in this discussion, except in so far as it may prove a form of Japanese commercial suicide. But to one who holds the view, as I do, that the community of nations is enriched by every worthy industrial and moral advance on the part of any nation, it is gratifying to find the general alarm over the present undoubtedly serious conditions, and it is to be hoped that the efforts of the authorities will result in many early changes to better methods.

Such is a brief review of the salient features of present-day Japanese industry, and in no point do I find any material menace to the general well-being of American and European trade. It is my opinion that the Japanese will steadily develop industrial efficiency, but that in the future no more than in the present will Japan menace European and Ameri-

can industry (unless it be permitted to take unfair advantages in Manchuria, Korea, etc). For just in proportion as efficiency increases, just in the same proportion, broadly speaking, wages and standards of living will advance. The three — efficiency, wages, cost of living — seem destined to go hand in hand, and this has certainly been the experience thus far. And whatever loss we may suffer by reason of Japan gradually supplanting us in certain cruder forms of production should be abundantly compensated for in the better market for our own higher-grade goods that we shall find among a people of increasing wealth and steadily advancing standards of living.

In any fair contest for the world's trade there seems little reason to fear any disastrous competition from the Japanese. Perhaps they have been allowed to make the contest unfair in Manchuria or else where, but that, as Mr. Kipling would say, is another story.

The Mormon Revival of Polygamy

CURRENT LITERATURE observes that no less than five different magazines have taken it upon themselves to proclaim, in trumpet tones, that Mormonism is once more a burning issue, and that the federal government will soon be compelled to face the problems raised by the revival of polygamy in Utah. Ex-Senator Frank J. Cannon, himself the son of one of the ablest and most sincere of all the Mormon leaders, declares in the first of a series of articles in *Everybody's Magazine*: "I propose to show that the leaders of the Mormon Church have broken their covenant with the nation. I undertake to expose and to demonstrate what I do believe to be one of the most direful conspiracies of treachery in the history of the United States." Mr. Burton J. Hendrick, in *McClure's Magazine*, brands the Mormon Church as "a great secret society existing very largely for criminal purposes." The Rev. Dr. S. E. Wishard, in *The Missionary Review of the World*, says: "The Mormon system is utterly antagonistic to the institutions of our country. Hence there must be perpetual conflict." Mr.

Richard Barry, in *Pearson's Magazine*, says: "The lizard of polygamy now basks in the sun of statehood, not at all ashamed and very little afraid." Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis, in *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*, begins a series of articles entitled "The Viper on the Hearth" with the words: "The name of the viper is 'The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.' It lies coiled on the country's hearthstone, and asks only time to grow and collect a poison and a strength to strike."

Of the five *exposes*, that in *McClure's Magazine* is presented in the neatest and most compact form. Mr. Hendrick briefly reviews the history of the Mormon Church in America, and the events leading up to the admission of Utah into statehood. Deep ingrained in the whole history of Mormonism, he reminds us, has been the struggle to retain polygamous marriage. At one time the federal authorities sent more than a thousand polygamists to jail. Only twenty-three years ago, Congress confiscated the property of the Mormon Church on the ground that it was a treasonable and law-defying organization, and

proposed to disfranchise all Mormons. It was not until 1890 that the Church confessed itself beaten and allowed its President, Wilford Woodruff, to make his famous statement:

OFFICIAL DECLARATION.

To Whom It May Concern:

Press dispatches having been sent for political purposes from Salt Lake City, which have been widely published, to the effect that the Utah Commission, in their recent report to the Secretary of the Interior, allege that plural marriages are still being solemnized, and that forty or more such marriages have been contracted in Utah since last June or during the past year; also that in public discourses the leaders of the church have taught, encouraged and urged the continuance of the practice of polygamy;

I, therefore, as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, do hereby in the most solemn manner declare that these charges are false. We are not teaching polygamy or plural marriage, nor permitting any person to enter into its practice; and I deny that either forty or any number of plural marriages have during that period been solemnized in our temples or in any other place in the Territory.

One case has been reported in which the parties alleged that the marriage was performed in the endowment house in Salt Lake City in the spring of 1889.

But I have not been able to learn who performed the ceremony. Whatever was done in the matter was without my knowledge. In consequence of this alleged occurrence the endowment house was, by my instructions, taken down without delay.

Inasmuch as laws have been enacted by Congress forbidding plural marriages, which laws have been pronounced constitutional by the court of last resort, I hereby declare my intention to submit to those laws, and to use my influence with the members of the church over which I preside to have them do likewise.

There is nothing in my teachings to the church, or in those of my associates, during the time specified, which can be reasonably construed to inculcate or encourage polygamy, and when any elder of the church has used language which ap-

peared to convey any such teaching he has been promptly reprov'd, and I now publicly declare that my advice to the Latter-Day Saints is to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the laws of the land.

WILFORD WOODRUFF,

President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

On the strength of this declaration, Utah was granted the privilege of statehood; but the charge is now made, and is widely accepted as true, that the Mormons have never lived up to their agreement. "Even before 1901," says Mr. Hendrick, "polygamous households had been re-established on a considerable scale, and with the succession of Joseph F. Smith to the presidency of the Church the restoration of old conditions became practically open." The indictment proceeds:

"More than any of the prophet's successors has Mr. Smith brought back to the church the spirit of Brigham Young. He has not Brigham's ability or his capacity for leadership, but he has all of Brigham's fanaticism, all his aggressiveness, all his fiery devotion to the Mormon Church.

"In his eyes only one thing really counts, and that is Mormonism. 'From my youth up to the present,' he says, 'I have not believed that Joseph Smith was a prophet, for I have known that he was. In other words, my knowledge has superseded my belief.'

"In Mormonism the doctrine that is nearest President Joseph Smith's heart is unquestionably polygamy. Upon that subject he is an unyielding fanatic. 'Some people have supposed,' he said in a sermon preached July 7, 1878, 'that the doctrine of plural marriage was a sort of superfluity or non-essential to the salvation or exaltation of mankind. In other words, some of the saints have said, and believe, that a man with one wife, sealed to him by the authority of the priesthood for time and eternity, will receive an exaltation as great and glorious if he is faithful, as he possibly could with more than one. I want here to enter my solemn protest against this idea, for I know it is false. . . . I understand the law of celestial marriage to mean that every man in this church who has the ability to obey and practise it in righteousness, and will

not, shall be damned. I say I understand it to mean this and nothing less, and I testify in the name of Jesus that it does mean that. . . . The marriage of one woman to a man for time and eternity by the sealing power, according to the law of God, is a fulfilment of the celestial law of marriage in part—and is good so far as it goes. But this is only the beginning of the law, not the whole of it.’

“Mr. Smith has practised his own doctrine. His first marriage, that with Levira A. Smith in 1859, turned out unhappily.

He has married five wives besides this one—two of them sisters—and up to date has had forty-three children. It is not strange that, under the presidency of a man of this type, there should be a resumption of polygamy.”

The “old polygamists,” that is, those who were polygamously married before 1890, now make virtually no pretense, Mr. Hendrick avers, of living apart from their plural wives. “Every Mormon city and town has its fair quota. They are found everywhere—in high positions in the Church, in both houses of the State legislature, in important official positions in the gift of Utah.” Mormon governors, it seems, have not hesitated to appoint polygamists, living openly in defiance of law, to positions of great honor and trust; and in Mormon educational institutions polygamists occupy high places. Nor is plural marriage confined to the older generation. “New plural marriages, by young men and women in their twenties and thirties, have been performed.” Mr. Hendrick tells us:

“In fact there are many influences that make the allegiance of the younger generation stronger than that of the old. Their mothers and grandmothers had many early prejudices to overcome; polygamy ran counter to their whole religious and moral training; it was something new, strange, and essentially abhorrent. With the present generation, however, this institution appears quite in the normal order of things. They have been familiar with it from their earliest days. As small children, in the Sunday-school they have been taught the divinity of plural marriage; God himself, and Jesus Christ, have been constantly pictured to them as polygamists. Even tho the church has ostensibly given up the practice, it has never,

even ostensibly, abandoned its belief in the principle. It constantly upholds as models to its growing children men who, almost without exception, are or have been polygamists. As late as 1905 the Mormons used the public schools of Utah supported by public taxation for teaching the principles of Mormonism. Here, under Mormon public school teachers the children studied the lives of such men as Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, John Taylor, Lorenzo Snow, Joseph F. Smith, John W. Taylor, George Teasdale—all polygamists.

“The church still openly teaches polygamy as orthodox Mormon doctrine. It derives its authority for the principle from the revelation given to Joseph Smith in 1843. This is the longest revelation in the ‘Doctrine and Covenants,’ the book which is the canonical theological work of the Mormon Church. In spite of the fact that the Church has officially given up polygamy, it has never taken the revelation out of this volume. On the other hand, it has never included in this work the Woodruff manifesto. There are many books of Mormon theology still circulated, and still purchasable at authorized Mormon book shops, which uphold in the strongest possible terms the doctrine of polygamy.”

Two years ago, the Salt Lake Tribune began industriously to collect and publish the names of new polygamists. It has printed, up to date, detailed records of two hundred and twenty-four alleged polygamous marriages. The Mormon Church and the Mormon Church organ, the Deseret News, have remained silent in face of this accumulating evidence. The men and women whose names the Tribune has boldly printed have not attempted to secure legal redress. When Mr. Hendrick interviewed leaders of the Church, they in all cases bitterly denounced the Tribune and attributed its activities to a revengeful spirit; but not one questioned the substantial accuracy of its list of polygamists.

In view of this situation, the question inevitably arises: What should be done? Dr. Wishard replies: “Two things, with God’s blessing, must furnish the final remedy for this un-Christian and un-American system. The gospel of Jesus Christ must be brought in love and power to the homes and hearts of

the people; and a constitutional amendment must be secured forever prohibiting polygamy in all the States and Territories of the Union."

Richard Barry pins his faith to the latter of two alternatives specified. "There is but one way now," he says, "to stamp out this new polygamy. That is for the federal government to act vigorously." Mr. Hendrick takes the same view:

"The misfortune of the Mormon Church has always been that the chief article of its faith is a crime under the statutes of all Christian countries. It is simply a great secret society existing very largely for criminal purposes. That the great majority of its members, especially the women are entirely sincere and conscientious does not alter this fundamental fact. And there is only one way in which the American people can control the situation. In the old days, when Utah was a Territory, Congress could pass anti-polygamy laws and the Federal government could send its officers into Utah to enforce

them. It cannot do this now, because Utah is a State, and the States, under our system of government, have exclusive jurisdiction over the marriage relation. The only way in which the American people can reach polygamy is for them to pass a constitutional amendment giving Congress power to legislate against it. With such an amendment, the Federal government could again send its officers into Utah and the other Mormon communities and punish the offenders. If this amendment is adopted one of two things will happen: either the Mormon Church will abandon polygamy, not only ostensibly, but actually, or it will migrate bodily into some other country—probably Mexico. Many observers believe that the Church has established its colonies in the latter country because it has foreseen that the day will inevitably come when it will have to leave the United States.

"But the Church is not prepared to make this radical change yet. All its energies are, therefore, devoted to the stifling of a constitutional amendment."

Pack Your Trunk and Go

"MY friends, the world lies wide before you. North, south, east, west, the strange lands beckon and call. Can't you hear them—the hansoms slurring through London mud, the roar of the boulevards, the chugging of the stern-wheel river boat, the shrill summons of the muezzin from his minaret, the tinkle of anklet, and the boom of temple bells? Have you no wish to pack your trunk and go?"

E. Alexander Powell, F.R.G.S., is always an interesting writer, and the contribution in *Everybody's Magazine*, of which the foregoing in the opening paragraph is in his best style. He goes on to say:

Means and health permitting, it is good for every man to see some little of this globe on which we live and the strange folk who move about it. It is good to escape for a time from the house of bondage—be it office or shop or bank—and to go abroad with no more exacting master than personal inclination and with no more definite plan of travel than has the

horse, escaped from pasture, upon the countryside.

Have you ever stopped to think that there are things more important than the amassing of money; that there is a larger education than is to be found in class rooms or between the covers of books; that the world which lies beyond our little horizons can provide entertainments as amusing and more worth while than motoring or golf or bridge; that to taste of real adventure or of true romance—which, after all, are the seasonings that relieve the monotony of life's daily pudding—you must look beyond the dollar-twenty novel and the orchestra chair? Each of us, when all is said and done, has but one life to live—so why not make the most of that life; but one earth to spend it upon—so why not see and enjoy that earth?

To those who would travel, and can't, I lift my hat in silent sympathy, with the hope that the years to come may bring them better fortune. But for those who

are abundantly able to travel and won't—for those who, with education at their very doors, refuse to bestir themselves, frankly admitting that they prefer the comforts of their clubs, their card tables, and their cars to the annoyances of foreign travel—for these I have but scant regard. Somewhere between these extremes is the great middle class—fairly well-to-do folk, many of whom own a horse or small motor car, most of whom keep one or more servants, and very few of whom hesitate about going to the theatre when the spirit moves them, or to the seashore or mountains for their summer's vacation. The real reason why these people don't travel is that their lives have run so long in the same track that it is almost impossible to get them out of the rut they have made. But suggest this to them, and instantly you will be silenced under an avalanche of protestations.

"I don't go abroad because I can't afford it," says one, with a pathetic gesture, as he cranks up his two-thousand-dollar motor car. Says another, "I can't spare the time," or, "I wouldn't dare to leave my business—" but the next summer you go fishing with him in Main or read that he has won the amateur golf championship of the Adirondacks. "No, siree!" exclaims a third, "you don't catch me going to foreign parts; I'm too fond of the comforts of home."

Wealth, I answer, is not imperative for travel. Last summer a Boston gentleman and his wife went to Europe on an experimental trip of eighty days, visiting more than thirty interesting cities in five great countries, at a total cost of \$315 each or \$3.94 apiece per day. This included every actual necessary expense, steamer passage both ways (they had a fine, promenade-deck, two-berth stateroom on one of the slower boats of a well-known line), railway fares, board, street cars, carriage hire, all tips, admission fees, lunches, fruit, laundry, guidebooks; practically everything, in fact, which could properly be included. "It was third-class railway travel and simple *pensions*, of course, the gentleman in question writes, "but I wish to be perfectly frank in saying that we lived, on the whole, just a trifle better and more comfortably, averaging the whole trip, than we do at home, and at home we do not practice self-denial to an extent which

requires the official attention of the authorities."

Your time may be limited, but if you can spare six weeks and six hundred dollars you can go around the world. If it is business which hinders, you need not be out of touch with it for a single hour, by night or by day, by sea or by land. Does not the wireless flash and splutter from every masthead? Do not the slim cables slip out to sea beneath the waters of every port? May not one step into a closet and talk a thousand miles? And *you* do not go, you say, because you fear for your comforts? Why, man, you can play golf over an eighteen-hole course in Uganda; the Rumson Road is no whit pleasanter for motoring than the splendid highway which leads from Cairo to the Pyramids; on the railroads of Russian Central Asia you can have a drawing-room with electric lights and running water for the price of a Pullman section here at home; when you wish a servant in the hotels of India you do not have to ring—one is beside you when you clap your hands; there is a hostelry in Berlin where you dine in mid-winter, overlooking a garden of red geraniums, and where it is as much as the liftmen's places are worth to keep a guest waiting even a single second for an elevator. Money, time, business, comforts—none of them is an insuperable obstacle in the path of him who really wants to go.

Nothing is farther from my intention than to imply that Americans do not travel. The fact which I am trying to drive home is that a very great many more people could and should travel than do. Though there are many millions of us who remain at home for reasons having to do with babies, business, bank books, or bread and butter, there are many, many thousands for whom there has come to be a call, an irresistible fascination in the very whistle of a train, in the rumble of wheels upon the track, in the thunder of the waves that go swirling aft along the rails, in the very sense of locomotion, of going somewhither, somehow. A decade ago it was the English globe-trotter's kit-bag and portmanteau that one saw on every steamship wharf and railway platform from Southampton around to Shanghai; to-day it is the suit case and steamer trunk of the traveling American.

Though it may be that with many of us travel means but an escape from the commonplace, I like to think, rather, that it is a throwback to those Boone and Crockett ancestors of ours who plodded westward and ever westward that they might see with their own eyes what lay beyond the ranges.

Once get us out of our grooves, and we are the easiest of all peoples to induce to set our feet on the long trails which lead from Oshkosh and Snohomish and Pawtucket and Kalamazoo to Miramar, Barbizon, Bellagio, Granada—where you will. Put a picture, in colors, of Lake Lucerne, with the snow-capped Alps looming up in the distance, before the cashier of a bank in the Middle West. Tell him he can get there in ten days, for less than a hundred dollars, and the chances are that within a week he will begin to ask questions about rates and *pensions* and a dozen other things of which he had only the vaguest ideas a few days before. A week later he has bought a Baedeker, ordered a steamer trunk, and paid twenty-five dollars deposit on his ticket. It is in some such fashion as this that we, the most practical of all peoples, are fast blossoming into a nation of travelers.

I never appreciated, myself, how many of us have become infected with the contagion of travel until, one day last spring, I stood on the end of a Hoboken pier and waved *bon voyage* to some friends who were sailing for Europe on one of the fastest and most luxurious of the transatlantic liners. The gang plank was drawn in, the last cable had been thrown off, and slowly and silently the big boat slipped out into the channel. She was white with fluttering handkerchiefs; perhaps there were eight hundred cabin passengers aboard her.

"Powell," remarked a friend who stood beside me, "there's a million dollars of American money aboard that ship that's lost to this country for good and all. Figure it out for yourself: say eight hundred people in the first cabin with drafts or letters of credit averaging a thousand dollars apiece—and mighty little of it will they bring back—to say nothing of second-cabin passengers and the amount spent in passage money. Whv, man, it's appalling!"

Two piers south another "greyhound," with every berth occupied, was getting under way. Three others had already sailed that morning, and four more would depart before the day was done. In all, five thousand people were due to leave New York that day. And New York, though the largest is by no means the only port from which passengers sail at regular intervals for Europe. But just stop and think what that means to American education and American culture—five thousand of our people sailing for Europe from one port in a single day!

The number of Americans who visited Europe last year reached the amazing total of three hundred thousand. Reckoning that they left abroad or with the steamship companies an average of \$700 apiece—surely a very moderate estimate—it will be seen that this country parted with the enormous amount of \$210,000,000. The business of entertaining the traveler—especially the American traveler, has become a leading industry in many countries. An American, making his way through an impoverished section of Ireland, inquired of a native, "What do the people round here live on, Pat?" "Pigs in the winther, sorr," was the answer, "and tourists in the summer." Now that answer had in it the germ of much economic truth, for if "th' ould sod" is sustained by summer travelers, so, in far greater proportion, are Switzerland, Italy, and France. Do you appreciate, my friends, that *Switzerland's income from tourists is greater than that from all her exports put together*? Did you know that the toll which Italy collects from her visitors is equal to the value of all her exports from January to May? Can you hazard even a guess as to France's annual income from the traveler? As far back as 1907 it was \$600,000,000, and it is estimated that in the year just passed it approximated *three quarters of a billion dollars*.

I don't like figures, and you probably don't either, but it seems worthy of note that last year our traveling countrywomen left eight millions of dollars with Parisian dressmakers (I beg your pardon, *modistes*), and a million and a half with rue de la Paix and rue St. Honoré milliners, not to mention another two millions or so spent in the same gay city for trifling mementoes alone. For furs and jew-

ely Mr. and Mrs. American Tourist probably left forty million dollars in Europe last year. All of which indicates not only the American love of travel but the American extravagance.

Europeans are astonished, to put it mildly, at the senseless prodigality with which a certain class of traveling Americans spends money. This reckless spirit in matters financial has done more than anything else, indeed, to confirm foreigners in their belief that U. S. is derived from \$, and does more than any one thing to make European travel unnecessarily expensive for Americans of moderate tastes and means.

Not only is the excessive liberality of money-burdened Americans in wretched taste, but it has unquestionably lowered the standard of European commercial morality and exaggerated the veniality of foreign shop and inn keepers. But it was not until I saw a young scion of American aristocracy throwing his unused five-*lire* bills from the steamer at Genoa to the scrambling, fighting rabble on the quay below, that I fully understood what incalculable damage such exhibitions of vulgarity do to the self-respect of both traveling Americans and the peoples whom they visit. Only then did I appreciate the crying necessity for a proclamation which, by the orders of the Governor-General, has been posted conspicuously in every train, tourist steamer, and hotel in the Sudan. It reads as follows:

Travelers, while in the Sudan, are particularly requested to refrain from gaining an easy reputation for generosity by giving money to children, beggars, and other persons who have not earned it. At present the population of the Sudan has not been demoralized by indiscriminate almsgiving, but it will not require much of this to make the demand "Bakshish!" as importunate and annoying to travelers as in Egypt itself, and to cause a considerable number of natives to forsake the paths of honest industry for the unwholesome existence of preying upon others. His Excellency the Governor-General trusts that all travelers will consider this as a personal request from himself.

I have switched rather abruptly, as I perfectly well realize, from the main track of my article; but I have no apologies to make, for I wish to emphasize the fact

that these exhibitions of vulgarity and ostentation must not be taken as criteria of the expenditures which would have to be made by the sane and economically-minded American who wants to travel abroad. On the contrary, I am inclined to think the true reason for the rapidly rising tide of American travel Europeanward is that our people are beginning to learn that it is cheaper to travel abroad than at home. In other words, you can get to Europe cheaper than you can get to equally distant points in our own country, and you can live considerably cheaper, if you are so minded, after you get there. Berth and meals included, it costs about \$125 to get from New York to the Pacific Coast, and it takes considerable skirmishing to find, in San Francisco, Los Angeles, or Santa Barbara, the kind of hotels at which the average pleasure seeker wishes to stop, for less than three dollars a day. Against this, there are many steamship lines which will convey one from New York to any one of a dozen European ports, with first-class accommodation and meals, for from \$60 to \$75. And in Europe one can be exceedingly comfortable at hotels which, if not ultra-fashionable, certainly correspond to our three-dollar-a-day houses, for \$1.50 to \$2 a day.

Here, then, is the condition which confronts the American railroad official and hotel-keeper: it costs *less*, considerably less, to get to, and live in, England or France or Germany or Switzerland or Italy than it does to visit California or Washington or Oregon. Therein you have the real explanation of the popularity of Europe. *It costs less*. It is not a case of the New York Central competing with the Pennsylvania, or the Santa Fé with the Union Pacific, but of the railroads of the United States competing with the transatlantic steamship lines for the patronage of hundreds of thousands who are going *somewhere*. Until those who are responsible for the direction of our railroads and the management of our hotels are willing to admit this unpleasant truth, and to treat the American tourist as a valuable customer to whom concessions should be made, instead of as a victim who should be browbeaten and fleeced, just so long will those three hundred thousand Americans, and many more besides,

continue to spend their two hundred-odd millions of good American dollars on the other side of the pond.

Even in the raw, new nations of the antipodes the comfort and pocketbook of the traveler are better cared for than in this highly civilized America of ours. In Australia and New Zealand travel is looked upon by the governments as a form of education and is treated as such. Everything connected with it—coast, lake and river steamers, railway lines, hotels, restaurants, natural wonders of every kind—are under the supervision of the Ministry of Travel. Throughout these far lands the government acts as conductor, tourist agent, chaperon, and protector to the lone traveler. Magnificently equipped official information bureaus are maintained by the government in the chief cities, while throughout the land an army of licensed and educated guides stands ready to show the man from home or from abroad something at first hand of the resources of the country.

The dining-car services of the Australian and New Zealand railways, as well as the restaurants *en route*, are under government supervision, the name of the caterer and the prices which he is permitted to charge for food being printed and conspicuously displayed in each railway carriage and station. A meal of five courses may be had for fifty cents, and even the price of an extra glass of milk is regulated by law. If the caterer fails to keep his table up to the standard which the government requires, an official of the Ministry of Travel steps in and, by practical experiments, decides just what prices should be asked for a specified meal—allowing, of course, a fair profit to the caterer—and the readjustment is made. But at all times the comfort and pocketbook of the man who travels are considered first. The government's policy in feeding its travelers is much the same as that pursued by Fred Harvey, the caterer who made the old-time restaurants along the Santa Fé route famous. Harvey was once asked to what he attributed his remarkable success. "To cutting my pies into four portions instead of six," replied Harvey. "Overfeed a man and he is more likely to come again than if you give him barely enough."

Nor have the Australian and New Zealand governments confined their efforts to

caring for the traveler's inner man. New roads have been cut, opening up places of interest, to which government-owned motor cars carry sightseers at rates no higher than the ordinary stagecoach fare; government launches have been placed on the mountain lakes and government guides in the forests along every trail; government baths have been erected at the hot springs, and at the government bureaus tourist maps may be had for the asking; definite and reliable information is supplied regarding routes, roads, and hotel charges, and trips are planned down to the last detail to meet the requirements of all purses. Going even farther in their paternal care of the traveler, the governments are now building their own hotels, opening their own seaside resorts, and conducting week-end excursions at prices within the reach of all. Those who hold the reins of power in the great antipodean commonwealths feel that the state should extend to the traveler the same assistance and protection that it does to the student.

In no country in Europe is travel so expensive as in our own. The Belgian railway fares are the cheapest in the world. For \$2.25, for example, one can obtain a ticket entitling him to travel wheresoever he pleases, night and day if he desires, over the kingdom's 2,530 miles of railway, for a period of five days. A similar ticket for a period of fifteen days costs \$4.70, while for an expenditure of twenty-five cents a day it is possible to travel as much as one pleases for a whole year. In Switzerland, owing to the increased cost of railway maintenance in a mountainous country, these season tickets, or *general abonnements*, as they are called, are slightly higher, \$6.75 being charged for the privilege of traveling at will over the railways of the Confederation for a fortnight. In Germany, Austria, and Holland, by means of the *rundreise* tickets, the traveler can map out a circular tour to suit himself and procure transportation for the entire journey at about two-thirds of the regular fare.

The railway tariffs of Russia are figured not by miles but by zones, which vary in length from twenty-five to seventy versts each, though for each zone, irrespective of length, the charge is the same—first-class twenty-five cents, second-class fifteen

cents, and third-class ten cents. By this system the government hopes to encourage travel among the people, the tariff becoming cheaper the farther they go. The journey of 5,260 miles between Moscow and Vladivostok, for example, costs only \$120, including sleeping-car, as compared with the \$100 charged for transportation and sleeping-car over the 3,380 miles between New York and San Francisco. The Trans-Siberian system, it is well to remember, is without competition, has but a single line of rails, and is maintained, owing to the sparsely inhabited nature of the country, at enormous expense; while in the United States there are half a dozen great transcontinental systems, a competition which ought to lead to a material reduction of fares, although it has not yet done so.

The Russians, I might add, understand the art of comfortable railway traveling quite as well as we do, if not better, the carriages used on their express trains and their buffets being models of their kind. As the Russian railway gauge is wider than that of the other European systems (presumably from fear of German or Austrian aggression) and their carriages correspondingly larger, the first-class passenger on the longer journeys is able to obtain for himself a *cabine* about the size of one of our Pullman state-rooms, furnished with a bed which is converted into a sofa by day, an armchair, an electric table-lamp, and hot and cold running water—sufficient comforts, surely, for the most exacting of travelers.

Any one who objects to being awakened at least four times every night had, however, much better stay away from Russia, as the railway police, for reasons best known to themselves, seize on the most ungodly hours for the examination of passports. At one in the morning, perhaps, the door of your compartment will be unlocked from the outside and, without so much as by-your-leave, a police official, the train conductor, the guard, the local station master, and two gendarmes, every one belted, booted, flat-capped, and with a revolver the size of a small cannon strapped outside his greatcoat, come filing in, startling you awake by flashing their dark lanterns in your

eyes. Line for line, you are compared with the description on your passport; you are asked a number of impertinent and wholly irrelevant questions in guttural German or indifferent French; your tickets are examined with the same minute care that a cashier bestows on a questionable bank note; and with a last suspicious glance at you and your belongings, your nocturnal visitors file out as silently as they come in, and you are left to your interrupted sleep—until the next large station is reached, when the entire performance is repeated.

But if the Russians annoy you by night, they feed you well by day; in fact, I know of no country where you get such good food, and so much of it, for your money. Russia, as you perhaps know, is the home of the chafing-dish, and in every railway restaurant you will find a long and shining row of them—twenty, thirty, even forty, perhaps—set out on a spotless counter. It is not necessary to speak Russian to order a meal, for all that you have to do is to walk down the line, lifting the cover of each chafing-dish until you come to something which appeals to your sense of sight or smell. A motion to the white-capped waiter, and a plate of the chosen dish is set before you, together with the accompanying vegetables, a glass of salted and altogether delicious tea, and a small bottle of harsh Caucasian wine—all for 50 cents. Only once have I experienced any difficulty in ordering a Russian meal, and that was when I asked for some butter in a railway restaurant in Astrakhan. In four languages I asked for it, and each time the stolid Tartar waiter uncomprehendingly shook his head. Then I seized a piece of bread and with a knife went through the motions of spreading. Instantly Ivan nodded in understanding and disappeared. After ten minutes he returned, bearing in triumph a platter heaped with sliced bread, each slice spread thick with caviare. "Well," thought I consolingly, "caviare is doubtless as cheap in Astrakhan as butter is in America, and I might as well enjoy it." But when I saw the bill I changed my mind: they charged me three dollars for it. I begrudge that three dollars still.

Prosperity and the wanderlust go hand in hand. The tide of travel rises with

national well-being and ebbs again in lean times. The years since 1900 have witnessed more money-making throughout the world than any others in history. This same period has seen not only the development of tourist routes that had been merely pioneer paths, but a revolution in the speed of transoceanic steamships and of transcontinental trains. For always the cry is for speed, speed, and yet more speed. Many of us marked an epoch for ourselves when Jules Verne wrote "Around the World in Eighty Days." Perhaps it was not possible then to go round the world in eighty days; the book would have been less exciting if it had been. But in any event, it was nearly possible, and so eighty days has come to convey to us in more or less intelligible terms the size of the world. To-day, how many of you could say off-hand to what those eighty days have been reduced? By making use of the fastest trains and boats they can be cut in two as easily as a butcher halves a piece of meat, while, by making close connections, with trains and steamships running reasonably within their own best time, *it is entirely possible to encircle the globe in thirty-eight days*, and that in comfortable trains and ships, with every luxurious accompaniment of modern travel; not by the desperate expedients of Phineas Fogg.

You are no true American unless you instantly ask how—and how much. There are several ocean greyhounds whose captains will undertake to land you at Cherbourg or Havre in less than six days and in ample time to make connections at Paris with the Nord Express, so that the evening of the eighth day should find you in the Gare de Kursk in Moscow, climbing into a *wagon lit* of the Trans-Siberian Express for your five-thousand-mile flight across Asia to the Japan Sea. With no unusual delays this portion of the journey should be accomplished in eleven days, which, after all, is at the rate of only twenty miles an hour. From Vladivostok a fast steamer will carry you across the narrow sea which separates Japan from the mainland of Asia, and a waiting train will whirl you across the island kingdom to Yokohama, where you should board a transpacific steamer before the close of the twenty-first day from Broadway. And the thirty-third day should find you disembarking at Van-

couver. From Vancouver to New York the magic carpet will be laid down in sooth, and with a mile after every glare of your locomotive's opened fire-door, the distance between the oceans will be covered in five days and you will have put a belt around the globe in the amazing space of eight-and-thirty days. Six hundred dollars will pay for all your tickets for this startling trip, first-class throughout; or, if you can content yourself with the less ornate comforts of second-class, that figure can be nearly cut in two. Add another hundred for meals and berths on the trains, tips, and incidentals, and you will have in dollars what it would cost you to shatter fiction with fact.

Let it be plain, I do not recommend racing round the world in six weeks. Yet it is interesting to know that it can be done; and in the case of a busy man who cannot possibly get away for more than a few weeks and insists on seeing many countries, even hurriedly, there is something to be said for the rush around the world. To the newspaper reader distant parts of the earth can be little more than names and the chief actors upon those stages little more than shadows—until he has seen them. But let him once see them, if only for a few hours, and the picture will rise before his vision every time he reads of them for the rest of his life. He fits the facts into the frame and paints them in the right colors.

He has spent only a day or two in Berlin, perhaps, but when he reads of the spring review on the Tempelhof field he sees the coming and going of dazzling officials and equerries, the gleaming breast-plates and eagle-helmets and black horses of the *Garde du Corps*, even the stern, set face and erect figure of the War Lord himself. He may have stayed only a few hours in Naples; but when he reads of an eruption of Vesuvius he again sees the grim and smoking mountain rising above the cobalt bay, he has scant difficulty in picturing the trailing clouds of dust and cinders and the highways choked with terror-stricken fugitives, and he realizes, as he never did before, what such a catastrophe means to the prosperity of southern Italy. His steamer may have touched just for a morning at Tangier, but when he reads at the breakfast table of the fighting in Mo-

rocco, he sees again, as on a moving-picture screen, the white-walled, flat-roofed houses and the narrow, filth-strewn streets; the haughty, fierce-faced tribesmen and the young French officers of the *chasseurs d'Afrique* in their light blue tunics riding insolently among them.

But whether we journey in our own land or abroad, whether we go to Maine or Manchuria, for a week-end or for a year, whether we travel steerage or in a *suite de luxe*, let us travel—or wish to travel. He to whom the pages of the atlas bring neither memories nor ambitions is like Sir Fopling Flutter, to whom every place outside of Hyde Park was the desert, or Sydney Smith, who held that a life lived out of London was a life misspent. Every day the world grows smaller. Turbine engines, oil-burning locomotives, aeroplanes, electric block-signals, the wireless—they are all playing a marvelous part in linking up and lighting up the dark corners of the earth. The fact that one can go round the world in six weeks does not mean so much thirty-eight days, as it means that civilization has progressed, and that, thanks to the new inventions and the hundredfold increased efficiency they have given to us, we can now reach Diré Dawa or Antananarivo or Negri Sembilan as quickly, and much more easily, than the New Yorker of sixty years ago could reach San Francisco or Vienna or Puget Sound.

Why the whole wide world, my friends, is being opened up for your benefit and pleasure. Until Roosevelt went a-shooting, most of you were probably quite unaware that Uganda could be reached by rail, and that, seated comfortably on the cowcatcher of the locomotive, you could see all the animals of the menagerie and the ark in their native haunts beside the track. Did you know, I wonder, that a

tourist agency advertises hotel-coupons for a hostelry at Nairobi, and that excursion boats run regularly to Ujiji, where, within the memory of most of us, Stanley, emerging from the jungle into a clearing with rude native huts, lifted his helmet at sight of a gaunt, fever-stricken man and said, "Doctor Livingstone, I believe?" Timbuctoo has been a familiar name to you all your life, though your ideas may have been very vague as to where it was; but you might be glad to know that you can go there now, if you please, two thousand miles up the Senegal and down the Niger, by boat and train, and under the protection of the French-flag all the way.

From Cape Town the great Cape-to-Cairo trunk line has been pushed twenty-five hundred miles northward, and only the other day crossed the Congo border to a point where it will eventually link up with the Uganda system and so on to the railways of the Sudan, so that in a few years more the traveler who tires of sitting on the terrace at Shepherd's can get into a train in Cairo and a fortnight later find himself sitting on the verandahs of the Mount Nelson in Cape Town. The traveler who would go from Argentine to Chile need no longer brave the rigors of a carriage journey over the Andes or a voyage around the Horn, for the railway has just been opened between Valparaiso and Buenos Aires and you can go from tide-water in steam-heated and electric-lighted trains. In Russian Central Asia you can see Bokhara and Samarkand and Tashkent from your car window, and in Arabia the Holy Railway has been pushed southward and ever southward until its engines are whistling under the walls of Mecca itself. The distant lands are calling, calling, calling, and he who would become a good, able, broad-minded, and healthy citizen should pack his trunk and GO.

The Face — and Genius

MOST articles dealing with the various ways in which character is indicated are based on guess-work, and are unscientifically written. Charles Kassel, however, has written an article which appears in *The Popular Science*

Monthly, and which, we believe, is worth reading. In it he treats of the facial features and how the characters of the great men of history "matched" their faces.

The feature of countenance which first strikes the observer, says Mr. Kassel, is

the eye—the “lamp of the body” as it is called in the New Testament, but more fitly, perhaps, the “lamp of the soul,” for in very truth the eyes are the lighted portals to man’s inner nature. The most noteworthy circumstance which our data offer is the very large predominance of blue, grey and bluish-grey eyes among personages of distinction. Thus, of seventy-six eminent men whose biographies afforded the information, twenty-five appear to have had blue eyes, seventeen grey and thirteen bluish-grey, making a total of fifty-five. Boasting eyes of blue—the color-symbol of goodness, according to the mystics—were Samuel Adams (dark blue), Matthew Arnold, Charles XII. of Sweden (dark blue), Longfellow, Stephen A. Douglas (dark blue), Eugene Field, Stonewall Jackson (“as a child, blue-eyed”), Charles George Gordon (pale blue), Patrick Henry, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Andrew Jackson, Charles Godfrey Leland, Washington Irving (given as grey by some biographers), Washington Alston, James Monroe (blue, approaching grey), Napoleon (“steel blue”), John Ruskin, Savonarola (dark blue), Wm. H. Seward, Shelley, Chas. Sumner (“deep blue”), General Thomas, Grieg, Weber. Among grey eyes—“deep and sly” if we are to heed an old proverb—we have Michael Angelo (“light eyes”), Browning, Cæsar (variously given as dark grey and black), Carnegie, Coleridge (described by other authorities as light hazel), Columbus (light grey), Sir Thomas More, Wm. Hazlitt, Ibsen (pale eyes), Washington Irving (dark grey, but, according to others, blue), Thomas Jefferson (“grey flecked with hazel”), Milton (dark grey), Francis Parkman, S. S. Prentiss (dark grey), Robespierre (“pale greenish grey”), Tolstoi, Tennyson (this according to Caroline Fox, but, according to Carlyle, hazel). As representing a blend or play of both colors we have the names of George William Curtis, Charles Darwin, Frederick the Great, U. S. Grant (according to some biographers “dark grey”), Walter Savage Landor, Sidney Lanier, Napoleon (given by others as steel blue), Longfellow (given by other authorities as blue), Theodore Parker, Rossetti (between hazel and blue-grey), Thoreau, George Washington, Whitman. It will have been

noted that the same name appears occasionally in two of these lists. This is owing to a conflict between biographers and the same circumstance will explain a like duplication in future lists.

The brown-eyed men among the celebrities of history were Captain Cook, Goethe (dark brown), Keats (hazel brown), Charles Lamb, R. L. Stevenson, Bayard Taylor (dark brown), William the Silent and Chopin. The eyes of Rufus Choate, Alexander Hamilton, Fielding, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Beethoven and John G. Whittier are described as “dark,” Whittier’s being described by most biographers as black. Hazel-eyed were S. T. Coleridge (given variously as hazel and grey), Faragut, Albert Gallatin, Hobbes, Keats (hazel brown), Walter Pater (light hazel, almost grey green), Southey (dark eyes, in youth light hazel), Tennyson (grey, according to Caroline Fox). Black eyes gleamed, according to biographers, from the brows of Cæsar (by others, however, spoken of as dark grey), Leigh Hunt, Paul Jones, John Marshall, Peter the Great, George Ripley, Daniel Webster and John Greenleaf Whittier.

With Agassiz, Peter the Great, R. L. Stevenson and George Washington, the eyes were set well apart, but precisely the reverse was true in the case of Robespierre. The eyes of Browning, Charlemagne, Coleridge, G. W. Curtis, Eugene Field, N. Hawthorne, Paul Jones, Napoleon, Peter the Great, Shelley and Tennyson were large—betokening, according to the “Encyclopedia of Superstitions,” a faculty for talking and “for the use of effective language”; whereas those of Captain Cook, Patrick Henry, Ibsen, John Marshall, Tolstoi, Whitman, Chopin, Beethoven and Michael Angelo were small. As possessed of deep-set eyes—surrounded in the majority of instances by high arching eyebrows—we have the names of George W. Curtis, Darwin, Stephen A. Douglas, Eugene Field, Fielding, Gladstone, Alexander Hamilton, Patrick Henry, Huxley, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Paul Jones, Landor, Thoreau, Tolstoi, George Washington, Daniel Webster and Whitman. A profound power of observation appears to link with these names—an impression made more marked by shaggy eyebrows in the cases of Curtis, Darwin,

Douglas, Jackson, Tolstoi and Whitman.

Next after the eyes, perhaps, the feature of the countenance which impresses the beholder is the formation of the jaw. Even before the lines of the mouth this aspect of the face engages attention. By no mere coincidence, doubtless, does a powerful jaw—the emblem of indomitable will—form the distinguishing marks of such physiognomies as those of Carnegie, Stonewall Jackson, Frederick the Great, Chinese Gordon, Grant, Alexander Hamilton, W. S. Landor, Walter Pater, George Washington, Arthur Sullivan and Schumann, nor does it seem without significance that in the case of Robespierre “an insufficient development of the jaw” is noticeable, and that in the case of Michael Angelo the “lower part of the face was much smaller than the upper.” Quite suggestive, moreover, of something primitive, akin perhaps to ferocity, are the high cheek bones of the great navigators Columbus, Captain Cook and Farragut, on the one hand, and Robespierre and Daniel Webster on the other.

The lines of the mouth we never neglect. We naturally scrutinize the lips for impressions of power or weakness, coldness or affection, sensuality or delicacy. Our data here are less full than could be wished. We have no means of trying by the testimony of biography the dislike we feel for lips that are excessively full or which, when smiling, turn upward at the corners, nor can we verify the impression of extreme narrowness and obstinacy which we gain from feminine lips that are thin and bloodless and drawn downward at the end. We seem, however, to discern a marked austerity in the meagre lips of Rufus Choate, Farragut, Stonewall Jackson, Frederick the Great, Ibsen, Robespierre, Thaddeus Stevens (“thin upper lip”), U. S. Grant and Paul Jones, whereas in the ampler labia of Coleridge, Cromwell (“strict yet copious” — Carlyle), Nathaniel Hawthorne (full under lip), Oliver Wendell Holmes (protruding under lip), Julian (full lower lip), Peter the Great, Savonarola (full under lip), Beethoven (protruding under lip) and Schubert we might suspect a proneness to self-indulgence. The long upper lip of Landor gives a suggestion of assertiveness and tenacity which seems unmistakable.

Quite disappointing are our data with reference to the chin. That feature would seem entitled to greater weight in any estimate of character than biography appears to warrant. Thus, the chin of long, square, shovel-like structure always drives in upon us a vague shrinking, as from something fanatical, and so a thin and pointed or receding chin carries a suggestion of weakness which moves our pity or contempt; yet such inferences seem unjustified when applied to the distinguished individuals of history, though even our scant data are not without a testimony to general characteristics of disposition as associated with set types of chin.

The chin of Oliver Wendell Holmes, as we find, was decidedly retreating, that of Hawthorne is pronounced “weak”; Defoe and Robespierre had sharp chins, while that of Fielding is described as “unusually long,” that of Napoleon “projecting,” and that of Parkman as “of unusual prominence.” As round or full—a contour pleasing to the eye—we have those of Captain Cook, Charles XII. of Sweden, Eugene Field, Washington Irving, Sidney Smith and Thoreau, which last is described as “strong.”

The nose we seem instinctively to look upon as a decisive index to character. We never think highly of the character or capacity of persons with small pinched noses. Pug noses, moreover, we associate with pertness, and long, pointed noses with inquisitiveness. So, the hawk-nose, to most observers, is a sign of an aggressive, self-sufficient nature, not troubled overmuch with moral scruple. We never look for a placid temper among persons whose noses roughen easily into wrinkles, and in those whose noses wrap into long folds down the sides we expect evidences of a sordid make-up. Fine Greek noses, however, we take to be sure indications of good taste—large, shapely Roman noses as signs of solid character, inclining to generosity and capable of wise leadership. These characterizations, however, seem but dimly borne out by the pages of biography. Thus, as possessed of small noses, we find Stephen A. Douglas, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas Jefferson, James Russell Lowell, Peter the Great, Robespierre, Bayard Taylor and Thackeray (that of Schubert is spoken of as “up-

turned" and was doubtless small), while the large nose finds representation in the case of Charles XII. of Sweden, Eugene Field, Albert Gallatin, Washington Irving, Rossetti, (large distended nostrils"), Thoreau ("huge"), Tolstoi ("broad"), George Washington ("long in proportion to his face"), William the Silent ("long with wide nostrils"), Beethoven ("rather broad"). The hawk-nose was a characteristic of the warriors Charlemagne, Cromwell, Farragut and Frederick the Great, as also of Columbus ("aquiline"), Defoe, Fielding, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Lamb, Lanier, Savonarola, Sidney Smith, Thaddeus Stevens, Bayard Taylor and Chopin. The straight nose is found in the cases of Captain Cook, Albert Gallatin ("long and prominent"), Alexander Hamilton ("long and rather sharp"), Washington Irving, Paul Jones, Julian, Napoleon and Whitman.

Far more interesting and significant is our material with reference to the foreheads of great men—that popular test of intellect and capacity. Remarkable for high foreheads were Bunyan, Charlemagne, Charles XII. of Sweden, Darwin, Hazlitt, Patrick Henry, Hobbes, Leigh Hunt, Ibsen, Washington Irving, Andrew Jackson (high but narrow), Peter the Great, Robespierre, Walter Scott, Daniel Webster, Beethoven and Schubert. As "broad" we find the foreheads of Carnegie, Agassiz, Charles XII. of Sweden, Captain Cook, Stephen A. Douglas ("massive"), Nathaniel Hawthorne ("massive"), Washington Irving, Paul Jones, Keats (but not high), Lamb, Monroe, Robespierre, Rossetti, Savonarola, Walter Scott, Stevenson, Beethoven. The forehead of U. S. Grant is described as "square"—usually accepted as a proof of fearlessness—while those of Coleridge, Whitman and Michael Angelo are described as "overhanging."

The foreheads of Frederick the Great and Robespierre were receding, while those of Keats and John Marshall were low.

It is not without interest that among the physiognomies of the distinguished individuals whose biographies we have examined, we note as conspicuously absent the "prognathous jaw" and "long, projecting and voluminous ears," which, according to Ellis, are characteristic of the criminal class, and which, it may be observed, are likewise tokens of recurrence to the primitive human type; nor in our studies of the nose have we met the peculiarities of that organ which make up what Ellis calls the "typical thief's nose." An occasional mark of the lesser criminal, such as the receding forehead and retreating chin, make their appearance in our data, and those signs of power in the homicide—the prominent jaw and cheek bones, hawk nose and thin lips—are not without place in the faces of great historic characters, but with a single exception we find no example of the "cold, fixed and glassy eye" which, according to Lombroso, betokens the murderer. That exception, it is needless to say, is Robespierre, and it is no mean commentary upon the value of such studies as we have been pursuing that the face of Robespierre presented as strange a compound as his soul—that with the signs of strength afforded by the capacious forehead and firmly compressed lips there mingled so many features which the specialists in criminology accept as indications of criminality. His head, we learn, was small, brow retreating, nose diminutive and quite without an arch, jaw insufficiently developed, cheek bones high, eyes set close and in hue a "pale, greenish grey," shadowed by eyelids which trembled spasmodically.

The Most Unpopular Playwright

AMONG the giants of Scandinavian drama, says *Current Literature*, August Strindberg, their last survivor, is the most solitary of playwrights. Both Ibsen and Bjornson were brooding

Norsemen; but while they lived Strindberg seemed less lonesome a figure. While he was not their friend, they at least were men of his own intellectual stature. Although Strindberg was born twenty years

later than the other two dramatists, his most important plays date from the same period as theirs. Strindberg was not a follower of Ibsen, but his greatest opponent. If Ibsen spells the liberation of woman from conventional shackles, Strindberg's work is anti-feminine to the core. Like Nietzsche, he admires the Superman, but has no place for the Superwoman. We need not therefore be surprised that Mr. Ashley Dukes, a brilliant young British critic, speaks of him as "the least popular of the moderns." In a century marked by the growing power of woman, Strindberg scornfully asserts his virile if brutal doctrine. "If thou goest to woman, for get not the whip," declares the Zarathustra of Nietzsche. The dramatic works of August Strindberg are largely an elaboration of this same dogma.

When "A Doll's House" appeared, Strindberg attacked the play violently, not from the standpoint of the Philistine critic who regarded it as an onslaught upon marriage, but from that of the philosopher who saw in it the first signs of the rise of feminism and the degradation of man. Strindberg claimed that Ibsen demanded altogether too much of Helmer and too little of Nora. The heroine of the Ibsen play, Mr. Ashley remarks in *The New Age* (London); seemed to him a puppet for the author's sentimental propaganda. He would have none of Ibsen's women:

"Hedda Gabler was for him simply a public nuisance, a candidate for the whipping post; Hilda Wangel an upstart minx, born to drive men mad; Rebecca West a petticoated prig. In short, he rejected the whole theory of emancipation for women and ordered them back to the kitchen. This leaning towards the side of the man is seen in all of Strindberg's writings. It is shown most clearly in such plays as 'Creditors,' 'The Father,' 'Comrades' and 'The Dance of Death,' where the man (in Strindberg's view the creative force, and the only force of real value in statesmanship, science or art) is in each case hampered by marriage or association with a woman of intellect. If the man's will is weaker than the woman's she robs him day by day of power as a weasel sucks the blood of a rabbit, until he is ruined. If his will is the stronger, there comes a moment in which he forces her to her knees in subjection, and henceforth (since the

Strindberg women love power above all else in the world) she is his loyal slave. The former case is the motive of most of Strindberg's tragic dramas; the second, of his comedies."

Strindberg's attitude toward woman is strongly reflected in "Comrades," a play originally written for the Theatre Libre in Paris. Axel Alberg and his wife, two Swedish painters living in Paris, have each submitted a picture to the *Salon*. "You are jealous of me," Berta remarks. "You would hate my picture to be accepted."

Axel denies this.

"But," Berta continues, "would it delight you if I were accepted, and you were not?"

"It would annoy me," he answers, "if only because I paint better than you do, and because—"

"You may as well say it at once," she sneers, "because I am a woman."

"I can't deny it," Axel admits. "I have a strange feeling at times that you women are intruders, forcing your way in and demanding the plunder for the battles we fought while you were still sitting by the fireside."

The news comes that the woman's picture has been accepted while the husband's has been refused. At once Berta adopts a patronizing tone and attempts to humiliate him.

Berta. And so you want to be revenged because you have been placed below me?

Axel. Nothing could place me below you. I stood high above you even when I painted your picture.

Berta. When *you* painted my picture! Say that again and I will strike you!

Axel. You, who despise brute force? Well, strike me if you will.

Berta. (*Aiming a blow at him.*) Do, you think I cannot?

Axel. (*Seizing both her wrists and holding them fast.*) No, not that. (*A pause.*) Are you convinced now that I am physically the stronger, too? Bow down or I will break you!

Berta. Do you dare to strike a woman?

Axel. Why not? I know only one reason why I should forbear.

Berta. And that is—?

Axel. That you are not responsible for your actions.

Berta. Ah, let me go!

Axel. When you beg my forgiveness! Down upon your knees! (*He forces her down with one hand.*) Now look up to me from below! That is your place—the place you yourself have chosen!

Berta. Axel! I don't know you any longer! Are you the man who swore to love me, to help me?

Axel. Yes. I was strong then, but you clipped my strength away, while my tired head lay in your lap. You stole away my power as I slept, and yet enough remains to crush you. Stand up! Enough of this squabble.

Berta. (*Falls upon the sofa and weeps.*)

Axel. Why are you crying?

Berta. I don't know. Perhaps because I am weak.

Axel. You see! I was the strength. When I took back what was my own, there was nothing left for you. You were like a rubber ball that I blew out; when I threw you aside you collapsed.

In the next act the picture arrives but it is Berta's, not Axel's. Axel playing the "good comrade" had changed the numbers in order to give her picture a better chance. Now Berta is willing to end the quarrel, but he has had enough of comradeship. Henceforth, he says, he will have his comrades at the cafe, but only a wife at home. Plays like this, Mr. Dukes goes on to say, have gained Strindberg the reputation of a "brutalist." He is full of pity, however, though uncompromising in his intellectual attitude. His characters are not the determinist puppets of the modern realist drama, but virile creatures, gods and fighting men, with wills of their own. "They are not content to live, but they must criticise life."

"These characters have often been called unnatural and extreme, and so, indeed, they are, if we accept the commonplace as natural, and find truth in moderation. Strindberg possesses none of Ibsen's capacity for dramatizing, and at the same

time humanizing, the bourgeoisie. He is the most intolerant of artist-philosophers, and his method of dealing with stupidity is cavalier enough. He ignores it. A historian of two thousand years hence, finding no record of this age but Strindberg's plays, might be pardoned for assuming that it was peopled almost exclusively by painters, poets, sculptors, journalists and authors of both sexes; all of them persons with very bad manners and very sharp wits."

Of all living dramatists, Strindberg, the writer assures us, strives highest. His failings are the failings of the craftsman unable to set so prodigious a scene convincingly upon the stage. Moreover, the characters of his plays must fight not only their own battles, but also those of their author. He shifts his ground constantly, growing from play to play. From the verse drama he passed to modern naturalism, from Swedenborgian mysticism he again passed to historical drama, and again through dream plays and legends to modern chamber plays and lyrical fantasies. "Miss Julia," a naturalistic tragedy, is considered his masterpiece. His audience is, of necessity, small. He scorns the world in petticoats, but he is almost equally alone in all spheres of existence. His plays are not for the many, nor, Mr. Dukes insists, are they for what are termed "the cultured few." Strindberg loathes "the cultured" with an unutterable loathing, as long as their culture means no more than good manners, good taste, academic familiarity with literature, University education and a respect for the prevailing standards of religion and morality. They are Apollans; he is a Dionysian. He estranges the revolutionists by his contempt for politics, the feminists by his attitude towards women, the romanticists by his naturalism, and the realists by his mysticism. Only the philosophers remain, and he does not speak their language.

The Man Who Entertains

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EVERYTHING is used in business enterprise. Art is employed to advertise shoe-polish; psychology in writing advertisements, and little graces

even in collecting accounts. "Entertainment" is another "aid to business success" and in the following article which appeared in "System," much interesting

comment is made on this subject. The traveler who buys a man a cigar or a "drink" is "entertaining" his customer. The railway that gives a party of great journalists a free trip somewhere, is "entertaining." But this is still another phase. It is interesting.

In my clubs, begins the writer, they call me "The Gentleman of Leisure." My best friends say jokingly that I never work. But when I seem to be doing absolutely nothing I am often working the hardest. It is not a matter of compliment that my office is the first that the caller sees and that I have the title of "Vice-President."

I suppose that, as nearly as anything else, I might better be called "The Spirit of the House." Every big corporation today is crowded with able men who are overwhelmed with details, whose every moment is occupied with executive matters. They are the cog wheels of a vast machine, president, first vice-president, sales manager, manager of agencies, treasurer and the like. There have to be these cogs. But these men have little time for anything outside of their routine.

The day has gone when the head of the house can meet and know the individual customer. The head is the centre of the innumerable cogs constituting the controlling mechanism that reaches out, perhaps, to the uttermost ends of the earth. He and every other big cog are too busy to think of individual orders and individual deals, important as they may be. An order coming into the modern large manufacturing establishment is fed into the great system and automatically handled.

I can remember as a lad when my father used to bring home his customers to dinner. It might disturb the domestic arrangements, it might mix up the social plans and engagements of my mother, it might be inconvenient in any one of a hundred ways, but it had to be. That was the way then of keeping in close touch with the trade, and the customer looked forward to the attention and the entertainment. The head of the house had to be on terms of personal friendship with the men who gave him their orders.

Before all, men are human, the same to-day as they were twenty-five and fifty years ago. The biggest corporation, to

succeed, must have some sort of personal contact with its customers. Each customer considers his business a very important thing to the house he comes to. It is. It is the small molecules that make up the great whole that holds the house together. Out of this need that the executive officers nowadays cannot meet, men like myself have evolved. We represent the spirit of the house, the tangible personality of the intangible corporation. Some of us are vice-presidents, some merely directors without title, some assistants to the president.

What I do—what we all do—is merely what our executive officers would do if they had the time. I never take an order. I am foot-free and detail-free. I have no specific work assigned to me, but I am busy on the average sixteen hours a day. That my services have a value you may see from the fact that my salary is twelve thousand dollars a year and I hold stock in the corporation. One or two of the men in my "line" get fifteen to twenty thousand. My desk is clear of papers, and to the customer that comes to our offices I am a man with nothing to do.

Our company and our product are known in every corner of the world. The customer from the far west, from Central Europe, from Africa, or Japan, or a block away, when he steps into our main office, sees before him the very first thing a door with "Mr. Brown" on it. That is my name, and that door is always invitingly open. The room it leads into is my private office. To see anyone else, a caller must inquire of an attendant at a large desk. The president is several minutes' walk down long corridors. But anybody may step in and see me. I want them to come in unannounced, to feel that they belong there. The more people that come in and let me do big and little things for them the greater success I am. ,

Sentiment is one of the biggest factors in business to-day, loyalty and friendship are all-powerful. I know the company's customers, and my part of the business is to make them comfortable. It is worth the while of my house to have me spend my entire time on this, and think of nothing else. Into New York, where our main offices are, big buyers, frequently the heads of large firms themselves, and scientific experts of corporations whose

word means an order of perhaps tens of thousands of dollars, are constantly coming. They are not to be won over by gifts or "treats," or even indirectly bribed or cajoled. But there are innumerable little acts of friendliness and friendship that can be shown them. It is my "job" not only to hold all the house's old friends by putting them on a more intimate footing, but to make new friends. The man in my position who can do that the best is literally worth his weight in gold. For therein big and frequent orders lie and a trade that no opponent can get away from you.

Understand, you must never do favors for a man with the direct idea of getting business from him. You must do it because he is a friend of the house, or you want him to be a friend. He must be on exactly the same basis, whether you happen to know he has a contract for about half a million of dollars that he wants to place, or whether he hasn't an order to give out. Some of our house's most loyal friends are very small buyers from us. But their friendship counts. That is something you can't buy. You can get it if you know how.

I remember one incident as well as if it happened yesterday, though it was really a year ago. It is as good a story as I can think of to prove what loyalty and friendship mean. One of our small customers had come into town, and he dropped in to see me that morning. He was not on a business trip, but out for a little rest and relaxation. In the course of our chat he casually mentioned his chief enthusiasm—coins.

Now it is necessary for me to know hundreds of men—well. I must remember whomever I meet, his specialty in life, his tastes, his personality. I must be where at any moment I can get at big men in every field of endeavor. As soon as my little manufacturer spoke of coins the big American authority on them flashed into my mind. I could get at him; through a friend I could approach him in a way that would make it a great pleasure on his part to oblige me. The mere mention of the specialist's name caused my visitor's eyes to light up.

My work for several hours was cut out for me. My visitor met the specialist; he had an hour's delightful conversation

with him. And he left with a letter of introduction to a noted collector in a western city through which he could easily pass—a man who, because of this letter, would receive him with open arms.

It was three days later when I heard something that pleased me greatly. A large order had come to us from out of mid-air, as it were, given by a man who had never bought from us. It seems like a fairy tale, the way it came about, but I am telling the absolute truth. The evening of the day I had put my small manufacturer in touch with the coin specialist he had met a friend at one of the hotels. The friend had a big contract for machinery to give out. "Go to —," my guest of the morning had said. "Don't deal with anyone else." He then told how I had been looking out for him during the day. He showed the letter of introduction signed by the great expert almost reverentially.

"I listened to him, sir," said the man of the big contract as he sat in my office waiting for the final papers to be drawn up, "and I made up my mind that a house that would take all this trouble and thought for a friend was a house to tie up to."

The other day a mining prince from the far west, who had not been east for fifteen years came into my office. I discovered in just two minutes that this man was enthusiastically interested in one of the minor religious sects of the city.

That was Friday. Without the big capitalist's ever suspecting how or why it was done I took him to the one church he wanted to visit on Sunday morning and in the afternoon I saw that he had the opportunity of meeting several of its leaders.

Perhaps that man was not grateful! As a matter of fact, the incident that seemed to come about so naturally and so fortunately has cemented him firmly with our concern. No rivals could get away his trade by any means.

A friend of mine with another house, who holds by his own personal skill a good many hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of business a year that opposition firms simply couldn't get away with crowbars, accidentally discovered at one time that a customer from Sweden, making his first trip to this country was

seriously interested in prehistoric South American civilization, and gave much of his leisure to its study. It took a mighty short time for this man to find out, through his private sources of information, that a lecture on that subject was being given uptown the next night by a distinguished scientist whose name the Swedish customer would be sure to know. The genial gentleman whom the Swedish merchant had only heard of before by way of business proved to have friends who by great good fortune happened to be very well acquainted with the famous lecturer. Before the Swedish merchant left he and the scientist, whom it had been his lifelong ambition to meet, were the guests of honor at a little luncheon.

It is not a matter of spending money, though I won't deny that at times I spent a great deal and my power to draw on the company for funds is unlimited. It is the art of entering into the real life of each man I come into contact with, and pleasing him. Remember, no two men are alike. I must seem to each man I take around to be doing the one thing I enjoy. By a curious circumstance it is just what he is pleased with. I seem a wonderfully interesting, well-balanced fellow to him.

I have been at a scientific lecture with one of the house's friends one night, able to discuss some of the points intelligently, and a night later I and another man have dined like sybarites on Broadway, spent the early part of the evening at a burlesque, and later have cruised over the town till four in the morning. I belong to clubs that suits any moods and men—from the severe, stately and dignified to the frankly jovial and "out for the best of good times."

Almost as often as I spend money I have it spent upon me. There is many a man I lunch or dine with, a visitor to my city, who insists upon bearing his share. Sometimes he will pay it all. I have had many a man say, "I won't let you spend money on me," or "This is mine," in tones that showed he meant it. In such cases it would be bad policy to protest. A man like that thinks you are conferring an obligation upon him by giving your time and your knowledge, putting him in the way of enjoying himself. He would be hurt if you made a

point of paying. A shrewd man would very likely feel he was being "worked" for some purpose.

A "spirit of the house" like myself has to guard against that.

With this in mind I try more than anything else to avoid ostentation, never to show that I am spending money. If possible that thought must never come into one of our customer's minds. If I can, therefore, I do all the entertaining possible at one of the clubs to which I belong. Then my friend does not realize that I am spending. The art of all my work, indeed, lies in the visitor never quite realizing. He is having a delightful time—that is all he thinks about.

More than once I have paid twenty-five dollars for two theatre tickets—when a man, say, was sailing for Europe the next morning and had happened that day to express in my office the wish to see a certain famous piece for which not a seat was to be had. I have simply remarked nonchalantly, "Oh, I've friends up there; I can manage it, I guess," and have asked him to meet me at dinner. Channels have to be kept open for this sort of thing, of course, but it is always possible. I have frequently had some well known stage people at supper for a man that was curious to meet them—a meeting that seemed to be quite accidental after the play, and yet had been all carefully planned out.

Find—and you must think quickly—what your visitor would like best. Then give him that. He might be more pleased than anything else to meet a famous preacher, or to see some rare book. Perhaps the life of a great city interests him most. The one point is to get into close personal touch with the man himself, his desires just at that time. He never forgets it.

A little, oldish man and his oldish wife fell to my lot not long ago. They had never been in New York before. The husband was a loyal friend of ours. I knew I must show them some attention. But how? Metropolitan amusements as they are generally known, would, I saw quickly, not appeal to the old couple at all. Besides, the wife was nearly blind and very deaf. None the less she had to be included in any plans. Her husband would not leave her.

It was simpler than it seemed. I "discovered" a "friend of mine" had a beautiful touring car I could borrow for the day. (Never mind what the real arrangements were). They thought I "borrowed" it. It was one of the most perfect days of the early summer. From just before noon to seven o'clock I toured that man and wife through the most attractive of the suburbs and parks of the city. "Fortunately" I also "found" a congenial old gentleman and lady to go along with us.

I have never known anything that was a greater success. The little oldish wife had the "wonder time" of her life. It was the one thing she could really have enjoyed. At the end of the trip, without having said a word about it before, I stopped the car before one of the big up-town hotels, and took them all into a supper that I had thought out and ordered by telephone early in the day.

The little woman's delight pleased her husband beyond measure. He will never, I believe, get tired of sounding the praises of our house. One thing I was careful about the entire day, never to let the question of money come up in any way. It was so arranged that never once did my hand go to my purse.

The use you can be to a man at critical moments is not likely to be forgotten. Many a business man in New York has, at some time of his life, found one morning, that it was most important for him to sail on a crowded European steamer the next day. Every berth has been taken. But to a person like myself the impossible must not exist. I am paid to devise resources. That afternoon accommodations have been forthcoming. I have quietly said, "Oh, we'll fix that; we'll get your tickets for you." "But you can't; nothing's left; nothing's to be had for love or money." A "spirit of the house" who knows his field, whose business is the comfort of the company's friends, answers reassuringly—and his tone brings confidence to the disturbed man—"Just leave it to us."

It seems a gigantic task to that man; it is really a simple thing. A house like ours has a quiet influence in many quarters; we merely make use of it. In a case like this it is easy. Every ocean steamship has accommodation quietly held open for emergencies, and secretly.

It would be denied all except those that are in the "know." Does anyone suppose, for example, that if, at the very moment of sailing, J. Pierpont Morgan wanted to go on the most crowded ship a place could not be found for him? Others have influence, too. They make use of it judiciously.

Thus, in a hundred distinct ways, differing according to the personality of the man it wishes to please, a house can be of great service to any of its friends.

For one thing a man must give his entire time to it. My working hours are twice as long as most men's. Every night something calls me.

Except with business friends I never make an appointment a day ahead. I must always be in readiness, if the president calls me into his room (where he is weighted down with the cares of an emperor) and introduces me to someone saying, "Now, Mr. Brown, have you anything to do to-night? to answer, "No sir, nothing at all." When people look in upon me I must always have "Nothing to do."

Above, I have spoken of my office opposite the entrance, with the door always on the jar. It is a big and comfortable room, with several extra desks, a large table and bookcase. An attractive, bright and obliging stenographer is there, and she is never too busy to take down letters for any of my visitors. The people who come in to see me are always made to feel at home. They do not know why, but there is something about the room that welcomes. The pleasant bustle of business, of things being done, of effective modern commercial organization is just outside. It stimulates but does not disturb. Every out-of-town man that comes in is asked to make this room his headquarters while he is in the city.

I have time for everybody. One of my prerogatives in the house is that I can summon anybody, even the president, if I think it best, ask anything of anyone. I do not need to say how much it means to any business man, large or small, to step into a big concern in a city not his own, or even his own city for that matter, and be greeted at once by a man who is a responsible head, not an underling. That sort of service is worth thousands to a great company.

Why Man of Today is only 50 per cent. Efficient

By

Walter Walgrove

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The American Man because the race is swifter every day; competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him: the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman, because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire World ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our

present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to

1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste, all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains

are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could, the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued, becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and, as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation, poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system, warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise entitled, "Why Man of To-day is Only 50 per cent. Efficient," which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mentioning that they have read this article in *MacLean's Magazine*.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

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SIR WILLIAM MACKENZIE, K.B.

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Canada at the Imperial Conference

What Canada's attitude will be on the various questions of Empire to be discussed by the Six Premiers in London

By

Harry W. Anderson

London, May 22 (Special Correspondence)—“The Imperial Conference opened to-day.”

IN a dingy, comparatively small, many-times-historic room in the Colonial Office on Downing Street, there met on May 22nd, a “Parliament” representing the entire British Empire. It is unique in world history; it is the latest development of monarchical democracy. Fourteen years ago it was first organized. Then it was experimental; now its practicability and permanence are assured. Its proceedings directly affect all that portion of the map which is painted red.

Canada has particular interest in the approaching Colonial Conference—this Parliament of Premiers of the Empire. Dean among the picturesque and noteworthy men who constitute its personnel is the Canadian Prime Minister. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is the veteran—the senior member. He alone remains of the Premiers who attended the initial conference in 1897. For Father Time treats premiers as pawns. Some he has removed al-

together from the checkered board of finite affairs; others he has relegated into obscurity to permit successors to take up the foremost moves in the unending game. Four years ago, on the occasion of the last meeting, the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman welcomed General Botha, Premier of the Transvaal, as the “Benjamin of the Brotherhood;” to-day the erstwhile gallant leader of the Boers, now Premier of the South African Confederation, returns to the Parliament of Empire as one of the trio of “Elder Brothers.”

The Brotherhood of British Premiers which meets this month will be composed of six members. Three of these have attended similar conferences before. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, as has been said, is the head of the family. He has represented Canada at each of the preceding three conferences which have been held since the inauguration of this Imperial fraternity. Sir Joseph Ward, Premier of New Zea-



THE RT. HON. H. H. ASQUITH
PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND

land, is second in seniority, having enjoyed the confidence of his islands at two of the series, while General Louis Botha, Premier of South Africa, returns now for his second participation in the organized affairs of Empire.

The three other Premiers will take their seats at the board for the first time. Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, Prime Minister of Britain, attended a former conference as Chancellor of the Exchequer and addressed the representative visitors. But on this occasion, for the first time, as head of the Home Government, it will be his portion to extend the official welcome of the Motherland. One of the most interesting figures, present for the first time, will be Hon. Andrew Fisher, the Premier of Australia. Mr. Fisher is the only Labor

representative who has thus far been delegated to a Colonial Conference. He succeeded Hon. Alfred Deakin, who was a man of distinctly conservative turn of mind, and his pronounced radicalism promises to find outlet in certain advanced proposals. Mr. Fisher, who is a native of Kilmarnock, Scotland, graduated from the school of manual labor. He was a molder by trade, emigrated to Australia when a young man, and has always been an adherent of the Labor interest in the antipodes. Sir Edward Morris, who replaced Sir Robert Bond in the premiership of Newfoundland, will be the third new figure at the conference. He, on the other hand, is of Irish birth, and was leader of an Independent party in his adopted island for a number of years.

The deliberations of these men will carry unusual weight. Each the chosen and accredited spokesman of his people, the comprehensive interests which, combined, they represent, and the varied principles for which they stand, give assurance that all matters under consideration will be viewed from every point of vantage. Scions of English, Scottish, Irish, French and Dutch blood, calling themselves Conservative, Liberal,

Labor and Independent, representing so large a portion of the civilized world, they are meeting with the expressed object of "leading to uniformity, as far as is practicable, in national laws throughout His Majesty's Dominions." This parliament is not a mere assembling of individuals. It is, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier expressed it in 1907, "not a conference simply of prime ministers of the self-governing colonies and the home representative, but a conference between government and governments." To Canadians, at least, the part the Dominion will play in such proceedings will have deep significance.

Canada's contribution to the approaching Imperial Conference is not to be measured by the official declaration of the Secretary of State for the Colonies (Earl

Crew), when he said: "I have received no information as to the proposals of the Dominion of Canada"; nor by the somewhat curt announcement of Sir Wilfrid Laurier that "Canada has no suggestions to offer." The fact that the fourth "Parliament of Empire" will be, in a sense, preliminary to the Coronation ceremonies may rob it of some of the spectacular element. But the people of the premier Dominion are by no means lost to a sense of the significance of the conference, all the more so because of very recent developments in Canada's fiscal affairs.

The government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been attacked, both at home and in England, because of the absence of definite contributions by Canada to the agenda of the conference. In various quarters it has been suggested that the non-committal attitude of the Canadian premier is to be interpreted as another indication of the anti-imperial spirit which, by some, has been read into the reciprocity agreement with the United States. Evidence of a desire on the part of Sir Wilfrid Laurier to participate more actively in the deliberations might have served to dissipate some of the misgivings inspired by that agreement and might have offset the effects of the annexation cry raised in the United States. But there is not the slightest reason to suppose that the ostensible aloofness of the Canadian premier has anything to do with the movement for better trade relations with the neighboring republic. As a matter of fact the intimation of the colonial secretary to the various governors and governors-general that he had received no information as to what Canada's proposals would be was given out several weeks before the reciprocity arrangement had been concluded at Washington.

If one were to look for an explanation of the apparently passive attitude of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, it would more probably be found in the fact that the British people, in two recent successive verdicts, have



SIR WILFRID LAURIER, P.C., G.C.M.G.
PREMIER OF CANADA

declared their unaltered adherence to the free trade position, and his oft-expressed conviction that the Mother Country must determine her fiscal policy for herself, freed from the embarrassment of meddling daughters. No one could read his great speech in the House of Commons a few weeks ago without feeling that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is as strongly Imperialistic as he ever was, if not, indeed, more so. In his glowing declaration that, rather than part with their national existence, Canadians would part with their lives, he struck a note which found an echo in every heart in the Dominion. One thing certain is that it will not be the fault of Sir Wilfrid Laurier if the conference passes without another full discussion of the question of the trade relations of the over-sea Dominions with the

Motherland. As the Premier clearly set forth in his speech a few weeks ago, Canada's policy to-day is the policy laid down at the Imperial Conference of 1902, and it will be the policy presented for the third time at the approaching session. That policy, it may be well to repeat at this juncture, was in these terms:—"The Canadian Ministers

to the British manufacturer some increased advantage over his foreign competitors in the markets of Canada."

If the Canadian Government has no resolutions to submit to the Imperial Conference about to be held, it will probably have something more substantial to offer. Though no official announcement has been made, there are indications that the



SIR JOSEPH WARD

PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND

stated that if they could be assured that the Imperial Government would accept the principle of preferential trade generally, and particularly grant to the food products of Canada in the United Kingdom exemption from duties now levied or hereafter imposed, they (the Canadian Ministers) would be prepared to go further into the subject, and endeavor to give

ratification of the reciprocity agreement with the United States by the Dominion Parliament may be followed by a proposal to increase the British preference from thirty-three and one-third per cent. to at least forty per cent. That, in all likelihood, may be Canada's message to the Imperial Conference of 1911. Moreover, it has been intimated that the Premier may

take up with the Imperial Government the question of the revision or abrogation, as far as Canada is concerned, of the favored nation treaties with ten of the foreign countries affected.

But whether the conference, as a whole, deals with the question of preferential trade or not, the representatives of Canada and Australia will assuredly discuss it while they are in London. It is more than ten years since Canada, developing the policy of trade preferences within the Empire, initiated in 1897, made approaches to the Government of Australia with the object of securing the co-operation of that colony. The Dominion Government offered preference for preference, but Australia's response was not encouraging. In 1904, and again in 1906, the advances were repeated, and still without success. At the Imperial Conference of 1907 the question was discussed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Deakin, and, after the latter had decided to give a small preference to Britain, Sir Wilfrid Laurier renewed his offer, going as far as to specify the articles upon which Canada was prepared to grant and anxious to obtain a preference. The Deakin Government still dallied with the proposals, however, and was succeeded by the Fisher administration which contented itself with a sympathetic reference to a preferential trade arrangement with the Dominion.

In 1909, Mr. Deakin was back in office, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier cabled: "Can I hope Preferential Bill will be introduced this session?" To this the Commonwealth Prime Minister replied: "Unfortunately not; but desire to submit more extensive offer reciprocity next session." When the next session came, however, the Canadian Premier was assured that the political situation in Australia was not favorable to preferential discussions. Then the Hon. Andrew Fisher returned to power; the Canadian Government once more resumed negotiations, and the last word from Australia on the subject is that the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth will confer with Sir Wilfrid Laurier in London. What the result of the conference will be remains to be seen. It is known in Canada that there is a strong feeling in Australia in favor of reciprocity with the Dominion, but it is intimated that the attitude of the British Govern-

ment, combined with Mr. Fisher's advanced radical views, may prejudice the chances of an arrangement which might be interpreted as a step in the direction of preferential trade within the Empire. In any case, there can be no mistaking the position of Canada.

Next to the question of trade—indeed, allied with it—the proposal which appeals most strongly to Canadians of those submitted for consideration at the Imperial Conference is that of the All Red Route. Apart from the imperial considerations which can be urged in favor of an All Red Line, Canada has very practical reasons for giving the scheme her heartiest support. The geographical position of the Dominion is such that it would form the central and most important link in the chain of transportation round the globe, and would become the highway, not only between Britain and her distant possessions, but also between Europe generally and the Orient. With his broad vision, Sir Wilfrid Laurier was among the first to recognize the commercial advantages of the proposal, and its importance as a factor in the welding of the Empire. It was he who fathered the resolution passed at the last Imperial Conference, and on his return to Canada he declared that he was "prepared to work with all my energy to further the cause." It may, therefore, be taken for granted that the proposals of New Zealand and Newfoundland will find a warm supporter in the Premier of Canada, provided they are not too ambitious, nor too costly.

Four years ago Sir Joseph Ward stated that New Zealand was prepared to pay \$500,000 for the establishment of a service on the Pacific equal to that on the Atlantic, in order that Auckland might be brought within ten or twelve days' distance of Vancouver. Though in fullest sympathy with the desire of New Zealand for the quickest possible means of communication with the Motherland, Sir Wilfrid Laurier was unable to share Sir Joseph Ward's sanguine view that the over-sea Dominions would be justified in embarking immediately upon an experiment involving such large subsidies for only one section of the route. For a number of years Canada has been paying a subsidy of some \$180,000 in aid of a Pacific steamship service between the



GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA
PREMIER OF SOUTH AFRICA

Dominion and New Zealand and Australia, and the prospect of having to increase that amount three or four fold, with the possible addition to the burden in respect of the Atlantic service, seemed to the Canadian Prime Minister to be beyond immediate consideration. At the same time Canada has already placed herself on record as being prepared to assume her fair share of the financial obligations necessary to the establishment of an All Red Route, and it is certain that the proposals of New Zealand and Newfoundland will receive the favorable consideration of her representatives.

The question of cheaper cable communication between the Mother Country and the over-sea Dominions has been engaging the sympathetic attention of the Post-

master General of Canada for some time, and, though he is not likely to be one of the Dominion's representatives at the Conference, the fact that his views are shared by the Government and are in hearty accord with Canadian sentiment, generally, may be accepted as a guarantee that New Zealand's proposal looking to the cheapening of cable rates will not lack Canada's support. For its supply of news from Britain the Dominion has to rely largely upon the services furnished to the leading newspapers in the United States, with results that are not always congenial to the loyal spirit of Canadians. But, while decidedly of the opinion that the matter is one calling for some action, Sir Wilfrid Laurier is not likely to commit himself, without further consideration, to the establishment of a state-owned cable across the Atlantic, which is the solution offered by New Zealand and Australia. The Canadian Prime Minister is no champion of state ownership in any shape or form, and it will take a lot to convince him that the scheme is one upon which the component parts of the Empire would be warranted in embarking, at any rate at the present stage.

The idea of an Imperial Council of State, embodied in another of New Zealand's proposals, is, frankly, not one that finds much favor among Canadians, outside of a very limited circle. The general sentiment was very well expressed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the last conference, when he said: "We do not view it with much favor, but we approach it with an open mind." The average Canadian has yet to be convinced that an Imperial Council which would be fairly representative of all interests and prejudicial to none, is practicable. Canada is essentially loyal and British, but, more than any of the other over-sea Dominions, perhaps, she is passionately jealous of her liberties, and thoroughly determined not to relinquish the least particle of her autonomy. In

Parliament and out of it, whenever the subject of Imperial Federation or of an Imperial Conference is discussed, the fear which invariably obtrudes itself is that the will of the Dominion would inevitably be over-ridden by the bigger and more powerful partner, and that the freedom of action which the colonies at present enjoy, and which is cherished as the cardinal principle of self-government, would be impaired. In the present House of Commons there is apparently only one member who openly and unreservedly advocates Imperial Federation.

"Co-operation between the naval and military forces of the Empire and the status of Dominion navies" is a subject upon which Canadian opinion may be said to be sharply divided. In its naval policy, adopted last year, the Dominion Government recognized the principle of co-operation with the British Admiralty in the event of war, but insisted that in times of peace the Canadian navy should be controlled by the Canadian Parliament—an insistence upon autonomous rights that was, and is yet, keenly resented by a proportion of the people who take the view that, if a local navy was preferable to contributions in money or ships to the Imperial navy, it should be placed at the disposal of the British Admiralty at all times. However, having committed his Government to the principle of a local navy under local control, Sir Wilfrid Laurier is not the man to go back upon it, and it is fairly safe to assume that he will inform the Conference that Canada's policy has been settled along definite lines, and is therefore not open to reconsideration. Being unalterably opposed to money contributions to Imperial defence, and a consistent advocate of closer trade development, it is certain the Canadian Premier would have strongly opposed the suggestion of Premier Botha in favor of substituting the one for the other, if it had not been withdrawn.



SIR EDWARD MORRIS

PREMIER OF NEWFOUNDLAND

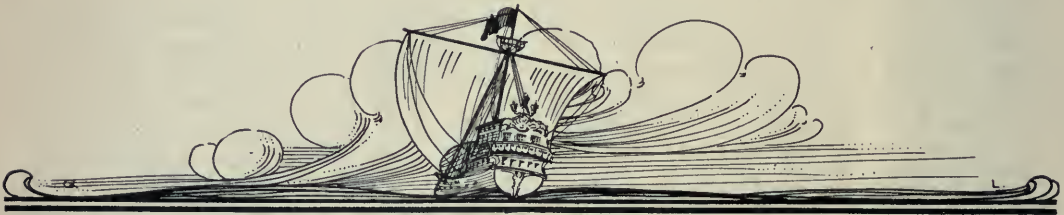
Emigration from Britain is naturally a matter in which Canadians are deeply interested, and their representatives at the Conference will watch closely the discussion of the proposals submitted by Australia. In this connection, too, the suggestion emanating from the British Government, touching the establishment of Labor Exchanges in relation to the Dominions, will receive the fullest consideration. Among Canadians who have given some study to the immigration problem the need for co-operation between the Home Government and the over-sea Dominions in the matter of regulation has long been felt, and any steps that the British authorities might see fit to take in the direction of conserving British emigrants for lands under the British flag would be cordially welcomed by Canada. But Sir

Wilfrid Laurier would not give his approval to any course which might suggest interference with the strictly defined immigration policy of the Dominion, or have the effect of restricting the flow of emigrants to Canada from the Motherland. At the last conference he declared that Canada, having undertaken to manage her own immigration, had no grievances, and the results of his policy during the past few years have confirmed him in the impression that, in this matter, the Dominion has every reason to be satisfied. It is not likely, therefore, that the Canadian representatives at the Conference will have much to say on this branch of the work.

There is, however, one matter that the Canadian Prime Minister has intimated his intention of bringing to the notice of the Home Government at the Conference which may have a wider significance than it carries upon its face. The diplomatic status of the consuls-general located at the Canadian capital was called in question a few months ago over a petty question of social precedence, and the advisability of securing some diplomatic standing for

these near-ambassadors was discussed. If the matter is dealt with by the Conference it may be that the larger question of individual representation by the self-governing over-sea Dominions in foreign capitals will be taken under consideration. Canada's primary interest in such deliberations would be the advisability of her direct representation at Washington. At the present time, however, there will be no disposition to urge this important recognition. Canadian Ministers who have recently visited the United States capital on international negotiations and arrangements have all returned with enthusiastic tributes to the services of Right Hon. James Bryce, the British Ambassador there, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier has, on several occasions, expressed Canada's satisfaction with, and appreciation of, his services.

With so many outstanding matters of exceptional interest to the Dominion to be discussed and dealt with, Canadians will follow, earnestly and understandingly, the proceedings of the fourth Parliament of Empire in London.



The Doctor's Wife—Her Hour

By

Daisy Rinehart

IT was twelve o'clock at night, but the Manager's Wife, the Bookkeeper's Wife, the Doctor's Wife, and the Wife of the Night Foreman were still playing euchre in the shanty of Mrs. Harney, the Doctor's Wife, in the camp of the Cuban Construction Company; while the Wife of the Walking Boss was sitting on the lounge, nursing a very wide-awake baby.

It wasn't often that there was anything of sufficient interest going on in the camp to keep any one, except the night shift, out of bed until even nine o'clock; but to-night there was a bull-fight in the City of Santa Clara, twenty-five miles away—the first that the American inhabitants of the camp had ever had an opportunity to see—to be followed by various exciting and unusual amusements in that provincial capital. The women had declined to countenance any such barbarity by their presence; so the Manager, the Bookkeeper, the Doctor, the Walking Boss, and all the other men who could by any possibility be spared from the works, had departed on the twelve o'clock train that day from the little town of Miranda, just a mile from camp, to return at one in the morning.

It was risky, of course, for every one knows the riff-raff of laborers that follows railroad construction, even in the States; but the Cuban Construction Company held their men with a firm grip, and also dealt justly by them, so were both feared and respected by the fifty-odd inhabitants of the two long shanties some two hundred yards away from the main body of the camp. The greater part of the laborers were native negroes, though about a dozen

of them had been brought over from Louisiana by the company for this work.

So a very grouchy Night Foreman out on the works with the night shift, and a small, rabbit-faced clerk in the commissary, were in charge of the camp; and the five white women who inhabited the five little shanties opposite the commissary, at the end of the long clearing in the cane, were whiling away the time very pleasantly. There was just that little touch of excitement about it that comes always from doing the unusual—enhanced in this instance by the presence of five pistols lying in a row on Mrs. Harney's muslin-draped dresser, each woman having said, as she placed hers there, that her husband had laughed at her for saying she was going to bring it.

"I pass," said Mrs. Wales, the wife of the Night Foreman, with a deprecatory glance at her partner.

"You would if you had both bowers and the king! I knew I ought to order that trump up, but I thought I could trust you this time, after all I've coached you, when you know they're four to one!" said the Bookkeeper's wife, looking disgustedly over her hand.

Mrs. Harney took up the trump card, giving her partner a triumphant glance.

Suddenly the wife of the Night Foreman sprang up wildly from her seat, clutching the top of her head with her hand. She was a little, delicate thing, and had been married only a few months. "Something dreadful has just happened!" she gasped.

The other women stared at her in amazement. "What is the matter? What are you talking about?" they exclaimed together.

"Something dreadful has just happened—I feel it!" she reiterated, looking around upon them with dilated eyes.

"Nonsense! It's that cocoanut pie you had for supper—it's terribly indigestible," said the Bookkeeper's wife, who had supped with her.

"How do you feel it?" asked Mrs. Harney, looking at her curiously with her big, mysterious eyes.

"I felt just as if some one had struck me a heavy blow on the head, and then my hair all rose up on end!" exclaimed Mrs. Wales, hysterically.

"You're nervous. I used to be always having notions like that before baby was born," said the wife of the Walking Boss, from the lounge.

Mrs. Wales hesitated a moment, looking apprehensively around, and then, mindful of the impatience of her partner, sat down again and took up her cards. "Well, it ain't pleasant," she remarked shiveringly; and the game went on.

There was silence in the room except for an occasional word about the game, and the gurglings of the baby, who, having partaken of a midnight lunch, positively declined to go to sleep, but was performing all the gyrations of an inverted beetle, lying fiat on his back across his mother's ample knees.

"Well, is it just my nerves again, or is it really getting dark in here?" asked Mrs. Wales plaintively at length, after two more hands had been played.

"Why, surely it is—the lamp's going out. I forgot to fill it to-day," said Mrs. Harney, rising hastily. "I'll just light this candle while I fill it now"; and she brought out half an inch of candle and set it in the middle of the table. Then she went into the little kitchen back of the front room, whence a scratching of matches soon ensued. Presently she came back, laughing a little nervously. "I'm dreadfully sorry," she said, "but there isn't a drop of oil in the can, and that's my last candle!"

There was a chorus of "Ohs!" from the three women.

"We can get some from my house," said the Bookkeeper's wife, rising.

"No, indeed!" cried Mrs. Wales hastily.

"Why not? It's only two yards away, and Mrs. Harney and I will go after it, and you three can stay here."

"Oh, no, please don't! Don't let's open the door for anything till the men come back."

"Well," said Mrs. Harney soothingly, "we won't, then. It won't be much over half an hour now, and we can talk until then."

The Bookkeeper's wife, who had lived in railroad camps long enough not to be afraid of many things, said something about a "fraid-cat!" which the Doctor's wife tried to suppress by making a noise with her chair, and the five women sat around quite close together and watched the half-inch of candle dissolve to a quarter of an inch, and talked—at first continuously, then desultorily.

Presently the candle sputtered and went out, and Mrs. Harney, who was sitting by Mrs. Wales and was beginning to be telepathically affected, drew a sharp breath.

"How noisy the niggers are to-night!" said the wife of the Walking Boss, after a pause. "I never knew them to make such a fuss before."

"Well, goodness knows, they're bad enough all the time, down there whooping and gambling and drinking all night," said the Manager's wife. "My house is closest to them, and sometimes I can scarcely sleep at all. Tom has spoken to them about it time and again, but they don't seem to remember after he gets out of their sight. I don't believe they'll ever do any better as long as that one they call Buck Carter is here to lead them into all sorts of things. He's the worst darky we've ever had, and the Cuban negroes just do everything he tells them."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Bookkeeper's wife, springing up violently.

"What is the matter?" cried the other women, jumping up also.

"S-something f-fell on my head and ran d-down my face!" exclaimed the Bookkeeper's wife, clawing frantically at her face.

"I guess it was one of those little red spiders," said Mrs. Harney apologetically. "There seem to be so many of them in the shanties—I can't get rid of them. They're perfectly harmless, you know."

The Bookkeeper's wife, whose one weakness was spiders, harmless little red ones not being excepted, shook herself violently. "I wish we had a light," she said discontentedly.

"Why, you all aren't really afraid here with me, are you?" asked the wife of the Walking Boss complacently. She was an Irishwoman of comfortably large frame and great muscular capabilities.

"No, we never heard of your hurting any one," said the Manager's wife, with a delighted little chuckle at her own wit.

The wife of the Walking Boss paused for a full minute until she had quite taken in the humorous nature of this remark; then she laughed explosively. The other women laughed feebly.

There was silence for several minutes. "It seems to me I never knew the moon to be so bright before," said the Doctor's wife at length. And, indeed, the room was becoming much lighter, though the heavy shades were pulled down over both windows.

She went to the front window and pulled up the shades, and a fierce red glare rushed in and smote them all in the eyes. Then she gave a wild exclamation and jerked down the shade quickly. "Oh, my God!" she cried. "The commissary! The negroes!"

There was a chorus of exclamations inside as the others rushed to the window. At the other end of the long clearing, surrounded by flames, stood the commissary, before which a number of black figures with knives in their hands were running to and fro. Just then came a low knocking at the back door.

Mrs. Harney started forward. "Don't open it, on your life!" cried all the other wives frantically.

Mrs. Harney went to the kitchen door and peered fearfully into its semi-darkness. Then she went to the back door and listened. The knocking was repeated, and a voice outside cried beseechingly, "Miss Amy, Miss Amy! For Gawd's sake, let me in, Miss Amy!"

The other women protested, but Mrs. Harney unlocked the door and opened it a foot, letting in another flood of the red light and a shaking colored girl, who was blanched a sickly green. She was the cook whom Mrs. Harney had brought with her from the States.

The cook slammed the door and fell up against it, her eyes rolling hideously in her head. "Dey's comin'! Dey's comin'!" she gasped as soon as she could speak.

"Who's coming?" demanded five shaking voices.

"Buck Carter an' de Cuber niggers from de long shanties. Dey's done bu'nt de commissary an' kilt Mr. Anderson an' de Night Fo'man!"

"What!"

"De Night Fo'man he got mad wid Al Carter fer sassin' him, an' knocked him in de haid wid er pick-axe, an' den Buck Carter an' de night shif' dey riz up an' chase de Night Fo'man inter de commissary, an' de Cuber niggers dey hear de fuss an' come out an' jine in, an' dey kilt Mr. Wales wid er cane-knife, an' den dey kilt Mr. Anderson, too, 'case he's tryin' ter save him, an' dey got holt er de whiskey an' sot de commissary on fire, an' dey swars dey's goin' ter kill eve'y white pusson, man, 'ooman, an' chile, on de wucks! O-oo-oo!" The words which had been tumbling out of the girl's mouth like grist from a mill ended in a long-drawn howl, indescribably horrible.

Mrs. Harney turned in time to see Mrs. Wales falling slowly. The Bookkeeper's wife caught her and shook her. "You mustn't do that! There isn't time! You've got yourself to save—and the baby!" she whispered. "Do you hear?" But the Night Foreman's wife was past hearing. The Manager's wife was running around the room, wringing her hands; and the Irishwoman rose and folded her shawl around her baby and held it to her breast.

"Fannie," said Mrs. Harney, taking the girl by the arm, "you must get away to town and send help."

"Lord, Miss Amy, I can't, I can't!" moaned the girl. "Dey'll cotch me an' kill me ef I stirs outen here!"

"No, they won't—they won't pay any attention to you outside; but they'll certainly kill you if you stay here with us." She took a bottle from the mantel and held it to the girl's ashen lips. "Drink this," she said sternly, "and run as fast as you can! Run, Fannie, run, and bring the first people you can find!"

She listened a moment at the back door of the kitchen, opened it cautiously a few inches, and shoved the girl out, locking the door after her; then she stood with her head upon her breast. She was a tall, beautiful woman of thirty-five, with a

dead white face and big, hypnotic, black eyes. 'She had been raised on a Louisiana sugar plantation that worked three hundred negroes.

Her chest began to heave. Suddenly she lifted her head, went to the front room, took down a long black cloak from the back of the door, and put it on over her light dress.

"What are you going to do?" asked the Bookkeeper's wife, who was still holding Mrs. Wales moaning against her neck.

Mrs. Harney appeared not to hear her, as she hurriedly shook down her long black hair till it fell below her waist.

"What are you going to do?" demanded the Bookkeeper's wife again, watching her breathlessly.

"Going to talk to them," replied Mrs. Harney, in a strange, colorless voice.

"To talk to them, you fool? Don't you know they're not men now? They're just beasts, crazy with whiskey and blood. We must take our pistols and keep them out as long as we can, and see that they don't take us alive—that's all, unless the men get here first!"

The manager's wife, who had lifted up a corner of the shade and was peering out, now began to scream. "They're coming! They're coming!" at the top of her voice; but the Irishwoman clapped a large hand over her mouth, cutting off all sound.

Mrs. Harney made no reply whatever, but turned up the whiskey bottle from which Fannie had just drunk, took three swallows, and started towards the door. Then she came back, took her pistol from the row on the dresser, and slipped it into her cloak pocket.

The Bookkeeper's wife watched her with dilated eyes until she had reached the hall, then she laid her burden gently down and came forward. "I'll go with you," she said, swallowing hard in her throat.

But Mrs. Harney merely waved her back with a gesture of her hand, and the Bookkeeper's wife, looking into her eyes fearfully for a second, recoiled from what she saw there. As she stood hesitating, Mrs. Harney, moving calmly and slowly, unlocked the front door and stepped out. It hadn't been five minutes from the time the girl knocked at the back door.

Half way down the long green rectangle which the shanties of the camp cut off

from the surrounding cane a number of black figures, colossal against the light, were running towards the little shanties in which the white people lived.

The woman shrank back a little as the long red fingers of firelight caught her and dragged her into the glare; then she stepped firmly off the little porch. When a shout showed that she was seen, her steady, vacant gaze shifted for a moment and took cognizance of Buck Carter in the lead, looking like a giant baboon against the light, and she caught her lower lip fiercely between her teeth, looked straight ahead of her, and walked slowly towards them, her arms hanging limp by her sides, and her long black hair waving a little in the flame-heated breeze.

As the negroes came closer they slackened their pace somewhat, but Buck Carter, stripped to the waist, his white cotton trousers splashed with ugly red stains, ran up close to her, a long cane-knife in his right hand, his black eyes and white teeth gleaming horribly, and caught her by the shoulder. Her right hand slid half way out of her pocket, but her white, set face never moved, and his hand dropped and he recoiled a little before the wide, strange eyes that seemed to look through him and for a thousand miles beyond, without ever seeing him. His followers halted uncertainly in mid-course, staring at her curiously. There was something eerie and mysterious in the still, automatic figure advancing so steadily upon their noise and violence.

The pause was so tense that it seemed as if the air must crack with it; then one or two of the men began to move restlessly.

At last the woman turned her eyes slowly from the unseeing contemplation of Buck Carter up to the sky, gazed fixedly for a moment, and then began to speak.

"I can see straight up into heaven," she said in a high, clear voice. "I can see the Lord God A'mighty sitting on his great white throne; I can see the golden streets, and the angels with harps in their hands, standing on each side of the throne."

It was impossible not to believe that she saw these things. Involuntarily, the semi-circle of black faces around her turned up fearfully to the sky and stared at

the clouds of black, spark-laden smoke rolling overhead.

The woman gave them no heed. "Over there," she went on, pointing realistically towards the burning building, "I can see down into Hell, and the Devil and his angels a-walking round with pitchforks in their hands."

The half-witted negro water-boy who was standing on the outskirts nearest to "Hell," suddenly gave a fearful look around him and moved up close to Buck Carter.

As she went on, there came to her the strange phraseology and the high, half-chanting tone of the negro preachers to whom she had so often listened in her childhood, her voice keeping the same pitch for a whole sentence, and then falling suddenly at a single word.

"Up in heaven I see a long line of folks with white robes an' crowns on their haid, a-stan'in' on the right han' side of the throne, an' a line of folks without any robes an' any crowns a-stan'in' on the left han' side of the throne; an' I see the Angel Gabriel with a flamin' sword in his han', stan'in' befo' the throne. An' I hears the Lawd God A'mighty a-sayin' to the Angel, 'Who are these without any robes or any crowns?' An' I hears the Angel Gabriel a-sayin', 'Lawd, these are the bad men that did evil to their neighbor, that burned up their neighbor's property and spoiled his goods and put him to death. An' I hears the Lawd God A'mighty sayin', 'Cast 'em out into hell fire, where there shall be wailin' an' gnashin' of teeth.'"

At the last words the high voice fell with an indescribable accent of finality and doom, and the Cuban negroes, most superstitious of their race, drew closer together, shivering; but Buck Carter shifted restlessly from one foot to the other, a black scowl of recollection on his face.

"De Night Fo'man he hit de fust lick," he said defiantly.

"Dat's so!" "Deed he did!" exclaimed several other voices exultantly.

Then some stragglers from the burning house came running up with half-empty whiskey bottles in their hands.

"What's de matter here?" "Whatcher waitin' for?" "Whyn't yer go on ter de

white folks' shanties?" they asked, showing their way curiously into the group.

Buck Carter's eyes rolled back around his followers to gather his scattered resolution, and the ends of the semi-circle drew together and closed ominously around the central figure. The unwavering eyes in the white marble face did not see, but the watchful subconscious mind, which was in control, took note of it.

"An' I see the condemned sinners begin to wring their han's an' sing." Suddenly she lifted up her voice and began to sing. Ordinarily, it was a voice for the murmuring of contralto love songs to the accompaniment of a guitar on a summer's evening, but now above the noise of the flames it rose clear and strong as that of a prima donna over the footlights:

"Oh, Lawd, have mussy on me,
For Gabriel's trump done blow
To call po' sinners to eternity,
An' I ain't made ready fer ter go.

"I got no oil fer ter make no light,
An' it's tu'ned too dark ter see,
An' Gabriel's tootin' wid all his might—
Oh, Lawd, have mussy on me!"

It was a camp-meeting song known to every negro in the Southern States, and the tune was weird enough to raise gooseflesh on a marble statue.

As she sang, her body swayed gently to and fro. When she got to the second verse the half-witted water-boy behind Buck Carter began to swing in time to the music:

"I got no robe, an' I got no crown,
Ter w'ar through eternity.
Saint Peter's sho' to tu'n me down—
Oh, Lawd, have mussy on me!"

A low, mournful humming began to be heard around the circle.

"Sing!" said the woman imperatively to Buck Carter. He hesitated for a moment, and then suddenly his great bass voice broke out:

"I went to de rock fer to hlide my face
From de turrible sights I see,
But de rock cried out, 'No hidin' place!'
Oh, Lawd, have mussy on me!"

It was the last verse. The whole company were rocking back and forth and singing.

Scarcely had the last notes of the song died away when their leader, without pausing for breath, began another, of entirely different character—the triumphant song of one who has “come through” in a religious revival:

“I gotta robe, an’ you gotta robe, all of God’s
child’en gotta robe;
When we git ter heaven gwine ter put on my robe,
Gwine ter shout all over God’s heaven, heaven,
heaven!
Everybody talkin’ ’bout heaven ain’t goin’ thar—
Heaven, heaven, gwine ter shout all over God’s
heaven.”

The women kneeling, pistol in hand, at the window of the shanty, clutched one another convulsively when they heard this song; for it was one that they had often heard the negroes from the States sing as they sat out in front of their shanties of a Sunday night, and they knew that it had many, many verses. The ever watchful subconscious mind outside had remembered this also. The women listened with renewed hope as it rolled along in heavy chorus:

“I gotta shoes, an’ you gotta shoes, all of God’s
child’en gotta shoes;
When we git ter heaven gwine ter put on my shoes,
Gwine ter shout all over God’s heaven, heaven,
heaven,
Gwine ter shout all over God’s heaven.”

When, hopeless and vengeful, the men of the Cuban Construction Company broke around the corner of the little shanties, they brought up so abruptly that the citizens of Miranda, most of whom were following close behind, were precipitated headlong upon them. The circle of black devotees, swaying and singing

around the strange priestess, stood out strongly against a background of flame.

The white men paused irresolute, trying to read the meaning of the scene. The negroes, dazed by their own varying emotions of the past hour, and swept along by the torrent of sound, looked at them uncomprehendingly for a moment, and then back to their leader; but the gleam of firelight on gun and pistol barrel finally bore its warning and familiar message to their confused senses, and those on the outskirts began to steal away towards the friendly shadows of the tall cane. Then some one gave Buck Carter a warning jerk, and he turned and saw the last of his followers running tumultuously, and with a last lingering look at the woman he, too, ran for the cane.

But the Doctor’s wife never turned her head. She took no note of flying feet nor pursuing bullets. When the women rushed out and threw themselves upon her, when the Doctor tried to take her in his arms, she brushed them all aside as if they had been so many flies, and, looking straight before her, went on insistently:

“I gotta song, an’ you gotta song, all of God’s
child’en gotta song—”

They talked hysterically of her courage and devotion, but after two hypodermics of morphine had reduced her to something like quiet, the Doctor, who understood better about these things, stood looking down upon her, with the tears streaming down his face, and desperate fear in his heart; for he knew that when the subconscious mind once gets the upper hand it is never in a hurry to let go.

BEWARE of the eye that droops.

MOST men are slaves, but the poet is lord over his soul

DOLLARS beget dollars, but contentment begets a spiritual wealth.

Sir William Mackenzie

—Individualist

By

P. C. Cherry

THERE is bound to come, some day, a great struggle between things socialistic and things individualistic, in Canada. I am using the word socialistic in a very wide sense.

Sir James Whitney, the Premier of Ontario, and the farmers of the western plains, are the "Socialistics" of Canada. Neither may admit it, and neither would agree with any one of the scores of creeds called Socialism. But they believe in Public Ownership—which is a step in the direction of Socialism insofar as it is a step against Individualism.

Sir William Mackenzie is the greatest Individualist in Canada. And this is no small statement, for although the western farmers insist that the grain elevators must be operated by the Government, although they demand public ownership and operation of the Hudson's Bay Railway, and although Sir James Whitney playfully presses Honorable Adam Beck's finger against the various buttons which turn Hydro-Electric Power Commission power into the circuits of different Ontario cities—nevertheless the Dominion of Canada is the nation wherein "Individualism" flourishes and is more abundantly blessed than anywhere else. And of all the men who have taken advantage of the opportunities, Sir William is the chief and head.

Six or seven years ago a man of thirty-five was declared a failure by the people in the town where he lived—Chatham, Ontario. He had been a school teacher and had tried a small business enterprise "on the side." He went to "the wall."

B

He borrowed fifty dollars to make up enough money to take himself and his family west. To-day, in the west, in a certain well-known Saskatchewan city, which is only seven years old, he ranks as almost a millionaire, does a million dollars' worth of business in his store every year, and drives a seven-seated car with a Gabriel's horn that cost all sorts of money. When first he arrived in that town, he nearly starved to death—there was not much market for the cakes which his wife baked and he peddled. But he came out safely, because Individualism comes to its finest maturity in this country.

Another man five years ago was a clerk in a warehouse in Montreal. He grew tired of his salary, threw up his position and went down to Halifax to see whether, out of the few hundred dollars he had saved up, he could not 'get away' with a scheme he had in mind. He saw that the Canadian public needed a certain service. He saw how to give it. And his enterprise was rewarded by the country which fosters—Individualism.

Men in the clubs could talk all night of such instances. Some might say that Canada was no better—or worse, as the Socialists might say—than the United States or England in this regard. But the majority would point out the greater degree of freedom which a man has in this country to work out his ideas. There are no serious Trusts to reach out and destroy budding competition; there are, as yet, few social restrictions, such as in England operate against ambitious Jasons. The laws of the land do not operate

against private rights, and, on the other hand, they afford a maximum of protection for such rights. In short, no door is locked to anyone in Canada, who, by enterprise, good judgment, self-control and intelligent execution, wishes to impress *his* Individualism upon the country of which he is an inhabitant. His aims may be selfish or otherwise; provided that he is governed by the rules of the game, he has his chance, and a good one.

* * * * *

Once upon a time two meandering country roads, traversing at right angles a piece of high, rocky country between Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario, met and crossed, and marked the event by the birth of a village. On two corners are hotels; on a third corner is a house; on the fourth is a general store with soap pictures in the window and bales of straw hats swung from the ceiling inside, steeped in the odor of matches, candies and summer savory. The rest of the village trails off in the four directions. The place is called Kirkfield, and its only claim to glory is the fact that it loaned William Mackenzie the space to get born on, that the corner store, to which we have already referred, was the first stage for the embryo Individualist, and that now, having grown a bit seedy and a trifle out at the elbow, and having—as it were—lost its teeth and its youth, it is content to sit dozing and mumbling all day and all night around the house which this, its greatest son, has built in its midst, while the wife of that son, Lady Mackenzie, decorates its old age with brand new school houses, brick houses for the Gospel, and avenues of trees. It is like an old man, having in poverty been the father of a prodigy, being heaped with honors wrested from the world by his matured offspring.

Fifty and sixty years ago there was a premium on Individualism in Canada. The country needed, not so much "population" as "*men.*" It needed the Individuals to construct things before it could have the masses to use them. Today, certain Toronto newspapers prophesy a fight between the Ontario Government and the Mackenzie electrical interests. The Government power system and the system of which Sir William is the head, are to come to blows, they say. It may be so.

We cannot argue it, although there is reason to believe that Sir William could not very well afford at this moment to offend the Ontario Government. But the fact that the Ontario Government, whether right or wrong—and many people differ with popular opinion on this score—has entered into competition with a private company, or, in other words, has begun competing with private interests, shows that conditions have changed since the old days; that the cry is not so much for Individuals to exercise their enterprise and intelligence in developing, at any cost, the resources and the traffics of the Dominion, but that the interests of the many are being brought in sharp contrast with the interests of the few who have hitherto profited by supplying the many with their necessities; and that Individualism, as opposed to Public Ownership, is coming to a struggle, in the brunt of which shall stand Mackenzie.

Mackenzie did not become interested in public service companies until the later years of his activity. First he taught school—a dolorous little building up near Cambridge sheltered him when first he took to earning his living. Colonel Sam Hughes, who is said to get choice morsels of lucrative work cast his way once in a while by the M. & M. interests, made the acquaintance of Mackenzie when he attended school in Lindsay. Perhaps *that* was the seed for the harvest which now he reaps, or is alleged to reap.

Even when school-teaching became too small for so strenuous a spirit, Mackenzie did not at once launch into the career which was waiting for him. But he took up general store keeping, in the store already mentioned. It is said that at one time a lumber jack, being somewhat excited by the application of precious liquors to his digestive system, tried to pick a fight with Mackenzie, the store-keeper, and that he came all the way down the road from the adjacent lumber camp to do it.

The story goes that he stood out in front of Sir William's shop and shouted epithets and epigrams into the shadowy recesses wherein the budding Sir William was cutting cheese with a wire and two clothes-pegs, until at last, Sir William came out of his store with a quick, decided little trot, to see whence the insults came.

"Ya!"—or at least this is what the historic lumber jack is reputed to have said, "Ya! Wipe the cheese off'n y'r hands and come out an' lick me, will y'? Come on, store-keeper, till I maul y'."

And then, the story goes, Mackenzie, sardonically, turned, disappeared and came out again with a clothes line, with which he proceeded to tie up the inebriate—said inebriate being overcome with the sheer audacity of the storekeeper. Of course, this story may have become exaggerated in the course of its rustication in the village of Kirkfield. The old men who sit under the trees in front of the two hotels and who swap gossip across the street with the Saturday night shoppers coming out of what used to be Mackenzie's store, have turned it on their tongues and blown it out with the smoke several thousand times. Nevertheless, there must be a little truth in the story. There is something familiar in the way in which Mackenzie is alleged to have walked up to the lumber jack—who was spoiling for a fight, aching for it, crying out for it—and to have quietly roped him up. The City of Toronto is forever and a day bawling defiance at Mackenzie, and every once in a while he steps out to see what the trouble is, and ties it up in a new place.

Of course, there were marked evidences of "Individuality" in the young "Bill Mackenzie." There is no question but that he had plenty of it, even when he was school-teaching. It persisted in his make-up down to the days when he and his brothers owned the saw mill in the village, and when, later, they accepted contracts for cutting cordwood for the engines of the old Victoria & Haliburton Railway. At all events, from cutting cordwood for the road he took up carpentering on the railroad stations which were being built at that time. From this he drifted into all sorts of "odd jobs" on Ontario railroads, until he came to meet James Ross and other people who now live in palaces in Montreal and read the financial pages of the newspapers.

The story goes that young Mackenzie, who by this time wasn't so young after all, and who had paid back the money he borrowed from the tavern-keepers and others, for his education, went west, to take part in the building of the C. P. R.,

and that his going was the result of an invitation from James Ross, who was at that time laying the foundation for all the anecdotes which have since been told about him and his work in the west.

At all events, Mackenzie went west.

What he did there is an old story. Ties and more ties; contracts and then more contracts; losses on some and profits on others; these were Mackenzie's experiences. But, by and by, his experience with losses made him very cunning. He began to observe the things that caused him to lose, and the conditions under which he profited. He became a skilled appraiser of railroad construction costs.

When he was working on a contract for snow-sheds in the mountains, it is said that he met Mann. At least, Sir Donald, when asked by the writer, where he had first met Mackenzie, reverted to the days when he was working on snow-shed contracts, and Mackenzie was doing something in the same line, nearby. There must be a good story in the meeting of these two men, because Sir Donald chuckled and went off into a reverie, from which he emerged five minutes later, only to say, "I'd like like hell to tell you—" and then he went off into another reverie and forgot about the interviewer's original question.

To follow Mackenzie from his railroad-ing days in the west down to to-day is to get a great deal of Canadian Railroad History mixed into the story, and to be forever juggling with the names of Ross and Holt and other men of familiar fame. From one contract to another Mackenzie & Mann progressed. They undertook contracts for all sorts of lines. They became masters of the art of laying steel rails—anywhere. M. & M. worked on the C.P.R. short lines through Maine. They lost money at first, but won out in the end, and tackled something else. Then, after dabbling in a street railway or two, Mackenzie—with Mann—started buying "second-hand" railways.

In the west, it is one of the first things any child is taught:—Which was the first road purchased by the Great Mackenzie & Mann? That is the question.

Answer—The road to Dauphin.

Question—Was that road on a paying basis?

Answer—No.

Question—Did they make it pay?

Answer—You bet.

Half the children in the west think Mackenzie & Mann invented wheat—which is the greatest thing on earth to them. The other half think that the C. P. R. did. The next generation will learn that it was the G. T. P. But this is anticipating.

M. & M. had bought their first second-hand road. The staff was thirteen men and a boy. After that they attended the auction sales of other railways which had been built by overly sanguine gentlemen. They bought, for instance, the Pt. Arthur, Duluth & Winnipeg Railway, which had fallen upon such evil days that its initials were interpreted, "Poverty, Agony, Distress and Wretchedness." But the poverty soon vanished. Mackenzie & Mann inoculated it with the germs of Life and Earning Power.

It might be said that Mackenzie, as president of the Canadian Northern, was a Prince of Second-hand Dealers—second-hand on a large scale, of course. Even yet, his transcontinental road is in tatters and patches, and it will be a long time, according to some people's experience, before a train can travel at more than three miles an hour on some of the back stretches of Saskatchewan and Alberta without wrecking all the glassware in the dining car and painting the interior of the coaches with the thinking organs of the passengers, minced. The track in certain parts, such as referred to, is ballast-hungry. It heaves and sags, it is so distressed. But there is some sort of an explanation for it. The C. N. R. officials from Head Office will explain it all away to the satisfaction of the most diligently inquiring bondholder. But they cannot keep their trainmen from crying and cursing—nor the glasses on the table.

Sir William Mackenzie has become identified with public interests everywhere. A transcontinental; a street railway in Winnipeg and another in Toronto; these are the works by which he is most readily known. His timber interests in British Columbia, his whaling interests in the Pacific and his mining companies might, by Socialistic persons, be said to be "Public Interests" insofar as they are part of the

country which is the heritage of the Canadian people. In Mexico and South America, Sir William dominates organizations which sell very Existence itself to the natives, namely, water and light, and, less important, but none the less valuable, tramways and power. Sir William would tell you, if he cared enough, that he was giving these people better service at less cost; that he was developing things which would not otherwise have been developed. Socialists would say that this sort of service and development should be carried on by government. They would remove the element of individual enterprise which Sir William injects into all situations.

In recent years the president of the Canadian Northern Railway has become the head of the Electric Ring in Ontario. At least, it is called "Ring." It is really nothing more than—William Mackenzie. Some years ago there was a great rush to develop power from Niagara Falls. Several companies erected great engineering works on the Canadian side. One of them, the Electrical Development Company, came "a cropper." Its works were offered for sale. The Whitney Government, contemplating Hydro-Electric Power Commission, decided not to buy—until afterward, when William Mackenzie had bought the concern: another case of a second-hand deal. Then, the Whitney Government did what all Ontario people know it did—built a second line of transmission towers and came into competition with the Mackenzie line. Very recently the City of Toronto had an opportunity to buy the Toronto Electric Light Company, instead of building a duplicate system to compete with it. But the city failed and Sir William bought it.

Thus are his interests being brought to bear directly against the Ontario Public Ownership Movement. It will be the same when he secures the operation of the Government-owned Hudson's Bay Railway, which the west demands must be operated by the Government. He may not make the competition in Ontario electrical matters seriously active. He may have reasons of his own for being "kind and patient" with that Government. But whether he declares war or not, there is war in Sir William's heart. For he is a

champion of private enterprise, especially his own.

Some years ago the Toronto Globe conceived the novel idea of asking various public men within reach of Toronto, what each would do if he were Czar of Canada. What would be the first thing he would do? Some said they would wipe out the bars; their answer was obvious from the first. Some wanted single tax, some votes for women, some technical education, or more public lavatories, or a higher tax on dogs. Sir Edmund Walker had a benevolent, but practical, scheme in mind, and he understood the humor of the newspaper's needs so far that he wrote out his answer and so saved himself from being misquoted. William Mackenzie gave the reporter who happened to see him—an hour and a half of solid talk *against Pub-*

lic Ownership. Had he been Czar, in effect, he said, he would wipe it out.

It may be depended upon that Sir William will do all in his power to preserve the hunting grounds of individual initiative in Canada. He will do everything possible to overcome the various movements—such as Public Ownership—which are liable to upset the confidence of the English investor in the ability of such gentlemen as himself to carry out plans for profit-making. Whether to condemn him for, even in his heart, opposing the Public Ownership movement, or whether to approve him for championing the rights of Individualism and guarding the open doors for the young Canadian to find his task, wrestle with it, and become a Man, may be hard to decide. But Sir William is not affected one way or another by what anybody thinks.

THE PASSING

I saw a rich man buried yesterday
 And all the breathless street stood whispering,
 What time he passed from sunlight to a tomb.
 Rank upon rank, a curious populace
 Computed his possessions, tearless, cold;
 Till durance spake with grim insistency,
 Drave them reluctant to the counting-house,
 The market place, the engine and the forge;
 Some to austere pain-ridden hospitals,
 Some to the wrinkled river with its ships;
 Till the black cortege was a memory
 And the dull roar of commerce throbbed again.
 But in a quiet hollow of a hili
 Lay the lost leader, and his mighty brain
 Slept on and on, nor heard, so deep the sleep:
 He had embarked, this lone itinerant,
 Upon so vast so limitless a tide
 That time nor tears set any boundary
 To mark its far immeasurable marge.
 Thus when my soul turns in upon itself,
 The ending of the last laborious day,
 Rings coin, casts balances and reckons up
 The cash and credit of my treasure house,
 May I not be as one who, dumb and blind,
 Gropes in the earth with gnarled and crooked hands;
 But from the shadow of his own desire
 Lift Thou Thy child, nor leave him desolate,
 Naked—afraid—and dreadfully alone.

—Alan Sullivan.

The Opening Game

By

William Banks

"I'LL not be at the office after 2.45. The—er, I mean I have a most important engagement at—oh, well, never mind the rest." Thus Mr. George Dalhousie, a junior partner of the great brokerage firm of Dalhousie Brothers and Company, to his confidential clerk. His hair was well sprinkled with grey; he had the reputation on "the street" of being safe and sane, and his firm was well known to be eminently successful.

The clerk nodded understandingly, and there was a ghost of a smile about his mouth; a mouth that in business hours, at any rate, was never unnecessarily opened. He lingered a little, apparently busily engaged in sorting the letters and papers that had been turned over to him, and his employer smiled. "And there'll be no need for you to stay after 2.30 to-day, Dickson. How's the weather?"

"Fine and warm."

"Did you ring up the observatory?"

"Yes, sir. They say there's no chance of a change this afternoon, the outlook is for two or three days of fine weather."

"Good. Send Thomas over to the restaurant. He knows what I want.—I'll take luncheon here to-day."

A few minutes later Mr. Dalhousie was slowly disposing of his luncheon, and at the same time poring over the sporting page of a city daily newspaper. "Hum—going to put a left-wheeler in the box, after all, eh! Well, I hope he stays to the finish. Many a good lefty blows up in the seventh. Blinkskey at first—wow, he's a hummer. Homerun Blinksey. Will I ever forget that last game with Jersey City in 1908—no, by George! it was only last year. Two on bases, nobody out, Blinksey to the bat, three runs wanted to

tie the score. Oh, joy!—oh, something else," he said, as the door of the office opened and his brother Thomas, the head of the firm, walked in, a human machine whose first and last love was business.

"I see the Loadstone is down a quarter," he said abruptly, "and you're carrying a good deal of it, George."

"Sure. But what's the use of worrying? It's a good thing. To-morrow it's likely to be up again."

"I'm not so sure. The market all round is inclined to be saggy."

"Let her sag. I'm not going to look for props to-day. I'm off to . . ." he checked himself, and furtively buried the newspaper he had been reading among a pile of letters and documents.

"Doran will be over at three o'clock about that bond issue he wants us to handle," said his brother. "I suppose you'll be on hand."

"Guess again old—I mean I'm sorry Tom, but I can't; most important engagement. You can do all that is necessary. I —"

A sharp ring on the telephone interrupted him. He answered promptly, "Well, well," and then gave vent to a loud "What!" at the same time glancing guiltily at his brother. The latter sat down near the desk, obviously impatient, and heard this: "Me! Why, you old wind-jammer I haven't done anything like that in twenty years . . . You did! . . . You're kidding me . . . Sure I will, if you do . . . All right. I'll come at once."

He was grinning rather foolishly as he hung up the receiver and reached for his hat. "You'll have to excuse me, Tom," he said, "but I've got to go now. See you to-

morrow. Drop the catch on the door, as you go out, will you?" and he fairly ran from the room, a bright and airy apartment with windows overlooking the main street. His brother sat there for some time afterwards, with pad and pencil, making notes, adding, subtracting, sometimes frowning, and sometimes getting as near to smiling as he had known how for years past.

The blare of a brass band disturbed him. He did not recognize the tune, though any boy could have told him that it was "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly." With an impatient gesture he threw down the writing pad and walked to the window. The band that had disturbed him occupied seats on an electric tally-ho. There followed a number of carriages the first two or three of which contained well groomed, well dressed, and undeniably well fed gentlemen, vainly endeavoring to assume a blase air. Their efforts utterly failed to counteract the importance they felt to be theirs. If Mr. Thomas Dalhousie had kept in touch with other matters as closely as he had with the business world he would at once have told himself that these were "The officers and directors." Thereafter came other carriages containing sunburned gentlemen wearing peaked caps, and a sort of uniform, and Thomas Dalhousie muttered sarcastically "baseball players." He loathed himself for having spent so much time watching the procession, and was about to turn from the window when he caught sight of a familiar face looking up at him from a carriage in which were some of the players. Yes, and the owner of the face was waving a hat at him. "George" he snapped, and this time he fled from the window and rushed to his own room, locking the door behind him.

He was angry, very angry. George was disgracing the firm: his actions were absurd, undignified, unworthy. To-morrow he would take him sharply to task; he—and then he became angry with himself, for in the very midst of his thoughts as to what he should say to George and how he should say it, this question flashed across his mind, "I wonder who'll win?" He stamped one heavy foot, and spurned the question, but it wouldn't take a spurn. It mocked him, it brought other questions in its train. "How long since you took a

day off? * * * Do you remmeber when a seat on the sunny side of the bleachers was good enough for you because you couldn't afford one in the grand stand?" * * * "How about the day you saw the pennant won?" * * * He tried to concentrate his mind on business. He wondered what the "street" would think if it were known—and his wondering was cut short by the entry of a boy with an envelope addressed to him, marked "urgent." He tore it open quickly, and read the enclosure. It was from Doran, and curt enough.

"Dear Dalhousie:—

Please cancel appmt. Will see you to-morrow a.m. Off to the opening ball game. Haven't missed one in ten years."

He tore the note into shreds and expended unnecessary energy in throwing them into the waste paper basket. Then, he so far forgot himself as to viciously kick the basket over, instantly, however, placing it upright and hastily glancing around as though afraid that someone had noticed this unusual exhibition of feeling on his part, for above all else he prided himself on his self-control.

But the questions would not down. They were thronging his brain; he almost fancied voices were uttering them, "Do you remember the days when 'What's the score' was a pregnant question to you, if you could not afford to go to the game?" * * * "Have you forgotten how your first employer once took you to the game, and you sat in the grand stand among the mighty?" * * * "Do you—" He rose suddenly from his chair glanced hastily at the clock, and then taking up a newspaper turned to the sporting page. A rapid perusal of one item, another glance at the clock, and then the pressure of a call button on his desk, brought a chief clerk to him.

"I'm going out for the afternoon, Joseph," said Mr. Thomas Dalhousie. "Mr. George will also be away—Er—You might, that is—well if any of the staff desire to go to the ball game and you find that it will not interfere with the-the-er-well if you can spare any of them let them go, Joseph."

Joseph fought hard against a desire to smile and lost, but he was immensely relieved to find Mr. Dalhousie's mouth drawn up in what was at least an attempt

to smile. He left the room in undignified haste, but not so fast as his employer who passed him in the corridor and made a dash for the elevator. Meanwhile Joseph spread the news in the office, whereupon the switchboard girl being the first to recover from the shock, frantically demanded of central a certain number and after a few brief and almost hysterical remarks through the "sender" declared, "It's true Gus; I'm leaving now. Meet you at once," and thereupon she made a new record in departing in a few minutes without even asking any of the typewriter girls if her hat was straight.

Half an hour later Mr. George Dalhousie, sitting with a group of friends in the grand stand, joined with them and all the rest of the "fans," and "fanesses," in a mighty roar signalizing the first hit of the game made by a member of the home team. As the shouting died away and in silent eagerness all were leaning forward to observe the fate of the next batsman,

somebody slapped George on the back with a "Have I missed anything good, old man?"

George turned a face marked with surprise, wonder and disbelief toward the speaker, gasped once or twice, and then managed to blurt out, "No—no, Tom. First innings for our fellows."

"I'm glad of that," answered Tom. "I'm lucky usually. Guess this is our day."

"Sure," answered George, "sure," and then he stood up and relieved himself of some remarks in a tone that startled the grand stand and stirred up the bleachers. "Soak it, Jimmy boy"—to the batsman, "Soak it good. We've got the only original horseshoe on the stand. This is *our* day."

And it was. But only Mr. Thomas Dalhousie understood the reason for his brother's outbreak at the moment when no one else saw anything to break out about.

AN IDYL OF THE IDOL OF THE KING

I idly set myself to sing
An idyl of an idle King.
An idyl is an idle song
That's sung to please the idle throng.

I found his ancient idol, Jing,
Was twice as idle as the King—
There I've begun my idyl wrong,
I find that idol's name was Jong.

This idol, Jong (or was it Jing?)
Was certainly an idle thing.
(No matter whether Jing or Jong)
He had been idle ages long.

As idle I who sit and sing
As was that idol of the King,
As idle as this idle song
About that idle idol, Jong.

For surely 'tis an idle thing
To idly sit and idly sing
Of Idol Jong (or was it Jing?)—
No matter which is right or wrong,
The world will idly jig along
(Or is it Jog?)—What boots this song?

James P. Haverson.



LOADING AT FORT WILLIAM

The Waking of the Great Lakes

By

Britton B. Cooke

A ROBIN appeared in a Montreal back-yard one day, and throwing out his chest, announced to all and sundry, but particularly to a lady of his acquaintance, that he had secured a suitable telephone pole from which to discourse to the earth beneath upon the delicacy of spring worms.

A slant of sun struggled over a British Columbia mountain top, and, touching a piece of ice that lay sheltered high on the great hill, waked it and sent a stream of silver water swinging now like a thread, now like a wind-tossed curtain, from one dizzy ledge of rock down to another, and so into the Kicking Horse.

A crow toiled heavily across an hundred acres of Manitoba farm, underneath

which the germs of Number One Hard were waiting, like actors in the wings, for the Sun to give the cue for their appearance over-ground.

A steer in Alberta, answering some new impulse within himself, bawled lustily. A farm wife in Quebec prepared a row of sugar sap pails and set them out in the sun. A habitant whistled. An Arcadian looked at his apple trees; and a man in Halifax forgot his law books—for they breed great lawyers in that country—and nodded to a Conservative across the street with whom he had not been on speaking terms for twelve months.

And it was Spring.

And the same mysterious impulse that prompted the robin and the man in Hali-



A GROUP OF FREIGHTERS JUST BEFORE NAVIGATION OPENS

fax, revived life in an hundred grimy docks, a score of reprobate coal chutes, a hundred rusty freight boats, stone hookers and sailing schooners, and waked again—the traffic of the Great Lakes.

The Great Lakes themselves need no waking. There is a rime of frost around their edges while the winter lasts. The ice hummocks on the shore rise higher and higher with each christening of spray or each snow fall. But out beyond the edge of the shore ice, the lakes are never done tossing, and only the absence of the freight boats and passenger steamers shows the difference between winter and summer. It is only the shore that has to be awakened where the wharves are deserted. The funnels of the most intrepid vessels on the lakes are covered with boards to keep out the snow. The captains are scattered. The mates and wheelmen have melted away inland. The engineer and his oilers are not to be seen. And the stevedores have gone the way of the deckhands, and the waterfront saloons of the Great Lakes languish.

But the same fire that unbinds the purse of Nature and looses upon the world the vernal rhymer, that lights the black places under the leaves with the light of arbutus and hepatica, restores life to the lake shipping, lifts the lids from gallant funnels and recalls the wandering sailor to his place.

* * * *

I met a mate in MacDonald's saloon by the waterfront in Montreal, who was having a last taste of refreshment before putting aboard his vessel.

"I b'en clear around the world this winter," he said, setting down his glass with just a slight thump, "An' I tell y' there ain't no place I care about sailin' on more than these here lakes. I shipped aboard a' Empress at Halifax and worked m' way across, for'd. W'en I struck Liverpool I had a bit of money in my pocket but I met some green onions and that was the end of m' pile. I got a job on a dock, handlin' cat'l' and that fed me for a week. I got another job slingin' hash in a cheap foodery and made enough

to get t' London. But London got my goat. Couldn't stand it. I got a deck hand's job to Brindisi. Got from there to Alexandria. Pretty near got knifed in a row there one night, and I beat it for Cairo. Met a fellow in a dump in Cairo. He was in a fair way to gettin' beat up and we stuck it out together. He had a little herd of simoleums and offered to go halves till I could get some wind. So we paid our fare to Calcutta and worked our passage on a Blue Funnel from there around to Vancouver. I made enough at Black Jack in Vancouver to square up and we beat the C.P.R. to Montreal. I've been driving a cab in Montreal f'r three weeks—f'r a lady frien' of mine," this with a leer, "and now, by —— I'm goin' to clear out. I'm back at my proper job which is connected with the lake freightin' business and let me tell you boys, lake freightin's got 'em all beat. I'd be a damn oiler on a stone-boat on the great lakes 'fore I'd sail on the other water."

"Wha's the mat'r with salt wat'r?" growled a voice farther down the long

shining bar, "I wan' t' know wha's you said about salt wat'r. You hear me?"

"I say," called back the mate, "I say it's rotten. It's too long between ports an' the crews is dirty."

His interlocutor seemed satisfied. He quieted down, with a grumble or two. "Tha's right," he said. "I thou'd p'r'aps you said so'thing else. If—if—" unsteadily, "if you'd 'a said any diff'runt, I reckon I'd maybe 've had t' kill you, Old Boy."

Whereupon the two lake sailors fell in to an unusually friendly conversation.

Later that night I groped my way along a dock, felt around in the darkness for the ladder and crawled cautiously up on the deck of a freighter upon which I was to be a passenger on the first trip of the season. The ship's dog bounded up to me like a cat in the darkness, but when I stood still and it came near enough, it recognized a person who had been given the privilege of travelling on the same vessel with himself, and let me pass. I lifted my feet carefully so as to avoid



A PIONEER OF THE LAKES—ONE OF THE LAST



AN OLD WIND-JAMMER BEING LED OUT OF THE RIVER INTO THE
OPEN LAKE BY A TUG

stumbling and breaking my neck on the cables that creaked between our steel decks and the snubbing posts on the wharf. I walked forward down the long length of open deck which lies between the galley, which is aft, and the bridge and officers' quarters, which are in the bow. And finally I reached the captain's rooms.

"Did you mail 'em?" he demanded, as I stepped over the high sill of the door into his room.

"Yes. They'll go out on the morning train for Toronto."

He seemed satisfied. He had referred to the picture post cards which he always sent to his wife, up in Bruce county, on his first trip.

"I've had a lot of mail," he said, after a considerable pause, "I got a post card from Tommy Perkins and another from Watson of the Nevada and a whole bunch of others. They're all back again. All but Mogridge and he's quittin' the sailing business and going in for keepin' a candy store in Guelph. Peters has been changed from the Wadoncah to the Abaria. 'Baria's a better boat. He won't have so damn much worry about comin' down the Lime Kiln Crossings with a vessel that can't be relied upon to steer any more than you could rely on an old sow to steer by her tail. He'll be glad of that."

"I was in MacDonald's saloon for awhile to-ni—."

"Y' were where?" bawled the skipper, sitting up with a start, in his Morris chair, "Y' were where, did y' say?"

"A saloon—MacDonald's!"

"MacDonald's! You're a fool."

"Why?"

"Got any money left?"

"All I had with me."

"Well," he ruminated, settling back, "There sure is special winds made f'r fools and childr'n. That was a fair to middlin' low dive you were in, young man. Next time, don't go pokin' around so brash. What'd you see?"

"Mostly drunks."

"Hmph!"

"And there was a mate there who said he'd been all around the world this last winter. He started to slam salt-water sailing and I thought there was a row coming. But there wasn't. These fellows seem to do a lot of travelling in winter when the boats are laid up."

"Yes. They *do* do some," echoed the Old Man, "but what was that mate like?" He asked the question almost curtly.

I described him.

"Sure he had a birthmark on the side of his face?"

"Sure."

"Well, don't you know that that was the mate of this damn vessel and that I've been sittin' here for two hours waitin' for him to come aboard with my papers? That's *our* mate. MacDonald's, did you say?"

"I said it."

"I'll send Fogarty (the purser). No I won't, I'll go m'self. Want to come? If v' do I'll show y' the town good and proper."

So we went forth to see the town and find the mate.

The waterfront of Montreal, that part of it where the lake boats are concerned, was teeming with the re-awakened life of



A TURRET BOAT PLOUGHING A PEACEFUL COURSE THROUGH SUPERIOR

the docks. French deck hands, Cockney deckhands, wheelmen, mates, second mates, and even some captains, were to be found in every bar, every favorable street corner and some even were gathered under the arc lights on the docks, leaning against cables or snubbing posts, talking.

One place was an Irishman's little gambling house. We were still on the hunt for Macey, the mate, having failed to find him at MacDonald's, and the skipper thought there was a chance of finding him at Dennis's. The skipper's face was passport enough for himself and for me too. We stood in a convenient corner and watched the little groups clustered about the wheels.

"They're a sober bunch here, d'ye see?" said the Captain, "Dennis isn't lookin' for trouble and when a man's drunk he makes it risky for Dennis. I didn't think Macey 'd be here but it was worth tryin' and I'll leave word with Dennis to send him aboard if he does come."

"Are these mostly sailors?" I asked.

"Mostly. That little fellow over there is a newspaperman, reports the shipping news for one of the Montreal papers. Once, when Old Dave MacPherson had had a row with his wife and he wanted to get even, he got the newspaperman to fix things so that his vessel wasn't reported. The owners knew, but Old Dave got a yarn into the paper that his vessel was ten days overdue from Hamilton. It humbled his old woman first rate."

"Whose the old man?"

"That one? That's Plerk. Meanest man on earth. Sails the Serpentine—wooden girl with a high stern painted

green and yellow, tied up across from us in the slip we're in. He never drinks, never got nutty over a woman in his life, even when he was young. Just grabs his money and puts it up in little bets on the wheel. Never loses anything worth while. Thinks he can beat the bank by making piker's bets. Oh, he's an old son of a gun."

We went out. Two blocks further along we met a little French-Canadian policeman expostulating with a tipsy sailor. It was Macey. The Skipper took him with us.

"Y're drunk," said the skipper, scolding as we went along, "and you've been tellin' y're usual lies. Y' been givin' people that song and dance about bein' 'round the world again. Why can't you stop lyin' and drinkin' so heavy, y' fool. Y' know perfectly well that y' weren't any farther out of Canada than bein' night watchman at a saw mill in British Columbia. What makes you lie so?"

But Macey was oblivious.

* * *

The lakes are like five cups overflowing from one into the next and from the last one into the St. Lawrence. Superior gathers the water from thousands upon thousands of square miles of soil, swallows rivers and takes tribute of a thousand lesser lakes. Then at Sault Ste. Marie she thrusts what she has thus collected into Huron and so, into Erie and Ontario. The traffic at Sault Ste Marie has long since ceased to provoke wonder. Tonnage figures no longer impress the blase Canadian. He looks for greater ships, deeper water-



A STORM CLOUD

ways, stronger engines and cheaper freight rates.

Yet the waking of the lake traffic renews one's ability to wonder. From Montreal to Toronto, to Kingston, through the canal, across to Cleveland, thence to Windsor and Detroit, the Sault, Fort William and Port Arthur—these are the ports, and in each the spring revives the shipping, one of the vital elements in the business life of each port.

From scores of slips the lake freighters poke out their noses. A few new lines, a little paint and some new parts in the engine, and again they are ready for sea. The scattered crew drifts back. Some *have* been around the world. Some have been working on ocean liners. Some have been doing laborers' work in inland towns. Captains have been idling at home with their families—lording it over their wives and the kitchen range. Engineers have been similarly recuperating, or perhaps tending the engine in the home town's pumping station. Oilers have been doing all sorts of odd jobs and studying for their

promotion. One at a time, or in two or three, they drift back to the harbor where they expect to ship again. Some take to strange vessels, under captains they did not know before. Others return to the same old berth, the same old wheel house, the same room with the dead-light that won't close properly, the same old engine to watch with the same—trick of trying to break the propeller blades in a dirty sea.

The first boats to clear with a cargo are a bit proud of themselves. There is a spirit of rivalry between the boats. The Captain makes a few resolutions as to how he is going to save time in getting his cargoes aboard. The purser is going to be on watch for all the tricky bits of work the stevedores or the shippers may put upon him. But in the end they settle down to a regular jog trot. The round becomes the same pleasant old round that it has been for years.

There are the sunny days when the sun glisters on the deck. The Captain reclines on a stool behind the binnacle and specu-

lates through the binoculars what that far ship in the offing is carrying. The mate chews luxuriously. The purser decides to desert his books in the chart house, and fishing out his camera, takes more pictures of the ship's dog or the cook. The engine purrs along at the same old rate. There is a splash astern as the bilge water goes overboard or the cook throws out the potato peelings. Behind trails a long stain in the water left by the submerged ash-ejector.

Evening drops along. The dark closes in from all around. Perhaps the shore is not too far away and the purser yawns as he contemplates the peaceful stone-hookers, manned by a man and a boy, a loaf and a jug of milk, lying flapping idly in an inshore breeze. Then the night falls swiftly and there is nothing between the bridge forward and the galley aft, but the signal lights and the shadows of steam wenchers, masts, hatches and deck cargo—if there be any—mixed up between.

Then there is night on the Detroit, when the freighter lies snugly beside the spring-piles on the Windsor side. Vague shapes are abroad on the water. Stout cries from laboring hulks, ask for port or starboard. Somewhere out there the launch of the United States mail boat from Detroit is darting out, to meet upcoming vessels and give them their mail in a bucket over the side. The ferry boats between Detroit and Windsor signal to

strokes on certain bells, mounted on their bridges. The lights of Detroit flare high against the sky and yonder a black hulk pushes its way with a sniffling noise from its bows, upstream, with a cargo of frightened freight cars huddled together on its ample deck.

There is the misty day on the River Ste. Marie, when the fog quivers with shuddering diapason voices of freighters feeling their way. There is the clean, wet, whistling day when the gale is from behind, and the cook, seeing a following wave behind, is behooved to pray lest the great green and white crest should topple over on the galley and ruin the day's cooking. There is the night when the wind is ahead and the heavens of her bows threaten to turn her cargo loose inside the hold, and give her a list to starboard.

And finally, toward the end of the season, or just before the insurance is up in December, there is the gale with snow accompaniment, when the passage between Isle Royale and Passage Island, outside of Thunder Bay, is none too wide, when the Old Girl gathers tons of ice on her bows, on her very decks indeed, and when the skipper, being a daring man, curses a little harder because he doesn't like the weather and declines to let it, or anything for that matter, see that he cares how hard she blows.

But that is the end of the season. Navigation has just opened. This last that I have been talking about has yet to some.



A FREIGHTER WITH A DOUBLE TOW ENTERING THE ST. CLAIR
RIVER FROM LAKE HURON

A Wireless Tragedy

By

Molly Elliott Seawell

ON a bright June morning, the big liner *New York*, held in leash at her pier, was trembling and palpitating, the mighty heart of her engines beating fiercely, ready for the word to begin her quick dash across the Atlantic.

Up in the chart-room, Captain Inness sat at the table with Roger Fosbrooke, a keen-eyed, well-set-up man who was one of the lawyers for the company, and Dixon, an extraordinarily dull-looking fellow, shabbily dressed, yet who was one of the most capable men in the detective service of the *New York*.

"They're on board, sir," said Dixon, laying a slip of paper on the table, "and here are their real names, besides their stage names on the steerage-list: Montecorli and Spagnola. I call 'em Macaroni and Spaghetti, and two more determined criminals and scoundrels I never came across. Mr. Fosbrooke here can tell you something about 'em."

"I assisted in their prosecution," Fosbrooke explained. "I discovered one alarming fact: they had the command of money, a very unusual thing with criminals of their type. They had an Italian lawyer over here to help in fighting extradition proceedings. After a long tug of war, we succeeded in deporting them, and they are to leave the ship at Cherbourg, where the Italian police are to take charge of them. As I am also one of the counsel for the steamship company, I was asked to cross with them in case they should make trouble for the corporation. I think the Italian lawyer sailed Thursday, and will probably board the ship at Cherbourg."

"Nobody boards this ship at Cherbourg until he has undergone a civil service ex-

amination at the hands of the purser," asserted the captain, a big, handsome man, fine in his "leaving port full-dress."

"There is one precaution I request you to take," said Fosbrooke to the captain. "It would be just as well to direct the wireless operator to let you see first every message that is taken from either side while we are crossing."

"Certainly," the captain replied.

"And it would be well, too," put in Dixon, "to look after their baggage. I saw them aboard, and, besides a lot of boxes and bundles, they put two boxes in the hold. Now, men working on infernal machines, like these fellows, get very reckless about explosives, and they would no more mind stowing away a few sticks of dynamite or some bottles of high explosives in the hold of a big ship, than a pious, church-going lady would mind smuggling in a fifty-thousand-dollar string of pearls, under the nose of custom-house officers."

Captain Inness gave a little jump. His interest in the extradition and capture of a couple of desperate ruffians was purely academic, but when it came to high explosives packed in the hold of the *New York*, his feelings at once became personally involved.

"I'll have the boxes opened and overhauled," said the captain, touching a bell.

"And I'll be present at the overhauling," answered Dixon. "I have opened a good many dangerous packages in my time, and I think I can do the trick safely."

Fosbrooke went down the ladder with the detective and stood on the promenade-deck, watching the animated scene of a June sailing-day. Suddenly, on the crowd-

ed deck, his eye fell upon Elizabeth Campion, conspicuous for her height, her fairness, her slenderness, and that air of distinction which is worth beauty ten times over.

Fosbrooke was forty-one years old, and thought that the time for palpitations and agitations with him ought to be over. But in that moment he realized it was not any more over for him than for his twenty-two-year-old nephew and namesake, Roger Fosbrooke. It was this boy who had come between Elizabeth Campion and himself. A year and a half before, people were speculating how soon Fosbrooke's engagement to Miss Campion would be announced. In a moment of good nature, Fosbrooke, who really loved the junior Roger, took the boy, then a Yale senior, to call upon the Campions.

A perfectly grotesque thing followed. The junior Roger fell violently in love with Elizabeth Campion, who was exactly six years older than he. To make matters worse, he took his chum, Geoffry Todd, who was but a trifle older than himself, to inspect the adorable Elizabeth. And what should Geoffry do but also fall in love with her!

The rivalry between these two young men had passed from a joke into a serious matter. From friends, they became rivals, and from rivals, they became enemies with the strong enmity of two strong young natures.

When Fosbrooke dined at the Campions' two or three times that winter, each time he found one or the other of these youngsters among the guests. He did not even know Geoffry Todd's name. The suspicion that both these youngsters were stop-gaps did not occur to him. He dropped in at the opera two or three times, and, looking up, saw one of the two young men in the Campions' box. He did not suspect that they haunted the footsteps of Elizabeth, and that after they had slipped into the box, neither she nor Mrs. Campion, an amiable and well-bred woman, nor her father, who liked the society of young men, had the heart to turn them out. Fosbrooke was annoyed and displeased with Elizabeth for permitting these young men to hang about her. He realized for the first time that the hair was growing thin on the top of his head, and he was trifling with a pince-nez before

coming to downright spectacles. Elizabeth Campion, although only twenty-eight, was mature beyond her years, and Fosbrooke was so piqued at her permitting the public attention of these two boys, that he quietly withdrew from her circle, and ceased his visits to her house.

One is easily lost in the whirlpool of New York, and he had not met Elizabeth Campion for a year, until he saw her standing on the deck, holding her mother's arm. Then Fosbrooke knew that he had not forgotten her; he never could forget her. Perhaps he had been a fool to forego her sweet society because he was bothered by seeing his nephew and another youngster dancing attendance on her—there is no age-limit on fools. While these thoughts were passing through Fosbrooke's mind, the two young men—Roger Fosbrooke, junior, and Geoffry Todd, whose name Fosbrooke neither knew nor wanted to know—marched down the pier and met at the gangway at the same instant. Each carried a monstrous bouquet of roses; Geoffry Todd's was white and Roger Fosbrooke's red. As they caught sight of each other, each sprinted up the gangway into the great ship and dashed, neck and neck, to the promenade-deck, and at identically the same moment greeted Elizabeth Campion and presented their bouquets. The passengers saw the state of affairs, and an audible smile went round, while a couple of deck-stewards snickered openly. Elizabeth herself, while smiling and self-possessed, could not wholly mask a shade of annoyance that passed over her face; she did not relish being made ridiculous in the presence of several hundred passengers. It was, therefore, with a strictly impartial smile that she accepted the two bouquets.

"So kind of you," she murmured. "Such lovely flowers. I never could tell which I liked better, red roses or white."

The two young men were fine specimens of well-bred young Americans. Geoffry Todd, on the strength of his twenty-five years, and his being a salaried clerk for a big law firm, assumed the air of a man of the world. Roger Fosbrooke was a magnificent type of robust, clean young manhood. He had rowed stroke in the university boat race, and carried off university honors, and was at that moment con-

sidering where he should bestow his talents. He thought perhaps he might bestow them on his Uncle Roger, a very decent old chap, who had a thumping law practice.

Young Fosbrooke's fixed intention had been to follow Elizabeth on her European trip. He had, however, been so thoroughly sat upon when he made the suggestion to his inamorata, that he proposed to his ex-chum that they call a truce, and that neither should follow Elizabeth abroad. Geoffry Todd, who did not have the money to go, agreed to this proposition with a lofty air of magnanimity.

Elizabeth's manner toward them had in it a species of frozen sweetness, which was not encouraging. By way of showing his superiority over Roger Fosbrooke, Geoffry Todd said good-by first and went to his place of business. Roger, however, had to be dragged away by his uncle and fairly thrown down the gangway, when the cry resounded:

"All ashore that are going ashore."

Meanwhile, the elder Fosbrooke, with something like smiling malice, had greeted Elizabeth. If anything could have been annoying to her, it was that Fosbrooke should have been on hand at that moment. It looked exactly as if she were playing these two boys off against each other.

Elizabeth soon sought the seclusion of her deck-suite, and did not go out on deck again until they had passed quarantine and the *New York* was rushing straight for Rotterdam. Presently Fosbrooke came up and greeted her and her mother. Nothing could have been easier than the attitude of Elizabeth and Fosbrooke toward each other. Nevertheless, he had been perilously near proposing to her the year before, and he resented bitterly, after the manner of men, that she had not read his mind, and had not thrown herself at his head.

When luncheon was served—that first luncheon on board, at which everybody is in great spirits and has a good appetite—Fosbrooke found himself seated on the captain's left, while the vice-president of the steamship company, Mr. McMichael, an insignificant-looking but highly important person, was on the captain's right. Some distance lower down sat Elizabeth and her mother. Fosbrooke and the vice-president were talking together when

Captain Inness came in and took his place at the head of the table. Scarcely had he unfolded his napkin when his boy appeared and whispered something in his ear. The captain rose at once and walked quickly out of the saloon up to his room. There Dixon, the detective, and a worried-looking baggage-master, awaited him.

"As I told you, sir," said Dixon, "those two blasted anarchists each brought a box on board with him, and they were stowed away with the other steerage luggage in the hold before I could notify the baggage-master. Now, it ain't safe to put anarchists' luggage in the hold of a steamship, and I asked the baggage-master to look out for those two boxes, but he hasn't been able to find 'em. They certainly haven't been thrown overboard, because I have kept my eye upon Macaroni and Spaghetti, and they haven't had a chance to do it."

"You have not had time to give as thorough a search as you should," answered Captain Inness tartly. "Those boxes must be found or accounted for. You go yourself"—to the baggage-master "Don't trust anybody else, and report to me whether those two boxes are on board or not."

The captain returned to the dining-saloon, and the baggage-master, looking more worried than ever, went back to begin again his search among the luggage of the steerage passengers, while Dixon watched Macaroni and Spaghetti.

After luncheon, Dixon, who was of a responsive nature and yearned for sympathy, came up to Fosbrooke as he was smoking aft.

"You see, Mr. Fosbrooke," said Dixon, "them boxes may be collapsible, and those two rapscaillions may have got dangerous things out of them, and the boxes may this minute be in use as checkerboards. You ain't got an idea what devilish tricks Black Handers are up to!"

"A couple of Black Handers, as you call them, with disappearing boxes, are certainly not good company," answered Fosbrooke, offering Dixon a Reina Regente cigar; "but I have got used to the Black Hand and the Mafia, too, in prosecuting this type of criminal. I suppose I have had a dozen threatening letters about these same fellows, promising me death

in various unpleasant ways, if they were deported."

In the course of the afternoon, Fosbrooke, with a man's revenge, watched his chance to speak to Elizabeth Campion while her mother was present; but when Mrs. Campion went to her room for a siesta, and the chair next Elizabeth was vacant, Fosbrooke chose to devote himself to another lady, whom he disliked extremely, and afterwards walked the deck for an hour with McMichael, in full view of Elizabeth. Miss Campion, on her part, appeared entirely absorbed in a novel.

Fosbrooke was late in dressing for dinner, and, going out upon the deserted deck, in the soft June evening, he saw a solitary figure sitting on a camp-stool in a sheltered corner. It was Elizabeth, her fair head bare, a crimson mantle wrapped about her slight figure. She was looking with darkly meditative eyes at a young moon trembling in a sky all rose and amethyst. Fosbrooke felt himself irresistibly drawn toward her, but vengeance was still in his mind.

"I congratulate you," he said, sitting on the edge of a steamer-chair. "I don't think another lady in the ship received two such hay-stacks as you did from my small nephew and the unknown kid."

Elizabeth turned her glance upon him with perfect calmness.

"I never felt so ridiculous in my life as when those two boys put those haystacks, as you call them, in my hands. I like both of the boys extremely, you understand, but the bouquets were much too large."

"It represented their feelings," declared Fosbrooke, with cool malice. "It has been a question for the last year as to which one your engagement would be announced."

A deep flush poured into Elizabeth's face, and the light of anger burned in her eyes.

"I hardly supposed," she said in a voice of suppressed indignation, "that any one could think me capable of such folly. I am twenty-eight years old, and I thought I conducted myself so that no one could imagine me capable of acting in an undignified manner with two college youths."

Fosbrooke's heart smote him, but he continued, like the lizard that in its rage stings itself:

"I am forty-one, but I am not bragging about it. I feel myself, however, very much in the way with university heroes."

Elizabeth's face remained warmly flushed, but, most unaccountably and unexpectedly, her eyes filled with tears of mortification. She rose with dignity, and, brushing the tears away, said simply:

"I feel mortified at what you have said."

Those two or three beautiful, bright, unexpected tears were the undoing of Roger Fosbrooke. Five minutes before, when he was tying his white cravat in his room, he had no more intention to ask Elizabeth Campion to marry him than he had of taking a fly in an aeroplane. But his quick lawyer's mind, accustomed to read the thoughts of others, put together a rapid hypothesis which was not far from the truth. Perhaps, after all, he had misjudged her; his words had certainly brought her to tears, and she could not therefore be wholly indifferent to him.

"Elizabeth," he began, and stopped short, appalled. He had not meant to use her first name, a thing he had never done before.

He expected her to turn upon him in wrath. Instead, her eyes, which had been upon him, suddenly fell. There was a quiver of her lips and of her dark lashes, that haled Fosbrooke's heart out of his body. The same strange force that had brought tears to Elizabeth's eyes made Fosbrooke take her hand in the presence of an industrious sailor sweeping the deck, who considerately turned his back upon them.

"I have thought of you many times in the past year, but I have not been to see you because——"

Elizabeth, who was as quick of wit and as courageous as Fosbrooke, suddenly broke into a ravishing smile, and let her hand remain in his, as she said in a low voice resonant with laughter:

"You thought I liked those boys? I didn't in the way you thought."

"Good Lord!" said Fosbrooke. "If I had but known!"

"You would have known if you had not been very stupid," murmured Eliza-

beth, returning the gentle pressure of Fosbrooke's hand.

It was not much, but it was enough. The sailor sweeping the deck winked at a passing deck-steward, who returned the wink with a grin. They both saw what was up.

When Fosbrooke and Elizabeth Champion entered the big, resplendent dining-room, they were practically engaged to be married.

An hour later, in New York, Geoffry Todd was finishing a melancholy dinner at the Yale Club. The only consolatory thought he had was that Roger Fosbrooke, who usually sat at a table offensively near, was absent. Clean-shaven, well-set-up youngsters passed back and forth and spoke to Geoffry Todd, but got short answers in return. When his coffee came, he put his hand in his pocket to find his cigarette-case and with it drew out a passenger-list of the *New York*. Idly he began to read it. When he came to the F's the last name was "Roger Fosbrooke."

Geoffry jumped to his feet. So the infernal cad and liar had gone back on his word, and had sailed upon the same ship as Miss Champion! The thought made Geoffry Todd grind his teeth. It was not in American flesh and blood to stand this sort of treatment calmly. He darted out to the telephone exchange and demanded to know the nearest wireless station. It was given him. The place was down by the Battery and close to the steamship offices.

Geoffry Todd jumped into a taxicab, and half an hour later the wireless operator, in his eyrie, turned to see an infuriated young man marching in.

"Are you in communication with the *New York*?" asked Geoffry.

"Yep," replied the wireless man.

"Then send this," said Geoffry, handing out a message he had written during his spin down-town. "How much?"

"Seven dollars and sixty cents," said the wireless man, after counting the words.

Geoffry handed out the money with the one word:

"Rush."

On board the *New York*, all the persons at the captain's table, including McMichael and Fosbrooke, were seated when Captain Inness appeared.

He succeeded this time in unfolding his napkin and taking a spoonful of soup before his boy again gave him a whispered message. The captain excused himself and left the table.

In his room, awaiting him, were the baggage-master and Dixon.

"I have examined every piece of luggage in the hold of this ship, sir," said the baggage-master, "and I can't find those boxes. They aren't aboard the ship."

"The boxes may not be aboard as boxes," suggested Dixon, advancing the same theory that he had to Fosbrooke that afternoon, and in the same words. "They may be collapsible, and then two anarchists may be at this blessed minute playing checkers on them boxes, and what was inside of 'em may be stowed away somewhere in the ship."

"I never thought about the boxes being collapsible," said the worried baggage-master. "I will look and see if I can find anything that might once have been a box."

Three hours later, when Fosbrooke had said good-night to Elizabeth, he and Mr. McMichael were sitting up with the captain in his room, enjoying a friendly smoke. Suddenly the baggage-master appeared at the door. He carried in his hand some pieces of black leatherette covering a board, which had evidently once been a box. Dixon was looking over his shoulder.

"Here is what I found, sir," said the baggage-master.

Then Dixon, beaming with professional pride, took the centre of the stage.

"It is just as I thought, sir," he told the captain. "By some means, them fellows got the insides out of those boxes, and the Lord knows what them insides are made of—gun-cotton, or maybe nitroglycerine. I got a friend of mine to get them two Eytalians into a discussion on the rights of man, and while they were dancing about and calling him a thief, a rogue, and a liar for saying that the laws of property should be respected, I managed to examine every one of their dirty bundles and bags, and didn't find anything that could ever have been inside one of those boxes."

Dixon handed a piece of the box to the captain, and pointed out that it might

once have held a large camera. The only thing which could possibly identify them was a name written in ink on the inside, and partly erased, of which the three first letters were T O D.

"As I supposed," said Mr. McMichael, lighting another cigar, "we have a couple of desparate anarchists on board, who brought something in boxes, which they managed to abstract, and then break up the boxes. The contents can't be found, and may be dangerous explosives or an infernal machine."

"Just so," assented Dixon.

Captain Inness's ruddy face turned a trifle pale. Storms and fogs and icebergs had no terrors for him, but the thought of two boxes full of high explosives in the hands of a couple of anarchists on a crack liner was disturbing to him.

At that moment the wireless operator on board walked in and silently laid before the captain a message written out. It was addressed to Roger Fosbrooke, and read as follows:

You are a liar and a thief, but I will get even with you yet.—TODD.

The captain read it and passed it over to Fosbrooke, who also read it, and passed it to McMichael, who in turn gave it to Dixon.

"I got a horse-load of these things during the extradition proceedings," said Fosbrooke coolly. "They don't amount to anything."

Dixon pointed out the letters T O D on the broken box. McMichael looked a little startled, and so did the captain.

"I don't know anybody named Todd," said Fosbrooke. "But this evidently comes from somebody who can afford to pay for wireless messages. I shall reply to it, and the operator here will signal the man on shore to keep watch on the sender of this message, and to send every one he wants to send. We may trap him that way, you know."

Dixon beamed on Fosbrooke:

"You oughter been on the detective force," he said with admiration.

Then Fosbrooke wrote out carefully and amended at the suggestion of Captain Inness the following reply:

I don't know who you are, and don't care. If you feel like threaten-

ing me by wireless, send all you want, and I will pay the bill.—ROGER FOSBROOKE.

The wireless man counted the words and said briefly: "Eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents," which Fosbrooke paid.

At twelve o'clock that night, just as Fosbrooke had turned in, the wireless man came to his room, and handed him a message which read:

As you are a scoundrel and a liar, I do not suppose you would pay a dollar for any thing you promised. But just to prove that you are a liar, and a scoundrel, I send you this message collect, and have left the money with the operator to pay for it when it comes back unpaid.

"Thirty dollars, even," said the wireless man, and continued: "The man at the other end says that the fellow who is sending this doesn't seem to understand in the least that he is walking into a trap, and he can be arrested at any moment. The police are on to him."

"We won't arrest him yet awhile," said Fosbrooke. "I'll give him a little more rope."

The rooms in that particular gangway were occupied solely by men, every one of whom was awake and heard this mysterious conversation. Fosbrooke then wrote out his reply:

You can call for your money at wireless station number three. Your lying dispatch is received, and it really gave me pleasure to pay for it. I don't know who you are, but I hazard the assertion that you are a rogue of the first water. Send all you want, and I will pay for it.

"Twenty-eight dollars and forty cents," said the operator.

Fosbrooke fished out the money and turned over and went to sleep, to dream of Elizabeth Campion.

The next morning Elizabeth breakfasted in her room, and Captain Inness, McMichael, and Fosbrooke had breakfast together. The day was a glorious one, the ocean all blue and silver, while not a single cloud flecked the sunlit sky.

The captain's soul, however, was not as placid as the exterior conditions. Nor did either Fosbrooke or McMichael feel entirely at ease. It costs only a two-cent stamp to send a threatening letter, but so far the mysterious Todd had put up many good American dollars for the pleasure of making threats against Fosbrooke. A criminal with money is twenty times as dangerous as a criminal without.

Once on deck, however, and walking up and down with Elizabeth in the first secret rapture of an acknowledged love, Fosbrooke put all sinister thoughts behind him.

Meanwhile, something had leaked out. The wireless man was a bridegroom with a wife on board, and the lady was a chatter-box, and had promptly established friendly relations with the second-cabin stewardess, whose sister was a first-cabin stewardess, and whose daughter was a steerage stewardess. It was plain to everybody that something mysterious was going on in connection with the wireless service. The story ran that there were on board a couple of anarchists, who had in their possession several infernal machines, which nobody could find, and which were likely to explode any moment in the steamer's hold.

The psychology of a shipload of people is peculiar. Mental phases are as contagious as measles or scarlet fever. It was in vain that the stewards and stewardesses, after they had had a fierce wiggling in the purser's office, went about, pooh-poohing these tales, but as they themselves were not convinced, they could convince nobody else. The purser, a handsome, dark-eyed, resolute Scotchman, lied vigorously, but found no one who would believe him. A couple of clergymen, coming to inquire of the purser about the disquieting reports, were told to go to Gehenna. Instead, they went to the captain and complained of the purser. Captain Inness promised a reprimand, which was never delivered. Nevertheless, whenever the captain thought of the contents of those broken boxes concealed somewhere about the ship, and of the strange threats by wireless, he felt hollow inside. The passengers were more difficult to pacify, because so many had witnessed the proceedings at the captain's table. Half a dozen men had heard

the wireless message delivered on Saturday night to Fosbrooke. The doctor, a nice little man, talked soothingly to the ladies, assuring them that the wireless messages received by Fosbrooke all related to some legal business he had left behind unfinished in New York. His lies were as unavailing as the purser's. Fosbrooke, himself, with his ready lawyer's intelligence, concocted, with the assistance of the wireless man, a series of forged messages, which he declared to be those he had received and sent, but not even Elizabeth Campion believed him.

Dixon's and the baggage-master's search went on quietly but ceaselessly in the hold, and among the steerage passengers' luggage, but nothing was found. Macaroni and Spaghetti added to the quota of lies, and swore that they had not brought on board any such boxes, and when confronted with the broken pieces professed not to have seen them before.

It would seem as if a malign destiny brought every message at a time when it was sure to be noticed. Just as the passengers came up from luncheon on Mondays the operator met Fosbrooke with Elizabeth, and handed him another message. It read as follows:

You think yourself safe in your villainy. Just wait and see. You can't be put in jail, but there are some things a good deal worse than going to jail. I have it in for you, and don't you forget it. And I am not the only one either.—TODD.

This message cost thirty-two dollars, which had been paid. Fosbrooke concocted the following reply:

Go to the devil.

However he might make light of the messages he was receiving, they were not without an unpleasant effect. His coming aboard seemed to have brought terrible danger to everybody on the ship. This of itself was a cruel reflection, but when Fosbrooke thought of Elizabeth Campion, his heart was like to break.

The wireless man told Fosbrooke:

"The man at the other end says there won't be the least difficulty in nabbing the fellow who sends these messages. He is a smooth-faced, handsome young chap, the last man on earth one would suppose

to be mixed up with a gang of undesirable citizens. The police department is completely puzzled why this young man should be used as a tool by an anarchist group."

The excitement in the ship steadily grew, nor was it in the power of any one to calm it. The subtle atmosphere of danger affected every one, although some managed to conceal it. Among the latter were Fosbrooke and Elizabeth Campion. The forward rail of the promenade, which looked down directly upon the steerage, was always crowded with anxious faces. The two Italians, Montecorli and Spagnola, otherwise known as Macaroni and Spaghetti, were avoided by their fellow steerage passengers with superstition as well as actual fear. A fellow-countryman credited them both with having the evil eye, and predicted that, even if no actual explosion occurred on the ship, disaster of some sort was impending.

The usual wireless message came to Fosbrooke on Tuesday. It ran:

You are an infernal cur, cad, and coward, but you will yet pay dearly for your scoundrelly conduct.

To this Fosbrooke's reply was:

You are the most infernal cur, cad, and coward that walks the earth.

These messages doubled in expense, as they came through two ships. The transmitting operators inquired of the wireless man on the *New York* what it all meant, but the *New York's* operator was able to put up an effective and substantial bluff.

On Wednesday, Fosbrooke's wireless cocktail and appetizer for luncheon ran as follows:

You think yourself safe in your villainy, but look out. I am on your track.

To this, Fosbrooke replied:

All right. See if you can make good.

Thursday's message was transmitted through three ships. It was:

So far you are slightly ahead in the game, but wait.

Fosbrooke answered:

At present, the game appears to be mine.

On Friday, the inevitable message from the mysterious "Todd," was more expensive, as it was cabled to the other side, and came by the wireless station at Farnet. Apparently, "Todd" had run out of epithets, for he merely sent a quotation:

Justice moves with a leaden heel,
but strikes with an iron hand.

To this Fosbrooke replied, by the same roundabout and expensive method:

You stole that remark. Apply it to yourself.

On Saturday, about twelve o'clock, came the serious business of handing the two anarchists over to the Italian police at Cherbourg.

As the great ship steamed into the splendid roadstead, the tender put off from the jetty, and made like an arrow for the big, black hull, panting and trembling after her three-thousand-mile sprint. A great many passengers had suddenly made up their minds to get off at Cherbourg, and the deck was piled high with luggage.

Every piece that came up from the hold was handled tenderly by the stewards, and there was as little concussion as possible. Hanging over the rail of the steerage deck, were the two Italians. They made no motion as if to leave the ship, but as soon as the lower gangway was open a couple of brawny quartermasters laid their heavy hands on the Italians' shoulders, while Dixon gathered their bags and bundles and stood behind them. Macaroni and Spaghetti began a shrill protest, but at that moment they caught sight of a couple of fellow countrymen in police uniforms on the tender's deck. Instantly they grew quiet. As they were marched off toward the gangway, they came face to face with Fosbrooke.

"Here," said he, holding up two gold-pieces, "are a couple of American eagles. Can you produce what was in those boxes that you brought aboard and broke up?"

The sight of the money seemed to reanimate the two Italians. They looked at each other, and their mouths came open as if they were on hinges.

"Yes, sir," said Macaroni. "If the detective gentleman will go and look behind a big green trunk in the forward hold, he will find a bundle of New York newspapers. We brought them aboard to sell, but the steerage passengers would not buy, and so we threw them in the hold, and broke up the boxes."

Then Spaghetti added, with a still broader grin:

"We saw that the detective gentleman was very agitated, so we broke up the boxes, and put them where they would worry the detective gentleman."

Dixon disappeared at this point, and the two Italians, the two big quartermasters, and Fosbrooke, with his gold pieces, remained in *statu quo* for five minutes, until Dixon returned, bearing the bundles of New York newspapers, dated Saturday, June 5, the week previous. With a smile that rivalled in width and intensity those of the two Italians, Fosbrooke gave each a gold-piece.

"Now," he said, "clear out."

The quartermasters marched them over the gangway, where they readily and affably joined the two Italian gentlemen in police clothes, who exhibited a mysterious badge that had a thoroughly subduing influence upon both Macaroni and Spaghetti.

In ten minutes the story was known over the whole ship, and several passengers changed their minds about going ashore at Cherbourg. A feeling of hysterical relief seized everybody from the captain and Mr. McMichael, down to the ship's boys. People laughed and protested that they had never believed in the infernal machine theory at any time. Dixon was a pitiable sight, as he sat, his ears in his hands, and bewailed himself.

"Them durned scoundrels played a dirty game on me. They didn't even make a row about going ashore," he lamented. "And all that wireless stuff, that cost a mint of money, was nothing but hot air!"

"It seems to me just like the threatening letters that were sent to me during the prosecution of these men," replied Fosbrooke.

When the tender had steamed away, and the *New York* turned her nose once more toward the wide, bright ocean, Fosbrooke said to Elizabeth:

"I have sent a good many disagreeable things by wireless, but I should like to send something a little different. Will you allow me to send the announcement of our engagement so it can appear in Sunday's newspapers? You see, I am not taking any chances this time."

"I shouldn't mind," said Elizabeth, with a blush.

Twelve hours later, when it was seven o'clock in New York, Geoffry Todd was sitting down to a solitary dinner in the dining-room of the Yale Club. It had been a week of strenuous emotions to him. The more he brooded upon Roger Fosbrooke's treachery, the more infamous it appeared. He raised his eyes, and there, sitting at the next table to him, was the junior Roger Fosbrooke.

Geoffry Todd was so staggered that for a minute or two he could neither move nor speak. Then, as in a dream, he noticed Roger Fosbrooke unfold a newspaper, glance at it, and, with an exclamation, dash it down on the table, and half rise from his chair.

Geoffry Todd got up and went over to him. Astonishment so possessed Geoffry that he scarcely knew whether he was drunk or sober, awake or asleep. Roger's expression was one of woe, pure and simple. He pointed to a paragraph in the newspaper. It read:

The engagement is announced of Mr. Roger Charlton Fosbrooke to Miss Elizabeth Campion, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Campion, of Fifth Avenue and Campion Hall, Westchester County.

"That is my uncle," said Roger, with tears in his eyes. "I always liked the old fellow until now. He got on that steamer, meaning to play it low on me. He is a confounded old sneak, and I shall tell him so. I'll cable it to him."

"No, don't," said Geoffry, dropping into a chair, his usually fresh-colored face quiet white. "Look here. I thought Roger Fosbrooke was you, and here is what has been going on by wireless."

Geoffry Todd took from his breast pocket a bunch of telegrams, all neatly written out. Roger blinked the tears away, and read the telegrams carefully. As the two

young men sat, their heads close together over the small round table, each grew limp and pallid.

"I see it all now," said Geoffry, moping his forehead. "Just as you say, your uncle is an infernal old sneak. The idea of a man of forty-one marrying a girl of twenty-eight. It is perfectly disgusting. That is all I can say."

"But what are you going to do about it?" asked Roger forlornly.

Geoffry pondered a moment.

"Have some champagne," he said. "Get all the fellows here and treat 'em. Take two boxes at the theatre, and march all the fellows up to see the giddy girls dance, and send our warmest congratulations to the happy pair—ha! ha!"

On Sunday, in London, Fosbrooke received the following cablegram:

We desire to offer you our sincerest felicitations upon the prize you have won. We foresaw it long before it happened, and very much regretted what seemed to be a temporary estrangement between you and the lady. Best wishes.

It was signed "Roger Fosbrooke and Geoffry Todd."

The name "Todd" startled Fosbrooke. He took the cablegram to Elizabeth Campion, in her sitting-room, as she sat at the open window, looking out upon the green stretches of Kensington Gardens, and thought herself the happiest woman in the world.

"Who is Todd?" asked Fosbrooke.

"The other boy," answered Elizabeth. "Do you know they actually wanted to sail on the *New York*? But I put a stop at once to their nonsense."

A light was dawning upon Fosbrooke.

"And Todd found out that a Roger Fosbrooke sailed with you."

He struck his forehead. "I see it all now. Oh, Lord! I shall have to cable back to the Police Department at New York immediately."

This he did, together with another cablegram addressed to Roger Fosbrooke and Geoffry Todd at the Yale Club.

Many thanks for your kind wishes. Todd seems to have made a mistake in my identity. Wireless comes high, but we must have it.





A FALLS ON THE NAMEKAN OVER WHICH FIVE MEN WENT TO
THEIR DEATH IN THE OLD FUR-TRADING DAYS

The Lost Trail

By

James Grant

BETWEEN Winnipeg and Port Arthur, coming down on the railway which George Ham of the C. P. R. says was built by "Two (K) nights and a Night Mare"—but, of course, Mr. Ham only said that for fun—you fly past one of the hundred lost trails of Canada without so much as knowing what you are passing. The Pullman sways and swings with gay hilarity. The engine shrieks. The porter offers you your change from the last round, deferentially, knowing full well that, being *from* the West, and not just going *to* the West, you won't need the paltry few bits of silver that lie on

the tray. The bell-rope swings recklessly hither and yon, and you, pressing your hand against the window pane so as to keep the reflected glare of the car lights from dazzling you, try to make out what sort of country you are passing through.

All you see is trees and darkness. That is all anybody can see from that particular night train. You are aware that it is hilly, almost mountainous, country, that you cross numerous rivers on bridges that rumble briefly, that the train, drunkenly, takes curve after curve as though it did not care one single exclamation in Gehenna whether you saw the country

or not, its chief interest being centred in getting you to Port Arthur on time. You seem always to be just at the foot of hills from the sides of which, above you, the trees stand in never ending files, shrouded in the darkness, wrapt in a grave disapproval of the profanity of the engine. Here and there great rocks thrust boldly out from the sides of the hills, but retire in time to avoid being hit by the sides of the car. The engineer, suddenly smitten with remorse, and seeing a curve ahead, puts on the air with a jerk. Your suitcase lands in your lap. Your magazines slide off the velvet to the floor. The brake shoes scream from under the floor and then the brake exhaust sighs musically and you feel the wheels leaping again as they round the curve, to be "On! on! And out of this!" After awhile you have another round, and go to sleep. Your curiosity concerning the country through which you are passing has abated. As you cross, from island to island; a narrow part of Rainy Lake, wherein the stars look to arrange themselves, or over which the night wind rides, you are either asleep or listening, not to the sound of the waves lapping at the foundation of the bridges, but to the porter softly brushing shoes down in the deserted smoking room. In the morning you leave the train at Port Arthur, in a disguise, if possible, so as to avoid buying real estate.

You have passed through the country of the Lost Trail, or as perhaps one might better call it, the country where *one* of the lost trails of Canada lies. For there are scores of them. Scores of old trails that were once arteries of the life of the country, but which have been superseded by the Trail of steel, and the Iron Windigo that whisks you across the long portages between Halifax and Vancouver faster than the swiftest canoe could take the White Horse Rapids on the way to Hudson's Bay.

Before there was a steel rail on the north shore of Lake Superior, before there was a steel rail in existence or even dreamed of, the Old Dawson Trail lay between Canada East and Canada West. It was not always called by that name. But now-adays, to remember it, one must recall the hero of the trail—for every trail has its hero. If Hiawatha ever saw the Western plains, this must have been

the trail that he took, between Lake Superior and Fort Garry. If there was war between the tribes at the head of the Great Lakes and the Plains' Indians, it was by this trail that they traveled, and along its length that they fought. When the French came, and sought to go further West in the interests of the fur trade and of exploration, they followed this old route from Lake Superior. And later, when the English traders came, when the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Trading Company were at war with one another, it was along this trail that they came in conflict. Then, in the end, it was the means by which Wolseley's soldiers reached Fort Garry to quell Louis Riel, and a few years later carried immigrants, by canoe and scow and wagon, over the first all-Canadian route into the North West.

But for forty years it has been useless. The C. P. R. put an end to its usefulness, as it has put an end to the usefulness of many things in different ways, and now the trail lies out of sight and out of most people's minds. It was the first door from Old Canada to the Canada that is. Like a disused gate in the heart of the woods, it lies, over-grown with green things, with its latch, so to speak, rusted and broken, and the key lost.

I have been over only a part of the route, coming west from Port Arthur as far as the town of Fort Frances. Of the balance of the way, from Fort Frances to Winnipeg, I have no direct knowledge, beyond that the route followed the Rainy River from Rainy Lake to Lake of the Woods, and thence by the large rivers into the lakes of Manitoba and the Red River. We put in at Brulé Portage, half a day's run on the Canadian Northern up from Port Arthur. The train stopped on a high embankment. On one side was bush; on the other water; and at the edge of the bush, a tiny house where the combination section man and telegraph operator lived. He spoke French. This we learned in bargaining for a frying pan to replace the one which we found we had left behind. The baggage man dumped our canoe out on the wrong side of the train, but that did not matter. Our two Indians we prodded out of a sound sleep



BREAKFAST TIME IN CAMP

in the second class and found the old Indian, the one who had been over the trail with Wolseley, and who was to find the road for us, embarrassed with too much G & W, which somebody in the smoking car had given him for a joke. But we camped and ate and slept, and the same Canada song sparrow that had been singing, Sweet! Sweet! Canada-Canada-Canada! when we dropped asleep on a bed of spruce—the best we could find—was at it again when we waked.

Any trail in the bush is good, and there are some that have the same wealth of fish and big game to offer as the Dawson trail gave us. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, Quebec, or Algonquin Park, the trail to Moose Factory or Churchill, or the trails of British Columbia—all have their charm. Most of them have their share of flies, in season and out, and their share of nasty rivers and blighted portages. But the Dawson trail as we saw it, wore, not the air of a virgin trail, but of a hard-used old trail that has mellowed in forty years of idleness into deeper silences, richer shadows, more wonderful colors than she had known before, like an old woman who has found peace and philosophy in a corner of an Old Woman's Home after a strenuous life. The broad-cut portage roads were almost overgrown with woods again. Ferns and

bushes grew out of the rotting timbers of dams which had been built by the Government to improve navigation in certain of the lakes and rivers, at the time when the Government expected to make a permanent route, via this trail, between Prince Arthur's Landing and Winnipeg. Loons were fighting beside the half-submerged boiler of what had been a tug, employed to tow barge-loads of immigrants and their effects across some of the larger lakes which went to make up the trail. A moose was browsing beside an old barrel, sunk in the ground beside the trail, which had served to preserve a spring for the use of the passing immigrants. Over the whole trail brooded a reminiscent air, disturbed only on the merest fringe by the shriek of the passing railway locomotives.

Some years ago an old man died in Ottawa and was buried without much fuss in one of the cemeteries there. The quietness of the funeral was not because he had no friends, but because he had no widow, no family. His mourners were men who had sat with him in the House of Commons, or who had known him as old Sam Dawson in the building of the Dawson Route, as the trail came to be known after its improvement by the Government.

Our senior guide, Johnny Fiun, aged eighty, told us bits of stories about this



REMAINS OF ONE OF THE BOATS USED BY GENERAL WOLSELEY
IN TRANSPORTING TROOPS TO RED RIVER

great man, under whom he had worked in the transporting of Wolseley and his soldiers from Lake Superior through to the West. Smoking beside a smudge at Dore Lake, we watched the sun falling, listened to the loons shrieking under the shadow of the far shore, and observed the waters of this little lake, transformed by a mere sign from the approaching night, and to the accompaniment of a drumming partridge, from clear amber, into ink, and heard Johnny relate fragments of his memory touching the great man Dawson.

Johnny had known in all his life only one great man. This was he, an engineer whose history is hard to discover, but who appears to have been more than an ordinary man. He told how Dawson was a father to the Indians; how he could go alone, and unarmed for that matter, into places where, in those days, no other white man dare venture; how when the Government had trouble with the Indians, Dawson could settle it.

Some things of Dawson we knew ourselves, as for instance how, when Wolseley's engineers, confronted with the task of portaging guns and supplies of the army up and over a waterfall, gave it up, Dawson built a great skid-way from the bottom of the fall, over the top, and haul-

ed the boats up by means of cables hitched to trees above the fall. We had heard Don McKellar of Fort William tell the story of how by his ingenuity and perseverance, and in the face of great obstacles, he built dams that backed the water on certain lakes and rivers in order to overcome rapids and bad current. But old Johnny, in a mixture of French and English and Indian, assisted by the younger guide, Joe Charlie, let drop facts occasionally, which revealed more intimate things touching the valour, the kindness and the quaintness of the only great man Johnny had ever known or had cared to know.

I remember that it took an afternoon to cross the long portage—French portage—for we had to cover it twice—seeing that some of us were unbroken to tump-lines and could carry only a fair-sized load. The trail had been at one time wide enough to accommodate teams and smooth enough for wagons. But the bush had healed it over, so that it was almost obscured in places, and hard to follow. It led, now up over hot shoulders of smooth rock, now on high wooded ground, and at other times through a muskeg which had been, and still remained, paved with logs. But as we passed, the logs crumbled into red powder under the green moss



IN A STRETCH OF QUIET WATER

which covered them in places. Once, a black bear scuttled across the trail. In the sun-lit tops of the trees birds were discoursing, and somewhere, never very far off, the partridge were drumming.

Many rivers and many smaller portages; moose swimming from point to point ahead of us; the trolling line tugging gently from one's hand as one paddled; fair weather or half a gale, and a lake to be crossed against it; these and the varying moods of summer weather succeeded one another, and brought us to the mouth of the great river, the Namekan, by descending which we added a little element of danger to the trip.

There was an Indian encampment on the shore of Lac LaCroix, where the river began. We visited it in order to secure additional guides to assist our men in descending the Namekan. None in the mission could speak English, and yet the young Indians were engaged in a game of baseball as we landed. Johnny Fiun, who had been married several times, found relatives of his in the camp, and completed negotiations for two extra guides down the river. We camped that

night on an island close to the shore, and in the morning set off down the river; two Indians and one white man in each canoe. The new guides brought their own birch bark.

It does not matter how we went down the Namekan. Nothing happened. We did it in a day and dismissed the additional guides the next morning. But there is a story about the Namekan which lends interest to the trip, and assists one to a proper appreciation of Snake Falls, as some say they are called.

In the days when the North West Trading Company and the Hudson's Bay Company came in conflict in this part of the country, the Namekan River was, so they say, used only in times of emergency, as a short cut into Rainy Lake, via Namekan Lake. It was considered too dangerous a river for the transportation of furs.

One evening a Hudson's Bay canoe, deep with pelts, appeared in Lac La Croix, eager to get on, via the Vermilion River—the usual route—into Rainy Lake. But as it lurked under the shadow of the trees near the point where the Namekan River flows out of La Croix, the five men in

charge of the craft and its cargo were seen by a larger party of North West Trading Company men. To escape, the Hudson's Bay canoe turned down the Namekan. And the others, in two canoes—although the story sometimes varies in these details—gave chase.

Not far down the Namekan is a bend in the river, and a tremendous chute which terminates in a lake-like expansion of the river. The pursued portaged into this lake safely, after felling trees across the portage trail so as to embarrass their pursuers. From portage to portage, and through several small rapids they kept a safe lead on their rivals, and so at length came to the one danger spot on the river.

The Namekan at this point is cunningly fashioned to entrap the unwary. The current continues smooth and apparently slow. The banks are low—with flowers growing upon them in season—but as they get farther down the stream they rise and take on a character which makes it impossible for a canoe to land, except at one place, and this place is a narrow ledge of rock about a hundred yards above Snake Falls. Between the ledge and the falls there is no hope for anything in the current.

The story goes, therefore, that the Hudson's Bay canoe, coming down this stretch of smooth water, came too swiftly, missed the landing and was swept over the falls.

The falls are not of a great height, nor wonderful for their beauty. But they represent the whole force of a great river pouring over a fifteen or twenty-foot drop, upon great pieces of rock which lie below. There could be no salvation for any that went over, and it was with just a little feeling of satisfaction that one stepped out of the canoe, lifted out the dunnage and climbed up the bank to the camping place.

The last two days of the journey was on Rainy Lake. The second day was windy and we sighted fish launches, deserted gold mines, and, as we neared Fort Frances, the Canadian Northern bridge from island to island across the lake. But the day before was different. There was no sun and the sky was the color of rain. The lake was so still that the canoe seemed to float between two firmaments, as though there were no earth. Once an Indian in a birch passed—a white ship with a red passenger floating in the blue grey water—and yet it didn't look at all like



NOONDAY LUNCHEON ON A PORTAGE



A HIGH SPOT ON A PORTAGE

water. Another time a red deer swam not far away from us. The ripples from its nose quivered and melted into the stillness of the lake again. Looking for a place to camp, we realized we were lost among the islands. One might have been a thief, so oppressive and accusing was the

silence among them. At last we gave up the search, and were content to land on a bit of rock that bore enough timber to light a fire, but not enough soil to support a tent. We slept on folded canvas and woke in the morning with the sun in our faces and pools of dew in our tarpaulins.

By noon we were at Fort Frances.

THE millennium will begin in the kitchen.

AMBITION is a handicap unless it is productive.

OBJECT to the man with the large stomach and the small soul.

The Trail of '98

By

Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako."

BOOK III.

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CHAPTER XVI.

WE made McCrimmon comfortable. We kept no whiskey in the cabin, but we gave him some hot coffee, which he drank with great satisfaction. Then he twisted a cigarette, lit it, and looked at us keenly. On his brown flat-tish face were remarkable the impassivity of the Indian and the astuteness of the Scot. We were regarding him curiously. Jim had regained his calm, and was quietly watchful. The Prodigal seemed to have his ears cocked to listen. There was a feeling amongst us as if we had reached a crisis in our fortunes.

The halfbreed lost no time in coming to the point.

"I like you boys. You're square and above-board. You're workers, and you don't drink—that's the main thing.

"Well, to get right down to cases. I'm a bit of a mining man. I've mined at Cassiar and Caribou, and I know something of the business. Now I've got next to a good thing.—I don't know how good yet, but I'll swear to you it's a tidy bit. There may be only ten thousand in it, and there may be one hundred and ten. It's a gambling proposition, and I want pardners, pardners that'll work like hell and keep their faces shut. Are you on?"

"That's got us kodaked," said the Prodigal. "We're that sort, and if the proposition looks good to us we're with you. Anyway, we're clams at keeping our food-traps tight."

"All right; listen. You know the Arctic Transportation Co. have claims on upper Bonanza—well, a month back I was working for them. We were down about twenty feet and were drifting in. They set me to work in the drift. The roof kept sloughing in on me, and it was mighty dangerous. So far we hadn't got pay-dirt, but their mining manager wanted us to drift in a little further. If we didn't strike good pay in a few more feet we were to quit.

"Well, one morning I went down and cleaned away the ash of my fire. The first stroke of my pick on the thawed face made me jump, stare, stand stock-still, thinking hard. For there, right in the hole I had made, was the richest pocket I ever seen."

"You don't say! Are you sure?"

"Why, boys, as I'm alive there was nuggets in it as thick as raisins in a Christmas plum-duff. I could see the yellow gleam where the pick had grazed them, and the longer I looked the more could I see."

"Good Lord! What did you do?"

"What did I do! I just stepped back and picked at the roof for all I was worth. A big bunch of muck came down, covering up the face. Then, like a crazy man, I picked wherever the dirt seemed loose all the way down the drift. Great heaps of dirt caved in on me. I was stunned, nearly buried, but I did the trick. There were tons of dirt between me and my find."

We gasped with amazement.

"The rest was easy. I went up the shaft groaning and cursing. I pretended to faint. I told them the roof of the drift had fallen in on me. It was rotten stuff, anyway, and they knew it. They didn't mind me risking my life. I cursed them, said I would sue the Company, and went off looking too sore for words. The manager was disgusted, he went down and took a look at things; said he would throw up the work at that place; the ground was no good. He made that report to the company."

The half-breed looked round triumphantly.

"Now, here's the point. We can get a lay on that ground. One of you boys must apply for it. They mustn't know I'm in with you, or they would suspect right away. They're none too scrupulous themselves in their dealings."

He paused impressively.

"You cinch that lay agreement. Get it signed right away. We'll go in and work like the devil. We'll make a big clean-up by spring. I'll take you right to the gold. There's thousands and thousands lying snug in the ground just waiting for us. It's right in our mit. Oh, it's a cinch, a cinch."

The half-breed almost grew excited. Bending forward, he eyed us keenly. In a breathless silence we stared at each other.

"Well," I objected, "seems to be putting up rather a job on the company."

Jim was silent, but the Prodigal cut in sharply:

"Job nothing—it's a square proposition. We don't know for certain that gold's there. Maybe it's only a piffling pocket, and we'll get souped for our pains. No, it seems to me it's a fair gambling proposition. We're taking all kinds of chances. It means devilish hard work; it means privation and, maybe bitter disappointment. It's a gamble, I tell you, and are we going to be such poor sports as turn it down? I for one am strongly in favor of it. What do you say? A big sporting chance—are you there, boys, are you there?"

He almost shouted in his excitement.

"Hush! Some one might hear you," warned the halfbreed.

"Yes, that's right. Well, it looks mighty good to me, and if you boys are willing we'll just draw up papers and sign an agreement right away. Is it a go?"

We nodded, so he got ink and paper and drew up a form of partnership.

"Now," said he, his eyes dancing, "now, to secure that lay before any one else cuts in on us. Gee! but it's getting dark and cold outdoors these days. Snow falling; well, I must mush to Dawson to-night."

He hurried on some warm, yet light, clothing, all the time talking excitedly of the chance that fortune had thrown in our way, and gleeful as a schoolboy.

"Now, boys," he says, "hope I'll have good luck. Jim, put in a prayer for me. Well, see you all to-morrow. Good-bye."

It was late next night when he returned. We were sitting in the cabin, anxious and expectant, when he threw open the door. He was tired, wet, dirty, but irrepressibly jubilant.

"Hurrah, boys!" he cried. "I've cinched it. I saw mister manager of the big company. He was very busy, very important, very patronising. I was the poor miner seeking a lay. I played the part well. He began by telling me he didn't want to give any lays at present; just wanted to stand me off, you know; make me more keen. I spoke about some of their ground on Hunker. He didn't seem enthusiastic. Then, at last, as if in despair, I mentioned this bit on Bonanza. I could see he was itching to let me have it, but he was too foxy to show it. He actually told me it was an extra rich piece of ground, when all the time he knew his own mining engineer had condemned it."

The Prodigal's eyes danced delightedly.

"Well, we sparred round a bit like two fake fighters. My! but he was wily, that old Jew. Finally he agreed to let me have it on a fifty-per-cent. basis. Don't faint, boys. Fifty per cent., I said. I'm sorry. It was the best I could do, and you know I'm not slow. That means they get half of all we take out. Oh, the old shark! the robber! I tried to beat him down, but he stood pat; wouldn't budge. So I gave in, and we signed the lay agreement, and now everything's in shape. Gee

whiz! didn't I give a sigh of relief when I got outside. He thinks I'm the fall guy, and went off chuckling."

He raised his voice triumphantly.

"And now, boys, we've got the ground cinched, so get action on yourselves. Here's where we make our first real stab at fortune. Here's where we even up on the hard jabs she's handed us in the past; here's where we score a bull's-eye, or I miss my guess. The gold's there, boys, you can bank on that; and the harder we work, the more we're going to get of it. Now, we're going to work hard. We're going to make ordinary hard work look like a summer vacation. We're going to work for all we're worth—and then some. Are you there, boys, are you there?"

"We are," we shouted with one accord.

CHAPTER XVII

There was no time to lose. Every hour for us meant so much more of that precious pay-dirt that lay under the frozen surface. The winter leapt on us with a swoop, a harsh, unconciliating winter, that made out-door work an unmitigated hardship. But there was the hope of fortune nerving and bracing us, till we lost in it all thought of self. Nothing short of desperate sickness, death even, would drive us from our posts. It was with this dauntless spirit we entered on the task before us.

And, indeed, it was one that called for all in a man of energy and self-sacrifice. There was wood to get for the thawing of the ground; there was a cabin to build on the claim; and lastly, there was a vast dump to be taken out of the ground for the spring sluicing. We planned things so that no man would be idle for a moment, and so that every ounce of strength expended would show its result.

The half-breed took charge, and we, recognizing it was his show, obeyed him implicitly. He decided to put down two holes to bed-rock, and, after much deliberation, selected the places. This was a matter for the greatest judgment and experience, and we were satisfied that he had both.

We ran up a little cabin and banked it nearly to the low eaves with snow. By-and-bye the snow fell on the roof to the depth of three feet, so that the place seem-

ed like a huge white hummock. Only in front could you recognize it as a cabin by the low doorway, where we had always to stoop on entering. Within were our bunks, a tiny stove, a few boxes to sit on, a few dishes, our grub; that was all. Often we regretted our big cabin on the hill, with its calico-lined "den" and its separate kitchen. But in this little box of a home we were to put in many weary months.

Not that the time seemed long to us; we were too busy for that. Indeed, often we wished it were twice as long. Snow had fallen in September, and by December we were in an arctic world of uncompromising harshness. Day after day the glass stood between forty and fifty degrees below zero. It was hatefully, dangerously cold. It seemed as if the frost-fiend had a cruel grudge against us. It made us grim—and careful. We didn't talk much in those days. We just worked, worked, worked, and when we did talk it was of our work, our ceaseless work.

Would we strike it rich? It was all a gamble, the most exciting gamble in the world. It thrilled our day hours with excitement; it haunted our sleep; it lent strength to the pick-stroke and vigor to the windlass-crank. It made us forget the bitter cold, till some one would exclaim, and gently knead the fresh snow on our faces. The cold burned our cheeks a fierce brick-red, and a frost-bite showed on them like a patch of white putty. The old scars, never healing, were like patches of lamp-black.

But neither cold nor fatigue could keep us away from the shaft and the drift. We had gone down to bed-rock, and were tunnelling in to meet the hole the half-breed had covered up. So far we had found nothing. Every day we panned samples of the dirt, always getting colors, sometimes a fifty-cent pan, but never what we dreamed of, hoped for.

"Wait, boys, till we get a two-hundred-dollar pan, then we'll begin to whoop it up some."

Once the company manager came down on a dog-team. He looked over our shaft. He wore a coon coat, with a cap of beaver, and huge fur mits hung by a cord around his neck. He was massive and imposing. Spiky icicles bristled around his mouth,

"What luck, boys?" His breath came like steam.

"None, so far," we told him, and off he went into the frozen gloom, saying he hoped we would strike it before long.

"Wait a while."

We were working two men to a shaft, burning our ground over night. The Prodigal and I manned the windlasses, while the old miners went down the drifts. It was a cold, cold job standing there on that rugged platform turning the windlass-crank. Long before it was fairly light we got to our posts, and lowered our men into the hole. The air was warmer down there in the drift; but the work was harder, more difficult and dangerous.

At noon there was no sunshine, only a wan, ashen light that suffused the sky. A deathlike stillness lay on the valley, not a quiver or movement in leaf or blade. The snow was a shroud, smooth save where the funeral pines pricked through. In that intensity of cold, that shivering agony of desolation, it seemed as if nature was laughing at us—the Cosmic Laugh.

Our meals were hurriedly cooked and bolted. We grudged every moment of our respite from toil. At night we often were far too weary to undress. We lost our regard for cleanliness; we neglected ourselves. Always we talked of the result of the day's panning and the chances of to-morrow. Surely we would strike it soon.

"Wait a while."

Colder it grew and colder. Our kerosene flowed like mush. The water froze solid in our kettle. Our bread was full of icy particles. Everything had to be thawed out continually. It was tiresome, exasperating, when we were in such a devil of a hurry. It kept us back; it angered us, this pest of a cold. Our tempers began to suffer. We were short, taciturn. The strain was beginning to tell on us.

"Wait a while."

Then, one afternoon, the Something happened. It was Jim who was the chosen one. About three o'clock he signalled to be hoisted up, and when he appeared he was carrying a pan of dirt. "Call the others," he said.

All together in the little cabin we stood round, while Jim washed out the pan in snow-water melted over our stove. I will never forget how eagerly we watched the

gravel, and the whirling, dexterous movements of the old man. We could see gleams of yellow in the muddy water. Thrills of joy and hope went through us. We had got the thing, the big thing, at last.

"Hurry, Jim," I said, "or I'll die of suspense."

Patiently he went on. There it was at last in the bottom of the pan. Sweeter to our eyes than to a woman the sight of her first-born, there it lay, glittering, gleaming gold, fine gold, coarse gold, nuggety gold.

"Now, boys, you can whoop it up," said Jim quietly; "for there's many and many a pan like it down there in the drift."

But never a whoop. What was the matter with us? When the fortune we had longed for so eagerly came at last, we did not greet it even with a cheer. Oh, we were painfully silent.

Solemnly we shook hands all round.

CHAPTER XVIII

"Now to weigh it," said the Prodigal.

On the tiny pair of scales we turned it out—ninety-five dollars' worth.

Well, it was a good start, and we were all possessed with a frantic eagerness to go down in the drift. I crawled along the tunnel. There, in the face of it, I could see the gold shining, and the longer I looked the more I seemed to see. It was rich, rich. I picked out and burnished a nugget as large as a filbert. There were lots of others like it. It was a strike. The question was: how much was there of it? The halfbreed soon settled our doubts on that score.

"It stands to reason the pay runs between where I first found it and where we've struck it now. That alone means a tidy stake for each of us. Say, boys, if you were to cover all that distance with twenty-dollar gold-pieces six feet wide, and packed edge to edge, I wouldn't take them for our interest in that bit of ground. I see a fine big ranch in Mani-toba for my share; ay, and hired help to run it. The only thing that sticks in my gullet is that fifty per cent. to the company."

"Well, we can't kick," I said; "we'd never have got the lay if they'd had a hunch. My! won't they be sore."

Sure enough, in a few days, the news leaked out, and the manager came post-haste.

"Hear you've struck it rich, boys."

"So rich that I guess we'll have to pack down gravel from the benches to mix in before we can sluice it," said the Prodigal.

"You don't say. Well, I'll have a man on the ground to look after our interests."

"All right. It means a good thing for you."

"Yes, but it would have meant a better if we had worked it ourselves. However, you boys deserve your luck. Hello, the devil——"

He turned round and saw the halfbreed. He gave a long whistle and went away, looking pensive.

* * * * *

It was the night of the discovery when the Prodigal made us an address.

"Look here, boys; do you know what this means? It means victory; it means freedom, happiness, the things we want, the life we love. To me it means travel, New York, Paris, evening dress, the opera. To McCrimmon here it means his farm. Each according to his notion, it means the 'Things That Matter.'"

"Now, we've just begun. The hardest part is to come, is to get out the fortune that's right under our feet. We're going to get every cent of it, boys. There's a little over three months to do it in, leaving about a month to make sluice-boxes and clean up the dirt. Now we've got to work like men at a burning barn. We've worked hard, but we've got to go some yet. For my part, I'm willing to do stunts that will make my previous record look like a plugged dime. I guess you boys all feel the same way."

"You bet we do."

"Well, nuf sed; let's get busy."

So, once more, with redoubled energy, we resumed our tense, unrelenting round of toil. Now, however, it was vastly different. Every bucket of dirt meant money in our pockets, every stroke of the pick a dollar. Not that it was all like the first rich pocket we had struck. It proved a most erratic and puzzling paystreak—one day rich beyond our dreams, another too poor to pay for the panning. We swung on a pendulum of hope and despair. Perhaps this made it all the more exciting,

and stimulated us unnaturally, and always we cursed that primitive method of mining that made every bucket of dirt the net result of infinite labor.

Every day our two dumps increased in size (for we had struck pay on the other shaft) and every day our assurance and elation increased correspondingly. It was bruited around that we had one of the richest bits of ground in the country, and many came to gaze at us. It used to lighten my labors at the windlass to see their looks of envy and to hear their awe-stricken remarks.

"That's one of them," they would say; "one of the lucky four, the lucky laymen."

So, as the facts, grossly exaggerated, got noised abroad, they came to call us the "Lucky Laymen."

Looking back, there will always seem to me something weird and incomprehensible in those twilight days, an unreality, a vagueness like some dreary, feverish dream. For three months I did not see my face in a mirror. Not that I wanted to, but I mention this just to show how little we thought of ourselves.

In like manner, never did I have a moment's time to regard my inner self in the mirror of consciousness. No mental analysis now; no long hours of retrospection, no tete-a-tete interviews with my soul. At times I felt as if I had lost my identity. The gold-lust had dispossessed me of myself. I was a slave of the genii Gold, releasing it from its prison in the frozen bowels of the earth. I was an automaton turning a crank in the frozen stillness of the long, long night.

It was a life despotically objective, and now, as I look back, it seems as if I had never lived it at all. I seem to look down a long, dark funnel and see a little machine-man bearing my semblance, patiently, steadily, wearily turning the handle of the windlass in the clear lancinating cold of those sombre, silent days.

I say "bearing my outward semblance," and yet I sometimes wonder if that rough-bearded figure in heavy woolen clothes looked the least like me. I wore heavy sweaters, mackinaw trousers, thick German socks and moccasins. From frequent freezing my cheeks were corroded. I was miserably thin, and my eyes had a wild, staring expression through the pupils

dilating in the long darkness. Yes, mentally and physically I was no more like myself than a convict enduring out his life in the soulless routine of a prison.

The days were lengthening marvellously. We noted the fact with dull joy. It meant more light, more time, more dirt in the dump. So it came about that, from ten hours of toil, we went to twelve, to fourteen; then, latterly, to sixteen, and the tension of it was wearing us down to skin and bone.

We were all feeling wretched, overstrained, ill-nourished, and it was only voicing the general sentiment when, one day, the Prodigal remarked:

"I guess I'll have to let up for a couple of days. My teeth are all on the bum. I'm going to town to see a dentist."

"Let me look at them," said the half-breed.

He looked. The gums were sullen, unwholesome-looking.

"Why, it's a touch of scurvy, lad; a little while, and you'd be spitting out your teeth like orange pips; your legs would turn black, and when you squeezed your fingers into the flesh the hole would stay. You'd get rotten, then you'd mortify and die. But it's the easiest thing in the world to cure. Nothing responds to treatment so readily."

He made a huge brew of green-spruce tea, of which we all partook, and in a few days the Prodigal was fit again.

It was mid-March when we finished working out our ground. We had done well. Not so well, perhaps, as we had hoped for, but still magnificently well. Never had men worked harder, never fought more desperately for success. There were our two dumps, pyramids of gold-permeated dirt at whose value we could only guess. We had wrested our treasure from the icy grip of the eternal frost. Now it remained — and O, the sweetness of it—to glean the harvest of our toil.

CHAPTER XIX

"The water's beginning to run, boys," said the half-breed. "A few more days and we'll be able to start sluicing."

The news was like a flood of sunshine to us. For days we had been fixing up the boxes and getting everything in readiness. The sun beat strongly on the snow,

which almost visibly seemed to retreat before it. The dazzling white surface was crisp and flaky, and around the tree boles curving hollows had formed. Here and there brown earth peered nakedly through. Every day the hillside runnels grew in strength.

We were working at the mouth of a creek down which ran a copious little stream all through the spring-time. We tapped it some distance above us, and ran part of it down our long line of sluice-boxes. These boxes went between our two dumps, so that it was easy to shovel in from both sides. Nothing could have been more convenient.

At last, after a day of hot sunshine, we found quite a freshet of water coming down the boxes, leaping and dancing in the morning light. I remember how I threw in the first shovelful of dirt, and how good it was to see the bright stream discolor as our friend the water began his magic work. For three days we shovelled in, and on the fourth we made a clean-up.

"I guess it's time," said Jim, "or those riffles will be gettin' choked up."

And, sure enough, when we ran off the water, there were some of them almost full of the yellow metal, wet and shiny, gloriously agleam in the morning light.

"There's ten thousand dollars if there's an ounce," said the company's man, and the weigh-up proved he was right. So the gold was packed in two long buckskin pokes and sent into town to be deposited in the bank.

Day after day we went on shovelling in, and about twice a week we made a clean-up. The month of May was half over when we had only a third of our dirt run through the boxes. We were terribly afraid of the water failing us, and worked harder than ever. Indeed, it was difficult to tell when to leave off. The nights were never dark now; the daylight was over twenty hours in duration. The sun described an ellipse, rising a little east of north and setting a little west of north. We shovelled in till we were too exhausted to lift another ounce. Then we lay down in our clothes and slept as soon as we touched the pillow.

"There's eighty thousand to our credit in the bank, and only a third of our

dump's gone. Hooray, boys!" said the Prodigal.

About one o'clock in the morning the birds began to sing, and the sunset glow had not faded from the sky ere the sunrise quickened it with life once more. Who that has lived in the North will ever forget the charm, the witchery of those midnight skies, where the fires of the sun are banked and never cold. Surely long after all else is forgotten will linger the memory of those mystic nights with all their haunting spell of weird, disconsolate solitude.

One afternoon I was working on the dump, intent on shovelling in as much dirt as possible before supper, when, on looking up, who should greet me but Locasto. Since our last interview in town I had not seen him, and, somehow, this sudden sight of him came as a kind of a shock. Yet the manner of the man as he approached me was hearty in the extreme. He held out his great hand to me, and as I had no desire to antagonise him, I gave him my own.

He was riding. His big, handsome face was bronzed, his black eyes clear and sparkling, his white teeth gleamed like mammoth ivory. He certainly was a dashing, dominant figure of a man, and, in spite of myself, I admired him.

His manner in his salutation was cordial, even winning.

"I've just been visiting some of my creek properties," he said. "I heard you fellows had made a good strike, and I thought I'd come down and congratulate you. It is pretty good, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said; "not quite so good as we expected, but we'll all have a tidy sum."

"I'm glad. Well, I suppose you'll go outside this fall."

"No, I think I'll stay in. You see, we've the Gold Hill property, which looks promising; and then we have two claims on Ophir."

"Oh, Ophir. Well, I don't think you'll ever take a fortune out of Ophir. I bought a claim there the other day. The man pestered me, so I gave him five thousand for it, just to get rid of him. It's eight below."

"Why," I said, "that's the claim I staked and got beaten out of."

"You don't say so. Well, now, that's too bad. I bought it from a man named

Spankiller; his brother's a clerk in the gold office. Tell you what I'll do. I'll let you have it for the five thousand I gave for it."

"No," I said, "I don't think I want it now."

"All right; think it over, anyway. If you should change your mind, let me know. Well, I must go. I've got to get into town to-night. That's my mule-train back there on the trail. I've got pretty nearly ten thousand ounces over there."

I looked and saw the mules with the gold-packs slung over their backs. There were four men to guard them, and it seemed to me that in one of these men I saw the little wizened figure of the Worm.

I shivered.

"Yes, I've done pretty well," he continued; "but it don't make any difference. I spend it as fast as I get it. A month ago I didn't have enough ready cash to pay my cigar bill, yet I could have gone to the bank and borrowed a hundred thousand. It was there in the dump. Oh, it's a rum business this mining. Well, goodbye."

He was turning to go when, suddenly, he stopped.

"Oh, by the way, I saw a friend of yours before I left. No need to mention names, you lucky dog. When's the big thing coming off? Well, I must congratulate you again. She looks sweeter than ever. By-by."

He was off, leaving a very sinister impression on my mind. In his parting smile there was a trace of mockery that gravely disquieted me. I had thought much of Berna during the past few months, but as the gold fever took hold of me I put her more and more from my mind. I told myself that all this struggle was for her. In the thought that she was safe I calmed all anxious fear. Sometimes by not thinking so much of dear ones, one can be more thoughtful of them. So it was with me. I knew that all my concentration of effort was for her sake, and would bring her nearer to me. Yet at Locasto's words all my old longing and heartache vehemently resurged.

In spite of myself, I was the prey of a growing uneasiness. Things seemed vastly different, now success had come to me. I could not bear to think of her working

in that ambiguous restaurant, rubbing shoulders with its unspeakable habitués. I wondered how I had ever deceived myself into thinking it was all right. I began to worry, so that I knew only a trip into Dawson would satisfy me. Accordingly, I hired a big Swede to take my place at the shovel, and set out once more on the hillside trail for town.

CHAPTER XX

I found the town more animated than ever, the streets more populous, the gaiety more unrestrained. Everywhere were flaunting signs of a plethoric wealth. The anxious Cheechako had vanished from the scene, and the victorious miner masqueraded in his place. He swaggered along in the glow of the spring sunshine, a picture of perfect manhood, bronzed and lean and muscular. He was brimming over with the exuberance of health. He had come into town to "live" things, to transmute this yellow dust into happiness, to taste the wine of life, to know the lips of flame.

It was the day of the Man with the Poke. He was King. The sheer animalism of him overflowed in midnight roysterings, in bacchanalian revels, in debauches among the human débris of the tenderloin.

Every one was waiting for him, to fleece him, rob him, strip him. It was also the day of the man behind the bar, of the gambler, of the harpy.

My strange, formless fears for Berna were soon set at rest. She was awaiting me. She looked better than I had ever seen her, and she welcomed me with an eager delight that kindled me to rapture.

"Just think of it," she said, "only two weeks, and we'll be together for always. It seems too good to be true. Oh, my dear, how can I ever love you enough? How happy we are going to be, aren't we?"

"We're going to be happier than any two people ever were before," I assured her.

We crossed the Yukon to the green glades of North Dawson, and there, on a little rise, we sat down, side by side. How I wish I could put into words the joy that filled my heart. Never was I so happy as I. I spoke but little, for love's silences are sweeter than all words. Well, well, I mind me how she looked: just like a

picture, her hands clasped on her lap, her eyes star-bright, angel-sweet, mother-tender. From time to time she would give me a glance so full of trust and love my heart would leap to her, and wave on wave of passionate tenderness come sweeping over me.

It may be there was something humble in my stintless adoration; it may be I was like a child for the pleasure of her nearness; it may be my eyes told all too well of the fire that burned within me, but O, the girl was kind, gentler than forgiveness, sweeter than all heaven. Caressingly she touched my hair. I kissed her fingers, kissed them again and again; and then she lifted my hand to her lips, and I felt her kiss fall upon it. How wondrously I tingled at the touch. My hand seemed mine no longer—a consecrated thing. Proud, happy me!

"Yes," she went on, "doesn't it seem as if we were dreaming? You know, I always thought it was a dream, and now it's coming true. You'll take me away from this place, won't you, boy?—far, far away from this hideous life. I'll tell you now, dear, I've borne it all for your sake, but I don't think I could bear it any longer. I would rather die than sink in the mire, and yet you can't imagine how this life affects one. It's sad, sad, but I don't get shocked at things in the way I used to. You know, I sometimes think a girl, no matter how good, sweet, modest to begin with, placed in such surroundings could fall gradually."

I agreed with her. Too well I knew I was becoming calloused to the evils around me. Such was the insidious corruption of the gold-camp. I now regarded with indifference things, when a year ago I would have shrunk from with disgust.

"Well, it will be all over very soon, won't it dear? I don't know what I'd have done if it hadn't been for the rough miners. They've been so kind to me. When they saw I was straight and honest they couldn't be good enough. They shielded me in every way, and kept back the other kind of men. Even the women have been my friends and helped me."

She looked at me archly.

"And, you know, I've had ever so many offers of marriage, too, from honest,

rough, kindly men — and I've refused them ever so gracefully."

"Has Locasto ever made any more overtures?"

Her face grew grave.

"Yes, about a month ago he besieged me, gave me no rest, made all kinds of proposals and promises. He wanted to divorce his 'outside' wife and marry me. He wanted to settle a hundred thousand dollars on me. He tried everything in his power to force me to his will. Then, when he saw it was no use, he turned round and begged me to let him be my friend. He spoke so nicely of you. He said he would help us in any way he could. He's everything that's kind to me now. He can't do enough for me. Yet, somehow, I don't trust him."

"Well, my precious," I said, "all danger, doubt, despair, will soon be over. Locasto and the rest of them will be as shadows, never to haunt my little girl again. The Great, Black North will fade away, will dissolve into the land of sunshine and flowers and song. You will forget it."

"The Great Black North.—I will never forget it, and I will always bless it. It has given me my love, the best love in all the world."

"O, my darling, my Life, I'll take you away from it all soon, soon. We'll go to my home, to Garry, to Mother. They will love you as I love you."

"I'm sure I will love them. What you have told me of them makes them seem very real to me. Will you not be ashamed of me?"

"I will be proud, proud of you, my girl."

Ah, would I not? I looked at that flower-like face the sunshine glorified so, the pretty, bright hair falling away from her low brow in little waves, the lily throat, the delicately patrician features, the proud poise of her head. Who would not have been proud of her? She awoke all that was divine in me. I looked as one might look on a vision, scarce able to believe it real.

Suddenly she pointed excitedly.

"Look, dear, look at the rainbow. Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it beautiful?"

I gazed in rapt admiration. Across the river a shower had fallen, and the clouds, clearing away abruptly, had left there a

twin rainbow of matchless perfection. Its double arch was poised as accurately over the town as if it had been painted there. Each hoop was flawless in form, lovely in hue, tenderly luminous, exquisite in purity. Never had I seen the double iris so immaculate in coloring, and, with its bases resting on the river, it curved over the gold-born city like a frame of ethereal beauty.

"Does it not seem, dear, like an answer to our prayer, an omen of good hope, a promise for the future?"

"Yes, beloved, our future, yours and mine. The clouds are rolling away. All is bright with sunshine once again, and God sends his rainbow to cheer and comfort us. It will not be long now. On the first day of June, beloved, I will come to you, and we will be made man and wife. You will be waiting for me, will you not?"

"Yes, yes, waiting ever so eagerly, my lover, counting every hour, every minute."

I kissed her passionately, and we held each other tightly for a moment. I saw come into her eyes that look which comes but once into the eyes of a maid, that look of ineffable self-surrender, of passionate abandonment. Life is niggard of such moments, yet can our lives be summed up in them.

She rested her head on my shoulder; her lips lay on mine, and they moved faintly.

"Yes, lover, yes, the first of June. Don't fail me, honey, don't fail me."

We parted buoyant with hope, in an ecstasy of love. Yes, she was for me, this beautiful, tender girl, for me. And the time was nigh when she should be mine, mine to adore until the end. Always would she be by my side; daily could I plot and plan to give her pleasure; every hour by word and look and act could I lavish on her the exhaustless measure of my love. Ah! life would be too short for me. Could aught in this petty purblind existence of ours redeem it and exalt it so: her love, this pure sweet girl's, and mine. Let nations grapple, let Mammon triumph, let pestilence o'erwhelm: what matter, we love, we love, O proud, happy me!

* * * * *

I got back to the claim. Everything was going merrily, but I felt little desire to resume my toil. I was strangely tired, wearied, worn out somehow. Yet I took up my shovel again with a body that rebelled in every tissue. Never had I felt like this before. Something was wrong with me. I was weak. At night I sweated greatly. I cared not to eat.

I went down to the Forks to buy some kind of a tonic. In Dawson they used to say: "Well, this town of ours has got everything that ever was beaten for liveliness; but if you want to see real high life, go to the Forks. It's the limit."

And surely that little town at the junction of Bonanza and Eldorado was eternally the limit. Right in the heart of the treasure valley it was the first overbrimming outlet of that golden stream that inundated the larger city. Here vice was cruder, more untrammelled, without any redeeming feature of refinement. The sirens of San Francisco were the harpies of Dawson, and the harpies of Dawson were the harridans of the Forks, demireps of the most abandoned type. And the men, mad with success, crazed with liquor, insane with excitement, and lust, gave themselves up to the wildest orgies. It was a saturnalia of sin. I have seen the wine flowing over the thresholds of doors, sluicing out the gold that was in the sawdust of the saloon floors.

That night I saw something I will never forget, something that seemed to me to typify the whole hideous aftermath of the gold greed. I state it starkly and plainly.

It was in the Gold Hill Saloon. The place was crowded with drunken revellers. Gramophones were in full blast, men shouting, women singing. It was hell let loose.

Suddenly there was a vast roar, and every one cleared a space. Then into that fierce ferment of excited revelry there walked a drunken miner, a grey-haired old man. In each hand he held a poke of dust worth maybe about five thousand dollars, and hanging upon each arm was a naked woman. They paraded up and down the floor to the tune of a popular march, amid roars of laughter, hilarious merriment.

To me it has always seemed to sum up the whole situation, that drunken old

miner, the gold dust, the two naked harridans.

* * * * *

"Well," said the Prodigal, "it's all over but the shouting. From my calculations we've cleaned up two hundred and six thousand dollars. That's a hundred and three between us four. It's cost us about three to get out the stuff; so there will be, roughly speaking, about twenty-five thousand for each of us."

How jubilant every one was looking—every one but me. Somehow I felt as if money didn't matter just then, for I was sick, sick, sick.

"Why, what's the matter?" said the Prodigal, staring at me curiously. "You look like a ghost."

"I feel like one, too," I answered. "I'm afraid I'm in for a bad spell. I want to lie down awhile, boys . . . I'm tired . . . The first of June, I've got a date on the first of June. I must keep it, I must . . . Don't let me sleep too long, boys. I mustn't fail. It's a matter of life and death. The first of June . . ."

Alas, on the first of June I lay in the hospital, raving and tossing in the clutches of typhoid fever.

CHAPTER XXI

I was lying in bed, and a heavy weight was pressing on me, so that, in spite of my struggles, I could not move. I was hot, insufferably hot. The blood ran boiling through my veins. My flesh was burning up. My brain would not work. It was all cobwebs, murky and stale as a charnel-house. Yet at times were strange illuminations, full of terror and despair. Blood-red lights and purple shadows alternated in my vision. Then came the dreams.

* * * * *

There was always Berna. Through a mass of grimacing, greed-contorted faces gradually there formed and lingered her sweet and pensive one. We were in a strange costume, she and I. It seemed like that of the early Georges. We were running away, fleeing from some one, I thought. For her sake a great fear and anxiety possessed me. We were eloping, I fancied.

There was a marsh to cross, a hideous quagmire, and our pursuers were close. We started over the quaking ground,

then, suddenly, I saw her sink. I rushed to aid her, and I, too, sank. We were to our necks in the soft ooze, and there on the bank, watching us, was the foremost of our hunters. He laughed at our struggles; he mocked us; he rejoiced to see us drown. And in my dream the face of the man seemed strangely like Locasto.

* * * * *

We were in a bower of roses, she and I. It was still further back in history. We seemed to be in the garden of a palace. I was in doublet and hose, and she wore a long, flowing kirtle. The air was full of fragrance and sunshine. Birds were singing. A fountain scattered a shower of glittering diamonds on the breeze. She was sitting on the grass, while I reclined by her side, my head lying on her lap. Above me I could see her face like a lily bending over me. With dainty fingers she crumpled a rose and let the petals snow down on me.

Then suddenly, I was seized, torn away from her by a man in black, who roughly choked her screams. I was dragged off, thrown into a foul cell, left many days. Then, one night, I was dragged forth and brought before a grim tribunal in a hall of gloom and horror. They pronounced my doom—Death. The chief Inquisitor raised his mask, and in those gloating features I recognized—Locasto.

* * * * *

Again it seemed as if I were still further back in history in some city under the Roman rule. I was returning from the Temple with my bride. How fair and fresh and beautiful she was, garlanded with flowers and radiantly happy. Again it was Berna.

Suddenly there are shouts, the beating of drums, the clash of cymbals. The great Governor of the Province is coming. He passes with his retinue. Suddenly he catches sight of her whom I have but newly wed. He stops. He asks who is the maid. They tell him. He looks at me with haughty contempt. He gives a sign. His servants seize her and drag her screamingly away. I try to follow, to kill him. I, too, am seized, overpowered. They bind me, put out my eyes. The Roman sees them do it. He laughs as the red-hot iron kisses my eye-balls. He

mocks me, telling me what a dainty feast awaits him in my bride. Again I see Locasto.

* * * * *

Then came another phase of my delirium, in which I struggled to get to her. She was waiting for me, wanting me, breaking her heart at my delay. O, Berna, my soul, my life, since the beginning of things we were fated. 'Tis no flesh love, but something deeper, something that has its source at the very core of being. It is not for your sweet face, your gentle spirit, my love, that you are dearer to me than all else: it is because—you are you. If all the world were to turn against you, flout you, stone you, then would I rush to your side, shield you, die with you. If you were attainted with leprosy, I would enter the lazareth for your sake.

"O Berna, I must see you, I must, I must. Let me go to her . . . now . . . dear! She's calling me. She's in trouble. Oh, for the love of God, let me go . . . let me go, I say. . . . Damn you, I will. She's in trouble. You can't hold me. I'm stronger than you all when she calls . . . Let me . . . let me. . . . Oh, oh, oh . . . you're hurting me so I'm weak, yes, weak as a baby. . . . Berna, my child, my poor little girl, I can do nothing. There's a mountain weighing me down. There's a slab of gold on my chest. They're burning me up. My veins are on fire. I can't come. . . . I can't, dear. . . . I'm tired. . . ."

Then the fever, the ravings, the wild threshing of my pillow, all passed away, and I was left limp, weak, helpless, resigned to my fate.

I was on the sunny slope of convalescence. The Prodigal had remained with me as long as I was in danger, but now that I had turned the corner, he had gone back to the creeks, so that I was left alone with only my thoughts for company. As I turned and twisted on my narrow cot it seemed as if the time would never pass. All I wanted was to get better fast, and to get out again. Then, I thought, I would marry Berna and go "outside." I was sick of the country, of everything.

As I was lying thinking over these things, I became conscious that the man in the cot to the right was trying to at-

tract my attention. He had been brought in that very morning, said to have been kicked by a horse. One of his ribs was broken, and his face was badly smashed. He was in great pain, but quite conscious, and he was making stealthy motions to me.

"Say, mate," he said, "I piped you off soon's I set my lamps on you. Don't youse know me?"

I looked at the bandaged face wonderingly.

"Don't you spot de man dat near let youse down de shaft?"

Then, with a great start, I saw it was the *Worm*.

"Taint no horse done me up," he said in a hoarse whisper; "'twas a man. You know de man, de worst devil in all Alaska, Black Jack. Bad luck to him! He knocked me down and give me de leather. But I'm goin' to get even some day. I'm just laying for him. I wouldn't be in his shoes for de richest claim in de Klondike."

The man's eyes glittered vengefully between the white bandages.

"'Twas all on account of de little girl he done it. You know de girl I mean. Black Jack's dead stuck on her, an' de funder she stands him off, de more set he is to get her. Youse don't know dat man. He's never had de . . . 'et."

"Tell me what's the matter, for God's sake."

"Well, when youse didn't come, de little girl she got worried. I used to be doin' chores round de restaurant, an' she asks me to take a note up to you. So I said I would. But I got on a drunk dat day, and for a week after I didn't draw a sober breath. When I gets around again I told her I'd seen you and' given you de note an' you was comin' in right away."

"Heaven forgive you for that," I said.

"Yep, dat's what I say now. But it's all too late. Well, a week went on an' you never showed up, an' meantime Locasto was pesterin' her cruel. She got mighty peaked like, pale as a ghost, an' I could see she cried most all her nights. Den she gives me anudder note. She gives me a hundred dollars to take dat note to you. I said she could lay on me dis time. I was de hurry-up kid, an' I starts off. But Black Jack must have cottoned on, for he meets me back

of de town and taxes me wid takin' a message. Den he sets on me like a wild beast and does me up good and proper. But I'll fix him yet."

"Where are the notes?" I cried.

"In the pocket of me coat. Tell de nurse to fetch in me clothes, an' I'll give dem to youse."

The nurse brought the clothes, but the little man was too sore to move.

"Feel in de inside pocket."

There were the notes, folded very small, and written in pencil. There was a strange faintness at my heart, and my fingers trembled as I opened them. Fear, fear was clutching me, compressing me in an agonizing grip.

Here was the first.

"MY DARLING BOY: Why didn't you come? I was all ready for you. O, it was such a terrible disappointment. I've cried myself to sleep every night since. Has anything happened to you, dear? For Heaven's sake write or send a message. I can't bear the suspense.

"Your loving
BERNA."

Blankly, dully, almost mechanically, I read the second.

"O, come, my dear, at once. I'm in serious danger. He's grown desperate. Swears if he can't get me by fair means he'll have me by foul. I'm terribly afraid. Why ar'n't you here to protect me? Why have you failed me? O, my darling, have pity on your poor little girl. Come quickly before it is too late."

It was unsigned.

Heavens! I must go to her at once. I was well enough. I was all right again. Why would they not let me go to her? I would crawl on my hands and knees if need be. I was strong, so strong now.

Ah! there were the *Worm's* clothes. It was after midnight. The nurse had just finished her rounds. All was quiet in the ward.

Dizzily I rose and slipped into the frayed and greasy garments. There were the hospital slippers. I must wear them. Never mind a hat.

I was out in the street. I shuffled along, and people stared at me, but no one delayed me. I was at the restaurant now. She wasn't there. Ah! the cabin on the hill.

I was weaker than I had thought. Once or twice in a half-fainting condition I stopped and steadied myself by holding a sapling tree. Then the awful thought of her danger possessed me, and gave me fresh strength. Many times I stumbled, cutting myself on the sharp boulders. Once I lay for a long time half-unconscious, wondering if ever I would be able to rise. I reeled like a drunken man. The way seemed endless, yet stumbling, staggering on, there was the cabin at last.

A light was burning in the front room. Some one was at home at all events. Only a few steps more, yet once again I fell. I remember striking my face against a sharp rock. Then, on my hands and knees, I crawled to the door.

I raised myself and hammered with clenched fists. There was silence within, then an agitated movement. I knocked again. I wondered if the door was ever going to be opened, but at last it was, with a suddenness that precipitated me inside the room.

The madam was standing over me where I had fallen. At sight of me she screamed. Surprise, fear, rage, struggled for mastery on her face. "It's him," she cried, "*him*." Peering over her shoulder, with ashy, horrified face, I saw her trembling husband.

"Berna," I gasped hoarsely. "Where is she? I want Berna. What are you doing to her, you devils? Give her to me. She's mine, my promised bride. Let me go to her, I say."

The woman barred the way. Suddenly, from the darkness of the inner room, I saw a face, the fiendish rage-distorted face of my dreams. It was Locasto.

Then all at once I realized that the air was heavy with a strange odor, the odor of chloroform, and at the same instant

I heard a low moan of agony.

Merciful Christ! what were they doing to her? What horrible thing was happening? Frenzied with fear, I rushed forward.

Then the Amazon roused herself. With a cry of rage she struck me. Savagely both of them came for me. I struggled, I fought; but, weak as I was, they carried me before them and threw me from the door. I heard the lock shoot; I was outside; I was impotent. Yet behind those log walls I knew a ghastly outrage was being done to the one I loved best on earth. Oh, it was horrible! horrible! Could such things be in God's world? And I could do nothing.

I was stronger once more. I ran round to the back of the cabin. She was in there, I knew. I rushed at the window and threw myself against it. The storm frame had not been taken off. Crash! I burst through both sheets of glass. I was cruelly cut, bleeding in a dozen places, yet I was half into the room.

There, in the dirty, drab light, I could see a little limp, unconscious figure lying on the bed, and, standing by her, Locasto.

He turned at the crash. He saw me. His face was devilish in its rage. With a curse he came at me. Then, as I hung half in, half out of the window, he clutched me by the throat. Using all his strength, he raised me further into the room, then he hurled me ruthlessly out onto the rocks outside.

I rose, reeling, covered with blood, blind, sick, speechless. Weakly I staggered to the window. My strength was leaving me. "O God, sustain me! Help me to save her."

Then I felt the world go blank. I swayed; I clutched at the walls; I fell.

There I lay in a ghastly, unconscious heap.

I had lost! I had lost!

(To be Continued.)



The Assassin in the House

By

Roden Kingsmill

ONE of the last acts of Earl Grey as Governor-General was to warn the Canadian people against the ravages of the fly. Not the black fly, or the deer fly, although Lord Grey probably had some personal experience of what these blood-suckers can do, when he was on his fifteen hundred mile canoe trip through the Hudson Bay County last year. His Excellency referred to the common house fly—*musca domestica*—as the flyologists call him. Health Officers Hastings, of Toronto, and Laberge, of Montreal, agree with Earl Grey and Moses—who must have had some realization of the danger from flies, for he witnessed their dreadful ravages among the Egyptians at the time of the captivity of the Israelites. But probably even before, and certainly many times since, have thinking people suspected the malevolence of this plague. It was not until very recent years, however, that specific evidence has been gathered which has convicted the fly of guilt beyond a doubt, and only during his recent trial have the extent and enormity of his crimes been established.

The chief specialties of the fly are now known to be the transmission of intestinal diseases, typhoid fever, cholera and diarrhoea. It has also been pointed out in recent studies by the Local Government Board of London that he may very possibly carry tuberculosis, anthrax, diphtheria, ophthalmia, smallpox, staphylococcus infection, swine fever, tropical sore, and the eggs of parasitic worms.

Hence, the vigorous campaign now being carried on against the house-fly by civic associations and health boards throughout the country. In many cities placards have been posted warning the people in terse text and graphic pictures

of the danger from flies, and giving rules for protection against them; lectures on the subjects are also being widely given, and even that new popular fad, the moving picture show, has been brought into service to educate the public to the dangers of the *musca domestica*, as the house-fly is scientifically termed, or, as Dr. L. O. Howard has aptly named it, the "typhoid fly." Over 98 per cent. of the flies that visit our homes and surroundings belong to this dangerous species.

MILLIONS OF BACTERIA ON A SINGLE FLY.

The form and character of the fly's body is particularly adapted for carrying the infectious material, and as it breeds in fecal matter almost exclusively and at the rate of thousands of each individual fly, the consequent facility for the spread of disease-breeding germs is apparent.

To prove by experiment, captured flies were thoroughly cleaned and then allowed to walk over infected material. They were again examined and the material which they carried, analyzed. In one instance, a fly captured on South Street, New York, last summer, was found to be carrying in his mouth and on his legs over one hundred thousand (100,000) fecal bacteria.

In fact, it has been shown that the number of bacteria on a single fly may range all the way from 250 to 6,600,000. This fact becomes even more startling when one considers how rapidly this insect multiplies. It is estimated that one fly laying 120 eggs at a time, will have a progeny amounting up to the sextillions at the end of the season.

More to be feared is the common house-fly. This so-called harmless insect is one of the chief sources of infection, which in New York City causes annually about 650

deaths from typhoid fever and about 7,000 deaths yearly from other intestinal diseases. The statistics in cities show a marked rise in the number of deaths from typhoid fever and intestinal diseases during the fly season.

In cities where flies are the chief cause of intestinal epidemics, the other seasons of the year show comparative freedom from the disease, while in cities where water and milk epidemics exist, these epidemics may occur at any season of the year. The milk epidemic, however, often takes place during fly season because of the infection of milk by flies at the farm or in the local milk depots.

The danger to health is greatest in parts of the city where sanitary precautions are most neglected; but even if you live in a comparatively well-cared-for part of town do not receive the fly into your home as a harmless visitor, for he may come in a carriage or on horseback from the filthiest spot in the city.

Hitherto the fly has been regarded complacently as a harmless nuisance and considered to be an annoying creature with great persistence and excessive familiarity. **REGARDED IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT KNOWLEDGE, THE FLY IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE TIGER OR THE COBRA.** Worse than that, he is, at least in our climate, much more to be feared than the mosquito, and may easily be classed, the world over, as the most dangerous animal on earth.

THE DEADLIEST ENEMY OF THE CHILDREN.

The fly which you remove from your milk pitcher may or may not have had a life history connected with all or any of the diseases named at the beginning of this article; but, depend upon it, he has been wallowing in filth before he took his milk bath. The falling of infected flies into milk on the farms or in the dairies has made possible many a local epidemic of typhoid fever. This same propensity of the fly for milk baths has made the child's "second summer" a thing to be dreaded by all mothers. How few parents realize that were it not for the fly the child's second summer would be no more to be feared than his second winter. The very high death rate of children from diarrhoeal diseases abruptly rises and falls

with the prevalence of flies. This great mortality among young children from diarrhoea and enteritis causes a greater decrease in the human span of life than does any other preventable disease.

Governor Grey has aptly said that "our most valuable natural resource is our children." When we consider that the fly is the chief disseminator of the disease to which children are most susceptible, and which heads the list of preventable causes of death, the necessity for a relentless warfare upon the domestic pest is apparent.

It is conservative to estimate that the diseases transmitted through the agency of the house-fly cut short the average span of human life by at least two years. (Insurance companies take notice.) During a generation this means a loss of 170,000,000 human lives, or 4,000,000 lives of the present average length, or a money loss of \$20,000,000,000.

FLIES KILL MORE THAN BULLETS.

Enormous as these figures seem, they are only a part of the story. We have not figured the cost of sickness produced by the flies. The pay of the doctor, the nurse, and the druggist has not been reckoned, nor has the loss of time through illness been considered. The Boer war taught what a powerful agent of death the fly could be when open latrines were accessible to flies; for it has been estimated that out of 2,197 deaths in that war, 1,924 resulted from typhoid fever communicated by flies. The large number of deaths caused by unsanitary conditions in military life has thus led to a more careful study of similar conditions in civil life, resulting in the discovery that accumulations of filth in open city lots, alleys, and about school sinks, as well as in exposed country outhouses, is the source of typhoid fever, and of intestinal diseases of children through the agency of the fly. The chief health officer of one of our large southern cities recently informed me that he was satisfied that 90 per cent. of the cases of typhoid fever contracted in his city had been transmitted by flies.

Several specific instances of fly infection have been investigated where the seat of the infection was an unscreened patient or a vacant lot containing infected feces. In such instances the source of infection

was shown by the actual isolation of the vacillus of typhoid fever directly from the flies.

HOW MANY FLIES CARRY TYPHOID.

In Montreal, a number of cases of typhoid fever occurred which seemed to radiate from one point. The original case occurred at this point, and the flies were found to be traveling in and out of the open and unscreened windows in large numbers. A fly cage was placed in the room and the specific germs of typhoid fever isolated from a number of these flies. There is no question whatever as to the source of the secondary cases, and there is also no question but that further cases might have been prevented had proper screening and disinfection been originally employed.

In New York City over one hundred cases of typhoid fever occurred almost within the limits of one block. This block was a model tenement, with the proper plumbing and up-to-date sanitation, but close to the block were two stables—one in a filthy condition—and two open lots, each at the beginning of the outbreak containing many accumulations of objectionable matter, much of which harbored disease germs. These deposits were swarming with house-flies, and the same flies were going in and out of the tenement house windows and lighting on the exposed foods of adjoining shops.

The attention of the health department was called to the condition of affairs, and it was recommended that all exposed filth in this neighborhood be disinfected continuously until the epidemic had ceased. The department, still believing that the probable source of the epidemic was water or possibly milk, did not disinfect the open lots, so far as could be learned, and the epidemic continued throughout the fly season.

Inasmuch as the milk supplied to this section was the same as in several other sections of the borough where little or no typhoid occurred, and also, inasmuch as the water was from precisely the same source as in the rest of the borough where the conditions were normal, it seems al-

most incredible that any other source of infection than flies could have been even considered. A canvass of the neighborhood showed that the people were all boiling their drinking water, and most of them boiling their milk, but that none of them had been in any way instructed to guard against flies.

The Merchants' Association of New York, in a vigorous campaign against the house-fly, has gathered a large body of convincing testimony from physicians and health boards all over the country, citing specific instances, as to the direct transmission of dangerous diseases by means of house-flies.

HOW TO FIGHT THE FLY.

What are we going to do about it? Are we going to wake up to the fact that all this can and shall be stopped? With a full realization of what it means we should certainly take care of our own nuisances and see that our neighbor does the same.

In hospitals and at homes flies should be kept away from the sick, especially those ill with contagious diseases.

We should abolish open privies and properly dispose of our sewage and other waste products.

Our sanitary inspectors in cities should be instructed first to disinfect and then remove all exposed filth wherever found.

Stable manure should be thoroughly screened or kept in tight, dark receptacles and removed at regular intervals.

Laws should be passed in all provinces, as they have been recently passed in several, requiring the thorough screening of all public kitchens, restaurants and dining-rooms. All food—particularly that which is eaten uncooked, exposed for sale during the fly season—should be screened. The same care should be taken with all the food in the home. Dealers who allow their good products to be exposed to flies should be carefully avoided.

By rigorously following these precautions much can be done toward removing the conditions which breed the house-fly, thus helping materially in the extermination of one of the most dangerous pests in the world.



A WOODLAND VISTA

In an Ancient Wood

By

Jaycy Colby

THE fare is nine-pence from Slough and a shilling from Windsor. The stage-coach, or as they call it in England—the Brake, runs three times a day. Or if you do not wish to spend the time bowling along the Buckinghamshire roads behind horses, you may travel by train to and from Windsor for the very moderate rate of three shillings return. Whichever

means of transportation you may have chosen does not matter. The journey is short in either case and the end of it as beautiful.

I do not mean that you shall have found wonderful old castles or scenery any more beautiful than you may find in a thousand other places in England. Or that you shall find anything more than seventeen



"PUMPKIN HILL"

Cromwell's soldiers are charged with having ruthlessly pollarded these trees.

hundred acres of famous trees and park, and a little flat place where the poet Gray is buried. Yet, as a Canadian, just to see the gnarled trunks of Burnham Beeches, to wander over the leaf-strewn paths and marvel at the names of the inns, is sufficient reward for the few shillings expended. For, in Canada, which is a land of great trees, we do not know how to respect them; and when we have thousands of square miles of open spaces we are frantic to fill them, quickly, with bricks and mortar or imported germs of citizenship, whereas in crowded England they have enterprise—or need—enough to maintain such places as Burnham Beeches.

But this is not a discussion of public playgrounds.

We came from Windsor by brake. It was the poet Gray we sought, for one of us had an affection for him. We knew

that the Beeches at Burnham were closely associated with him and that before one visited Stokes Pogis, where close beside the quiet little country church, Gray lies buried, one would do well to see the great woods in which he may have drawn some inspiration, and in which to this day stands one tree, named in his memory. But a grave in a country that is not your own, among people that do not live just as you do, and containing a shell you have not seen, is not satisfying. One's imagination toils to create the image of the man as he might have looked. One tries to make for it colors and a form that fit in with the atmosphere in which—for the locality cannot have changed much since his death—he lived. But it is a vague work.

It was Sunday when we visited the place. We had hoped to arrive at the little



BURNHAM BEECHES AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

The oldest and best known pleasure ground in "Merrie England"

old church in time for the service, but ere we found it, having walked from the inn, we were too late and heard the drone of the responses going on within. A brown ribbon of path led between the graves to the open church door. The air was full of the droning of bees, drunk with plentitude. Here and there butterflies fluttered in zig-zag courses, captive to the promptings of their wayward desires. The very essence of summer was in the atmosphere. Every bird note was a paean; every living thing an ecstasy. In the very shadow of the Church a young woman was lingering over a grave covered with a sarcophagus-like stone. After peering here and there to see if perhaps we could find Gray's grave unaided, I stepped close to her and asked if she could tell us where the poet Gray was buried.

"Here," she said, simply, indicating the stone beside which she and I were standing.

One could not help but wonder *which* of his verses had brought *her* there.

It is not under the stone that Gray is to be found, but throughout the countryside in the neighborhood of Stokes Pogis. I mean that one can better imagine him passing down this stretch of green, walking by this ploughed field, or observing yonder flight of pigeons wheeling home in the evening, than dead. It lies in a part of England where each little way is as nice as the other; where one is intoxicated with the multiplicity of the lanes, and their charm; where clustering red-roofed villages look as though they had lost themselves in the midst of woodland bowers, and settled down, despairing ever to find



THE POET GRAY'S BEECH AT BURNHAM BEECHES

their way out again, but quite content. Every Inn has a name and every name its quaint conceit—as for example: “The Elephant and the Castle;” “The Jolly Butchers;” “God Begot” and “The Little Dustpan.”

A sheet known as the “Burnham Beeches Advertiser,” contributes not a little interest to the traveller newly arrived. Reading it, one learned, for instance, that Mr. Herbe Sharp is hired by the village corporation to photograph groups in any part of the Beeches; that “Hall and Son” are Family Butchers and Fly Proprietors, with superior close and open carriages which meet all trains, to order; that the “King of Prussia Inn,” on the border of the Beeches, lets traps and furnishes cottage apartments; that at “Marco’s” large or small picnic parties can be accommodated and crockery is “lent on hire;” that at “The Tent” sweets, toys and teas are licensed to be sold; and

that visitors to the park who are interested in antique furniture, old China, *Ex Libris* Plates, or rare and curious books would be repaid by a call at the “Old Curiosity Shop.”

It would not be fair to the Beeches themselves to attempt to set upon paper a list of their charms. For trees are, after all, no more than wood in a natural state, and a woods is no more than a collection of trees—or so, one might put it—jumbled together upon uneven ground, if possible, so as to get a maximum number of combinations of light and shade, color and distance and so on.

These beeches must have been saplings in the time of Julius Caesar, but they cannot have shown any signs of the enormous growth which was to be theirs later; or if they did, Caesar must have missed seeing them. For could he return to Britain in modern times he would alter his impression that “timber of every kind found in

Gaul grows in Britain *except* the Beech and silver fir." He cannot have been a careful observer nor a man of accuracies when it came to trees, for the Beech takes kindly to English soil and grows spontaneously in several counties, although in no section does it attain such varied and interesting forms as at Burnham Beeches. Weird likenesses to animals may often be traced upon the crabbed boles of these ancient trees. In the evening, when the light is changing, or in the early morning when the sun first touches the tops of the woods, the forest is no longer forest, but an army of grotesque Giants, some fierce, some benign, some stupid and some like leaders, halted, as though, perhaps, they waited for the light of day, to wake and advance again.

But when the light is higher in the sky the Beeches become again merely a pleas-

ant wood, wherein a poet you admire walked and pondered once. Some of the trees are scarred and misshapen. They are the ones which, according to tradition, Cromwell's soldiers ruthlessly pollarded. Among some of the clusters of trunks are yet to be seen traces of old Roman or Saxon camps. Different generations have left different marks upon the great pleasure ground.

"What I remember," said an Englishwoman, whose birthplace was in the vicinity of the Beeches, "are the donkey rides, the sweet-meat man, and the games of hide and seek we used to have among the tree trunks when we were children."

The sweet-meat vendor and the ice-cream man never goes out of fashion in this old pleasure ground. It is an ideal place for picnics. Thousands of "all

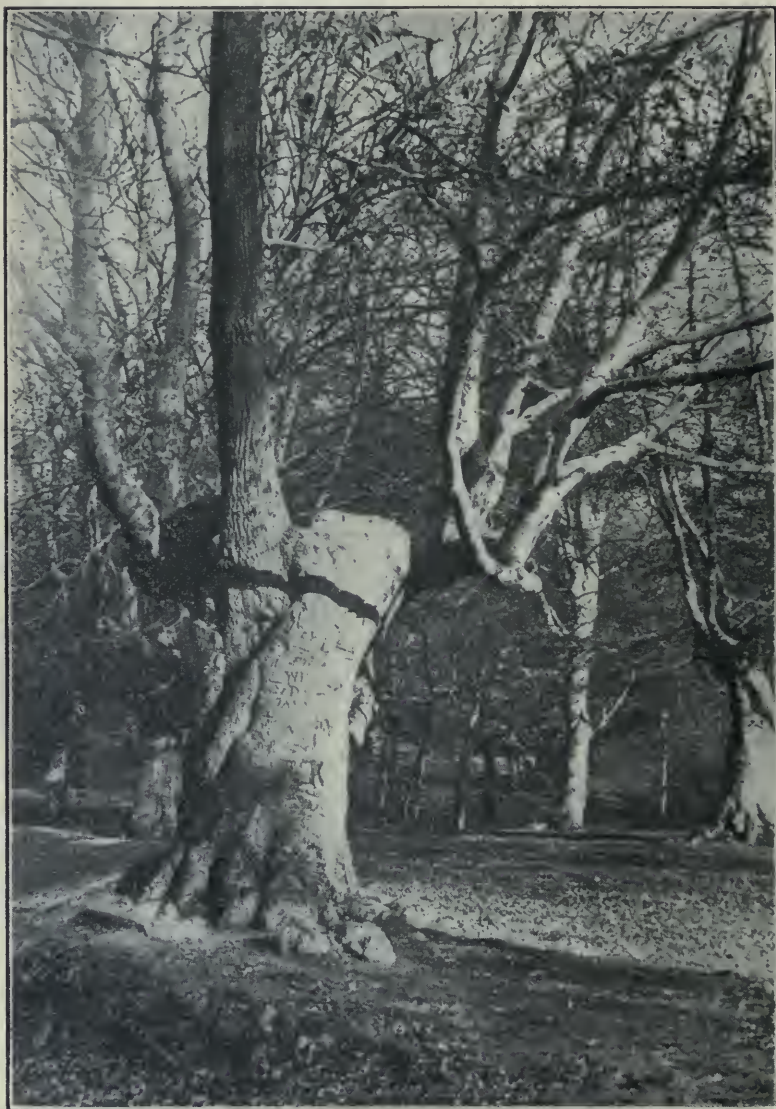


THE LION BEECH

Weird likenesses of animals may often be traced upon the crabbed boles of these old trees.

sorts and conditions" of men, women and children have enjoyed relaxation from toil beneath the green-wood trees. We found only one man with a grievance. He was a local photographer and his complaint was that the picture-post card business was

ruining him, for the reason that people now obtained ready-made views of the park for next to nothing—and worth next to nothing—while his work, conscientiously done, and really worth having, was in less demand.



WHERE AN OAK AND A BEECH HAVE JOINED COMPANY

The Sweet-Grass Basket

By Karl von Kraft

I REMEMBER seeing it—the sweet-grass basket—thirty years ago, when first, a little lad, I visited Rose Lady in company with my Mother. And just yesterday I saw it again. Only this time I understood, while on that earlier day my childish heart could only wonder.

Rose Lady she has always been to me, boy and man. Then, she wore roses like early dawn-blush constantly in her bosom or in her graying hair; roses paled and glowed in the creamy texture of her cheeks, for even the hand of fifty years had left none but loving traces there. And, yesterday, Rose Lady, at four-score just passed, still wore her badge of beauty—though this time the roses were white like her heaven-kissed brow, white like the abundant snows of the head now resting on its last pillow.

The little oval basket, diffusing a faint perfume as of something lovely yet undefined, lay on the bureau in Rose Lady's small dressing-room, where she received us intimately that day. I had almost said, "on that far-away day," but as I look back a span of thirty years seems not so long as it seemed then—for Rose Lady had just whispered to my Mother that the sweet-grass basket had been undisturbed from the day she was twenty, and a bride—thirty years ago.

I remember wanting very much to satisfy my curiosity by opening that little basket when the two ladies left the room, but either my rigid training, or something of awe for the glistening eyes of Rose Lady as she had spoken to my Mother, restrained me, for I did not touch it. However, neither of these considerations deterred me from asking quite frankly what it contained.

"Only a little piece of lace, my dear," answered Rose Lady with a smile, which even my boyish nature discerned to be not far removed from tears.

Yesterday my aged Mother told me the rest of the story, as I tell it to you.

Sixty years ago Rose Lady was married. No marvel that the joy in her cheek matched the delicate hue of the roses at her breast, for in the old-fashioned way she had wedded for love. Just above the roses was fastened an exquisite point lace handkerchief, sent as a bridal gift by my Mother, a young wife whose recent happy motherhood made attendance upon King Baby more important even than joyance with her girlhood's friend in her wedding hour.

On the marriage night Rose Lady took from her bosom the creamy film and laid it with her bride roses in the oval sweet-grass basket, whispering only to her own secret ear that there it should rest—against that day when it might be fashioned into a tiny lace cap. Like Mary Madonna, already she pondered these things in her heart.

And so Rose Lady began to live with her beautiful Dream.

When, thirty years later, I as a boy saw the sweet-grass basket lying on the bureau, it still enshrined the yellowish lace. The Baby had wandered off somewhere among the star-fields, and had forgotten to come to the breast all gentled and ready to pillow his downy head; he couldn't have known how Rose Lady's arms ached with the heaviest of all weights—the weight of emptiness; he couldn't have known, because so many babies come even to breasts and arms quite reluctant to receive them.

So the years past, and Rose Lady lived with her beautiful Dream, until at length it would have ceased to be a hope to anyone else, but I think she always knew that the Baby was hers, even when certain at length that she would have to find him herself, off there among the star-fields where he had wandered. But her Dream made her tender to all little children, to whom she became The Mother, and loving to all who bore children, for Rose Lady lived beautifully with her beautiful Dream.

And now, out of the gates of four-score she has passed to the star-fields—to realize her Dream. At length the sweet-grass basket is empty, for my Mother knew right well that the ancient lace must lay upon Rose Lady's bosom once more as it had lain sixty years ago, so that it may be ready for the little child who had wandered away among the star-fields—for Rose Lady has found him now.

Rules of Health for Automobile Tires

By

Pierre St. Quentin

AMONG the numerous amusing pictures dealing with the subject of motoring, one of the most ludicrous ever published is the one depicting the last remains of a car lying at the edge of a ditch, with the few remaining drops of gasolene in its tank burning out. In the foreground the unlucky chauffeur is seen stretched upon the ground in a most disconsolate position, studying a book of rules, "Tips to Drivers," and as he turns the pages exclaiming, "Now, let us see what I have to do in this case."

This pathetic scene is not intended, as one might at first suppose, to illustrate the uselessness of books of rules or rules in general. It rather shows the futility of waiting until an accident happens before taking steps to inform oneself of the right thing to do in an emergency. Text books about the automobile and rules for the guidance of motorists should be studied beforehand with a view to the prevention of accidents or breakdowns, rather than after the mischief is done.

Particularly in the case of tires is it advisable for the owner of an automobile to acquire the knowledge which will enable him to take those precautionary measures which will prevent extra wear or the infliction of needless damage. The item of expense alone should convince him of the importance of this. And yet it is reasonably safe to say that the average man knows far more about his engines and the actual running of his car than he does about the care of his tires.

Unlike almost every other accessory to the automobile industry, every part of a tire is hand-made and absolutely no

machinery is used except the frames in which it is cured. The process is an interesting one. First a ply of sea island cotton, frictioned with rubber so that every pore is absolutely filled, is tightly wrapped on a heavy and solid iron core. Over this is wrapped a ply of what is called "skim," made of the best rubber. The object of the "skim" is to have it fill every interstice in the tire when it has been finished and is in process of vulcanization. Under the heat and pressure of this process the "skim" flows and performs its functions. After the first ply of fabric and the first ply of "skim" come alternately other plies of fabric and "skim" to the number of three. Then the bead, the part of the tire which fits under the rim of the wheel, and which is made of hard rubber thoroughly cured, is placed on the core on top of the projecting ends of the three plies of fabric. These are then turned up and over to protect the bottom and side of the bead. Then three more plies of fabric and "skim" are stretched over the tire, lapping over the top and side of the bead, thus protecting it from injury in the rim and securing it firmly to the fabric, cushion and facing of the tire.

The tire is now ready to receive the cushion and the facing which together make the tread or wearing surface. The cushion is placed on top of the last ply of fabric and is made of the very best obtainable quality of rubber, because to a great extent adhesion of the facing is obtained only by this means and the tire's longevity depends upon the right kind of a cushion properly put on. Above this

is placed the tread or facing, a very heavy stock of rubber, calculated in its compounding to withstand the greatest possible shocks and blows. After the tire has received the facing it is put in a mould, and this mould is put between two shelves of a heavy press in which the cure or vulcanization takes place. This requires considerable time under immense steam pressure and heat.

In purchasing a car it is imperative that the tires should be of the proper dimensions. A tire intended for a certain weight of car cannot under any circumstances be used on a car heavier than the weight for which it was intended without giving unnecessary trouble and being a source of expense to the owner. The matter is up to the manufacturer of the car, most people say, but the question of economy sometimes plays a great part in the initial equipment. A manufacturer may save thousands of dollars, and incidentally increase his profits by skimping in his tires. Then when trouble comes the blame instead of being laid at his door is charged up against the maker of the tires. This can only be obviated by insisting on having tires of the proper dimensions fitted to the car in the first place.

A second essential is to see that the tires are correctly inflated. This sounds very simple and obvious, and so it should be. But where is the man yet born who will pump a tire to a hundred pounds pressure per square inch who can get along just as well with eighty pounds, provided it does not cost him anything by so doing? It is a well-known fact that some chauffeurs obtain a commission on tires, and it is to these gentlemen's advantage to underinflate rather than overinflate the tires. Try as hard as they can, they cannot do the latter with an ordinary hand pump, and the owner is surprised at the persistently large tire bill.

In pumping by hand, the barrel of the pump gradually becomes hot, and allows a great deal of air to pass the plunger instead of going into the tire, owing to the expansion of the metal of which the barrel is made, and the wear on the leather plunger. Then the air which does enter the tire goes in in a heated condition, and as it cools it contracts, reducing the pressure. On the other hand, mechanical

pumping obviates this, and if carbonic acid gas is used it even expands when the tire is running, due to the heat generated by the friction. The man who drives and looks after his own car has only himself to please. Being his own master and having to pay his own bills, it only remains to point out that he will probably get better service from his tires if he resorts to mechanical pumping, thereby reducing his repair bills.

Procrastination in filling up a tire which is beginning to sag is to be shunned. If a tire should happen to blow out or puncture on the road late at night or in a crowded street, it doesn't pay to wait until you reach the garage. It is in just these few blocks that the damage is done that will likely cost the autoist money for repairs that would be otherwise unnecessary. If a handpump is used, a few drops of oil in the barrel occasionally will greatly help the leather to retain a good bearing on the barrel, and will prevent it heating and drying up. Such small things as these appeal to everyone, but how few remember to practise them? The methods employed by some drivers in pumping a tire make the work doubly hard, and the amount of air which finds its way into the tube is generally gauged by their physical endurance rather than by other factors. The plunger must be pushed home to the bottom of the stroke, otherwise only a small quantity of the air will go into the tire, as the pump acts in the same manner as the engine on its compression stroke. The air becomes compressed in the bottom of the barrel and this compression must be higher than that in the tire to overcome the valve; otherwise it is useless to go on pumping to the distraction of nerves.

Defective alignment is another cause of excessive wear in tires. Cars are often seen on the road where either the front or rear wheels are obviously out of true alignment, and one wonders why the owner of the car does not notice it and rectify it. Rear wheels are not so bad as they used to be in this respect, thanks to the solidity of the up-to-date rear axle, with the wheels well supported on long ball-bearing sleeves. But defective front wheels in the matter of alignment are still frequently met with on modern cars. This is often the result of careless driving,

such as running the wheels hard up against a curb. In other cases it is due to the set of the steering arms, which are connected by their tie-bar, being wrong. A small inaccuracy here makes a lot of difference not only in the steering, but also in the wearing of the tires. In taking a curve it will be easily followed that the inner wheel has to describe a smaller circle than the outer one, and it entirely depends on the angle of the steering arms being exactly right whether the wheel will strike its true circle relative to the other wheel or run more or less crabwise; in fact, simply scrape along the ground, instead of progressing with a true rolling motion. As a result the tire shows undue wear. Any defect in the tie-bar as to its length or setting will have the same effect, so that it is certainly worth while having the setting of the steering wheels tested when any undue wear of the tires becomes apparent.

Then as to punctures, the horror of the motorist, not much can be said that is not already known. It is astonishing to see how many drivers there are whose only concern when a puncture occurs is to get on the road again as quickly as possible, and who will in consequence overlook the most important rules. Leaving the work half done is worse than doing nothing at all. If after the tube has punctured you do not take the simple precaution of minutely examining the cover, if you make no attempt to find and remove the nail or other object which has caused the trouble, you may be quite certain that sooner or late it will bring about another puncture and another and another until it is removed.

Some drivers are under the impression that they have done all that is necessary when they have examined the outside of the tire. But it is more than probable that the trouble has been caused by a headless nail or some other object which has gone right into the tire, leaving no trace of its presence on the outside surface. Accordingly, after the outside of the tire has been examined, the inside should be inspected also. Pass the hand over every part of the interior, and don't refit the

cover until you are absolutely certain that the nail is not in the cut.

The use of French chalk as a lubricant between the inner tube and the cover of a tire sometimes leads to trouble. Its use is necessary to prevent the inner tube from adhering to the cover or the rim and becoming torn when being removed: but too much chalk is a bad thing. When too much chalk is applied, it accumulates here and there. During inflation, and while the tire is in motion, these accumulations become very tightly compressed, and the light powder works its way through the canvas and loosens it. A peculiarity about this loosening is that it never occurs on the running portion of the cover, but always just beside it, on the most dangerous place, seeing that when the wheel is in motion, the flexion of the tire is greatest just beside the tread. Another and a more serious result, however, is that the chalk gradually becomes so compressed that it is transformed into a hard mass, the first act of destruction of which is to cut the canvas. The cut edges are stiff and hard, and it will not be long before the inner tube is nipped by them. Even if the chalk is spread with perfect regularity all over the interior of the cover, if the amount applied has been at all excessive, one or other of these troubles will visit the tire.

Non-skid attachments which are not part of the tire are to be avoided. The bead is made for the clinch and the clinch for the bead, and anything interposed not only damages the bead, but lets in water and dirt, which soon plays havoc with the tire.

In laying up the car for the winter, the tires should be removed and thoroughly overhauled. All small holes should be cleaned out with gasoline, and dirt and small stones removed with a pointed instrument. If there are any large holes, they should be immediately repaired. The tubes should be wiped over with gasoline and slightly inflated and well covered with French chalk. Then insert in the tires, wrap up in cloths and lay them flat on a shelf.

“What You Want”

By

O. Henry

NIGHT had fallen on that great and beautiful city known as Bagdad-on-the-Subway. And with the night came the enchanted glamor that belongs not to Arabia alone. In different masquerade the streets, bazaars and walled houses of the occidental city of romance were filled with the same kind of folk that so much interested our interesting old friend, the late Mr. H. A. Rashid. They wore clothes eleven hundred years nearer to the latest styles than H. A. saw in the old Bagdad; but they were about the same people underneath. With the eye of faith, you could have seen the Little Hunchback, Sinbad the Sailor, Fitbad the Tailor, the Beautiful Persian, the one-eyed Calenders, Ali Baba and Forty Robbers on every block, and the Barber and his Six Brothers, and all the old Arabian gang easily.

But let us revenue to our lamb chops. Old Tom Crowley was a caliph. He had \$42,000,000 in preferred stocks and bonds with solid gold edges. In these times, to be called a caliph you must have money. The old-style caliph business as conducted by Mr. Rashid is not safe. If you hold up a person nowadays in a bazaar or a Turkish bath or a side street, and inquire into his private and personal affairs, the police court'll get you.

Old Tom was tired of clubs, theatres, dinners, friends, music, money and everything. That's what makes a caliph—you must get to despise everything that money can buy, and then go out and try to want something that you can't pay for.

"I'll take a little trot around town all by myself," thought old Tom, "and try if I can stir up anything new. Let's see—it seems I've read about a king or a Cardiff giant or something in old times who

used to go about with false whiskers on, making Persian dates with folks he hadn't been introduced to. That don't listen like a bad idea. I certainly have got a case of humdrumness and fatigue on for the ones I do know. That old Cardiff used to pick up cases of trouble as he ran upon 'em and give 'em gold—sequins, I think it was—and make 'em marry or got 'em good Government jobs. Now, I'd like something of that sort. My money is as good as his was even if the magazines do ask me every month where I got it. Yes, I guess I'll do a little Cardiff business to-night, and see how it goes."

Plainly dressed, old Tom Crowley left his Madison Avenue palace, and walked westward and then south. As he stepped to the sidewalk, Fate, who holds the ends of the strings in the central offices of all the enchanted cities, pulled a thread, and a young man twenty blocks away looked at a wall clock, and then put on his coat.

James Turner worked in one of those little hat-cleaning establishments on Sixth Avenue in which a fire alarm rings when you push the door open, and where they clean your hat while you wait—two days. James stood all day at an electric machine that turned hats around faster than the best brands of champagne ever could have done. Overlooking your mild impertinence in feeling a curiosity about the personal appearance of a stranger, I will give you a modified description of him. Weight, 118; complexion, hair and brain, light; height, five feet six; age, about twenty-three; dressed in a \$10 suit of greenish-blue serge; pockets containing two keys and sixty-three cents in change.

But do not misconjuncture because this description sounds like a General Alarm that James was either lost or a dead one.

Allon!

James stood all day at his work. His feet were tender and extremely susceptible to impositions being put upon or below them. All day long they burned and smarted, causing him much suffering and inconvenience. But he was earning twelve dollars per week, which he needed to support his feet whether his feet would support him or not.

James Turner had his own conception of what happiness was, just as you and I have ours. Your delight is to gad about the world in yachts and motor-cars and to hurl ducats at wild fowl. Mine is to smoke a pipe at evenfall, and watch a badger, a rattlesnake and an owl go into their common prairie home one by one.

James Turner's idea of bliss was different; but it was his. He would go directly to his boarding-house when his day's work was done. After his supper of small steak, Bessemer potatoes, stooed (not stewed) apples and infusion of chickory, he would ascend to his fifth-floor-back hall room. Then he would take off his shoes and socks, place the soles of his burning feet against the cold bars of his iron bed, and read Clark Russell's sea yarns. The delicious relief of the cool metal applied to his smarting soles was his nightly joy. His favorite novels never palled upon him; the sea and the adventures of its navigators were his sole intellectual passion. No millionaire was ever happier than James Turner taking his ease.

When James left the hat-cleaning shop he walked three blocks out of his way home to look over the goods of a second-hand bookstall. On the sidewalk stands he had more than once picked up a paper-covered volume of Clark Russell at half price.

While he was bending with a scholarly stoop over the marked-down miscellany of cast-off literature, old Tom the caliph sauntered by. His discerning eye, made keen by twenty years' experience in the manufacture of laundry soap (save the wrappers!), recognized instantly the poor and discerning scholar, a worthy object of his caliphanous mood. He descended the two shallow stone steps that led from the sidewalk, and addressed without hesitation the object of his designed munificence. His first words were no worse than salutary and tentative.

James Turner looked up coldly, with "Sartor Resartus" in one hand and "A Mad Marriage" in the other.

"Beat it," said he. "I don't want to buy any coat hangers or town lots in Hankipoo, New Jersey. Run along, now, and play with your Teddy bear."

"Young man," said the caliph, ignoring the flippancy of the hat cleaner, "I observe that you are of a studious disposition. Learning is one of the finest things in the world. I never had any of it worth mentioning, but I admire to see it in others. I come from the West, where we imagine nothing but facts. Maybe I couldn't understand the poetry and allusions in them books you are picking over, but I like to see somebody else seem to know what they mean. Now, I'd like to make you a proposition I'm worth about \$40,000,000, and I'm getting richer every day. I made the height of it manufacturing Aunt Patty's Silver Soap. I invented the art of making it. I experimented for three years before I got just the right quantity of chloride of sodium solution and caustic potash mixture to curdle properly. And after I had taken some \$9,000,000 out of the soap business I made the rest in corn and wheat futures. Now, you seem to have the literary and scholarly turn of character; and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pay for your education at the finest college in the world. I'll pay the expense of your rummaging over Europe and the art galleries, and finally set you up in a good business. You needn't make it soap if you have any objections. I see by your clothes and frazzled necktie that you are mighty poor; and you can't afford to turn down the offer. Well, when do you want to begin?"

The hat cleaner turned upon old Tom the eye of the Big City, which is an eye expressive of cold and justifiable suspicion, of judgment suspended as high as Haman was hung, of self-preservation, of challenge, curiosity, defiance, cynicism, and, strange as you may think it, of a child-like yearning for friendliness and fellowship that must must be hidden when one walks among the "stranger bands." For in New Bagdad one, in order to survive, must suspect whosoever sits, dwells, drinks, rides, walks or sleeps in the adjacent chair, house, booth, seat, path or room.

"Say, Mike," said James Turner, "what's your line, anyway — shoe laces? I'm not buying anything. You better put an egg in your shoe and beat it before incidents occur to you. You can't work off any fountain pens, gold spectacles you found on the street, or trust company certificate house clearings on me. Say, do I look like I'd climbed down one of them missing fire-escapes at Helicon Hall? What's vitiating you, anyhow?"

"Son," said the caliph, in his most Harunish tones, "as I said, I'm worth \$40,000,000. I don't want to have it all put in my coffin when I die. I want to do some good with it. I seen you handling over these here volumes of literature, and I thought I'd keep you. I've give the misionary societies \$2,000,000, but what did I get out of it? Nothing but a receipt from 'he secretary. Now, you are just the kind of young man I'd like to take up and see what money could make of him."

Volumes of Clark Russell were hard to find that evening at the Old Book Shop. And James Turner's smarting and aching feet did not tend to improve his temper. Humble hat cleaner though he was, he had a spirit equal to any caliph's.

"Say, you old faker," he said angrily, "be on your way. I don't know what your game is, unless you want change for a bogus \$40,000,000 bill. Well, I don't carry that much around with me. But I do carry a pretty fair left-handed punch that you'll get if you don't move on."

"You are a blamed impudent little gutter pup," said the caliph.

Then James delivered his self-praised punch; old Tom seized him by the collar and kicked him thrice; the hat cleaner rallied and clinched; two bookstands were overturned, and the books sent flying. A cop came up took an arm of each, and

marched them to the nearest station house. "Fighting and disorderly conduct," said the cop to the sergeant.

"Three hundred dollars bail," said the sergeant at once, asserverating and inquiringly.

"Sixty-three cents," said James Turner with a harsh laugh.

The caliph searched his pockets and collected small bills and change amounting to four dollars.

"I am worth," he said, "forty million dollars, but——"

"Lock 'em up," ordered the sergeant.

In his cell, James Turner laid himself on his cot, ruminating. "Maybe he's got the money, and maybe he ain't. But if he has or he ain't, what does he want to go 'round butting into other folks's business for? When a man knows what he wants, and can get it, it's the same as \$40,000,000 to him."

Then an idea came to him that brought a pleased look to his face.

He removed his socks, drew his cot close to the door, stretched himself out luxuriously, and placed his tortured feet against the cold bars of the cell door. Something hard and bulky under the blankets of his cot gave one shoulder discomfort. He reached under, and drew out a paper-covered volume by Clark Russell called "A Sailor's Sweetheart." He gave a great sigh of contentment.

Presently to his cell came the doorman and said:

"Say, kid, that old gazabo that was pinched with you for scrapping seems to have been the goods after all. He 'phoned to his friends, and he's out at the desk now with a roll of yellowbacks as big as a Pullman car pillow. He wants to bail you, and for you to come out and see him."

"Tell him I ain't in," said James Turner.





ERECTING SALMON RIVER VIADUCT

This is the biggest bridge on the N.T.R., exclusive of the Quebec bridge.

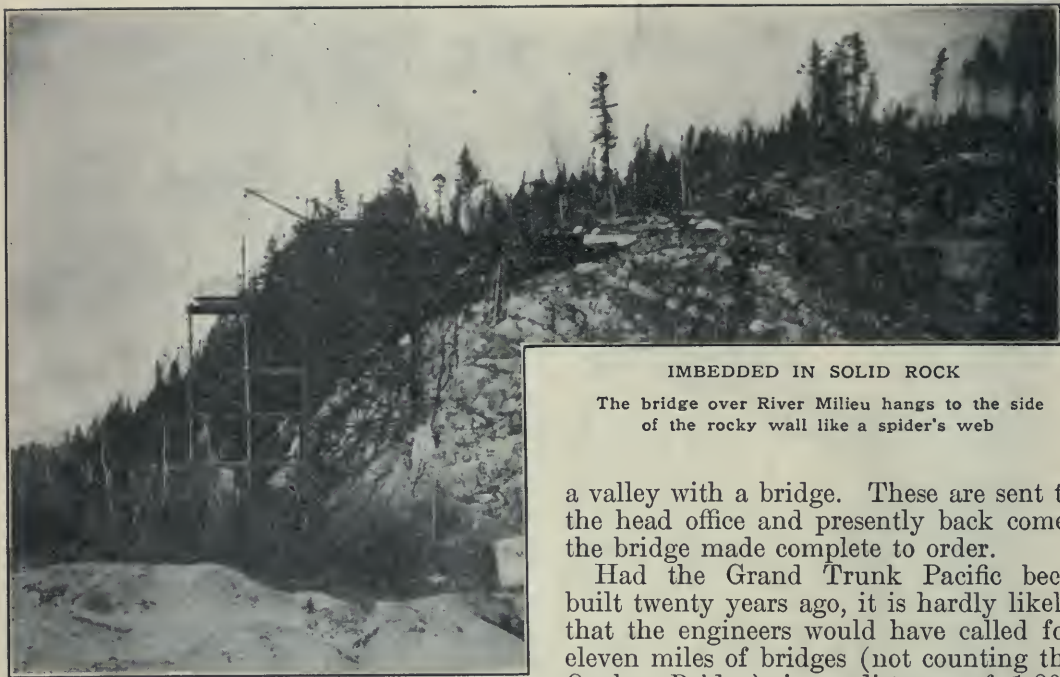
Building Bridges on the G.T.P.

By

W. Arnot Craick

AWAY back in the rugged interior of Northern Ontario and Quebec, and down through the no less wild and hilly regions of eastern Quebec and New Brunswick, the bridge builders of the National Transcontinental are at work

erecting the two hundred and forty permanent steel structures that will carry the road through from Moncton to Winnipeg. It may seem matter-of-fact and inevitable that these twelve score solid and substantial bridges should be built, but



IMBEDDED IN SOLID ROCK

The bridge over River Milieu hangs to the side of the rocky wall like a spider's web

there is the old element of romance, even of magic, in the bridge-builders and their work, in the way in which the steel is strung aloft over rivers and valleys, where yesterday the faces of white men were unknown and where even to-day no civilized habitation is to be found, save only those of the construction gangs themselves.

A novice might imagine that the bridge engineer proceeds to the point where a bridge is required, takes up his residence there, sends for the materials he needs and erects his bridge. This may have been the method of construction in the old days but it is the way no longer. The bridge engineer nowadays does not need to leave his office in Ottawa. He is simply furnished with the necessary figures and data, secured by the engineers in the field, and with these at hand, he designs the requisite structure. A contract is then let to some bridge company, who construct the bridge in their manufacturing plant down in civilization, and send it in sections to the far-away valley, where it is erected by their own men, under the supervision of the resident engineer at that point. It is in reality nothing more or less than a magnified form of mail-order tailoring in steel and concrete. Certain measurements are taken for the fitting of

a valley with a bridge. These are sent to the head office and presently back comes the bridge made complete to order.

Had the Grand Trunk Pacific been built twenty years ago, it is hardly likely that the engineers would have called for eleven miles of bridges (not counting the Quebec Bridge) in a distance of 1,805 miles. They would certainly not have provided for permanent structures throughout. The old style of railroad construction was to build as cheaply as possible, using the maximum grade and curvature. When a bridge was necessary it was built of wood. The result of this system was a road difficult to operate and expensive to keep in repair. Such old roads, where the traffic warrants it, and the finances justified the expenditure, have expended large sums in betterment. For instance cutting down the grades and reducing curvature so that heavier and larger trains may be handled; renewing wooden bridges and trestles with steel or permanent embankments; and too renewing iron bridges with steel structures designed to carry the increased weight of engines and cars.

The engineers of the Transcontinental were, however, instructed to secure a line with the medium possible grade and curvature. That they have been able to do this and to keep the grade down to 21 feet to the mile, was only possible because they were authorized to order bridges *whenever they deemed it necessary*. When for instance in their grade development they encountered a valley over two hundred feet high and a mile long, they did not have to sacrifice their low grade, or

avoid it by adopting a cheaper round-about route, but went straight ahead and called for a steel viaduct to span it. Roughly speaking, steel trestles were ordered in every case where the height of the valley was over fifty feet. The G. T. P. will have an expensive road-bed it is true, but one which can be cheaply operated and maintained.

The first phase of bridge building as carried on in the construction of the National Transcontinental, is the securing of measurements and other data by the engineer resident in the district. These enable the bridge engineer at Ottawa to design the structure. They consist of a profile of the crossing, drawn 20 feet to the inch, a contour plan, elevations giving extreme flood level of the river, low water mark, alignment, "elevation of sub-grade" and "base of rail," suggested length of span, direction and velocity of current at high and low water and indications of "scour." Then, too, borings are required to give the character of the sub-soil. If the engineer has not the necessary machinery with him to do the boring or is unable conveniently to get it, he is sometimes placed at his wit's ends for means to get over the difficulty. One ingenious engineer once hit upon the happy expedient of harnessing dogs to a turn table in order to obtain the necessary power for his drill. In addition to borings, it is sometimes necessary to drive test piles from which the bridge engineer can de-



THE SALMON RIVER BRIDGE

With the double booms of the derrick extended in the air, it looks like a giant spider straddling the valley



THE ABITIBI BRIDGE IN NORTHERN ONTARIO

This bridge is of truss construction and is erected on false work, which is removed on completion of the span.

termine the extent to which each pile may be loaded and therefrom the number of piles required to support the superimposed load.

With all this information before him the bridge engineer and his staff set to work and in due course the plans for the required structure are ready. The engineer in the field is supplied with all the necessary plans to enable him to lay out the work, including piling plan and a separate working drawing for each pier and abutment, to which the contractor can work and order his material. Drawings are sent to the bridge companies on which they can tender. It should be explained that owing to the fact that all the bridges are standardized, tenders are submitted at so much per pound. Thus, for instance, the Cap Rouge viaduct, which contains 9,146,000 pounds of steel was contracted for at 3.94 per pound. After the tender is awarded the bridge company prepares the detailed shop drawings, which are examined and approved by the engineer and returned.

The erection of the bridges proceeds of course as circumstances permit. Not until steel is laid to the vicinity where a bridge is to be built is it possible to bring along the material and even then the foundations and piers which are always laid by the railroad contractors, must be in readiness for the bridge gang to set

to work on them. As a rule it takes from six to nine months to build the average bridge. Of the two hundred and forty bridges between Moncton and Winnipeg, probably three-fifths are now complete.

Bridge building is confined to no particular season and just as much work is done in the depths of winter as in the height of summer. It is in fact desirable that the erection of the steel bridges should be hurried along, so that in the time of spring floods, no damage will be done to temporary structures, thereby delaying not only the work on the bridges but on the other parts of the railroad as well. Many of the concrete foundations of the bridges spanning northern rivers have consequently to be put in through the ice, as shown in the illustration of the diver at work in the St. Maurice River shows.

If the bed of a river is solid, it is scoured off and the foundation laid on the boulders; if it is soft, wooden piles are driven until they "bring up." In the case of the foundations for the Abitibi bridge, piles were driven to a depth of sixty feet before they met with sufficient resistance to hold. The cement is then poured into the foundation without a break, as any delay in the setting of the cement would cause a crack.

The foundation prepared next comes the bridge gang from the bridge factory,



THE ABITIBI BRIDGE ELEVEN DAYS LATER

Note how the truss has been almost completed in the interval.

with a derrick car and the sections of the bridge following on flat cars. If all the arrangements have been properly made and if there are no delays in receiving material, it does not take them long to swing the various pieces of steel into place and rivet them. This is the spectacular part of bridge building and it is best described by referring to the illustrations, where bridges in various stages of erection are shown.

Excluding the Quebec bridge, which does not come within the jurisdiction of the National Transcontinental Railway Commissioners, the biggest bridge on the line is the Salmon River Viaduct in New Brunswick, which is 4,000 feet long and 200 feet high. The Cap Rouge viaduct near Quebec has a length of 3,335 feet and is 153 feet high, running right over a small village and rising high above the little church spire.

One extremely interesting phase of the work is the elaborate system of inspection which seems to overlook nothing and follows the building of the bridge from start to finish. The cement for the foundation work of which over four thousand car loads have already been used on the G. T. P. is subjected to rigid tests before it even goes to the works. Each car is sampled at the mill and then sealed, pend-

ing orders for shipment. The samples are sent to headquarters at Ottawa, where at least five different tests are made, covering, time of setting, the presence of cracks in the set, adhesive power, specific gravity and fineness. If the cement passes the high standard set in all these tests, it is accepted.

The steel which is to be used in the construction of the bridge is examined and tested both chemically and physically at the mills before it goes through to the bridge works, while at the factory itself there is an inspector employed to see that the bridge is being built according to the specifications. Finally, when the steel is being erected, another inspector watches everything and sees that each section is properly placed and that each rivet is firmly driven.

With all these inspectors the chief engineer keeps in constant touch, and to him they send weekly reports. The inspector on erection is required to furnish weekly a photograph showing the progress that has been made on the bridge which he is inspecting. With these photographs before him, the bridge engineer is able to watch just what work has been done on any particular bridge in the course of a week and to have at hand an indisputable record of the progress of construction.

When the traveler of the not far distant future is whirled along the new transcontinental railway through the scenic beauties of northern Quebec and over the abundant rivers of New Ontario, his thoughts may pause for a moment, as his train rolls across some lofty viaduct, and consider the work of the bridge builders, who have made the construction

of such a low-grade railway possible. The level-headed iron workers riding high in the air on beams suspended from the derrick arm have done their share; the riveters theirs; the concrete men theirs. But perhaps the greatest is the man at Ottawa who sits designing them for valleys he has not seen.



ERECTING MISTONGO VIADUCT

The derrick is swinging an eighty foot girder weighing $22\frac{1}{2}$ tons into place.

THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

Detective Burns' Great Cases

A MAN by the name of Burns has been making himself famous in the United States, and in fact, all over the world, as the man who claims to have captured the dynamitards who wrecked the Los Angeles Times Building. The labor unions claim that Burns is an enemy of organized labor, and that his case against the McNamara brothers is "faked." At all events, the following by Dana Gatlin in *McClure's*, is intensely interesting.

"Did I ever tell you about Charley Ulrich?" Burns asked. "Charles F. Ulrich was the greatest counterfeiter the world ever knew until the advent of Taylor and Bredell at Philadelphia. But Ulrich was, perhaps, the most versatile counterfeiter that ever operated. The government itself adopted his method of engraving a national bank note, and has used it ever since. Up to this time, the government had been engraving a complete plate for each bank. Ulrich engraved only one plate, leaving out the title line; he then engraved separately the title lines of the different banks, and combined any one that he wished with the plate of the note. The government at once utilized Ulrich's ingenious device.

"Ulrich came to this country from Germany in 1853. He was a raw young German then, but a real artist. When I knew him he was one of the finest-looking men I ever met—six feet tall, straight as an arrow, with long, curly hair. He was one of the pleasantest and most genial companions in the world, one of the most interesting fellows to talk with on any

subject—one of the best posted men I ever knew. He was a gentlemanly fellow, and his principal fault was that he was the best counterfeiter that ever lived.

"There has always been a good deal of mystery about Ulrich's early life, but the criminal records of the day bear out his account to me of his movements after he came to this country. Though he was still only a boy, his fame had preceded him here. After he landed in New York he soon became known as a very talented artist. It was not long before his work caused considerable comment among steel-engravers. They called him the 'young Dutchman.'

"A counterfeiter named Jim Colbert put a shadow on Charley and, finding where he lunched, sat at the same table. He finally got well enough acquainted with him to take him to the theatre and show him about the town. At last he induced him to engrave a State bank note, having convinced him that there was a fortune in it. Charley did fine work on the note, but they were both caught and sent to prison for a short term. When Ulrich got out, the Crimean War was just on, and, falling in with some English recruiting officers, he enlisted in the English army. Charley went to England and joined what was known as the British Foreign Legion, from which he and a few others were selected, on account of their superior bodily and mental equipment, as cavalymen in the famous body known as the Light Brigade, and he was in the celebrated charge at Balaklava, immortalized by Tennyson.

"He was struck over the head with a musket by a Russian soldier, his skull was crushed, and he was bayoneted in the side. He was left for dead on the field; but thirty-six hours after, when the English came on the ground, they found him still alive.

"After his recovery he returned to this country; but the counterfeiters soon got hold of him again. He finally went in with a fellow by the name of Jimmy Courtney, one of the smartest fellows in the business.

"Charley became acquainted with Jim Courtney through a couple of German girls, Kate Gross and Mary Braun, both criminals and associates of counterfeiters. Courtney persuaded Charley to leave New York and go with him to Cincinnati. Courtney had a partner named Stewart, a noted counterfeiter from Pittsburg, who put up a part of the money to buy Ulrich into this deal. But Courtney threw Stewart down at the last moment and took Charley off by himself. He installed him in a little cottage on the Colrain Pike, and there Charley engraved a plate for fifty-cent 'shin-plasters.'

"Stewart found out where Charley was, and put up a job on his old partner. He sent four men out to Cincinnati, who waylaid Charley and Jim Courtney as they were coming into town one day, held them up, told them they were Secret Service officers, and showed them their stars. The bogus sleuths then took the counterfeiters back to their plant, grabbed their plates, took twenty-five hundred dollars away from them, and then let them go. It was a smart job.

"Charley had his share of grit, though. He set right to work and engraved a hundred-dollar-note plate, printed eighteen thousand dollars, gave the counterfeit bills to Kate Gross and Mary Braun, and told them to go out and pass them. The girls acted like a couple of fools. Instead of traveling about, getting the bad money changed for good money in various places, they stopped off in Philadelphia, and bought fourteen thousand dollars' worth of bonds from a woman named Emma Cole, who was the wife of the famous 'Dutch' Cole, a notorious counterfeit promoter. Mrs. Cole deposited the entire fourteen thousand dollars in

counterfeit notes in a certain bank in Philadelphia.

"Of course, when the notes were discovered to be counterfeits, they were traced as coming from this bank, and from there to Emma Cole, who admitted that she had bought them from Kate Gross and Mary Braun. After the girls had been caught and locked up, they promptly confessed. They said the notes had been made by Charley, who was then in Cincinnati under the name of Henderson, and that they were just about to ship twenty-eight hundred dollars to him by express. So the Secret Service officers went to Cincinnati, and one of them was installed as clerk in the express office.

"When Charley came into the express office for his money, he saw a strange clerk there. He said to himself, 'Not for me,' and turned and walked out. He stayed away for ten days; but when he came back the new clerk was still there. Ulrich looked in at the office occasionally for six weeks, and, as the new clerk was always there, he finally lost patience, and went up to the desk and asked for his money.

"'Just wait a moment,' said the clerk: 'we would like to talk with you about this shipment of money.'

"Charley saw that the game was up, and replied: 'I understand the situation thoroughly.'

"He was immediately taken to New York, and placed temporarily in Crow Hill Penitentiary, Brooklyn, where he was put in a cell with a Frenchman, who was also under arrest for counterfeiting.

"Even in jail Charley didn't go to sleep. Every day he watched the turn-key lock and unlock his door, until he got every notch in the key fixed in his mind. Then, with a common shoemaker's awl, he cut out a piece of iron from around a wash-place, made a key, opened the door, let himself and the Frenchman out, and they both skipped to Canada.

"In the meantime, his first pal, Jim Colbert, was a fugitive from justice, and had already escaped to Canada. Charley found him there, and the three sat around together in the saloons every night. They were not anxious, for there was no extraditions in those days. His old pal knew that the officers were wild over Charley's escape, and he decided to turn his partner to good use and ease himself up a bit. He

wrote to the Chief of the Secret Service, and asked what could be done for him provided he'd tell where to catch Charley. The Chief wrote back that he'd be allowed to come back to this country. Colbert wrote the Chief to come on over, which he immediately did, taking six or seven men. They rounded Charley up while he was watching a game of billiards. Colbert pointed him out. Charley gave them a good fight, and the result was that the police came running in and arrested them all.

"So there were Charley and the Frenchman in prison again, waiting for their case to be heard, and Charley figuring how he could beat the cell. He did it. They got up on the top corridor, and climbed from there to a little window, pushed the bars aside, and dropped into the yard. Then they found they had a wall to scale. There were a lot of buckets in the yard, and Charley piled them up and held them until the Frenchman got up; then the Frenchman held them down while Charley got up.

"The soldiers outside were marching back and forth, and when they saw Charley and the Frenchman, they fired at them. But the escaped prisoners got to the railroad track, and there they did a very smart thing. They went along the track a good piece, and Charley threw his cap on the ground to put the guards on the wrong scent. Then they sneaked around back the other way, and crossed the river in a rowboat that they stole just above Niagara Falls—they didn't dream how near they were to the Falls.

"They went to Buffalo, and there Charley bade the Frenchman good-by, and wrote to Jim Courtney at Cincinnati. Courtney had been under arrest for making the hundred-dollar note, but was out on bond, and had all the papers made for getting back into business. He wrote to Charley to come on and meet him in Cleveland. They met there, and Courtney arranged for Ulrich to come on to Cincinnati and get into the business with him.

"At Cincinnati Courtney took Charley to the house of a Mrs. Roberts, where Courtney boarded. Courtney then went straight to the Chief of the Secret Service, and asked him what he would do to learn the whereabouts of Ulrich. (Poor Char-

ley was the most unfortunate man, in his friends, that I've ever known.)

" 'I'll let you off,' said the Chief.

" 'All right!' said Jim. 'You can get him at noon to-day. Come to my house and pretend you are searching for him. I will hide him in a chest, so that he won't suspect anything. Then I'll take him down to the C. H. & D. Railroad, and you can nail him just as he's going to get on the train.'

"So, at noon, when Charley and Jim were sitting in a room at Mrs. Roberts', in walked the Secret Service officers. Before they got to this room, Jim hid Charley in a chest, and when the Chief came in he was told that his bird had not been there. The officers left.

" 'We'll have to clear out in a hurry,' said Jim. 'We'd better try to catch the C. H. & D.'

"They hustled for it, and, just as Charley reached the depot he was grabbed. He seemed to know instinctively that he'd been betrayed again, and he was heart-broken. Charley was, as I've said, one of the most generous fellows I've ever known.

" 'If you'll let everybody else go, and wipe the slate clean,' he told the officers, 'I'll plead guilty and turn over my plates.' The officers agreed to this.

"Ulrich was tried, and sent to the penitentiary in Columbus, Ohio, for fifteen years. He was a model prisoner, and he was allowed to have a little shop in the prison yard. One day he picked up an old circular saw-blade in the yard, and engraved on it a portrait of William Allen, who was at that time the Democratic candidate for Governor. It was one of the most perfect portraits ever engraved.

"When Ulrich had been in prison for seven years, President Hayes pardoned him through the intercession of the warden, Colonel Innis, who thought it a shame that such a clever artist should be shut up. Innis then set him up in an engraving shop in Columbus.

"I was a boy living in Columbus then, and used to watch him go up and down the street, for I'd heard his history and it fascinated me. At times I used to go over to see him, and I little dreamed then how much I was to see of him later.

"When Charley was pardoned, I'm convinced he intended to do what was right.

He married, and worked hard. But all through his life his friends were his undoing. After a while old 'Dutch' Cole of Philadelphia came to Columbus to coax him to go to Philadelphia and to engrave a hundred-dollar note. Finally Ulrich was persuaded to go. He took his wife with him. They went to a place outside Philadelphia called Oak Lane, and here Ulrich began to engrave his note, while Cole sat by and jollied him on.

"One day Charley came into town to buy some supplies. A Secret Service man recognized him, followed him home, and made a report. The Chief sent a man out to nail Charley; but, as he was more anxious to get Cole than Charley this time, they agreed to give Charley a suspended sentence, provided he'd help them catch Cole. Charley thought he might as well try the personal-profit game himself, and he arranged to hide two officers in his house, so that, the next time Cole came out to visit him and jolly him up, they might hear the whole conversation. But, one day, when they were to be there, Cole came out unexpectedly. Mrs. Ulrich was preparing dinner, and had set the table for four people. The minute she saw Cole, she had enough presence of mind to grab the table and upset the whole thing—dishes and all—on the floor. Of course she did not want Cole to get on to Charley's relations with the officers.

"What on earth's the matter?" said Cole, entering.

"I was trying to fix a caster, and upset the whole thing," she explained. A little later the officers stepped out and arrested Cole. He was sent to the penitentiary, and died there.

"Charley was given a suspended sentence, and for a time tried to lead an honest life. He went to Trenton, New Jersey, where he was the first man to introduce into this country the painting of pottery. Up to this time it had been done only in Germany. This industry at Trenton has grown to wonderful proportions, and some of the finest pottery is now made there.

"Charley, however, finally drifted back to the old gang. Old Bill Brockway and his crowd got after him, and wanted him to engrave some railroad bonds and drafts. Charley refused; but they were so persistent that, rather than mix up in their

scheme, he left the country and went back to Germany. This was in the early '80's. While there, he opened a bogus commission house, and a large amount of goods was consigned to him to be sold. He sold the goods and kept the money. He told me he got together nearly two hundred thousand dollars, and was just about ready to leave Germany when they got on to him and sent him to prison. His wife returned to this country, settled in Cincinnati, and took in washing to support her family.

"Our government had determined to keep an eye on Charley, and the German government had promised to let us know when he was released. But they failed to do so, and Charley came to this country unannounced. Then, when we got word—I was in the service by this time—that he was among us, there was a scurry to locate him.

"Schuyler Donnelly was the man who did it. He was watching Mrs. Ulrich's movements. One day she did not go to work as usual. She excused herself later by saying that her husband had just got home. Donnelly found this out and reported it to Washington, and I was picked out to go to Cincinnati to work on Ulrich.

"I went to Cincinnati and found out where he was living. There happened to be a little flat for rent directly across the street, but I knew well that Charley had that flat spotted. If a man were mysteriously to move in and lie low, wise Charley would move out the next morning; or, if he did not go, he would behave himself. I was not in Cincinnati to watch Charley behave himself. The very fact that Charley did not report his presence to the government indicated that he didn't intend to keep straight.

"About the first of November, Mrs. Burns and I moved our unpretentious belongings into the flat. The next morning, at six-thirty, I was out with my working-clothes and dinner-bucket, all ready for the eyes of Charley and his wife. I went down the street about two blocks and around the corner, and was thus disposed of for the day for the Ulrich neighbors. But I came in the back way, changed my clothes, and watched for Charley. When he came out I went out with him—by the back way.

"Charley and his wife watched me each morning as I went to work, and Mrs. Burns watched them. About the fifth morning they did not watch any more. Every morning I'd pick Charley up. He'd walk around the street for blocks, testing to determine whether he was being followed. An old friend, a woman living in Vine Street, received his mail for him, and he'd walk around there and get it. The shadowing had to be done with the greatest care because Charley was unusually crafty. Moreover, he was experienced in the game. He knew most of the tricks of shadow work. However, by patient watching, I was able to find out most of his plans.

"So things went on for a long time," Burns continued. "I began in November, and all through November, December, January, February and March I took Charley up in the morning and put him to bed at night. Nothing doing. One day I was sitting by the window, armed with my cap, and a sandwich in my pocket, when Mrs. Burns called to me.

"I wish you'd bring in some coal," she said. We had an extra room in the rear that we used only to keep coal in. So I told her to watch that gate across the street, between the two buildings and giving entrance to both, and I took the bucket and went back. I had dropped just one lump in when I heard Mrs. Burns call:

"There he goes! Just going away!"

"I dropped the scuttle, and ran down through the back way to the alley, and then to the next corner; from there I could go down the street and catch him. I didn't see Mrs. Burns again for four months.

"Charley walked around a dozen squares and down an alley, testing things thoroughly. Finally, he went to the Chesapeake & Ohio ticket office, and I saw him buy a ticket. Just as he stepped out, I ran up to the window.

"I promised to meet my uncle here right now," I said. "He's a big tall man"—here I gave an accurate description of Ulrich. "Did he get his ticket?"

"Yes," said the agent.

"Give me one just like it."

"He gave me a ticket to New York. I took a car, and got to the station before Charley, who walked down. I boarded

the train that left at twelve-one, and took a seat. Charley never saw me at all, but I could see him standing out there, watching everybody who got on the train. Finally, when it was coming time to close the gate, he went over to the guard.

"I'm expecting a friend who was to go out with me; he was going to meet me here."

"Well, he'll have to hurry. We're going out right away. You'd better get on."

"Charley walked in, and the guard slammed the gate. Charley got on the train, absolutely certain that he did it without anybody knowing it.

"For the first couple of hours he sat very close; then he walked out into the smoking-car to smoke his pipe. I managed to look over his baggage,—a paper suit-box,—and found a complete outfit for engraving plates. I left them as they were, and wired to Chief William P. Hazen, who arranged to have Operative W. J. McManus meet the train at Philadelphia and go on to New York with me. On the way we determined on our course of action. We concluded to nail Charley, and give him a choice of going to Jersey and taking his fifteen years of suspended sentence, or helping us catch Brockway and his gang.

"I've mentioned Bill Brockway to you before," digressed the detective. "He cut quite a wide swath in government criminal circles. For thirty years he had been a counterfeiter; he took some special courses in Harvard to fit himself. A doctor named Bradford was doing ten years in Sing Sing for malpractice while Jim Courtney and Brockway were doing ten years there for forgery, and they all got acquainted. This gang later got together in New York and had Sidney Smith engrave a five-hundred-dollar gold certificate. Then they thought it better to have Charley engrave it, and he was on his way to meet them.

"When we arrived, Charley went into a telegraph office and sat down to write a telegram, commencing with the body of the message, without writing the name of the person to whom it was to be sent.

"Have just arrived," he wrote, and then realized that somebody was looking over his shoulder. He looked up at me; I looked down at him.

"Are you interested in this?" he asked.

"'Yes,' I answered.

"'Well,' he said, 'maybe you had better write it.'

"'All right; I will.' I took the pen and wrote in the name and address of the fellow the message was to, and signed it with Ulrich's name.

"Charley sat back, looking at me. 'You are interested, aren't you?' That was all he said.

"'Yes,' I replied. 'And I want you to come with me.'

"'May I ask your name?'

"'Burns is my name.'

"'Burns?'

"'Yes—Burns.'

"'William J. Burns?'

"'Yes, William J. Burns.'

"'Well, Mr. Burns, I'm very glad to meet you—but not under these circumstances. I know of you, but have never seen you before.'

"'Are you quite sure that you never saw me before this?'

"'Never in my life.'

"'Do you remember engraving a picture of Governor William Allen on a circular saw-blade in Columbus?'

"'Yes, I remember that very well—very well.'

"'I used to live in Columbus, and I used to go out to see you there.' And we shook hands.

"'Now, Charley,' said I, getting down to business, 'the situation is this. Away back in '56 they landed you and "Key Jim"; and in an effort to get himself out of it, Jim told who the engraver was. You got two years.'

"'Yes, that's so.'

"'You got out, went away to war, came back, and Jim Courtney took you to Cincinnati and gave you up.'

"'Yes, that's so.'

"'You beat it and went to Canada, and were given up there.'

"'By Gott! That's right! That's history.'

"'You beat it again, went to Canada, were given up again, and beat it again. You got back to Cincinnati with Jim, and he gave you up. It was a succession of betrayals, one after another, Charley. There never has been a man who has profited by your work who has ever helped you out. The man who let you do the work has always got big money, while you went to

prison to live. Your wife had to come from Europe alone, and wash clothes early and late. When you came home, you found that she had worked hard, had made good friends, and brought up your children well. You, like a big loafer, were willing to sit around and allow your evil friends, who are not friends at all, to get you into trouble again and put you in prison. You never take a thought of those young girls, just becoming women, that your wife has worked so hard for. You don't mind their being pointed out as the daughters of Charley Ulrich, the notorious counterfeiter.' I handed talk like that out to Charley until the tears began to roll down his cheeks.

"'What's the use of reminding me of all that?' he cried.

"'Because you need it. I want to ask you a question. Do you want to go to New Jersey and take the fifteen years that's coming to you, or do you want to come in with us,—help us round up these crooks that have never done anything but play you false,—and live right with God and man and your family?'

"'By Gott! I want to go with you. Mr. Burns, I'll be absolutely loyal to you.'

"We put him in a carriage and took him up to the St. James Hotel. When the Chief heard of my proposal to Charley, he didn't like it. He didn't mean to let Charley out of his sight. But I pointed out my view of the matter to him. The Chief was the responsible man, and he agreed to take the chance.

"I let Charley roam around and meet the fellows we were after. He and Dr. Bradford had quite a time together. At last I got a letter from Charley telling me that he was with the gang at a place on Ann Street, West Hoboken, and that that was the place to find what I was after. So I went right ahead.

"When we raided the Ann Street place, Charley was there, and they were eating lunch—Charley, Abbey Smith, and a fellow named Wagner. Wagner and Mrs. Smith made the paper for the counterfeit notes by taking two pieces of paper the width and size of the note and putting silk threads between them. Poor Wagner was eating heartily when he caught sight of me.

"'Don't let me disturb you,' I said politely. But his appetite was gone.

"'What do you want?' demanded Mrs. Smith.

"'We're government officers,' I replied. 'I want to notify you that your house is under arrest.'

"Charley kept right on eating. I looked at the woman.

"'What is your name?'

"'Mrs. Abbie Smith.'

"'What is your name?'—I turned to Wagner.

"'Johnson.'

"I looked at Charley. 'What is your name?'

"'Schmidt.'

"'You are a German, aren't you?'

"'Yes, I'm a German.'

"'What are you doing here?' I then asked him.

Before he could answer, Abbie spoke up:

"'He is my uncle and is visiting here.'

"'That's peculiar,' said I. One Smith and the other Schmidt.'

"'No,' said Abbie; 'Schmidt is the German for Smith.'

"'Haven't I seen you before?' I asked Charley.

"'Perhaps you have. I live in Boston.'

"Then we began a search. Upstairs we found a complete printing outfit, over two million dollars in counterfeit gold certificates and hundred-dollar notes, and one oil-cloth printing-apron. Perhaps that seems a trifling to you, but it resulted in the conviction of Brockway.

"Well, before we got through we had Jimmy Courtney, Dr. Bradford, and, as you know, Bill Brockway. For a whole year, during the time of arrests and trials,

I kept Ulrich right with me, day and night. The whole story of the chase after these clever men is too long to tell now. It was the first time the government had ever got Brockway. Before that he had always escaped punishment by turning up the engraver and surrendering the plates.

"This time Brockway was sentenced to ten years in a New Jersey prison. He served his time and is still living. Dr. Bradford got five years in a New York State prison, but he died before his time was up. After his death \$80,000 worth of securities were found in his cell. Jimmy Courtney escaped a sentence on the Brockway case, but we found an indictment against him in Detroit, Michigan, thirty years previous, and he had to stand trial on this. He was convicted, and, after serving a part of his time, he was pardoned. Then he disappeared, and no one has heard of him since.

"To go back to Charley, I must say that he played square with me. As a matter of fact, I became very much attached to him. He stuck close to me, because he knew that was his best protection against his former friends. I took him with me down to Florida, where I had to investigate some Cuban filibuster cases. He lived an honest life from this time on until his death about three years ago.

"So there you have Charley Ulrich's story. He was a fellow of wonderful talent, and one of the best counterfeiters in history. If he had turned his skill and ability to any honest business he might have gone far in the world. With all his cleverness, he'd taken the worst possible way of 'making money.'"

Ye Gentle Art of Troutng

TO defend angling against the views of a non-angler is about as satisfactory, says Edwin L. Sabine, writing in *Recreation*, as recommending marriage to a confirmed bachelor. He sees only the outside. You can't lend sentiment. There are men who see in a stream only something wet, purling and dashing poetically, or else persistently blocking the way when one wishes to pass; others will step into

that stream at sunrise, pipe in mouth, inhale a puff as they make the first cast and remember to exhale it only when they step out at sunset.

For the rabid fisherman is a creature intense—which makes him the more difficult of comprehension. If he would put half as much concentration upon ten-thousand-dollar deals as he puts upon an eight-inch trout he'd never care even

when he tore his new rubber boots. He'd have his own private boot factory, and could wear a fresh pair of waders every day.

In confuting the discredit cast by the indictment which heads this brief we cannot but admit that the shield of the angler, like other shields, has its reverse side. Yet there certainly must be something in fishing, and particularly in fishing for that elusive aristocrat of our inland piscatorial democracy, the stream trout. And I call to witness that at this writing I may look across a field, and can descry a bride and groom following a trout stream opposite. He is casting, she is fondly present to be shown how well he can do. And now I note that they have begun to take short cuts, through the brush, from pool to pool; the farther they progress the more is she left behind. Bless my heart, but she could tumble in and he never would know (until hotel time), unless she floated upstream and disturbed his flies. He evidently is a born fisherman, he has on his best clothes and he will get muddy and stained and she will not understand; but I can prognosticate that he will control the vacations, hereafter.

Therefore without fear of displaying any weaknesses may we admit a basis for some of the canards in the non-fisher's arraignment. Of course, flies do catch on trees and bushes. Candidly, I confess that I myself am the blamedest, and double-blamedest, bush and tree mutilator that ever threw a fly. I am the champion back-caster. I will guarantee (for personal expenses) to stand in the middle of Sahara Desert, and casting before me, catch a pine on Pike's Peak, Colorado, behind me. I will stand in any meadow, and with one flirt of rod and line raise up out of the open, behind me, a dense forest; there will be trees where never had been trees.

Naturally (this does not invalidate the case of defense at all), it is rather disconcerting to cast for a two-pound trout before and catch a thirty-foot tree behind, especially when the tree is government timber. But in just such surprises lies one of trout's manifold charms. After having been wading and slipping and sliding and dodging and crawling and leading a strictly amphibious life, part out of water and part in, and waving a

rod, industriously wig-waging at unseen fish, it is pleasing to change the role, temporarily, to that of ape, and in hob-nailed waders to climb to the top of said tree, be it pine or spruce or willow or alder.

Or you can try to pull the tree over. That is excellent exercise for the back. To pull over a large tree, when your last leader is at stake, requires much address—chiefly verbal. One-man sheer strength of muscle avails little, and you must resort to strength of mind. When fortune smiles instead of grins, then you may gradually haul down to you (by hand or by line) the snagged bough—to have it tear through your grasp and flip up into place again just as you begin to detach the ingenious clove-knots and half-hitches with which it has been decorated. Quite frequently this little flip-up deftly snaps the leader or buries a fly in your thumb; which furnishes excitement.

Consequently, in admitting the possibility of tree and bush catching, it is admitted not as a detriment to trout fishing, but as a diversion. Merely to deliver a fly and to receive a trout, all-day long, would be very monotonous. That is the beauty of trout fishing on a stream; the constant variation.

As to the snags, in the stream—yes, flies do catch snags, by which are included rocks. This is another source of entertaining surprise: to forge majestically up the mid-current, line behind ready for a quick cast, and to be brought up, with a jerk, all standing, thus notified that your trailing flies have firmly embedded themselves in a twig projecting a hundredth of an inch from a mile of surface.

For know that the artificial fly is a great study. Whether the trout think it alive or not has been a matter of conjecture to scientists and naturalists. I don't care what the trout think. I have found out. It's alive, and most devilishly alive, too. You can strain a trout stream through a wire mosquito-mesh, and then rake it with a fine-tooth comb; and you can give your flies a moment's license thereamidst with the absolute certainty that they will hook around some stick or twig or rock. Why, I have floated my flies down the current, and turned my head an instant, and had them catch a piece of railroad iron three feet under. I have started them down-stream, and had them sneak

up-stream, into a tributary a half-mile above, and anchor to an old root in the best hole of all.

And these aren't eyed flies, either. They seem to get there by instinct.

Similarly, in casting into a particularly likely swirl or pool the flies always search first, not for the trout, but for anything else that may be sequestered. One never may foresee whether he is throwing artificial flies or grappling hooks. To splash on, gaily, and floundering in that holy of holies like a merry hippopotamus release the grappling-hooks (if such they have proved to be) from their clutch upon hanging branch or couchant snag, much reduces the odds of uncertainty under which the angler operates. He suspected there were trout, big ones, in that appealing spot. Now he knows that there aren't; and that he may pass along without wasting more time or effort.

We now come to the item of catching oneself, by "pants, shirt, hide." This is, as defended in the summary, unimportant, although not without its value as an asset to the day's angling. To be caught in the "pants," especially in that portion facing south on a man going north, encourages agility and is an excellent limberer of rarely used muscles. I always carry a Turkish scimitar for such an occasion; the curved blade is admirable. By holding the hilt against your thigh you may saw with the blade at the fly where it has perched in the hence region which you can only see by double reflection. The same method applies to the shirt region of between the shoulders. Some persons slothfully remove "pants" or shirt, if the fly permits. But the best solution, and the one evidently proposed by the patron deity of fishers, is to wrestle about until you can get your teeth on the fly and bite it out. That is fine for the muscles.

When the fly has caught in the ear it cannot be bitten out by self, and therefore this method is some times inconvenient for what is termed "hide" catches. It must be worked out by systematic wriggling of the shank; and from more accessible portions of the anatomy it can be worked out, worn out, or cut out. This inculcates gentleness, which is a prized attribute of angling, from time immemorial; and inasmuch as for a right-handed person the fly customarily hooks

into a left-handed spot, it is a teacher of ambi-dextrousness—or ambi-dexterity, as you choose. To watch a right-handed man, even yourself, with his left hand extract a knife from his right "pants" pocket, and open it with his teeth, and from his right elbow, pendant by fly and leader taut to a willow branch, with a no-point blade, which is fitted for a can-opener only, dig out stretcher or dropper, is pathetic. Ambi-dexterity should be cultivated, at home, by every angler. This, and gentleness, and suppleness of body, are, I submit, promoted by that item "Flies caught on person (pants, shirt, hide.)"

Furthermore the "hide" part emphasizes humanity, also. Ever since I first wrested a trout fly from my finger I have always killed a fish before operating on him. Besides, if he slips through your hand during proceedings he is easier regained dead than alive.

Cussing! Well, who, having acquired the rudiments of the English language, doesn't cuss, occasionally, inside or outside? Cussing can be made a great sweetener, like Epsom salts. Of course, it is understood that there are two kinds of cussing; the black and the white.

The harmless white cussing of the day's trout, sweetening to the disposition and enrichening the vocabulary, must be reckoned as an inestimable concomitant of the noble pastime. It fits a man for the next day; and this result is the aim of recreation.

"Stumbling," "brush bucking," "insect fighting," what are these but hardening qualities? No trout-fisher desires to be a Simple Simon; angling in his mother's pail. Or wasn't that Simple Simon? Somebody else, maybe. However, the point is here: your true trout fisher *likes* the stumbling, when the stream bed is all rounded boulders and slanty boulders, and hob-nails are polished, and the current pretty swift, and he has about as much control of his feet as a cow on ice. It requires much physical address (with some mental address, too) to balance, make a cast, and strike without landing the trout high and dry in some of those omnipresent trees always lurking rearward.

Any man who can take a nine or ten-foot rod, wriggling like a snake, through a willow-bush jungle, while perspiration

blinds one eye and mosquitoes the other and his hat is constantly plucked off, can raise a family or pilot any other intricate deal; and this settles another item. Stumbling, brush bucking and insect fighting temper body and mind.

"Flies caught in fish, 10 mins." That is the item intended to sting more than any of the others, I presume—except possibly, the "hide" item, which also has a sting. But, confound all non-fishers, who don't and won't understand, success in angling does not lie in the weight of the basket. That is a point difficult to argue.

Not to be a born fisherman is to miss a goodly share in life's fullness; and not to be a trout fisherman is hard luck. As for me, I never can see a road winding on and on and over the hills, without wondering whither it would lead me; and I never can see a stream, untried, without wondering what prodigies may await among its swirls.

To the market with the man who counts his fish, or weighs them in bulk, or who is expected thus to measure his day upon the trout stream. For the meat hunter, the fish hog, and all that blunted ilk who slay by rote, because they are fishermen made rather than anglers born, the fish, in the flesh, is the thing; and when the camp larder is bare, or you have invited your rich uncle to a meal of trout before said trout are caught, the fish is very much the thing. But the true angler is he who, trudging homeward at eventide with swinging instead of tugging basket, can answer cheerfully the hail: "Hey, mister, any luck?"

This being sub-titled a "brief," sentiment has no place in it; and sentiment is, as before remarked, an element difficult to install where the subject is not receptive. Who can reproduce for the enthusiasm of the pessimistic non-fisher the dear, familiar, yet never palling, old stream, whose every feature of bend and ripples is anticipated, as we advance, and welcomes us with larder full or empty, we never may foretell which; the old stream,

where we are ever shifting the landmarks of yesterday for those of to-day, inserting fresh red crosses, until the watery trail is one blaze of pleasant memories? Such a stream becomes ours, forever. And who can reproduce, to enthuse Mr. Pessimist and Mr. Can't-Understand, the magic glamour of the dancing, beckoning new stream, where (for the stranger) there are yet no blanks nor disappointments, and every bend is likely to yield a two-pounder?

How to explain to the non-fishing scoffer and to the pessimist who has fished and failed, that the trout stream, old or new, is as fascinating as a game of chess; that each hole and bend and swirl and ripple demands its particular approach like a move; that the small, foolish trout are pawns, and the big, wise ones, are knights, bishops, etc.; and that the angler's course up and down the stream is a veritable checker-board, retraced from yesterday, last week, last year, or planned as he goes along?

How to re-present the sunshine and the cloud flecks upon the hills, the meadows and the water; the blue, the green, the amber; the thrill which seems to coincide with all this when the trout leaps for the fly, and the instant of exultation when you are quicker than he and he is hooked, or that instant of startled chagrin when you realize that he has been quicker than you and is *not* hooked?

To impress all this: to demonstrate that the most essential part of successful fishing for trout is not the fish, nor the weight of the basket, looms a thankless task. But with the wading, the brush bucking, the insect fighting, the disengaging of flies from trees, snags and person, the stumbling, the dodging, the shine and shadows and water and hills and meadows and pines and sky and air, the anticipations which ever, Antaeus-like, rise afresh, the consummation thereof, the disappointments therefrom, the new tricks learned, the old ones re-tried, the two-pounder who got away, at the close of his day the true angler has little room in his basket for more fish!

Moral Training of School Boys

CANADA has been stirred by the allegations made by a London woman against the morality of public school children. The resultant discussion has made it apparent that there are these evils, to which the London woman referred, among a terrifyingly large percentage of Canadian school children. Although the accompanying article by Charles K. Taylor, of the University of Pennsylvania, in "Education" deals with private schools, nevertheless it has its bearings on the present Canadian discussion.

The subject of this article is a little misleading. It intimates that there is, generally speaking, moral training in our private schools, an erroneous conclusion, for that is the one kind of training that is not given, except in extremely few instances, and then usually in an impractical manner, and without much effect. It seems strange that this should be so, that is, strange on the surface, for one would naturally place morality before mentality, and moral training before mental training, yet, despite what the many, charmingly written school circulars say, moral training is only conspicuous by its absence. And as it is a generally acknowledged fact that moral training is also absent in the average American home, the basic cause of the wave of juvenile vice that is sweeping the country is laid bare.

It may be interesting to study the conditions in several typical schools, so that the point which the writer wishes to make will be made clear. So eight schools will be studied in brief detail. Three of them are boarding schools exclusively, one a so-called "expensive" school, one an average-priced school, and the other an inexpensive school. Three of them are day schools, taking no boarders, and these schools are good examples of their type. The other two are schools which take both boarders and day pupils.

Boarding school number one: The school is under a denominational control, practically all the boys and a majority of the faculty belonging to this particular denomination, yet, until very recently, in this school the subject of practical morality was ignored *in toto*. There were religious meetings in the school, and ser-

vices of one kind or another, but neither in these, or elsewhere, were moral subjects mentioned, much less discussed. And yet, as far as one could see, all was well within the school, and the boys seemed as well behaved as boys generally are. Then it so happened that a member of the faculty, who had taken a deep personal interest in the boys, and who was trusted by them, became gradually aware that not only were things not as they should be, but that a frightful amount of vice had crept in among the boys, along with smoking and drinking intoxicants. The climax came when this teacher was able to show the head master two intoxicated boys in their rooms, and shortly afterwards, a boy of fourteen suffering with an unmentionable disease. The management of the school was awakened to the seriousness of the situation. The whole faculty was called in consultation, the result of which was that the boys were divided into a number of small groups, according to age and characteristics, and a volunteer from the faculty took charge of each group. These men talked to the boys openly, frankly, and in a sympathetic manner, endeavoring to give the boys a clear understanding of the whole question, to give them the necessary high ideals for right living, and to aid them, as much as possible, in throwing off their old ways and in beginning new and better ones. The plan was eminently successful. Within a couple of months this school was entirely cleaned up, and has remained so, the faculty having learned a valuable lesson. In all this the parents were not consulted, it being too well known that the average American parent is deeply suspicious of moral training outside of the home, just as he ignores it absolutely within the home itself.

Boarding school number two: As the school already mentioned represents the average type, as far as price goes at least, so this school represents the inexpensive variety. The tuition here is \$300 yearly. This is a dreary-looking, and rather shabby place, but then one cannot expect much for \$300. The boys seem to be sent here either because their parents are unable to manage them, or because they are too dull to remain in the public

schools, with boys of their own age. These boys are required to attend church regularly, and, of course there are "prayers" at the school, and one would naturally think that with a type of boy most likely to be vicious, special efforts would be made in the way of moral training. Such is not the case, however. There is an unpleasant state of affairs in the school, but nothing at all practical or effective is done about it. One need hardly imagine what happens to the unfortunate normally intelligent and clean boys who come to a school of this character.

Boarding school number three: This school is quite opposite in almost every way to the preceding one. Its equipment is of the best, its faculty excellent and well-paid, and its boys come from well-to-do families in the eastern part of the country. It is a large school, and an expensive one. But this school resembles the cheap one when it comes to looking after the moral welfare of the pupils. That the boys come from "good old families" of means has little significance, for any one who has good powers of observation can see that with us the boys of good family are quite as bad as those in poorer circumstances. In this school there is no practical system of moral training, and the results are what might be expected. There is plenty of vice in the school, with nothing to check it but the better sense of the boys themselves. This school has also the unenviable distinction of possessing, in a very limited amount, it is true, a kind of vice that still lurks in the great English schools, as a relic of their ancient semi-monastic days. Naturally, scandals arise in this school, now and then, but they are discreetly smothered, and few are the wiser, and meantime nothing is done to get at the root of the matter.

Day school number one. This is an old, well-established school of the New England variety, in which the teaching is of a high class, and where the price is moderate. In this school the youngest boys and the oldest as well, use the same study-hall at the same time, and the same play-ground as well. All ages play and study together. In this school no attempt is made at moral education; not only so, but little observation is kept of the pupils. The teachers seem to feel that their responsibility ends with the class room. It

is beginning to be tiresome in stating the same results. There are several visibly vicious boys among the older ones, and their influence and effect upon the younger ones is only too marked. Here the faculty and the parents figuratively wash their hands of the whole matter.

Day school number two: This also is a well-established school, and several times as large as the one mentioned above. Its price is a trifle above the average for schools of its character. But in this school there is no moral training of any kind, though plainly needed. Attempts have been made to start such a movement here, to do the school justice, but they have invariably fallen through, though not through the fault of the school, as far as I can make out. The head master himself was the first one to attempt it, many years ago, and the furious opposition of many parents nearly wrecked the school. Some years later, one of the faculty, alarmed at the conditions present in a certain class of boys, gave them a simple, earnest talk on the subject. Some of the parents voiced their approval, but, as before, so many narrow-minded and bigoted parents became incensed over such an audacious attempt to lead their sons into better paths, that the teacher who started the movement had to beat a hasty retreat, and all idea of moral instruction was abandoned for years. Then again, the impossible, or nearly impossible, was attempted. This time parents were taken into consultation, and the work was finally taken up, in a most delicate manner, with the boys of from twelve to fourteen years inclusive. For a while all went well. The approval of a great majority of the parents went with the undertaking. But the worshippers of false modesty were not dead, but sleeping, and soon they awoke with great indignation, and managed to make such a fuss, and bring such criticism against the school, that for the third time the attempt had to be abandoned in disgust, and up to the present time there has been no talk of taking it up again.

Day school number three: This school is a typical city school, and indeed is not far from a so-called business section. It is large, high-priced, and well-patronized. In this school there is no pretense made of looking after the morals of the pupils, yet from its very location, one would

think that such a subject would become a necessary part of the curriculum. The result is natural. The elder boys, in no small numbers, find pleasure in wandering through the nearest slum district, after which little need be said. The boys are easy prey for both disreputable men and women.

Day and boarding school number one: This school is of the fashionable variety. It costs the average boarding pupil about \$1,200 per year. This school was very "select," catered to the "good families," and refused boys over sixteen years old. It is a curious thing, but for the very worst type of boy you must look among the sons of the wealthy. The surroundings of these boys tend only to make them hide their real natures under a cloak of good manners. The writer has had an acquaintance with several hundred boys of all classes, and the most immoral of the whole number were found to be sons of very wealthy folk of high social standing. The reasons for this cannot be gone into here; sufficient to say that the continued attention of the rich man to his business and of his wife to her "social" duties is sufficient cause for a condition of that kind. There were three or four such boys in this school, where they did immense damage among the younger boys.

The head master of this school knew about one-tenth of the truth. He took what he thought to be efficient measures. It was his belief that such boys and their followers should be shown absolutely no sympathy, and that all evil could be driven out by means of an iron discipline. This unsympathetic, iron discipline method was carried out to its full extent with all the ingenuity of a very clever man. The result was that the vice was made more secret, that it increased steadily, and that there were more little sneaks and liars among the boys of that school than the writer has had the ill-fortune to see anywhere else. Finally one of the masters endeavored to stem the tide by means of personal influence and of a sympathetic understanding of the boys' viewpoint. He began with the leaders of wrong-doing in the school, and one by one took up their most promising followers. The head master was astonished at the results and annoyed at the method. This he told the

teacher in question, who, when he found that his successful methods were not to be supported by the management, resigned forthwith. After that the immorality, which had temporarily been held in check, broke out afresh. Since then many have withdrawn their support from the school, which at this time, I believe, is heavily mortgaged.

Day and boarding school number two; At last we come to the inevitable exception that "proves the rule." In just this one school of the writer's acquaintance, is there an adequate system of moral training. This school is what is broadly known as a "church school," being controlled by members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The head-master is, of course, a clergyman, and a man with many practical, if revolutionary ideas. Of the pupils, perhaps one-third belong to the church which the school represents.

As I said, this head master's ideas as to moral training are almost revolutionary. A majority of the parents of children in most schools would lose their senses with horror if such a system were to be generally started. This head master politely tells all protesting parents that they are free to withdraw their children if they so desire; that he believes in training boys so that they may be able to walk their ways without falling, through ignorance, into the pit-falls and mires that are on all sides. If any parent does not approve of such training, that parent may send his boy elsewhere. It is all one to the head master. The strange thing is that even the worst kickers do not take their boys away, which, after all, is quite encouraging. This, briefly, is the system used in this excellent school:

The elder boys are given lectures and studies by the school physician once or twice a week. They are compelled to study for this work as for any other lesson. They are given a practical course in physiology and hygiene, the question of sex taken up simply and thoroughly, the great value of purity, and the great dangers and damages of impurity made as clear as can be. Now, when such subjects are put on the standing of every-day lessons, and the lessons made hard, and when all the "dark corners" of existence are made bright as day, then all mystery

disappears, so does all morbid curiosity, with wonderfully beneficial results.

The younger boys are taken in hand by the head master himself, a man loved and admired by all the boys in the school. He deals just as frankly with them as the physician with their elders, only he arranges his lessons from their standpoint, so as to help them against the special temptations of the younger boys.

Then again, if a truly vicious boy is found to be in the school—and the closest kind of observation is kept—he is quietly and unostentatiously removed, and the cause not announced.

The result of all this is that this school is infinitely more clean than any the writer has known, and his knowledge of conditions comes at first hand.

Now these schools may be taken as typical, I think. Only one in eight, teaches a practical morality, and perhaps only because of the exceptional courage and independence of the head master. In the others, no practical teaching is attempted along those lines, and where it has been attempted, violent opposition on the part of parents has brought it to a sudden stop.

In discussing the question with the heads of these schools and with the heads of many other schools, it was found that every head master recognized the dire need for a general awakening to the fact that immorality is on the increase among the children of the country, and that the parents alone prevent the schools from taking the matter up. Every one of these men was willing and anxious to give his boys all possible safeguards against the

evils they were bound to meet. They all desired to institute a practical teaching of good morals after the fashion of the excellent example quoted. But one and all declared that they were afraid of the parents, feeling, and perhaps knowing, that the introduction of such a thing into almost any school would mean the instant withdrawal of many of the boys, perhaps even leaving the school with a reputation damaged beyond repair.

It is obvious, then, that in order to have the schools do their duty in this respect, a different attitude must be shown by the parents of the boys affected. With the parents out of the way, it would not be such a difficult matter so to train the children of the present generation that they, in turn, would make for the still better moral education of the following generation. But the parents of this generation cannot be gotten out of the way, even for a few years, and so the old conditions continue, and will continue until the parents are made sensible of the actual results of their present indefensible attitude.

As to how a general awakening may be brought about—that is a great and difficult question. However, if the united strength of the press, daily, weekly and monthly, could be brought to bear against the present narrow view-point, it is the opinion of the writer that wonders could be done. Two or three great magazines are waging a desultory warfare already, and perhaps accomplish something. But a united stand made by all might work a miracle by freeing the hands of schools against the most persistent and insidious enemies of youth.

"What Does Germany Want?"

WHEN you see a man loitering around premises which do not belong to him; when, furthermore, you detect him looking through the windows, trying their fastenings and those of the door, it is safe to assume that it bodes no good to the owners of the property, says J. H. Manners Howe in *London*.

In precisely the same way, as soon as a nation adopts methods of political activity which are not consistent with its settled

geographical limits; when—for example—you see her building roads and railways of no appreciable commercial utility right up to all the weak spots on a neighbour's frontier, she creates a natural feeling of insecurity and alarm. This feeling habitually gives rise to counter measures and, should these fail to check the aggressor, hostilities are the inevitable result. Thus war comes.

Now Germany at the present moment, in police-court phraseology, is "loitering with intent." She is tampering with doors and windows belonging to those quiet little peoples the Belgians and the Dutch, who being themselves helpless, may very conceivably find it necessary to call on the police to deal with the intruder. This disquieting state of affairs has been continued for some time and the position is getting sufficiently serious for us to inquire precisely what it is that Germany wants. For at the present moment she seems to be hesitating between an act of political burglary and a confidence trick.

In most cases of criminal investigation, whether the delinquent be a whole nation or a single sinner, the question of motive is a material consideration, and is often of equal value in the prevention of crime. In the case before us we shall find ample evidence of motive and a proportionate reason for preventive measures. But as we are not now dealing with a police case, but with an attempt upon the integrity of the map of Europe, we must take a larger canvas and broaden our simile.

Now look again. In the middle of Europe the German Empire hangs like a big cauldron over a fire. The cauldron is beginning to boil, and its neighbors are apprehensive lest it should boil over and burn them. Especially anxious are three little nations round the western rim of the cauldron, for it is tilted in their direction, and they are likely to feel the first withering effects of the overflow.

It is a fair argument, on the analogy, that nations, like individuals, have to keep their pots boiling. But the fire beneath the German pot is of peculiar intensity. It is no mere crackling of thorns, but a fervent heat drawn from the special nature of the fuel employed; and the vigour of the stoking would seem to suggest an intention to cause the pot to boil furiously and ultimately to boil over.

Now the meaning of the parable is as old as the world itself, and in the fuel beneath the pot we shall find the interpretation of the whole matter, the motive for which we inquired at the outset.

We may constrain or veneer Nature as much as we like, but her impulses are eternal and barbaric. And so the fuel which is dangerously heating the furnace

beneath the German cauldron is that which has inspired every young and growing nation—and politically Germany is very young—with an irresistible impulse for more elbow room.

In other words, Germany desires more room and is resolved to have it no matter at whose expense.

For forty years, ever since the days of Bismarck, when she first began to feel her new strength, she has been yielding to a great and ever-growing temptation on her western borders. With eyes of increasing desire she has looked upon the little States of Holland and Belgium, the Naboth's vineyards which she regards as essential to the rounding off of a new and greater Germany.

The German Ahab differs no whit from him of Samaria who "spake unto Naboth saying: 'Give me thy vineyard that I may have it for a garden of herbs for it is near unto my house.'" And the coveted States reply like Naboth of old: "The Lord forbid it me that I should give thee the inheritance of my fathers." It is well for us to realize the immutability of human nature. It will help us better to understand the rest of the story.

Now it happens to be just as clear why Germany covets the territory of the two small States upon her western frontier as to understand the reason for Ahab's desire to possess himself of the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite. She is in fact prompted solely by commercial and political expediency, and although her pretexts can be readily appreciated, they do nothing to justify her acts of aggression. Let us try to see the question from the German standpoint. It begins rather like the fable of the wolf and the lamb.

Germans complain that Holland lies right across their most important trade route—the Rhine, the main artery of that busy and thriving region in which Germany's greatest industrial activity is centred. Here in Westphalia and the Rhenish Provinces are hived more than a fourth of her total population, more than a fourth of her industrials; here are produced half of her coal output, half of her chemical products, nearly all her iron and all but a fraction of her wine. The whole of this titanic industrial region is traversed by a magnificent waterway bearing an en-

ormous commerce to and from the sea within two-and-a-half to three and a half days.

But the ports at which this rich and growing stream of trade is shipped and unshipped are not German ports, but two foreign cities which have grown wealthy and prosperous by the toll they levy on German trade, and almost by that alone. The opulence of Amsterdam and Rotterdam—which has reduced to comparative insignificance the two German ports of Hamburg and Bremen — is in effect the creation of Germany's energy and commercial activity, her wonderful prosperity and the mighty growth of her manufacturing industries.

German wealth, lavished upon the improvement of the Rhine navigation has also gone to increase the prosperity of the two Dutch cities, and Germans consider it intolerable that anyone but themselves should profit by German outlay and German industry.

Should you question the justice of this view they will argue that your attitude would be at one with theirs supposing the industrial wealth of Lancashire were tapped by a foreign Power holding Liverpool and the Manchester Ship Canal.

As resentment against this handicap has grown, so has the feeling that it might for ever be removed and the door opened at once to a gigantic evolution of Teuton world power and wealth if Germany can but possess herself of her neighbor's vineyard. In the view of political and commercial Germany, the separate existence of the Netherlands has become an anachronism.

Arguing, moreover, on these lines, Germans claim that as heirs of the old German Empire they possess the same historical right to the Netherlands as to Alsace and Lorraine. And as Professor Treitschke declares in his much-read book: "It is the imperative duty of German politics to regain the mouths of the Rhine. The inclusion of Holland in the German Customs Union is as necessary as daily bread."

How elastic is the lust evolved by conscious power may be gauged by the assertion made in Germany to-day that as the Danube, like the Rhine, rises in Germany, it is therefore a German river, whose mouth, likewise, should be wrested from

the Slav. It is merely an extension of the same principle. But to-day the Rhine comes first, and the Danube can wait its turn.

Meantime, of course, their commercial ambitions have not blinded Germans to the grandeur of the political prospect opened by the addition to the Empire of several millions of industrious people, rich and populous colonies, both in the East and West Indies, where Curacao and Surinam would enable them to claim a vested interest in the coming Panama Canal, and lastly a strategical position of such tremendous strength that it has been well said, "the sceptre of Europe lies buried at the mouths of the Rhine and the Scheldt."

Perhaps, measured by an ethical standard, it may be questioned whether this glittering future would justify Germany in removing her neighbor's landmark. But Germany has not scrupled to avow that her political morality is measured by expediency alone, and it would scarcely be worth questioning her action on this score were it not that Kaiser Wilhelm's persistent invocations of Heaven would apparently have us believe that the Wilhelmstrasse is a short cut for the dispensations of the Almighty, and Potsdam an ante-chamber to Paradise.

Even Ahab could be a devout man on occasion, but he coveted the heritage of Naboth and—well, Naboth died.

Our investigation thus far of the case of Naboth's vineyard has revealed the motives actuating the Teuton Ahab. We will now see what steps he has taken to gain his ends, and lastly the preparations he has made against interruption by the police.

Germany is still hoping to induce Holland to hand over her independence by means of peaceful penetration and gradually increasing economic pressure from without. German merchants have been filtering into the Netherlands and acquiring a dominant voice on the Exchanges of Amsterdam, Rotterdam and Antwerp. Trading banks, shipping companies, factories, mercantile houses are being got into German hands. And, as in the Low Countries political and commercial influence are practically synonymous, Belgium and Holland

are being led towards the lethal chamber of Germanisation without the world being much the wiser.

But the great German bogie is the fine Dortmund-Ems Canal, which the great and good Kaiser Wilhelm has built to terrify the little Dutch nation into surrender by a show of drawing away their German transit trade from the Rhine mouth to the German port of Emden. True the latter place is 200 miles further from the English and Western markets, and the transit through some twenty-eight locks require five days. But the canal is first and foremost a political weapon, though decorated with an economic label, and is run at an extravagantly dead loss and low rates in order to achieve its end—the strangulation of Dutch prosperity.

"See what you'll save by becoming one of us," says 'he German confidence trickster. "And see what you'll gain, for union with us will be an insurance premium against any outside attack such as that which England made upon your relations in South Africa, and may make any day upon your colonies."

Now, although Germany has successfully inspired Holland with no little alarm for her transit trade, and although the moneymaking classes — never the most patriotic—have to some extent yielded to the seductions and menaces incessantly dangled before their eyes, there are still patriotic Dutchmen as sturdy as Naboth of old. These fail to see any advantage to be gained by entering the stomach of the wolf in order to escape the problematical attack of some other hungry foe.

One of these, General Den Beer Portu-gael, says: "Holland is asked to secure her independence by sacrificing it to Germany, and in order to avoid imaginary dangers from outside to march into very real ones."

In fact, Dutchmen are well enough aware that Germany wants to make such exceptional and strenuous use of their territory that their separate national existence, in the gastric juices of a German Zollverein, would soon be at an end for ever.

Thus at the present time the party favoring a union with Germany, including certain subsidised writers and pamphleteers, are in a small minority. The great

mass of the people remain firmly opposed to the slightest sacrifice of their independence—commercial or political—in order that their territory may be harnessed for war and their ports turned into huge naval bases.

"Better," said a Dutch patriot, "that we should be robbed of our Rhine trade than of our independence. We could still live, even if more modestly, on our agriculture, our colonial trade, our foreign investments, and our stock-breeding, in which we can beat Germany herself."

It is the spirit which animated the old defenders of Leyden, and the same spirit that was displayed by a Dutch diplomatist who in more recent times was attending a review at Potsdam under the wing of the German Chancellor, who was anxious to impress his guest with the military might of his neighbor's empire.

But the son of Holland was quite able to appreciate the wily intention of his host. So as regiment after regiment of Germany's finest infantry swept by in magnificent array, the Chancellor, listening for expressions of wonder and admiration from his guest was surprised to hear a single phrase constantly repeated: "Not tall enough, not tall enough." At last a regiment of Imperial Guards swept past. They were the tallest men in the army and of particularly fine physique. But once more the Dutchman was heard to observe: "Not tall enough, not tall enough."

The Chancellor was a little nettled, and asked his guest with some vexation how he could possibly expect to see finer men anywhere than these last. "Oh, yes," replied the Dutchman, "they are fine enough, but when we open our dykes in Holland we can flood the country ten feet deep. So you see they would not be tall enough."

But in view of this spirit in the little people who own the coveted coast-line of the North Sea, and their possible refusal to be controlled by the confidence business or terrified by threats of commercial garroting by means of the Kaiser's canals, there is another card up the German sleeve. Naboth's inheritance was seized by force, and the Teuton whose god is Political Expediency, will not be a whit behind the King of Samaria if the chance offers.

The blessed word "Arbitration" will then no more afford a pleasing excuse for flirting with theories of ploughshares and pruning-hooks. For the Teuton will have swallowed The Hague and its peaceful principles at one gulp.

Indeed the intention already possesses concrete form in railways and roads of mysterious vacancy which have been directed towards useful points on the coveted frontier. It may also be suspected by those who are aware that a force of powerful motors is held in readiness to rush the Dutch sluices at Muiden before the Hollanders could turn the country round Amsterdam, Rotterdam and The Hague into an impregnable fortress by flooding it.

It is here that the question broadens from its narrower aspect to a panoramic view of international significance. For Germany pushed westward to the coast-lines of Holland and Belgium would be in a position to assume a dictatorship of Europe. In the past such a contingency has always produced conflict and Great Britain has acted in the cause of freedom as the policeman of Europe.

But in the threatened era of blood and iron to which we are being driven by the inflamed ambitions of Teuton Imperialism, the established interests of France are menaced no less than our own. The two are in fact interdependent, and must stand or fall together.

Now Germany is well aware that her seizure of Holland and Belgium would tend to depress the national vitality of Britain and France in the same way that a tightened cord interferes with the circulation of blood in a limb. In this case the cord would be represented by an unending nightmare of political anxiety. Therefore, unless we are tamely to submit to the setting in of our political and economic anæmia, the only alternative is resistance to such a contingency with all the force and resolution of which we are capable.

It is because Germany herself would fight in such a cause that to-day she is quivering with the energy which she is throwing into her tremendous preparations for conflict. Though it is costing her millions she does not flinch, largely because she trusts that a display of overwhelming strength at the psychological moment may

save her the risks of a European struggle.

Let us glance swiftly at the prospect—and in passing I would add that in what follows I am supported by the opinions of many military and naval friends as well as relatives in both the German and British Services.

The mouths of the Rhine and the Scheldt are the best Continental sally-ports for an attack on Great Britain. In German hands they would be transformed into the mightiest naval bases in Europe, impregnable under the covering protection of their numerous islands. In fact the Dutch maritime zone would be even more heavily fortified than the eighty miles of German coast-line from Borkum.

Emden and Wilhelmshafen would become merely subsidiary bases. An enormous German fleet backed by an immense army would be concentrated within a few hours of our shores, a perpetual menace to our security and peace of mind, and automatically dwarfing our independence of action and initiative. Forced to make gigantic counter-efforts we should be compelled to maintain a huge naval strength constantly tied to the Channel, while every man fit to bear arms would have to become a trained soldier. For the shadow of a mighty nation of seventy millions would have fallen upon our island home.

The entente cordiale could not survive so definite an acceptance of inferiority as would be involved by a surrender to German overlordship at the mouths of the Rhine and the Scheldt. For France, the prospect would be one of graduated tutelage. For Britain, ultimately—the fate of Carthage.

Now it will be evident to any student of political strategy that German's movement on Belgium is essentially aggressive and designed for the purpose of reducing France to a position of fighting inferiority. It is part of Germany's great scheme to neutralise interference, and to meet check with counter-check.

At the present moment France's open frontier between Belgium and Switzerland is well provided with safeguards. But with Germany in Belgium France's entire north-eastern line of defences would be turned.

Again, the industries of North-east France, which ship all their raw material

and products through Antwerp and the Dutch mouth of the Scheldt, would be destroyed. In fact Germany planted in so overshadowing a position, would gangrene the whole national life and defensive power of the French Republic, and gradually sink it to the level of a second or third-rate Power.

It is with this end in view that Germany has been working with much surreptitious persistence for some years. In that pretty secluded country lying between Aix-la-Chapelle and Weismes, close up to the Belgian borders, strange things have been happening.

Here live the Walloon people, a quiet stay-at-home folk, not giving to railway travel, and more than content with the little single-line railway upon which an occasional train puffed sleepily through their countryside. Lately, however, they have begun to feel terribly over-weighted by a new and formidable-looking double line, equipped with an interminable number of sidings, which has come and isolated itself in this out of the way spot. For there is nothing in the possible development of this little country-side to suggest any economical reason for this great iron road.

But if the simple Walloons, who have been ordered to exchange their ancient language for the German, feel mystified, the great General Staff in Berlin know all about it. This railway, like some others which are lying about in seeming neglect along the Belgian and Dutch frontiers, will, when wanted, enable a German Army Corps to be concentrated at Weismes in a few hours.

That, however, is not all the story. There is a little Walloon town called Stavelot across the Belgian frontier. It is closely related by sympathy and kinship to the little German Walloon township of Malmedy. A tiny light railway linked them together, but the diligence running twice a day has been the favorite means of travel.

But now, to the disgust of the quiet-loving country-folk, along come the Germans, insisting on a big double-lined railway between their Walloon town and Stavelot, cynically imposing upon the poor Belgians the onus of paying for the greater part of it. But after all, it is France, and, through her, England, that

will be most affected by the supersession of the Malmedy-Stavelot diligence, and it is from them that protests should have come.

For in plain language Germany has practically succeeded in grafting her military railway upon the Belgian main line to the Grand Duchy and the undefended French frontier.

Preparations are well advanced then for combating the possibility of French interference. To deal with the other policeman across the water is more difficult. But as long as he does not organize opposition at this stage, or encourage the small holders of the sea coast to expect help in their hour of need, it may be possible to quiet him, too, by a display of naval strength, which will keep him at a distance until the deed is done and cribs are cracked.

So for some years past the Teuton has been hard at work. Circumstances have singularly favored him. He has been building ships for all he is worth against his rival's stock of newer ones, and already he begins to see a chance of giving the slow, stingy fellow a nasty surprise.

From Emden to Kiel the Teuton's North Sea territories behind a chain of armored islands have been transformed into a vast naval base, backed by colossal arsenals and dockyards. Already Wilhelmshafen has become a first-class naval harbor. Emden, under cover of Borkum, will soon be another, while the unfortunate Dutchmen have been compelled to fortify their coastline for the special benefit of the German when he is ready to walk in.

Then the whole of the North Sea region, from Emden to the mouth of the Elbe, is being linked up by an enlarged canal system penetrating the intervening stretches of flat country. And so, when all is ready for "the day," German ships will actually, at need, be able to move from Kiel on the Baltic to Emden, under the complete cover of their land frontiers; and equally able to gain access from the sea at any point to a splendid array of docks and dockyards prepared beforehand for their succor and support.

But that is not all; and here again I fall back on intimate and irreproachable sources of information. Teuton Ahab has no thought of neglecting offensive opera-

tions. His great harbors are intended to be the sally-ports of his military strength. The termini of a network of military railways, they are equipped with miles of wharves from which enormous bodies of troops can be embarked with a minimum of delay. And, not least significant of all this preparedness, at Emden and Wilhelmshafen are stored, in readiness for employment, hundreds of long light landing-stages adapted for use on a shelving coast-line. They are of the identical pattern which the Japanese found so effective in their record landing at Chemulpo, and have long been used by the German naval and military authorities at their frequent rehearsals.

Nothing in all the great and ambitious programme has been left to chance. The only uncertain factor is the firmness of the opposition it is likely to encounter from Great Britain and France. For Russia there must be a long period of enforced quiescence. Will the policemen do their duty?

A hundred years ago the attempt of a single despot to trample on the liberties of Europe was frustrated by British ships. Now once more when a greater power than that of Bonaparte is threatening the liberties of nations, the sole remaining safeguard of European freedom is the margin of superiority still possessed by Britain's naval power, and her willingness to use it with the tenacity she displayed of old. True, one may hear in Germany to-day the expression, "England won't fight," or "England can't fight," but it is a creed full of danger to the world's peace, and one that has been falsified before now.

And so to-day, if, before it be too late, we convince Germany, as well as Holland, Belgium and France that the spirit of our fathers is still awake and that we will not permit a wanton destruction of the map of Europe, whether by a confidence trick or open violence, we may yet avoid the final and most calamitous issue of events.

"How I Got My Biggest Order"

WHEN the average man buys a single typewriter he feels as though he has made a big purchase, and the average typewriter salesman must find one such every day he is on the job if he expects to retain the respect of the head office. There are hundreds of men selling typewriters whose average is better than a machine a day, but when a man, single-handed, against the most fierce competition, bags an order for 475 machines all at one time, capturing a sale representing in money \$42,750, he has accomplished something that makes his competitors take cognizance of his existence.

Thus runs an article in *Business and the Book-Keeper*, and continues: Recently a big corporation advertised for bids on 100 writing machines. Roughly, they wanted visible writers, back space key, two-color ribbon, tabulator and adaptable to billing as well as correspondence. These specifications included almost any make of machine on the market. The result was that there were nearly as many sam-

ples submitted as the requirements called for and with each a bid, some complicated, with many provisos and allowances, and other straight, and without any side issues.

One typewriter company did not submit a sample. The salesman in whose territory the business originated was given a memorandum of the request for bids. He had solicited the firm many times with little success. Out of their entire equipment he had been able to place but three or four machines, and had been beaten so frequently in competition that he felt that it was useless to adopt old methods. New methods do not exist, so he decided on a compromise.

The buyer was authorized to buy after making a thorough test of all machines, and submitting a report for approval to the committee in charge. The machines were sent to the mechanical department, tested for strength of type bar hangers, rigidity of type bars, quality of steel and perfection of bearings, wearing qualities and general durability. The inspection

and tests were purely mechanical and simply tested material. This salesman knew that material in all typewriters is about the same and that the material in his machine was as good as any, and he felt that to pick a machine on this test was not only unfair to the bidders, but was no criterion for the buyer.

In his interview with the buyer he found out who headed the committee, and went straight to him. To get an interview was a hard matter, but he managed it. He demonstrated his machine to this man, but refused to submit a sample to the buyer, explaining that typewriters are bought, not as so much iron and steel, but for what they will do for the owner and user. As scrap a typewriter is worth about 90c, and the man heading the committee knew a good deal about scrap.

The upshot of the demonstration was that the salesman was asked to show the machine to several members of the committee all at the same time. This he gladly did, and made such a perfect demonstration of its good points, that he won considerable favor for his typewriter. Still he refused to submit a sample to the buyer. During the demonstration he showed the advantages of standardization of equipment and explained why a writing machine bore the same relation to the office that a milling machine did to the factory, and being factory men, they all saw it.

Finally the day arrived when the order was to be placed. The tests had been made and a report rendered. It went before the committee and a decision was reached as to the machine that had showed up the best and which was recommended by the buyer and the mechanical department. The salesman was on hand at the time the report was being made, and asked permission to address the committee. The request was granted. He repeated his statement regarding the use of a writing machine and called attention to the difference in its value as scrap and as a finished machine. His demonstration was perfect. He had practised it for weeks. He then asked that they call in their own mechanical expert and have him examine the machine before them. This they did, and when his examination and report was complete, it stood about where all the rest did, no better, no worse.

The chairman called attention, at this juncture, to the fact that a decision was about reached, when the salesman asked that the man representing the machine that had received the highest number of points be called in to give a demonstration before the committee. This was done and the two machines were placed on the table side by side. The committee asked questions of the new man about both machines, and at the most advantageous moment, the salesman for the first machine asked his opponent some questions and before he knew it, had him demonstrating *his* machine.

At the conclusion of the demonstration, the first salesman asked permission to say a few words, and he spoke of the advantages of standardizing the entire plant, and suggested, that, no matter which machine they bought, they seriously consider standardization. The argument drove home and both men were asked to present a proposition with this in view. Both hurried out of the room to figure what they could do in the matter of exchange and trade-in. The committee was to be in session the remainder of the morning, and before noon both men were ready with their propositions.

When the committee was ready each man presented his proposition alone. The man who had stayed out of the competitive deal was called last. He had made no figure on the 100 order, and was therefore ready and fresh with his proposition. He had no old proposition to figure against, and it took him but a few minutes to present his argument. When he started after the order he expected to land somehow, and so had had 100 machines shipped to the branch office, ready to set up. As part of his proposition he agreed to make delivery that afternoon of the first 100, and the balance within a week.

He made no excess allowances, never lost his head, followed the one line of logic, and did not permit himself to slip up. He had succeeded in demonstrating his machine to good advantage, and then had cleverly maneuvered around so that his opponent had also demonstrated his machine, and the force of his argument backed by the fact that the opposing salesman could not find any real fault with the machine, convinced the committee of the genuineness of his proposition.

When he returned to the office that noon for lunch he had an order in his pocket for 475 brand new typewriters, at a total price of \$42,750.

Thirty-two carloads of premium china ware, representing a net of \$64,000 is probably the largest order of its kind ever taken in this country. The man who took this order is the star salesman of a well-known crockery concern. He was out west selling premium china in car lots when his house wired him to go to an eastern city and attempt to land one of the papers there. Some interest had been manifested in that section in premiums as circulation builders, and the sales manager thought that the time was ripe to close in and land one of them. The instructions sent by telegraph were no more definite than indicated here, and the salesman had to find his own prospect and then close. When he arrived in the city he called on one paper after another and at last found two that showed some interest in the subject, but he also learned that four men had been in the territory within two weeks, all trying to land and every one had gone home without an order. Of the two papers he found interested, he picked the larger, and went after the high man.

When he entered the office and started to tell his story, his auditor laughed him to scorn, but he stuck and was heard out. The turn-down was cold and short. The idea of that newspaper buying china from a premium house was too preposterous to be considered for a moment. They were too big in the first place, and then they had connections so important that they could deal direct with the pottery. The salesman was not dismayed, and left an opening so that he could come back.

When he sat down after the first day's interview and figured up his expense account, he had travelled almost 3,000 miles and it had taken him three days and as many nights to make the journey. That meant money to the house and he *had* to get an order. He planned his campaign before he went to bed.

Next morning he went to a nearby city where there were two good papers, both of which competed in a way with the big town journal. He landed one of them for a small order, and then struck another town. In this way he sold his premium plan in several towns right around the

big city, and then went back and told the man who had turned him down what he had done. In the meantime he had been receiving advices from his home office right along as to big deals being closed elsewhere.

As soon as the china arrived at the smaller towns and began to be distributed, the big city paper heard of it. All of the time this industrious salesman was selling other papers in the same locality, and every day a bunch of cancellations reached the desk of the circulation manager of the big fellow. Again and again the salesman called, and finally one day he was offered an order for 300 sets of the 42-piece premium set. This he refused and went away. Again he called and was offered an order for 500, then 1,000, but he refused them all. He had set out for a big order and he proposed to get it.

After being on the job for over two weeks, he walked into the office of the big newspaper and learned that the man he had interviewed was out with an advertiser and would in all probability stay down at the office that night. After dinner, the salesman prepared for his final assault. He looked over his samples and found them intact, grasped his case and started for the newspaper office. He found his man all alone, for it was a little after eight o'clock.

Cancellations had been coming in thick and fast and something had to be done. The salesman knew what was causing the cancellations and this was the strongest argument he could present as to the pulling powers of his premiums. He sat down and began to explain his plan. The big man repeated that he would go direct to the potteries when he wanted china, but the salesman knew that there was no chance of getting that particular set and he had already created the demand for it and it would be hard to switch the women to anything else. The plan itself was a good one, and the big man listened. The argument lasted until midnight. At a quarter after twelve the big man said he was hungry, and the salesman accompanied him to an all-night restaurant.

The argument continued and all questions had been settled except the order. The price, delivery, scheme and everything had been decided, but the order remained to be taken. The quantity was

a matter of how many subscribers they expected to put on, and the possibilities were computed by the results obtained by the papers in the territory. Over the restaurant table they figured how many sets would be needed, and when the salesman saw that he had arrived at the closing point, he had no paper, no typewriter or other means of making a contract. He knew that the time to close was when the prospective buyer was ready to sign. Apparently he was up against it. He had fought for almost three weeks, and now had argued steadily for more than four hours.

Calling the waiter he asked for several copies of the bill of fare, and on the back of these he wrote the contract in long hand, signed it and passed it to the big man, who read the contents carefully, signed his name to the order and passed it back. When he figured up the total amount involved it was a little over \$64,000, and called for a train load of premium china—a train of 32 full cars—and delivery was to be made within three months, 10 cars to be shipped immediately. There was no reduction in the price, no concession of any kind made; the order read just the same as though it had been for \$64 worth instead of \$64,000 worth. Tact, salesmanship and persistence were what won. The salesman went there to get an order and a big one. He planned his campaign as a general would plan a battle, and when the right time arrived for the last assault on the breastworks, he closed in, trained all of his artillery on the opposing force, secured an unconditional surrender, mailed it to his office and sought other fields to conquer.

Office furniture is sold by the car load to the dealer and by the piece to the consumer as a rule, and an order for \$12,000 worth at retail is unusual. Such an order was recently placed by a big manufacturing concern as a result of the cleverness of a salesman.

Bids had been asked for, and somehow or other the man about whom this story is written hadn't heard of it. One day he happened to pass a new building, which attracted his attention. He thought it appeared to be an office building, and making some inquiries found that he was right. The walls were up and the heavy work for the partitions was being put in

and he had a very good general idea of what it would look like when done. An office building being erected suggested an order to him, and he hunted out the man who would be interested.

To his chagrin, he found that bids had been asked for and filed, and that the order was about to be placed. Undaunted, however, he asked for a chance to get in his estimate and requested that closing be held off a week. Some strong talk on his part gained him the time. He took the specifications and as he was about to depart asked for a blue print of the building and also specifications as to finish. These he wanted in order to write his bid as to stains and colors. A glance around the office showed him what furniture was in use, and he made a quick mental note of what was on the floor.

Once out of the office, he sought out an architect and, giving him the blue print, asked him to plan out the arrangement of the pieces of furniture called for in the bids. When this was done, the salesman placed in the plan all the other necessary pieces of furniture to complete the equipment. He then had the architect draw up elevations and color suggestions, with various finishes suggested for the different rooms. When the work was completed the architect had spent a whole week on the job, and had made drawings of sections and pieces of furniture, and had worked out an entire system of color scheme that was extremely attractive. The salesman had figured out the costs of furniture to fit the picture. He planned for all to match the woodwork, and as the order was big enough to go to the mill anyhow, he planned to make woodwork and furniture of the same material.

The bids asked for called for certain pieces of furniture and his price on the specified requirement was a little less than \$2,000, but he wasn't after the \$2,000 order. He did not believe that he could get it in any case, for he knew some men bidding on the job who would underbid him.

When he submitted his proposition he agreed to supply the interior woodwork, decorations, furniture and all complete, so that the builder could finish the building to the point of putting in the interior finish, and then his firm would start with the rough walls and deliver a completed office building from top to bottom. The

scheme was comprehensive in the extreme, and struck the fancy of the president. He called the young man in.

"What are you going to do with this old furniture?" he asked.

"You are going to advertise it in the Sunday papers," replied the salesman. "You will want to use it until the day you are ready to move, and I propose to have everything ready, all new furniture, filing cabinets and chairs, and when you move there will be no confusion. I propose to come down here after you close on the day the office building is ready, and with the assistance of a crew of movers, transfer all papers, desk for desk, into the new offices, and next morning you will walk into the new office, with all of your papers on the new desks, just as you left them the night before on the old. The next day we'll get rid of the old furniture by public sale."

The president scrutinized the young man for a few moments, and then said, "When will you do this?"

"Ten days after the contractor finishes the walls, giving us time to put on the interior finish and set our furniture in place," he replied.

Ten minutes later he walked out of the office with a contract for \$12,000, and the asked-for bids were never opened.

With the encroachments of various devices for doing away with detail in offices, business transactions are daily becoming more and more matters of machinery. Shorthand is seeing its own elimination by the general adoption of the dictating machines. For years girls have fought their use largely through the influence of commercial schools, which in many instances do not want to see this means of handling correspondence get a foothold.

One of the largest wholesale houses in the country has replaced shorthand with the dictating machines entirely, and the order for the initial installation amounted to \$8,860, which took with it 110 instruments and several shaving machines.

A circular letter telling of the advantages of such a device had reached the desk of the head man. He had turned it over to his buyer, who had reported back that the girls wouldn't use the machine. This did not satisfy him, and he answered the letter himself. A salesman called, and gave a demonstration of the machine. The head man could see its advantages and

had never before known what it cost him to write a letter. When he found that the average letter was costing eight cents he began to look around. He had careful tab kept on a dozen stenographers from various parts of the institution and he found that eight cents was the minimum per letter, and then suggested that the salesman deliver a few machines to be used in various parts of the house as a trial, show the girls their use, and then if it worked, the establishment would be fully equipped.

The salesman knew better than to take this kind of an order. He had been fighting stenographers' prejudices too long for that. He argued that as the man had seen the advantages of the machine and had demonstrated to his own satisfaction that it would talk and save him money, the logical thing to do was to put in the equipment.

"If you adopt this the girls will use it," he argued. "If you put it up to them, they won't use it. I can't spend time trying to break down the prejudices of the individual operators in this store."

A trial seemed to the head man to be the only test, so the salesman went out and secured an operator and placed her in his office and asked him to dictate his mail. The girl handled it from the first letter with no trouble.

"You have seen what it will do with a girl who favors its use. Now suppose you send out through your store and ask several girls whether they are prejudiced against the machine or not. When you find one that is not, call her in," suggested the salesman.

The plan was adopted and several girls said they wouldn't use the machine, but at last one was found who had no preference. She was tried out and made it go. This didn't fully satisfy the head man, so he tried again, and after finding three or four girls without prejudice and seeing them operate, he decided to adopt the device. Then he ran up against the prejudices of dictators, but he had demonstrated that he could dictate to the machine, therefore believed others could do the same.

He was now ready to sign an order and offered to place a machine in each of 25 departments, but the salesman stuck out for a complete equipment, arguing the advantage of standardization, and when

he finished, he had the head man's signature to an order for 110 talking machines, which was the largest single order ever placed. He won by demonstration, recognition of the prejudices against his device and persistence in going after what he knew his customer needed.

Some time ago a certain big insurance company wanted to commemorate an anniversary by giving every agent throughout the world a suitable souvenir of the occasion. Letters were sent to every specialty advertising concern in the country, and samples enough were received to fill a good-sized room. They were all arranged on tables, numbered and indexed, and the president was to go through them and make his selection.

A young man representing an eastern house called to get facts regarding the awarding of the contract. He was handed a printed letter telling what was wanted. He saw the vast array of samples and knew that the chances against a choice were too great to be taken in such a miscellaneous collection as that before him.

Next day he returned and sent in his card to the president. He was admitted and when he began to state his business, the president referred him to the buyer.

"But you don't want any stock article," argued the young man. "You want something exclusive, something all your own, unlike anything else ever put out, and that is what I want to get up for you."

The president agreed, and then the young man countered. "I would suggest a solid gold pencil with the name of the agent stamped on the side, put up in a neat package with an engraved letter to go with it, containing an engraved receipt. I will agree to get this up for you, take care of the mailing and checking of receipts and guarantee delivery on every package. I will be back in a day or two with samples."

He backed out of the place, without giving the president time to think, and set to work to execute his scheme. It took a little while to make up the sample as he wanted it. He made up the gold pencil

with the president's name on it, placed it in the package he had planned, had the letter and card engraved just as it would appear when it went out, and made the whole affair as costly as possible and as elegant as could be produced. Then he sat down to figure the price. In the quantity desired, it would cost \$62,500. This included postage and every other item.

For a week he practised saying \$62,500. Every night as he went to bed he repeated it. When he got up in the morning and all day long he said it. He stood before the glass for hours saying "\$62,500, Mr. Blank." Finally, he believed that he could say \$62,500 without catching his breath and as naturally as though he was saying \$6.25. Then he went to see his man.

The package and the plan were exceptionally good. The president was pleased. The salesman described the difficulty that would be experienced if they tried to handle the matter in their office. He showed the possibility of misdirected packages and the consequent loss, the time consumed and the impracticability of attempting to handle it with his force. His people were all busy with their regular work and if they tried to handle this scheme they could not hope to get it out in any kind of systematic order, and something had to suffer. So well did he paint the picture that the president was impressed and said that that was what he wanted, agreed to supply the list of names by a stated time, and then asked the price.

"Only \$62,500," repeated the salesman, "and I want to get started on it to-morrow."

While he was saying this he was writing the order. Mechanically he passed the order blank over to the president, who held the gold pencil in his hand looking at it. He turned about, signed his name, and then glanced at the pencil point, as if to see what effect it had had on it. The salesman hurried out, and as soon as he was gone the president sent for the buyer and told him to return the samples in the inspection rooms to their owners.

An American Gretna Green

THE *Wide World Magazine* contains an account of a remarkable matrimonial Mecca in Tennessee, whither eloping couples from all parts of the States come to be united by Mr. Burroughs, the "Marrying Parson," who has a record of over three thousand marriages to his credit. Mr. Burroughs runs an hotel especially for the accommodation of runaway couples, and has performed weddings in all sorts of exciting circumstances.—The article is by Mr. Felix J. Koch.

Sprawling across the boundary line of two States, and almost within a stone's throw of two other States, the city of Bristol, Tennessee, has long been the goal of lovelorn lads and lasses, and is probably the only town in the world that maintains a hostelry expressly erected for the entertainment of eloping couples.

The invisible line dividing the two States has for more than fifty years been the cause of unique situations. The troublesome frontier line divides the electric railway in halves for the entire distance along one of the main thoroughfares, and it is possible for companions riding within a foot of each other to be amenable to the laws of different States.

The Rev. Alfred Harrison Burroughs, the "Marrying Parson," who conceived the scheme of taking advantage of the strategic position of Bristol for matrimonial purposes, and who has amassed a small competence out of the venture, has more than three thousand couples to his credit, of whom more than 95 per cent. have been runaways. The hotel became a necessity in order that he might take better care of the ever-increasing number of his guests. He has performed marriage ceremonies under every conceivable circumstance—in a carriage racing through the streets at night, with an irate mother in full pursuit, and with the couple standing in the middle of a moving street-car, the tracks of which lay in different States.

A unique suit for divorce that has just been instituted in the State of Tennessee may, in the event of the application being endorsed by the Courts, be the means of abolishing the most famous matrimonial Mecca of modern times. The suit involves the question of the maintenance of a depu-

ty marriage-license clerk at Bristol and the charging of a license fee in excess of that prescribed by the laws of Tennessee. Mr. Burroughs is very much interested in the outcome of this case, which is one of the few that have ever resulted from a marriage performed at Bristol. The necessity for the presence of a clerk at Bristol came with the changing of the law of Tennessee making the marriageable age sixteen years and requiring Mr. Burroughs to give bond not to marry any person of illegal age.

Twenty years ago Parson Burroughs was a Baptist minister in Bristol. His services were so frequently requested for tying the nuptial knot for runaway couples, and the remuneration therefor so satisfactory, that he conceived the idea of devoting himself exclusively to this unprecedented occupation. He has since acquired considerable wealth from the business, and for years has had no other source of income, having long since resigned from active work in the ministry. Mr. Burroughs is now seventy-seven years of age, and is well in the running for the world's record as a marrying parson. His American "Gretna Green" has long since become famous.

Parson Burroughs's curious business is made possible by the stringent matrimonial laws of Virginia and West Virginia. The laws of these States require that applicants for marriage licences, unless both have the written consent of their parents or guardians, shall be twenty-one years of age or upwards. But while the laws of these two States were the basis for the establishment of the matrimonial Mecca, the marriages solemnized at Bristol have not been confined to Virginia and West Virginia elopers alone. Runaway couples from various States, including Kentucky, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, New York, New Jersey, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and California, have all sought peace and happiness in Parson Burroughs's haven. Inquiries have also reached the venerable minister from foreign countries, including England, Ireland and Mexico.

So widespread has Mr. Burroughs's fame become that it not infrequently hap-

pens that he marries from two to four couples at one time, one ceremony and one blessing answering for all. Quite recently he was called upon to marry five couples simultaneously. He had barely completed the service when two more young couples were ushered into the reception-room, requesting the services of the man who has earned the title of "strenuous uniter of young lives."

A remarkable coincidence in connection with this wholesale marriage was that each of the seven brides had given precisely the same excuse in order to get away from home. All the couples were from Virginia, and they all arrived by the same train, but it was not until the whole party had been received by the minister, who was in waiting at the depot for the larger batch, that they realized the possibility of so unique a ceremony. Each of the young women had been excused from home upon the understanding that she was to attend commencement exercises at the historic Emory and Henry College, in Washington County. Cupid, however, had so contrived that the sweetheart of each of the girls was in waiting for her, and each couple, instead of calling for tickets to the Emory station, purchased transportation to Bristol. It was an hour of absorbing interest to the seven brides when they learned from one another that they had planned their elopements similarly. The marriages for that day united Miss Lou Ferris and Thomas Colly, of Washington County; Miss Cora Henderson and Frank Coudy, of Smyth County; Miss Gaynelle Nace and R. L. Ruble, of Botetourt County; Miss Willie Morgan and William Goff, of Washington County; Miss Lucy Ellen Hancock and Asa B. Hancock, of Wythe County; Miss Netty Rvan and William Spickard, of Marion, Va.; and Miss Kate Barker and Frank Snepppard, of Montgomery County.

All the eloping couples arrive at the Union Passenger Station, which is situated within the boundary of Virginia, but within a hundred feet of the State line and Tennessee soil. Parson Burroughs invariably meets the trains upon their arrival, and it is very seldom that he is disappointed in securing a couple. In many instances the irate parents of the eloping pair telegraph to the Bristol (Va.) authorities to arrest the couple upon their ar-

rival. In such cases Parson Burroughs usually hurries the lovers across into Tennessee, where they are safe from molestation. Always alert, when he sees an officer watching for a train, his suspicion is immediately aroused, and he invariably uses his best efforts to get to the couple first. Long experience has taught Mr. Burroughs how to distinguish possible runaways from the mass of people leaving the trains. He has the sympathy of the police, too, in his undertaking, and they have frequently been charged with not exercising due diligence in the apprehension of elopers until the "uniter of hearts" has had an opportunity to spirit them across the line into another State.

Parson Burroughs has absolutely no scruples about disparity of age between the bride and groom. He says that age is a matter to be settled between a prospective bride and her husband. If they are satisfied, and the bride is sixteen years of age or over, as provided by the laws of Tennessee, he will perform the rites. He has a stereotyped form of congratulation, which he sometimes improves upon, and which is calculated to make the groom feel so pleased with himself that he is only too glad to pay the parson a handsome fee. He receives many letters from the couples he has married in years past, but seldom recalls them without a reference to his ledger, in which the names of practically all the six thousand people whom he has joined together are recorded.

Parson Burroughs is somewhat reluctant to say just how old he is, but declares that he expects to marry his four-thousandth couple, which is an indication that he expects to live a few years longer. He is confidently looking forward to the time when the children of his earlier couples will themselves come to him blithely on a similar errand.

So steadily did the stream of elopers increase after the establishment of the Mecca by Parson Burroughs that when the old Nickels House, in which the minister first began his career, crumbled into decay eight years ago, he began the construction of an hotel near the Union Depot, which he had designed especially for the entertainment of bridal couples. The hotel is modern in every respect, and is situated in one of the best sections of the city. It is located directly on the State line, so that

it is possible to marry a couple in either Virginia or Tennessee, as the case may warrant, merely by walking from one room into another.

The completion of the new hotel brought to Bristol a greater number of eloping brides than ever before, and they continue to arrive—by train, on horseback, in buggies and automobiles, while now and then those of the humbler class, just as determined as the others to mate and be happy ever after, make the trip afoot, climbing mountains and risking the hazards of perilous journeys. Since the establishment of his business, whether his hotel guests have been few or many, Parson Burroughs has been enabled to live comfortably. It is estimated that from the three thousand couples he has married he has received in fees more than fifteen thousand dollars.

The marriages performed by Mr. Burroughs, needless to say, include many unique and romantic affairs. It frequently happens that the bride is a girl of sixteen and the groom a widower of from forty to sixty, while sometimes the reverse is the case.irate fathers have been known to follow their fleeing daughters across mountains and over frozen snows, sometimes to capture them and take them back, but more frequently to learn that the couple had arrived at Bristol ahead of them, and that the marriage had already taken place. Hardly a week passes that does not bring to Parson Burroughs's door a pair of lovers who have journeyed over mountains on horseback for a day and a night, sometimes in wintry weather.

Some years ago a mountain boy and girl rode up to the door of Mr. Burroughs's house on a mule, the girl seated on a coffee-sack behind her lover. The love-smitten youth was clad in a suit of Kentucky jeans and wore a weather-beaten slouch hat and brogan shoes. The girl on the coffee-sack was gowned in white, with blue dots, and wore an india rubber engagement ring. Pulling on the reins to stop the mule, the youthful mountaineer yelled, "Hello!" and the parson came to the door.

"Is this ther place where yer marry folks?" queried the rustic.

"Yes, sir."

"How much do yer charge fer marryin'?"

"According to a man's purse, sir. Would two dollars and fifty cents be too much?"

"I ken beat thet in North Car'lina."

And without waiting for another offer the youngster spurred the old mule and rode off, the girl clinging to him with both arms.

Usually, however, the grooms are willing enough to pay the marriage fee. Parson Burroughs has received as much as twenty-five dollars from a happy bridegroom, but now and then there comes a man who wants to haggle.

Whether it is legal or not, it has happened that couples have been married while standing in the centre of State Street, joining hands across the frontier line, the bride in one State and the groom in the other.

Some years ago a young man and his sweetheart were married on a moving street-car, one in Tennessee and the other in Virginia. More recently still Parson Burroughs took a couple from one coach in a train while the angry mother of the girl stepped from a coach in their immediate rear. Both parties made a break for waiting cabs, and a remarkable race through the streets of Bristol ensued. With the hack rolling and jostling, skidding around corners on two wheels, Mr. Burroughs balanced himself in front of the frightened couple and pronounced them man and wife. He received a tremendous tongue-lashing from the angry parent when she finally came up with them, but the marriage, of course, stood.

As an active advocate of the institution of marriage Parson Burroughs is entitled to some consideration. He has unquestionably done more toward fostering conubial society than any other man in the South, if not in the entire country. He naturally feels proud of his unique distinction, and continues to labor in Cupid's vineyard with unabated interest, confident in the belief that he is rendering society a great service. With a mind rich in experiences, Bristol's veteran parson, with an hotel for the accommodation of those who come, dwelling undisturbed just across the State line from Virginia, is carrying on a perpetual business for which he would be called to account under laws that exist less than a stone's throw from his door.

Parson Burroughs is watching with interest the progress of the divorce suit already referred to, which may have the effect of breaking up his Mecca and spoiling the curious industry to which he has devoted his life. If a divorce is granted in this case, hundreds of other marriages that have been performed under similar conditions and circumstances will be annulled. There is no denial made that an extra clerk has been maintained at Bristol, and that an excess fee has been charged for licences in order to support the additional office. It is maintained that this was, and is, purely a matter of accommodation to eloping couples who might not otherwise have found an opportunity to achieve their desires. The fate of Mr. Burroughs's business apparently hinges upon the outcome. In the meantime he is going ahead with his marriage bureau, striving with might and main to achieve a record of four thousand marriages.

"I have been criticized," he says, "for marrying so many young people. I feel sure that the criticism is undeserved. I believe that, as a rule, those who come here and get married in opposition to the wishes of their parents turn out better than those who are married with parental consent. Of the three thousand couples I have married during the last twenty years, so far as I have been able to trace, only about half-a-dozen couples have been divorced. I do not believe that the

matches made at home will compare favorably with this record.

"When young people run away and marry in defiance of the wishes of their parents they are prompted in this course by a mutual love. It is not so often the case that the matches made at home are of this character, for it frequently happens that a girl marries to please her parents—only to bring sorrow to her own heart. It is my experience that those who marry because of mutual affection are the ones most likely to be happy in wedded life. Parents cannot command their daughters to love their husbands, but they can persuade them to marry men chosen for them.

"I am now under bond to perform no illegal marriages. Formerly I was permitted to marry persons not younger than thirteen years, but the law has been changed in Tennessee so that the youngest legal age for either bride or bridegroom is sixteen years. I must have positive proof that neither one of the couple is younger than sixteen years before my services are available. I have been criticized by the local ministry for my alleged persistency in marrying minors. All that I have to say in defence is that I never violate the law, and, with few exceptions, my record will be found to be one of happy homes established, of which true love is the secret."

Wanted — Leisure

BELOW we re-print a delightful editorial which appears under Temple Scott's name in the Forum.

Making a living is not living; making a living is only a means to living. We have not thought of this, of course. We are so tasked in the work that we have not the time in which to recover ourselves for reflection. We never do recover ourselves. Ourselves are lost, drowned in the flood of labor and the waves of competition. We are so accustomed to spend the best years of our lives in efforts to keep alive that living is come to mean working in order to be able to go on working. The wage is not the stepping-stone to inde-

pendence; it is the exchange value of the indispensable daily bread. So ingrained in us is this habit of work that we even count ourselves fortunate and think ourselves happy when we have secured a position which assures us the work. Like the negro laundress who thought herself lucky in the husband who saw to it that she did not want a day's washing, we also are grateful that each to-morrow finds the work ready for our hands to do. For work means food and shelter; and food and a shelter mean life. Life, quotha! God help us!

The day's work done we go home to rest, to regain the strength lost, for the

next day's work, if we can. Perhaps anxiety about the work prevents us from resting; then we lie awake disturbed and distressed. Perhaps the work absorbs our whole thoughts; then is every other interest excluded—self, friends, wife and family, home and the duties of social life. We are machines that are run down each evening, to be cranked up again each morning. And we are glad thus to labor. Thank God for work, we cry, when sorrow or affliction visits us. In work, at any rate, we can drown our troubles. Work is the sustainer of hope, the comforter and soother in times of despair; the one remedy for the thousand heart-ills which afflict us in this Vale of Tears. Great writers have penned vibrating dithyrambs in praise of work. "Blessed are the horny hands of toil;" "Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may;" "To labor is to pray;" "To labor is the lot of man below;" "Labor is independent and proud." They write the word with a capital letter as if it were in itself a splendid and inspiring truth. They have raised a new idol for us to worship. Oh, idolatrous and Sabbathless Satans!

It is a melancholy *utinam*, as Sir Thomas Browne would say, this inhuman craving for work—the cry of the starving for food, the prayer of the lost for success, the petition of the condemned for respite. The will to live is so strong in us, and the way to live so narrow and crowded, that the market for labor is like a battlefield with the fight still going on. For we have found out but one means of living—killing the weaker and taking his place. And yet the work we get is not for the fulfilment of the spirit; it does not ennoble us. We grasp after it with the convulsive, passionate hands of the drowning man stretching for a spar that will float him to a haven; and when the haven is reached we find ourselves harnessed to a mortar-wheel. Like stupid oxen or blind horses we go, henceforward, round and round in a daily grind. And man's free spirit is killed. "Thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread." What a satire on living is this making a living!

Is it not time we took thought a little on this business of work? I am not railing against the toil for the daily bread. I am ready to agree with all the fine things that have been and can be said of it. But

I do denounce and stigmatize as contemptible and unmanly that attitude toward the work we are compelled to do, which accepts it as the be-all and the end-all of human aspiration. This is not work, it is drudgery, and as such it is degrading and enslaving. As it is practised and understood to-day in the thousands of centres of modern civilization, this drudgery is one of the most pernicious influences that can afflict mankind. There is nothing sacred in it, nothing beautiful, nothing worthy. Go through a modern department store and tell me if the work done there by the hundreds of young men and young women is either worthy or beautiful or sacred. Examine the factories, the coal mines, the railroads, the offices of merchants and newspapers and shopkeepers, and show me there the sanctity and the beauty of labor. Oh, yes, all these creatures are earning their living. Some of them have, perhaps, found the work fitted for them and have made inventions and improvements in the enterprises with which they are associated. Some have even progressed in position and have themselves become employers. What of it all? Have they done anything more than making a living? And if they have saved money, if even they have become millionaires, have they done anything more than work? Do they do anything more than go on working? If they do—then for what? For doing more work, and more work? For making more money and more money? And this is living!

I hear you! You are telling me that it is through work that these United States have become the leading country in the commerce of the globe; that it is through work America is richer and more powerful than any other country. I do not doubt it. But have these United States become a country in which men and women are freer, as they set out to be? Are the people of this country wiser, nobler, more sanely brotherly to each other, more intellectually honest and upright, more premeditatedly kindly and intelligently humane than the people of other civilized countries? I doubt it. Human nature is the same here as it is the world over. They had grafters in Rome and we have grafters in New York. They have vested interests in Europe and

we have politicians and trusts in America. They have debilitating armies and navies in the old world, and we have their like in the new. We have not changed much by taking a voyage across the Atlantic and founding a new republic. This new English republic is not such an advance on the old English monarchy that we need boast much about it. We had the chance to make it an advance, but we did not use it. We did not use it because we did not know how. And we did not know how because we did not understand that the difference between a republic and a monarchy is profounder than the mere superficial difference in government; we did not realize that a democracy meant not only political and legal freedom but economic freedom also.

The old feudal system was a military system. The basic assumption of the system was that men were not equal. Under it the monarch flourished as a kind of commander-in-chief of the nation as an army, and he had his generals and captains in his barons and overlords. It developed an aristocracy and class divisions. The workingman took his place among the lower classes. He worked for his superior because he was a unit in an army in which the employer was his captain or lord or baron—he was his vassal, serf or slave. He is still in these lower classes, to-day, in monarchical countries. He is still there because the feudal system is still the system of business and the employment of labor. The wage-earner is part of a militarist exactly similar to any military organization. As an individual he does not count. He counts only as a fraction of a larger unit—the factory, the brewery, the railway corporation, the mining enterprise, the store, the mercantile office. It is these larger units that are considered in estimating the power and prosperity of a nation. But so considered a nation is not rich and not powerful, but poverty-stricken, crime-infested and unstable as water. It cannot be otherwise when the few are enriched at the expense of the many.

The American Declaration of Independence rejected monarchy and its attendant aristocracy and class distinctions. It declared as truth—that all men are created equal. It left no room for an aristocracy or class distinctions in government. But

it did not reject the militarist system in business. That system is still in vogue in this country as it is in every country of the world. Under it the wage-earner is relegated to a class subservient to the employer in business and to the plutocrat in social life. So that the laborer is now in the same position, economically and socially, as the vassal and serf were under the old military feudal system. In other words, the laborer is the wage-slave. It is true, he is now free to remonstrate and combat by means of unions, but his remonstrance and opposition avail him little so long as the system under which he works compels him to devote the major part of his daily life to making a living. No wage-earner can be free in any real sense if he must labor for a wage from eight in the morning until six in the evening.

I have said that the difference between a monarchy and a democracy is profounder than the superficial difference in government. I mean by that that government, whether by a king or a president, is the same at bottom, so far as it affects the people governed. In republics as in monarchies the people are governed by officials; and it matters little whether these be elected by the people or selected by the king. Indeed, it is quite conceivable that a dictator would choose more wisely than the voters. The real difference between a democracy and a monarchy is in what I might call the soul attitude of the individuals governed, and that attitude is altogether different in a democracy from what it is in a monarchy. It is different in that in a democracy the unit, for the first time, counts. He is not merely a member of a social organization; he is not only one individual in a nation; he is not simply a number in a regiment of soldiers; he is all these, but he is also a man. It was to preserve him and his individuality; it was to safeguard him and his rights; it was to assert him and his soul that the democracy of the United States of America was founded. Otherwise the words of the Declaration of Independence are blasphemy. "We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

"Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!"

Buried in foul basements and bereft of sunlight and air, hundreds of thousands of young men and young women are daily occupied in a deadly routine of employment at tasks that concern them only in so far as their accomplishment brings them a weekly wage. They are stitching garments, treading sewing-machines, pounding typewriters, inserting meaningless figures in ponderous ledgers, packing parcels, turning cranks. And they are doing these tasks from early morn till dewy eve. Without, the blue sky is effulgent in golden sunlight, and trees are blossoming, birds singing, clouds sailing and gentle breezes blowing. But the toilers see nothing and feel nothing of what is doing without. They have not the time; they are too busy asserting their God-given rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." "Blessed are the horny hands of toil!"

Enclosed in the storeyed lofts of department stores are other hundreds of thousands, standing through the livelong day, serving customers, waiting on exacting and irritating women, scribbling bills, displaying articles for sale, anxiously glancing the while at the task-master who walks the lofts with the threat of punishment in his eye. Some of them catch glimpses through the windows of a gleaming river and purple hills; but they have no time to look long. They dream of these beautiful things on their way home in the evening when they are tired and worn out. Not for them are these pleasant places; they are too busy proving their rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." "To labor is the lot of man below!"

In stuffy little shops are thousands of others—husbands and wives and children—smirking, genuflecting, tricking, flattering, deceiving, begging customers into buying the wares they are offering for sale. From seven or eight in the morning until seven, eight, nine and even ten o'clock at night, they are engaged in this degrading labor. They have no time for anything else; for if they took the time their neighbor storekeeper might take customers away from them. Moreover, they must, at any cost, make good their unalienable rights to "life, liberty, and the

pursuit of happiness." "Toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may!"

Digging in mines, delving the earth, spinning in mills, forging and hammering in factories are hundreds of thousands of others, face-begrimed, callous-handed, narrow-chested creatures who may be men and women, but they look like parchment-stretched skeletons. These have never even tasted joy; they are only ravenous for existence. They are the slaves of captains of industry. Their pleasures are debilitating excitements, body-racking indulgence, and soul-destroying satisfactions. And these, too, are God-endowed with rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." "Labor is independent and proud!"

Ask any one of these millions of wage-slaves if he is happy; ask him what he is doing and why he is doing it. This will be his best answer, even when he has succeeded; in the words of the shop-keeper, Madame Bernin, in Brieux' play, *Mater-nite*, he will say:

"No; we have not been happy, because we have used ourselves up with hunting for happiness. We meant to 'get there'; we have 'got there,' but at what a price? Oh, I know the road to fortune. At first, miserable sordid economy, passionate greed; then the fierce struggle of trickery and deceit, always flattering your customers, always living in terror of failure. Tears, lies, envy, contempt, suffering for yourself and for everyone round you. I've been through it and a bitter experience it was. We're determined that our children shan't. Our children! We have only two, but we meant to have only one. That extra one meant double toil and hardship. Instead of being a husband and wife, helping one another, we have been two business partners, watching each other like enemies, perpetually quarreling, even with our very pillow, over our expenditure and our mistakes. Finally we succeeded; and now we can't enjoy our wealth because we don't know how to use it, and because our later years are poisoned by memories of the hateful past of suffering and rancor."

"Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!"

Go into the millions of city homes, or what we may call homes as a pathetic

compliment to those who live in them, and see how they fare there, these asserters of divine rights. What are these places, when they are not just bearable? The breeding grounds of crime and the farms of prostitution—poisonous weeds that spring up in a night from the soil of poverty. Ask them what God is doing for them; and if they understand your question, they will answer: "God gives us eyes—to cry with." They compel themselves to forget their state when they can weep no more. These are the women whose lives have been broken on the wheel of competition and crushed beneath the Juggernaut car of the militarist system. And they always carry with them an added source of suffering—the corpse of the woman they had hoped to be. "Yet toil on, toil on, thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may!"

Watch the farmer at his work and his family at their daily tasks. The pageant of landscape and of sky passes by them unseen. They are bowed and bent earthward. For a brief moment they look up; but their eyes are blind. For a short space they plod homeward a weary way and leave the world to darkness and themselves to brutish sleep. He is his own taskmaster, with the whip of anxiety to spur him on to effort after effort. His wife scarce knows what it is not to work; for there are "chores" to do every day, Sundays as well as week days. The grind of their toil has worn their faces to unlovely lines. They live on hope—the hope that marries the daughter, and educates the son for the ministry or fits him for the labor of the cities. They suck sustenance out of the earth with life-suspending gasps. Each day's labor is a crucifixion of love on the market cross. Yet they are told that "To labor is to pray!"

See the employer at his office desk, tricking, cajoling, swindling, haggling, directing, smiling, desiring, and doing the many other worthy and unworthy acts that he calls business. He also is harnessed to the mortar-wheel. He is the blind leading the blind. He is the slave of his enterprise, the creature of his success. Listen to him, in his hours of ease, at the restaurant, in the theatre, or at his own dining-table, and he is saying, "Dollars, dollars, dollars!" If other words fall from

his lips they have reference to dollars; if he talks of art, it is in terms of dollars; if he descants of pleasure it is in the language of the market-place; if he speaks of love it is with synonyms for money. He knows no God but the Golden Calf, and no joy but the fever of desire. And he is oppressed with worry and depressed by anxiety. He makes thousands in a day and loses them in a night. He is the gambler offspring of competition and the militarist system. He is Time's slave; he is the chained driver of the competition car, doomed for life to cross and re-cross the Bridge of Sighs. And in his wake follow the groans of the hungry and the moans of the stricken. Yet he cannot help them because he is himself stricken; he is the slave of the system which compels him to do what he does. Deep in his heart he is moved to compassion and charity, but he can only talk in the language of dollars, and he knows no other mediator. His wealth has ruined his manhood and his home is a sepulchre of still-born hopes and frustrated happiness. He also may pray for grace, but it is too late to be redeemed from the passion of his low ambition. He has sold himself for wealth, and he must remain a slave to the most terrible of all taskmasters—"Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may!"

And these are they who have asserted and fought for their rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!"

I am not here picturing the lives of the people of a tyrannous autocracy. The people I have described are the people of an enlightened democracy, of the splendid United States. They bear the standard of freedom, "Old Glory" they proudly and rightly call it. They chant the Battle Hymn of the Republic; they devoutly honor their brave who died for liberty and emancipation; they teach their children to lisp the uplifting words of their epoch-making Declaration; they have the power to choose their own leaders and the right of a great nation's might. And yet they have allowed themselves to be enslaved by an economic Shibboleth. They have deified Competition as a Law of Nature and have become worshippers of a heartless, hopeless idol. Even if this idol were a living god, a true ideal, what are we doing that we do not compel it to

answer our demands? We compel gravitation to irrigate our deserts; we imprison the fire of heaven to move our railways; we command the force of expansion to alleviate our suffering, and employ the lightning to bear our messages round the globe. Why have we failed to subjugate this so-called Economic Law of Competition? Why? Because it is not a Law of Nature at all. It is a false god set up by our ignorance, and enthroned by our greed. We ask it for bread and it gives us a stone; we beg it for work and it tells us the labor-market is overstocked; we pray to it for leisure and it imprisons us in cells; we petition it for freedom and it sends us to get it for ourselves; we cry to it for life and it is deaf to our cry; we plead to it for happiness and it spurns us to misery; we demand of it our rights and it calls us "wage-slaves." And this is the Ideal we have idolized! Natural Law! If ever a law were unnatural this is that law.

I am not now attempting a detailed examination of competition. I am concerned here with one outcome of it, namely, over-production, for over-production is the immediate cause of the wage-slave's condition. Capital has an eager eye. When it sees profits it will immediately engage itself. It can, however, only see profits when the market has already been supplied; but it is too jealous to allow one or two or three to make the profits, so it rushes into this profit-making enterprise, with the result that the market becomes over-supplied. Prices then go down and profits decrease. On the decrease the capitalists take a rest. The capitalists' rest means either the reduction of the wage-earner's wage or his discharge. Evil number one. The reduction in prices does not much help the wage-earner who is unemployed and has no money with which to buy. If he is fortunate enough not to be discharged and has only had his wage lowered he is yet the first to feel the pinch of the situation; and if he goes on strike for higher wages, both employer and employed are sufferers. Evil number two. Perhaps the surplus product is sold in foreign markets at below cost; then a new situation of danger is brought about by a retaliating tariff from the foreign country that has its own economic troubles. Evil number three. When the foreign

market is closed to the over-producer he becomes a Jingo, an Imperialist, an advocate for colonization and conquest in order to find a new market for his produce; he is the first to cry "Fight." Evil number four.

To contend that over-production balances itself and that the period of depression is followed by a period of rise, only adds insult to the injury. Is this a Law of Nature that breaks down just when it ought to work? Surely, this is but speculating with the market and taking a chance to win the race for the profit. Why should we be content to go hungry to-day, when an industrial panic is on, because we may get a meal next week when the panic shall have quieted down? Why are we to permit ourselves to be thus gambled with? We object most strongly to the gambler in industries (for the average capitalist is nothing but a gambler) staking our lives in the game of chance he is playing. We refuse to be cast on the green table as "chips." And there is danger to the gambler in this protest; for the protest is the protest of a proletariat army that will grow in solidarity very rapidly in the coming years. And if the idol of Competition be not quietly hidden away in some lumber room of discarded faiths, there will be trouble for the capitalist-gambler.

The wily capitalist, seeing the evils of over-production, set to work and elaborated a way for himself by which he could avoid them. He combined with other capitalists in the same industry, and formed the trust. He formed it peaceably where he could, but when he met with resistance he used drastic methods, strange and weird methods, that take us back to the middle ages for their like in cold-blooded implacability. What the trust is we all know. I call it evil number five of over-production, and the worst evil of them all.

To resist the tyranny of the capitalists, and to save himself from utter slavery, the wage-earner combined with his fellow wage-earners and founded the Trade Union. So that now we have the two armies of capitalists and wage-earners opposed to each other, and hating each other, and only working together in what is in reality a state of armed peace because each cannot do without the other. And the

wage-earner has become the creature of his tyrant union. Evil number six of over-production.

Yet out of all these evils good is certain to come. The evil of the unemployed has already opened the eyes of the unemployed, and a discontent is ripening into an awareness of injustice. The evil of strikes has produced the Labor Commissions and Arbitration Boards; the evil of the retaliating tariff leads to Reciprocity and will eventually bring us to Free Trade; the evil of the Jingo fighter will make good blood in a juster and more righteous cause; the evil of the trusts will be transfigured when their public utility corporations shall have been municipalized and their magnificent organizations of industries nationalized and socialized. And with the transformation of these evils the wage-earner will no longer be the wage-slave at the mercy of capital and the competition system. He will break free from the tyranny of his unions by abolishing them, for the day of their need will have passed away. And he will give his strength to a co-operative commonwealth which, assuring him of his life and liberty, will enable him to devote his free spirit to the pursuit of his happiness.

The ruins of over-production being the result of the blind cataclysmic force of competition, it might be well to study this blind force and see how it can be prevented or directed. This has been done; but as the result of investigations points to a *bouleversement*, to an entire reversal of present economic methods, it is too dangerous an experiment to engage the wage-earner in it, and he is not yet fit for the undertaking. It is certainly asking of the employer more than he will consent to. It will be wise for us to take a seemingly more circuitous road, especially if we desire to bring about the final result peaceably and intelligently. This road is the road of Leisure.

A signal victory over the capitalist was won by the skilled wage-earner when he secured the eight-hour day. But the advantage gained is only partial; and it is not all along the line of labor. The skilled wage-earner will have done better when he has secured the four-hour working-day; and labor will have done better still when its unskilled shall be as happily conditioned as its skilled. A four-hour working-

day will mean the employment of more labor and give more leisure to the laborer. Prices will, of course, go up; but there is a limit to the rise, and when that limit is reached capital will find that it does not pay to engage itself too insistently in competitive markets, and labor will discover its proper place in the changed economic conditions that will follow. And if capital attempt to ignore the limit, it may find its very existence threatened. Competition will decrease and over-production cease. Wages will, of course, go down; but there is a limit to the fall, for the capitalist, in an uncompetitive market, will find his profits settling to a satisfactory level, or to a level that he must eventually content himself with. The capital that is unengaged will find other fields for enterprises, which over-production has not made barren. If it does not, it will not matter, for capital is not wealth; it becomes wealth only when transmuted by labor.

But the skilled laborer forms only a small body of the industrial population of this country. There are thirty odd millions of clerks, domestics, petty tradesmen, shop-assistants, and other unskilled workers, who are still subjected to their employers' will in the matter of the length of the working day. Whether through indifference or incapacity, these have not organized themselves into unions, with the result that they are the flotsam and jetsam on the ocean of labor. They live in continual fear of being supplanted by a great army of unemployed always ready to take their places. Well, little good will be accomplished until these also combine and obtain the shorter working-day. Elements for strong associations undoubtedly exist among clerks, typists and shop-assistants, and these must be welded for a common purpose. Public sentiment will help them, for public sentiment is easily enlisted on the side of injustice done to the unprotected. They must, if they are to live decently, obtain, at any rate, the eight-hour working-day. No store should be open after four o'clock in the summer and five o'clock in the winter; and there should be a mid-week half-holiday as well as the Saturday half day. We need not be afraid of the results of these changes. Capital can stand this strain, and it will be afraid to resist a united and determined opposition. Dislocation in business is a

thing more to be dreaded than the shortening of the working day. A definite and reasonable demand and a solidarity of front are the first requisites to an alleviation of hard-pressing conditions. Unity of purpose and solidarity of effort will, in the end, overcome every economic difficulty. And if to ask these of the unskilled wage-earner is to ask too much of him, then is he lost. It is because I think I am not asking too much of him, and it is because I believe he must be saved, that I am appealing to him to take heart and be up and doing. He has not so much to lose that he should be fearful of risking it; and he has much to gain. He has his life, his liberty, his happiness to gain, and the lives, liberties and happiness of his wife and children. He has the love of country to recover; he has his pride in his citizenship to re-establish; he has the dignity of his manhood to maintain. And he can do none of these things so long as he permits the hours of his conscious life to be at the call of a master who has no interest in him except as a possibility for profit, and so long as he accepts the wages of a slave for his life as a man.

Why do I insist so much on leisure? Because leisure is time, and time is life. Leisure alone means liberty, freedom for the assertion of self; leisure is the first requisite for making possible for us the pursuit of happiness. Give a poor man time and you enrich him. Give him time and you will empower him so that he will move mountains by taking thought. In time he will rejuvenate the earth and make it, indeed, a jocund earth. I ask for leisure because with leisure a man can recover himself and find his right place in the society which should dignify him and he it. He can grow in understanding and grow in wisdom, with leisure. He has the time in which to be a father, a lover, a friend, and a comrade. The fine sap of his humanity can mount and nourish the tender branches of his family tree. The Home will realize his dreams of Home, for it will be the joyous place where character is made, and with the making of character will be born nobler fathers and willing mothers.

Give a man leisure and you re-create him. We may not then be able to hoodwink him with our economic shibboleths, but we shall be glad that we are not thus

able. His eyes will have been opened, and he will open our eyes in turn. We shall realize our past foolishness in the splendid co-operation of this new-born friendly helper. Work will be no longer the hateful necessity it is now; it will be acceptable, and accomplished as the expression of the workers' sincerity. It will be honest work, giving in labor done one hundred cents for every dollar of wage received. It will be this because the worker will be fit, and willing, and bound in honor. He will give then more in four hours than he gives now in fourteen.

This time for which I ask would not be missed by the employer. Were we today to collect the time wasted in our many business enterprises and present it to the workers we should find we had lost nothing by the gift, and the gift would be no less than one-fourth of a present working-day. As a matter of fact, few human beings can possibly be equally efficient during every hour of the ten or twelve hours of a laboring day. Time is wasted in make-believe at work, in fussing and moving to and fro, in lifting and putting back what need not have been moved. Especially is time wasted in talk—the talk of the foreman, the talk of the manager, the talk of the employer, the talk of the schemer, the talk of the incompetent and hesitating and feeble and vain. It is a rare business that is really efficient. Indeed, much of the distaste for work is not so much due to the work itself as it is to the compulsory waste of time and consequent prolonged confinement imposed on the worker by incompetent employers and supervisors. We grudge the wage-earner a dollar rise in his wages, but we lose a dollar a day by our waste of his time. The shorter working-day will compel a wiser supervision, a more concentrated effort, a closer application and a more definite attention. Time wasted is money wasted, opportunity lost, enthusiasm dampened and the working spirit demoralized.

There has never been a time in the history of the world so stirred by social discontent as the present; and never before, not even during the years immediately prior to the French Revolution, was the discontent so deep-rooted and so fraught with danger to the community. Increase in population, over-crowding in cities, competition in the labor-market, over-

production, higher cost of living, the stupidity and the selfishness of the capitalist, the vicious remedy of labor strikes, all these have contributed to the sowing of discontent. How to allay it; how to bring about juster conditions for the mass of the population, are questions which have occupied and are occupying the minds of the best thinkers. Solutions without number, from Utopias to Co-operative Societies, have been propounded and tested, and yet the situation remains unaltered. No solution is, however, possible without the active sympathy and intelligent co-operation of the people to be satisfied. The solution must come from them and not from the academic philosopher, be he never so well-meaning, and they cannot as yet know what is the best for them. Their sympathies are too easily engaged, because of the stress of their conditions, for any seemingly helpful schemes; and their co-operation cannot be intelligent because their outlook is narrowed by their immediate wants. Unintelligent sympathy is a terribly dangerous emotion to experiment with. Our first business is to refine their sympathy to the fineness of discretion, and cultivate their intelligence to the point of enthusiasm. It is not possible to produce either of these qualities so long as the wage-earner is the slave of his work, and so long as he is compelled to give to it the greater part of his day's life. It is to rationalize his emotion and to emotionalize his intelligence that I ask for Leisure. When he acquires an intelligent enthusiasm for service, then will his service be a vital contribution; the patient will then help the doctor. Perhaps, indeed, he will not need the doctor.

Leisure makes for health, and health is an absolute necessity to the education of intelligence. The unintelligence displayed by the average labor voter is largely due to bad health brought on by drink. Drink is the solace of the tired laborer who takes it in the first instance as a spur to his jaded body. The leisured workingman will have no need for this spur. With the decrease in drunkenness the health of the community is assured.

Leisure makes for character; not the character of the poverty-smitten creature of the competitive labor-market, but the character of the free man, the democratic

citizen, the gentleman in the best sense of the word. He will have time for social intercourse, for study, for invigorating and inspiring exercise. He will recapture his flown youth in play with his children, and regain his lost hopes, and relive the joyous days of his early love.

Leisure is no respecter of class distinction; it is a splendid democrat. It has been made to symbolize aristocracy, but its nature is not aristocratic; its nature is humanitarian. Ignorance on the one hand, and sentimentality on the other, have accorded it aristocratic honors; but ignorance and sentimentality are responsible for most of the mistakes we make, not the least of which is the abuse of Leisure by the so-called leisured class.

Leisure is a re-distributor of power. When leisure shall be a common enjoyment and over-production ceases, wealth will be more evenly divided, and with the more even division of wealth will follow a redistribution of power. Moreover, the leisured man is thrown on his own resources and he will have the chance to make good. If he fails he will only have himself to blame. What he is to do with leisure so that he shall make good I must leave for a future consideration.

This being to be born of Leisure, and he alone, is the man we want for our revolutionary purpose. We want him because without him all our efforts at betterment are mere patching and tinkering. He, and he alone, will have the insight that we lack; and he alone can help us to a happy practical issue out of all the afflictions which beset us to-day. When the leisured workingman comes he will show us how to do away with sweat-shops, how to clean slums and wash streets, and drain cities. He himself will reform our schools, regulate our traffic, reject our faithless servants. He will rebuild our cities, remake our homes, reform our parliaments. He will remodel our armies and re-establish our navies. He will re-elect our officials and redeem their broken pledges. He will plant gardens and people desert places and grow vineyards. He will do all these things with the enthusiasm of knowledge, and he will accomplish all these things because he will have the seeing power—the tremendous power secretly stored in the ballot-box. Look out for the workingman who shall say every day at four

o'clock with Charles Lamb, "I am Retired Leisure." You will find him in libraries and art galleries, at times; and at other times he will be resting on the grassy banks of murmuring brooks, or walking smilingly in trim gardens. *Otium cum dignitate*. He will not be the Superannuated Man who was once doggedly content to waste his soul at the wooden

desk of drudgery and is not presented with the bonus of a few twilight years in which to sun his silvered body. He is the Superlaborated Man who cannot live without his soul. He never can be superannuated because he is always wanted; and he will be a long time growing old because he has a long time in which to be young.

Weather Proverbs and their Justification

"So it falls that all men are
With fine weather happier far"

--King Alfred.

THIS thousand-year-old observation by England's wisest ruler recognizes the fact that fine weather induces good tempers, and therefore amply justifies the proverb that shrewdly bids one "Do business with men when the wind is in the northwest."

But this effect on the minds of men, says W. J. Humphreys in the Popular Science Monthly, does not exhaust the good and the evil of weather conditions, since our comfort, our convenience and even the success or failure of whatever we undertake, all depend in large measure upon clear skies and cloudy, upon wind and rain, and upon everything that renders the elements fair or foul.

Because, then, of the great influence weather conditions have over human affairs numerous rules for foretelling their coming changes have been formulated in all ages and by all peoples. While many of these rules are of general application, many others, as might be suspected, have only a local value, and owe their justification to some peculiar configuration of mountain and valley, or distribution of land and water, and, therefore, when transferred to other places commonly are meaningless, if not even misleading. Nevertheless, all of them, the wise and the silly, the good and the bad, have been inherited alike from the ends of the earth; and in this way many a concise saying has become a weather nugget in that great vein of wisdom and folly called folk lore.

Some of these nuggets are as pure gold, for they correctly state the actual order of sequence, as determined by innumerable

observations, even when the cause for such an order was not in the least understood by those who discovered it; but most of them are only as fools' gold, pretty in form, but wholly deceptive. To this latter class belong hundreds of proverbs of the ground-hog and gosse-bone type; some owing their origin to one thing and some to another, but, like predictions based upon the weather of saints' days, or upon the phase of the moon and the pointing of its horns, never for a moment accepted by those whose reason demands an adequate cause for every effect.

But that other class of weather proverbs, those that do have more or less to support them, is worthy of very careful consideration and study, for they embody accurate descriptions of phenomena and express the usual sequence of events.

It can be argued, of course, and apparently with good reason, that, in spite of its scientific interest, such a study can not now have any practical use, since nearly every country has a national weather service whose forecasts, for any given time and place, are reliably based upon the known immediately previous conditions all over a continent—conditions that are followed from hour to hour and day to day; that are minutely recorded and carefully studied.

It is true that when one is supplied with such information his horizon becomes world wide; that he sees the weather as it is everywhere; knows in what directions the storms are moving and how fast, and that, therefore, he can predict the approximate weather conditions for a day or more ahead. But, in general, it is not practicable officially to forecast for definite hours, nor for particular farms and vil-

lages. In the making, then, of hour-to-hour and village-to-village forecasts, though often of great value, one must rely upon his own interpretation of the signs before him. Besides, in many places it is impossible to get, in time for use, either the official forecast or the weather map upon which to base one's own opinions, and under these conditions certain weather signs are of especial value—signs which every one uses to a greater or less extent, but with an understanding of their significance that, according to such experience as only real necessity can give, varies from the well nigh full and complete to the vague and evanescent.

Thus the fisherman to-day, as in the past, will weigh anchor and flee from the gathering storm when to the uninitiated there is no indication of anything other than continued fair weather; and the woodsman, as did his remotest ancestors, will note significant changes and understand their warning messages when the average man would see no change at all, or, if he did, would fail to comprehend its meaning.

The prescience of these men is phenomenal, and it is with some of the useful weather proverbs they know so well, the causes of the phenomena they describe and the relation of these phenomena to others they precede, that the following is concerned.

SEASONS.

("A good year is always welcome.")

Naturally every one asks: "What of the coming season?" And especially is this an important question for the farmer, for a correct answer to it would tell him what crops to plant and where; whether upon hill or lowland, in light or heavy soil, and how best to cultivate them—vital points, every one, for his success. But whatever we may hope ultimately to accomplish, seasonal forecasting to-day is beyond the pale of scientific meteorology, though proverb meteorology is full of it. However, a few of the seasonal proverbs that deal with results rather than types of weather are rationally founded.

Among them we have:

"Frost year,
Fruit year."

"Year of snow,
Fruit will grow."

Or in still another form:

"A year of snow, a year of plenty."

That these and similar statements commonly are true is evident from the fact that a more or less continuous covering of snow, incident to a cold winter, not only delays the blossoming of fruit trees till after the probable season of killing frosts, but also prevents that alternate thawing and freezing, so ruinous to wheat and other winter grains. In short, as another proverb puts it,

"A late spring never deceives."

A different class of proverbs, but one meaning practically the same thing as the foregoing, and justified by substantially the same fact, that is, that an unseasonably early growth of vegetation is likely to be injured by later freezes, is illustrated by the following examples:

"January warm, the Lord have mercy!"

"If you see grass in January,

Lock your grain in your granary."

"January blossoms fill no man's cellar."

"January wet, no wine you get."

"January and February,

Do fill or empty the granary."

"All the months in the year

Curse a fair Februeer."

There are hundreds of other proverbs dealing with seasonal forecasts, but, except those belonging to such classes as the above, they have very little to justify them. Many are purely fanciful and others utterly inane.

SUN.

"Above the rest, the sun who never lies,
Foretells the change of weather in the
skies.—*Virgil*."

While proverbs concerning the seasons, in the most part, are built upon the shifting sands of fancy and of superstition, many, but not all, of those that concern the immediate future—the next few hours, or, at most, the coming day or two—are built upon the sure foundation of accurate observation and correct reasoning. Among these, perhaps the best are those that have to do with the color of the sky and the appearance of the sun, the moon and the stars, for we see the first because of our atmosphere, and the others through it and, therefore, any change in their appearances necessarily means changes in the atmos-

phere itself—changes that usually precede one or another type of weather.

A familiar proverb of this class runs as follows:

“A red sun has water in his eye.”

Now the condition that most favors a red sun is a great quantity of dust—smoke particles are particularly good—in a damp atmosphere. Smoke alone, in sufficient quantity, will produce this effect, but it is intensified by the presence of moisture. The blue and other short wave-length colors, as we call them, of sunlight are both scattered and absorbed to a greater extent by a given amount of dust or other substances, such as water vapor, than is the red; and this effect, since it is proportional to the square of the volume, becomes more pronounced as the particles coalesce. Hence, when the atmosphere is heavily charged with dust particles that have become moisture laden, as they will in a humid atmosphere, and therefore relatively bulky, we see the sun as a fiery red ball. We know, too, that this dust has much to do with rainfall for, as was first proved many years ago by the physicist Aitken, cloud particles, and, therefore, rain, will not, under ordinary conditions, form in a perfectly dust-free atmosphere, but will readily form about dust motes of any kind in an atmosphere that is sufficiently damp.

A red sun, therefore, commonly indicates the presence of both of the essential rain elements, that is, dust and moisture; and while the above is not the whole story, either of the meteorological effects due to dust in the air, or of the formation of rain, it is sufficient to show how well founded the proverb under consideration really is. And also this other one that says:

“If red the sun begin his race,
Be sure the rain will fall apace.”

SKY COLORS.

“Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day.”
—*Shakespeare*.

There are many proverbs, ranging from the good and useful to the misleading and absurd, concerning the color of the sky at sunrise and sunset.

From Shakespeare we have the well-known lines:

“A red morn that ever yet betokened
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to the shepherds, woe unto the
birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdsmen and to
herds.”

Besides these stately verses there are many proverb jingles that express substantially the same idea. One of them puts it thus:

“Sky red in the morning
Is a sailor's sure warning;
Sky red at night
Is the sailor's delight.”

But in many ways the most interesting of all those proverbs that have to do with red sunrise and red sunset is the one which, according to Matthew, Christ used in answer to the Pharisees and Sadducees when they asked that He would show them a sign from Heaven.

“He answered and said unto them,
When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair
weather: for the sky is red.

“And in the morning, It will be foul
weather to-day: for the sky is red and
lowring.”

It would seem, too, that Christ sanctioned these views, for it does not appear reasonable that He would teach by illustrations which He knew to be false. Then, too, He follows the above with these words:

“O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face
of the sky; but can ye not discern the
signs of the times?”

But whether or not Christ accepted these weather signs as being good, we feel certain that those to whom he spoke must have known and believed in them. It is, therefore, worth while to search, even though the search be a somewhat tedious one, for the physical explanation of these phenomena, and to see how it is possible, if it really is, for identically the same colors of the sky to have for the evening one meaning, and for the morning another entirely different.

To clear the way for this explanation it is necessary, first, to tell something of the composition of sunlight, and a little about the atmosphere through which it passes on its way to the surface of the earth.

We know that rain drops are colorless, and we know, too, that when we are between a falling shower and the bright sun they give us the exquisite coloring of the

rainbow. We are also aware that prism-shaped, colorless and transparent objects will receive a ray of white sunlight and emit all the rainbow's brilliant hues, from the faintest violet to the deepest ruby; and that when these are recombined the result is white light like the original. Through such experiments and observations we infer that sunlight is composed, in part at least, of all pure colors, and that they gradually merge the one into the other.

Again, it is possible to obtain two sources of light of the same color and intensity such that at certain places they produce more than twice—in fact up to fourfold—the intensity of one alone, and at certain other places intensities less than that of just one, even to utter darkness. Now this tells us that in some respects two lights behave in a manner similar to two trains of water waves, for these may combine so as at some places to produce exceptionally large waves and at others practically smooth water. Indeed, it has been shown by numerous experiments that light has several properties in common with water waves; one of these being wave-length, that is, the distance from a point in one wave to the corresponding point of its nearest neighbor, as, for instance, from crest to crest.

Of all colors, violet light has the shortest wave-length, and red the longest. Blue is next to violet, yellow next to red, and green about an average of all. The wave-length of red light is less than twice that of the violet, and yet it would take more than 30,000 of the longest waves to which the eye is sensitive to span a single inch.

Turning, now, our attention to the atmosphere, we find that at nearly all times, and everywhere within two miles of the surface, and probably much higher still, it contains, in every cubic inch, thousands of dust particles coming from fires, from plants, from the dry earth as caught up by winds, and from still other sources. Much of this dust is excessively fine and settles down with extreme slowness. It serves, as already explained, as nuclei about which the myriads of cloud droplets are formed.

In addition to this important function, extremely fine particles of dust, and even single molecules, but not the coarser portions, as shown many years ago by Lord Raleigh, both scatter and absorb light of

all colors according to the laws: (1) that the amount, both of absorption and of scattering, decreases in the same proportion that the fourth power of the wave-length increases; (2) that both increase with the number of particles per unit volume, and with the average square of the volume of the individual particle.

The refractive index of the air and of the foreign substances it contains, together with certain numerical terms, also enter into the complicated equations that deal quantitatively with atmospheric absorption and scattering of light. These latter facts, since they are not essential to what follows, are mentioned here only for the sake of completeness.

Now, scattering and absorption, acting according to above laws, combine to give us the colors of the sky, because sky light is only the residual, after absorption, of that portion of sunlight which was scattered by the molecules of the atmosphere and by the foreign substances floating in it.

Since, according to the first law, but little light of very long wave-length is scattered while nearly all of exceedingly short wave-length is absorbed, it follows that the light of maximum intensity, or the prevailing color, must have some intermediate wave-length. Hence the sky overhead is neither red (long wave-length) nor violet (short wave-length). Also, from the second law, we see that different parts of the sky at the same time, and the same parts of the sky at different times, will have different colors owing to the amount, aggregation and distribution of atmospheric dust.

When these particles are relatively few and small the prevailing color is blue. On the other hand, where the dust motes increase in size and number, as they do near the surface of the earth, or in size only, even at the expense of numbers, as happens in a moist atmosphere, because of their hygroscopic property, light of the shorter wave-lengths becomes more completely absorbed and the sky assumes some longer wave-length color. Finally, when the particles are large enough to reflect as mirrors the sky becomes whitish. Hence both the morning and the evening twilight sky often shows a series of colors ranging from red, near the horizon, through orange and yellow to a green or even blue-green with increase of elevation

and consequent decrease in the number and size of dust particles along the path of light from the sun to that part of the sky in question and thence to the observer.

When the air is filled with fog, or other particles of similar size, the whole sky becomes uniformly gray. This is because the water droplets that together make fog and cloud, though usually so small that it would take from 2,000 to 3,000 of them to make a row an inch long, nevertheless are large enough to reflect, as would little mirrors, and to refract, or transmit in a new direction, light of every color.

It remains now, in preparing the way to an understanding of the weather significance of morning and evening colors, briefly to outline the essential conditions and processes of cloud formation and rain.

Probably that one of these conditions with which the general public is least familiar is the presence, in large numbers, of some sort of nuclei about which water vapor can condense. We can safely assume, too, that in the open atmosphere these nuclei consist only of dust particles, though it is possible in the laboratory, under conditions that rarely, if ever, exist naturally, to obtain condensation without the aid of dust of any kind.

Besides the presence of dust particles, a certain relation between temperature and water content of the atmosphere is also essential to condensation. The warmer the air, so long as the temperature is below the boiling point, the greater, and, for ordinary temperatures, at a rapidly increasing rate, the amount of water vapor it can contain in the form of a transparent gas.

In reality the relation above discussed is between the temperature and amount of moisture per unit volume, a quantity which does not appreciably change with the presence or absence of other gases. But it is allowable, because of this constancy, to use the popular, though unscientific, expression, "water content of the atmosphere," provided one thinks of the atmosphere as a mixture of gases (chiefly nitrogen and oxygen) co-existing with the undisturbed water vapor, and not as a sort of sponge that mechanically holds it in suspension.

If, then, air, which always has dust particles in it, containing all or nearly all the water vapor it can hold, is cooled to a dis-

tinctly lower temperature, a corresponding amount of condensation will take place on each dust mote, and the countless droplets thus formed will appear as a fog or cloud of greater or less density.

The most efficient method of producing the cooling necessary to cloud formation is to move the moist air to a place of lower pressure, that is, lift it to a greater elevation, where it will expand and thereby do work against the surrounding decreased pressure at the expense of the heat energy it contains. This effect is well illustrated by the formation of cumuli, or thunder-head clouds, in the summer time; the process of which, in general, is as follows: The earth is heated by sunshine and it in turn heats and expands the adjacent atmosphere and thereby renders it lighter, volume for volume, than the surrounding cooler air. The light, warm atmosphere often nearly saturated with water evaporated from lakes, from moist earth and growing vegetation, and by this vapor rendered still lighter, is buoyed up by cooler and heavier adjacent air, very much as a cork is made to bob up when let go beneath a water surface. The lifted, or, as we commonly say, the rising air, sustains at any particular time only the weight of the atmosphere that is at that moment above it. But, clearly, so long as the air is rising this weight is growing less, and therefore as it passes from a region of greater to one of less pressure it expands just as a compressed spring does when its load is decreased. However, as the spring expands it must do the work of lifting the remaining weight, and so it is with the atmosphere; in expanding it has to lift the air that is above it and thereby do work. Now this work is possible only because of the heat of the active air itself, and consequently as it expands it correspondingly gets cooler. But, as has already been explained, the amount of water vapor that any given volume can hold in the form of a transparent gas, rapidly decreases as the temperature falls.

A rising mass of air, therefore, cools by virtue of its own work in expanding against pressure, and soon reaches a temperature below which it can not contain, as a gas, all its water-vapor. Hence any further rise and consequent cooling leads to precipitation—a collection of the excess

water vapor in droplets about dust particles—and the formation of clouds.

With the foregoing facts in mind it is easy to understand, in a general way, those actions of nature that give meaning to the sky colors of morning and evening, and in large measure justify the proverbs that for ages have been associated with them. Thus we see that a red evening sky means that nothing more than incipient condensation exists even at the tops of the strongly cooled convection currents that obtained during the heated portion of the afternoon (more than this would produce a gray or even cloudy sky), and that therefore the air contains so little moisture that rain, within the coming twenty-four hours, is improbable.

If the evening sky, not far up, but near the western horizon, is yellow, greenish, or some other short wave-length color, then all the greater is the chance for clear weather, for these colors indicate even less condensation (smaller particles) and therefore a dryer air than does red. Hence we can accept the following lines from Shakespeare as the expression of a general truth:

"The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow."

If, however, the evening sky has none of these colors, but is overcast with a uniform gray, then we know that numerous water droplets are present, and that the dust particles, in spite of the heat they absorbed from sunshine, have become loaded with much moisture. Obviously, then, to produce this effect, the atmosphere, at considerable elevations, must be practically saturated, a condition that favors rain and justifies the familiar proverbs:

"If the sun set in gray
The next will be a rainy day."

"If the sun goes pale to bed
'Twill rain to-morrow, it is said."

The above discussion of color phenomena applies to the evening sky only. It remains to explain the origin of similar morning effects and to point out the differences in the processes by which they are brought about.

A grey morning sky means, just as does a grey evening one, that the atmosphere is filled with water globules which are large enough, and even the smallest of

them are, to refract and specularly reflect light of every color. The difference, then, must be in the processes that lead to the formation of the evening and the morning droplets. And these processes are not the same, for the dust of the day sky is heated by sunshine, as are also, to a greater or less extent, both the air and the earth beneath, while the dust in the night sky, as does everything else that is freely exposed, loses of the heat it possesses and cools through radiation to space. Besides, the atmosphere during the day time, and especially in the afternoon, is cooled by convection, which, as already explained, leads to more or less condensation of moisture on the dust that is present; while at night there is no strong upward movement, there being no surface heating, and consequently but little dynamic cooling of the air. The slight condensation here considered is due by day chiefly to convectional cooling, by night mainly to loss of heat through radiation.

Evidently, then, the grey of the morning sky may often be caused by water droplets that have gathered as so much dew on the dust particles in the air—dew that has collected on them because of the slightly lower temperature they maintain through radiation to space, just as, and for the same reason that it collects on blades of grass and other exposed good radiators. But in order that the marked radiation, essential to the formation of the water droplets, may take place, it is necessary that the atmosphere above them be dry, for water vapor does not allow radiation freely to pass through it. Hence a grey morning sky implies a dry atmosphere above the dew droplets, and, therefore, justifies the expectation of a fair day, or even a clear one, for the droplets themselves to which the grey is due are soon evaporated by the rising sun, and convection, in this case, because it mixes the moist lower with a dry upper air, seldom causes precipitation.

A red morning sky commonly implies that the lower and heavier dust particles have been protected from excessive night radiation by a blanket of overlying moisture, else it would be grey; and at the same time it also implies the presence, in the lower atmosphere, of sufficient moisture to enlarge the dust particles through incipient condensation, else the sky would

have some shorter wave-length color, such as yellow to green. Hence when the morning sky is red the whole atmosphere, to considerable elevations, is moist, and rain, therefore, probable.

Convection in the main, as we have seen, prepares the way for the phenomena of the evening sky, and radiation for those of the morning sky. Hence the amount and distribution of moisture most favorable to any given sky color, such as a grey or red, are radically different in the two cases. There is, therefore, a real physical basis for, and much truth in, the proverbs that declare one result to follow the red of morning and quite another that of evening. There is also justification for some proverbs, two of which have already

been given, that refer to or include other colors.

Additional good examples of the latter are as follows:

"Evening grey and morning red
Make the shepherd hang his head."

"An evening grey and a morning red
Will send the shepherd wet to bed."

"Evening red and morning grey
Two sure signs of one fine day."

"Evening red and morning grey
Help the traveler on his way;
Evening grey and morning red
Bring down rain upon his head."



WHO says, "I fear not," lies, for all men have fear in their hearts.

THE works of all men crumble and only thought is immortal.

SEED a man for policy, a woman for compromise and
a child for truth.

KNOWLEDGE breeds doubt.

Homes in a City's Suburbs

By
Eden Smith



SOUTH and west section of house on the corner of St. George Street and Bernard Avenue, Toronto, built for Mrs. H. C. Hammond. The material is red brick and grey stone, with stone mullioned windows. The two windows each side of the entrance are on the north side of those of the dining-room and on the south of those of the drawing-room. The large sun-door on the south side opens directly from the main hall, and the drawing-room and library each side of the main hall open with wide French windows, also directly into the sun room.

View in the main hall of Mrs. H. C. Hammond's house, looking south into the sun-room, with doors at the right-hand opening into the drawing-room.

The floor of the main hall and sun-room are of ceramic mosaic, all white, except the border, into which color to correspond with the oriental rugs has been introduced. The entire woodwork throughout the house is enameled white. The columns shown are two of four carrying a flat dome at the intersections of the main hall, which turns at a right angle here to the front door.



View of the dining-room of Mrs.
H. C. Hammond's house. Every-
thing but the wallpaper and
furniture is enameled white.





No. 1—Exterior.



No. 2—Entrance Hall.



No. 3—Billiard Room Fireplace and Entrance.

1. South side of house of J. B. O'Brien, Esq., Thornwood Road, Rosedale, on the edge of the Rosedale Ravine. Built of grey clinker brick and grey stone, with stone mullioned windows with iron casements.

The endeavor in the design is to obtain with an absolutely unsymmetrical building a focal centre for the entrance, and some idea of balance and to get covered verandahs on two floors without destroying the solid masonry effect of the whole. The extension at the left-hand side is a palm or sun room opening out of the dining-room, the square bay window of which comes between it and the entrance. On the right of the entrance is the drawing-room window, and farther to the right a great verandah covering the whole of the east side of the house and looking straight down the Rosedale Ravine.

2. View just inside the entrance hall of the J. B. O'Brien house, giving a glimpse of the drawing-room and of the main stairs, which lead down to the billiard and music-room. This hall is panelled in dark brown oak, like the dining-room, and has an elliptical groined ceiling.

3. View of fireplace at one end of, and entrance to billiard room in the basement of the J. B. O'Brien house. A room without the alcoves shown is about 50 feet long and 25 feet wide, partly panelled in dark oak, with an elliptical arched ceiling. This room is under the drawing-room and library, and opens out with wide French casements along its long side directly to a flat grassy court on the side of the Ravine. The stairs in the distance are the main stairs of the house.

SMOKING ROOM STORIES

"Hook y' up? Yas'm, Ah shuah will," said Jim, of the Toronto-Sarnia run, to a solitary matron in the sleeper's dressing-room, who had struggled to reach around her right shoulder-blade until she was in despair. "One o' them side-winders, ain't it?" he went on, skilfully closing hook and eye. "Ah knows evah way a lady's dress goes on, jes' f'om hookin' up de ladies on dis yere run. If evah Ah loses mah job as po'teh, ma'm, Ah tell yo' what Ah'll do—Ah'll jes' hire out as a lady's maid, wif' expe'ience."—*Canada West Monthly*.

* * *

By some twist of the election an old negro had been elected to the office of justice of the peace in a little backwoods district in Tennessee. His first case happened to be one in which the defendant asked for a trial by jury. When the testimony was all in, the lawyers waited for the judge to give his instructions to the jury. The new justice seemed embarrassed. Finally one of the lawyers whispered to him that it was time to charge the jury. He webstered one hand into the front of his coat, calhounded his voice, and said:

"Gent'm'n ob de jury, sence dis am a putty small case, Ah'll on'y charge yo' a dollah 'n' a half apiece."—*Everybody's*.

* * *

Sir Wilfrid Laurier—as he repeatedly said during his Western tour—is a great admirer of Sir John A. Macdonald. Sir Wilfrid likes to tell about what happened during a campaign more than fifty years ago. In those days there was plenty of hard liquor in Canada—and plenty of men to drink it. Sir John, until middle age, had his share. One night in an Ontario town he was booked to make a speech to a big audience. He had been meeting a good many friends and as he went on he became so tangled up that the last quarter

of an hour of his address was a mere jumble of words.

After the meeting, Sir John, when he felt rather better, sent for the Toronto reporter who had been assigned to wire the speech to his newspaper. "Read what you have in your notes," ordered Sir John.

The reporter obeyed. As he proceeded, Sir John looked more and more indignant.

When the mixed-up peroration was finished, Sir John looked solemnly and unsteadily at the reporter—who was a teetotaler.

"Young man," he said, "I want to give you a piece of advice: Never again attempt to take down a speech of mine when you're drunk."

Then the Premier braced himself and delivered the real speech to the newspaperman.

* * *

Lord Aberdeen, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and a former Governor-General of Canada, is one of the three or four richest Peers in Great Britain. But he lives unostentatiously and when traveling between London and his Scotch estates he always takes a single berth in an ordinary sleeper. One morning, just as the train was rolling into York, a stranger leaned across a seat back and enquired of Lord Aberdeen:

"May I ask whether you are Lord Aberdeen?"

"Yes, I am Lord Aberdeen," was the answer.

"You're one of the wealthiest men in England, aren't you?"

"Why," smiled the Peer, "I am pretty well off."

"Well, your Lordship," said the stranger, "Permit me to inform you that I slept next to you last night, and, if I had your money and your snore, I'd take a whole car when I wanted to travel at night."

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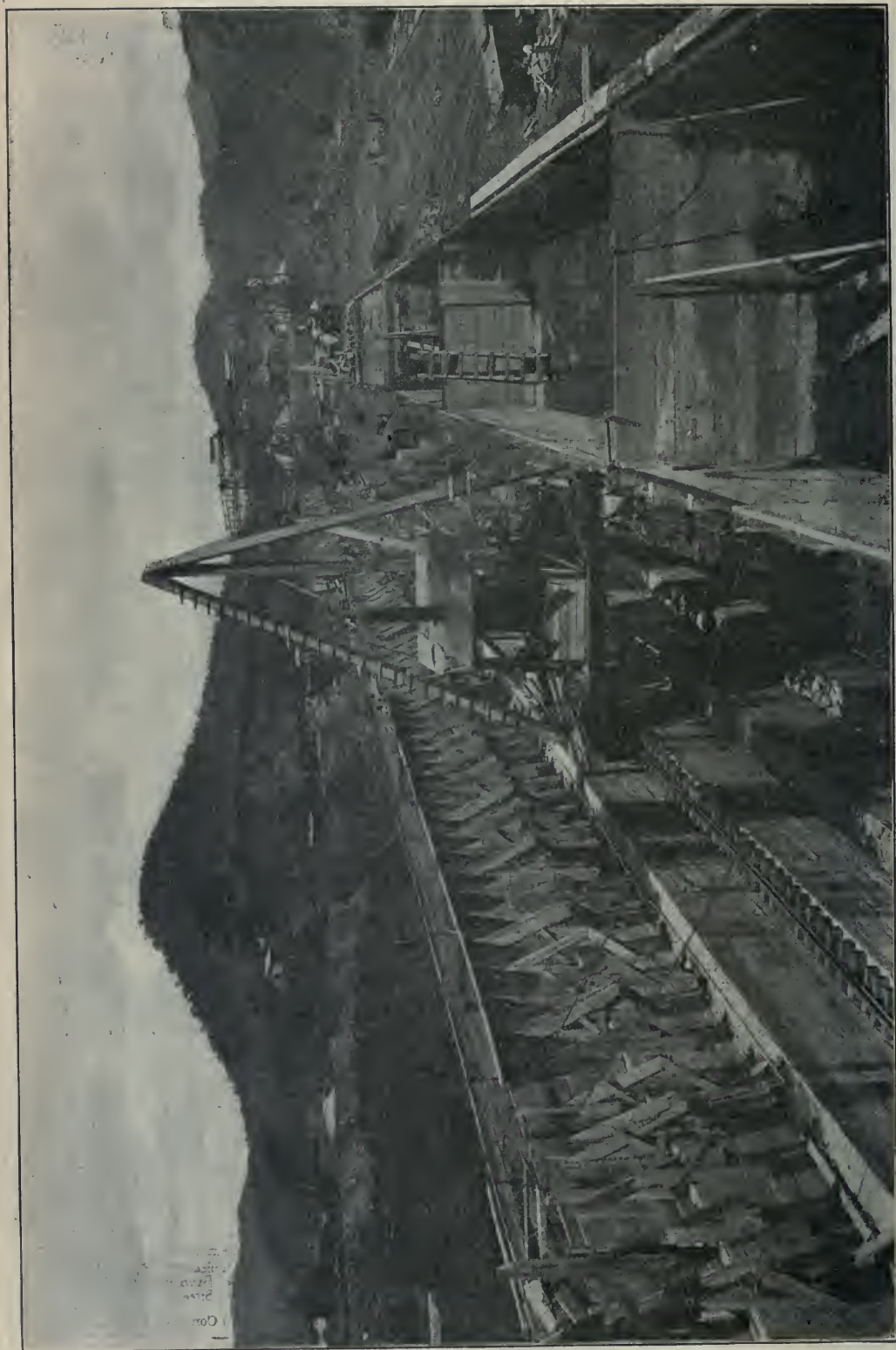
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BUILDING THE PANAMA CANAL
A View taken on top of guide wall showing method of construction.

Photo: Underwood & Underwood

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Four Big Engineering Works and What They Mean to Canada

By

James Grant

THE Dominion of Canada has been sitting placidly beside the United States for years, watching the American Republic dig a great ditch on the side remote from Canada. Canada's interest in the ditch has been more or less languid. She has observed that the building of the ditch has cost, and will cost, many millions. She has been told, and no doubt believes, that if ever the Americans finish it—and apparently they intend to do so—it will “revolutionize” the shipping interests of the world and distort the ancient trade routes beyond recognition. But the word “revolutionize” has been used by inventors, promoters, and social reformers and other visionaries, so very often, that it is thread-bare and carries less weight than it should in the case of the Panama Canal. Mildly interested, Canada has been watching the prosecution of a piece of engineering work which affects no nation, except the United States, more radically than herself.

The completion and successful operation of the Panama Canal is one of four things—four pieces of engineering—that

shall mark a definite epoch in the history of the nation. The remaining three out of the four are: the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern Railways through the Rocky Mountains; the construction and operation of the Hudson's Bay Railway; and the Georgian Bay Canal. It is not a matter of greater shipping facilities and therefore greater trade possibilities. It is not a mere case of giving Canadian producers advantages in the export market. But it is national sentiment—Canadian Nationalism, which stands to be affected when these engineering works are completed.

It is, at present—say some people—the interdependencies of the different parts of Canada which, in conjunction with a common interest in the British Crown, hold Canada together. It is said that some of the provinces, such as those in the East, sometimes think that they are handicapped by their relation with the other provinces, and yet that, thanks to British sentiment, where there is not an actual benefit to be derived from the connection, still the Confederation holds. Students

point out that, outside aggression has not yet been serious enough to compress the Provinces and make them feel their brotherhood; that foreign relations have played, as yet, no part in making modern Canadians feel that all their interests are one. As for foreign ambitions, such as dreams of conquest or great alliances, all Canadians admit that Canada has not reached that stage and is content for an ally in the Mother Country.

A statesman once remarked of Canada: "Everything that goes to increase the interdependence of the provinces goes to knit the nation together; and that vice versa, things which go to make the various parts independent, tend toward—though they need not cause—disintegration." He may have been justified. Since the beginning of Canadian history, the eastern coast, including the St. Lawrence River, has been the national base. It was the base from which explorations were carried on. It was the base from which most of the fur trading and the Indian wars were carried on. It is now the chief means of access and egress between the whole Dominion and Europe. The tide of trade which flows from Europe to America runs up the estuary of the St. Lawrence and sends its farthest ripple to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. With the cutting of the railways through these mountains this tide has gone even further, clear into British Columbia itself, and down to the edge of the Pacific.

The result of this, has been a one-sided Nation. We are young and it is therefore no shame to us as yet; but who can deny that Canada is one-sided? Montreal and Toronto control the trade between the St. Lawrence and the western edge of Alberta. Eastern manufacturers ship even into British Columbia. Eastern commercial travellers carry their samples to Victoria, and in many cases the strongest competition they meet with there is from the Americans, not from British Columbians. Where is the headquarters of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association? In Toronto. Where is the seat of Federal Government? In Ottawa. In fact everything is East, and the West is—and this is not meant offensively—merely tied to the East by the railways, and by the necessity for getting its imports and sending its exports out via the St. Lawrence.

A condition such as this has not been without its natural effect upon Canadian sentiment. The West clamors for a railway to Hudson's Bay, so that it may be more independent of the great eastern roads. British Columbia chafes at her transportation problems. Each of the provinces is wrapped in its own troubles. Provincialism is rampant and the men who look for a Canadian National spirit, find only a mild interest in common, in things British, not Canadian.

It is in this connection therefore that the Panama Canal, the Georgian Bay Canal, the Hudson Bay Railway and the opening of three railways through the Rocky Mountains affects Canada.

The Panama Canal, up to September 30th last year, had cost the United States a total of \$103,005,169, not including the cost of civil government and sanitary provisions. So much is California expecting as a result of the opening of the canal that that State has appropriated \$47,000,000 to finance and prepare for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in 1915. Seventeen million five hundred thousand dollars is to be spent, out of that sum, for the exhibition alone. Eighteen million is to be spent on the improvement of the highways of the State, and eleven million five hundred thousand dollars is to be spent in improving the harbors of San Francisco and San Diego, in anticipation of the immense increase in trade which the opening of the the Canal in 1915 will mean. This is what one of the American States on the Pacific Coast expects from the Panama Canal, and it is not unfair to state that British Columbia may look forward to a proportionate benefit.

If to-day the heavy mountain freight rates were removed from goods coming east from British Columbia that province would still be handicapped in her efforts to export goods into the British market via Eastern Canadian ports. But when the Panama Canal is open, not only will she be in closer touch with Liverpool, but she will be less dependent upon Eastern Canada for her imported supplies. But beyond even these two points, this most westerly of the Canadian Provinces will then be able to use to still greater advantage her present resources. With increased trade facilities via the Panama Canal,



FOUR EPOCH-MARKING ENGINEERING UNDERTAKINGS.

A. The Panama Canal, opening a direct and much shorter sea route from Great Britain to the Pacific Coast of the Dominion and thereby reducing freight traffic across Canada. B. Two new Rail Routes, the G.T.P. and C.N.R., through the Rockies, giving greatly increased opportunities for the cities of the coast to sell goods to the prairie provinces. C. The Hudson Bay Railway, affording a new outlet for the grain crops of the West and more direct access to these markets for the British manufacturer. D. The Georgian Bay Ship Canal, creating a new and short trade channel from Port Arthur to the Sea.

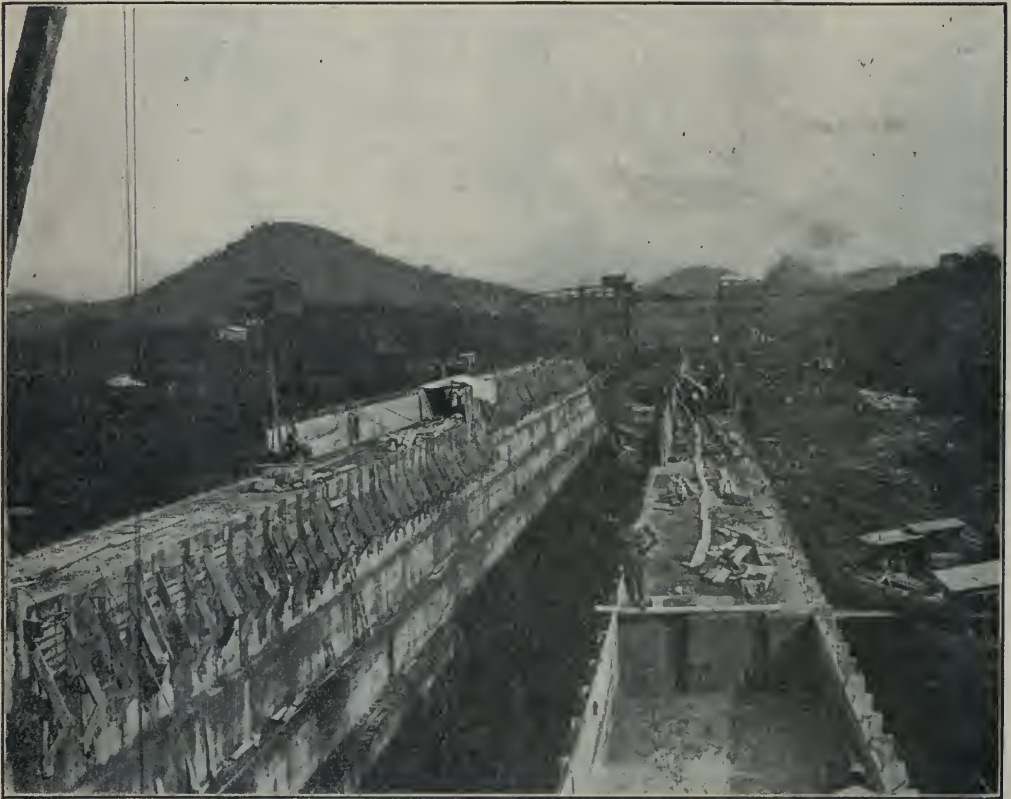
with an easier grade through the Rocky mountains, British Columbia may then be in a position to enter the market of the western plains and compete with the eastern Canadian firms and the Americans who now monopolize that market. In short, British Columbia, with easier relations to European markets and with easier access to middle Canadian consumers, stands to become a new Canadian centre, an active agent in the new internal economy of Canada.

This, then, is one new rival established for the eastern Canadian ports, and a rival too, that is without the disadvantage of winter problems such as has Montreal.

The Hudson's Bay Railway means another. It promises only a few months' service each year and yet that service may be sufficient to make the western plains more independent of either British Columbian or Eastern Canadian ports. If the boundaries of Manitoba could only be extended sufficiently northward, and a little west, Manitoba might call herself a Mari-

time province and boast the Port of Nelson or of Churchill, whichever is chosen by the Government as the terminal of the Hudson's Bay Railway.

The vessels which leave Hudson's Bay with wheat shall not, of course, return empty. There will be need for more than grain elevators at the Hudson Bay port, wherever it may be. There will have to be warehouses with correspondents or, more probably, head offices in Winnipeg or Prince Albert. There will be a chance for Winnipeg to become interested in the importing trade. The things which formerly came by Montreal may then come in summer to Winnipeg, so that still more shall be added to the already enormous potentialities of that city. Winnipeg, it is true, has its labor problem and it is also true that it is more skilled at present in handling wheat than imported English dress goods. But the labor problem will solve itself in Winnipeg and the merchants of the city will not be slow to pick up the new trade.



THE PROGRESS OF THE GUIDE WALL AT PEDRO MIGUEL ON THE ROUTE OF THE PANAMA CANAL.

Photo: Underwood & Underwood

These, then, are three out of the four factors. The fourth, is the Georgian Bay Canal. Everyone aids and abets the Government in promising to build it. The Conservatives, of course, make certain objections or conditions which are, however, purely political. A few ship-owners doing a profitable business on the great lakes between Montreal and Fort William, are wearing long faces at the prospect of having to compete with all sorts of foreign tramps which may make use of the Georgian Bay Canal to sail to the head of the lakes for cargo. But the rest of the country applauds.

The Georgian Bay Canal benefits three parties and may do temporary damage to the interest of two others. The western grain shipper, and the port of Montreal stand to be benefited by the opening of this more direct route from Sault Ste. Marie across Northern Ontario to the Ottawa River and Mon-

treal. The line of the wilderness north of the proposed route of the Canal will probably be moved farther north as the germ of civilization radiates from the banks of the canal. Certainly a number of the large lumber interests may go north. Already it is rumored that the Booth mills at Ottawa will move north when the Canal is in operation.

That part of old Ontario which lies along the lower lakes may not profit by the canal. The usefulness of Lake Ontario, and Lake Erie as part of the Montreal-Fort William route, will then be reduced. The vessels plying in the lakes may be forced into more local, port to port business, if, indeed, they do any serious trade at all on the Canadian side. In the meantime, however, the American grain vessels which now ply to Buffalo and send their cargoes down to New York, may find themselves in less demand, and the meat exporters of Chicago may be compelled to



A VIEW IN THE PANAMA CANAL PRISM BETWEEN CULEBRA AND EMPIRE

Photo: Underwood & Underwood

ship by the shorter Canadian route than by the old lake lines.

Thus may be considered the four engineering feats which are scheduled to be completed on the continent of North America within the next ten or twelve years. So far as Canada is concerned, we submit two direct effects: the development of British Columbia as a manufacturing and shipping coast, and the development of Winnipeg as a centre of distribution of goods imported by way of the Hudson's Bay route.

These are immediate and specific results. There are others. For instance, the opening of two new trade routes and two new centres of distribution, with the attendant increase in transportation facilities, should tend to make imports cheaper and exports more profitable. It should enhance living conditions in Canada and improve the position of Canadian goods in competing in foreign markets. As for the ill effects which competitive ports

might have upon Montreal or the other eastern ports, these will never be noticed in the increased volume of traffic which is likely to come by the time the new conditions are completed.

But how shall this affect Canada as a National entity? With interdependence reduced by the opening of new ports, does it not follow that the interest of one part of the country in the other, may wane?

The answers to such questions may be open to debate. There must always be remembered the tie of British sentiment which is at the bottom of the whole structure of the Dominion. And as against those who might say that Canada stands in danger of disintegration, it could be pointed out that there is greater danger of disintegration where there is jealousy, where one province, feeling its own strength, chafes at its dependence upon another. The new day for Canada means a day of greater freedom, easier access to

the outside world, fewer internal prejudices and mistrustings. Montreal firms, if they have not already done so, will be compelled to maintain branches in Vancouver and Winnipeg. There shall result the inter-weaving of commercial and sentimental relations. And above all, with increased relations with the outer world, with easier means of export and import,

the foreign nations shall be ranged as objects for the commercial ambition of all parts of the Dominion. No one part shall feel chafed at any disability to compete with the other parts, and in a common pride, with a common ambition toward the rest of the world, the Canadian National spirit shall, perhaps, wake to new times.



NIGHT

I saw the legions of the day retreat unto the West,
 With flaming banners all unfurled, proclaiming victory;
 The standard bearers of the sun put out afar to sea,
 Line after line of silver ships that sought the port of rest.

So passed the legions of the day as bird that taketh flight,
 Hushed was the hum of life, forgotten grief;
 Faint, fainter still, the curfew-rings, the rustle of a leaf,
 And as a grey nun's noiseless step, passed the night.

—Spencer Freer.

The Tribulations of Trinity Tim

By

George Rothwell Brown

"SKEETS," I said, after the customary formalities attending the renewal of a friendship had been observed—"Skeets, how's Trinity Tim? I'm 'most afraid to ask. He hasn't gone the red-eye route and cashed in?"

I was back in the Panhandle cow country for the first time in ten years. Naturally, the first thing I did when I fell off the stage was to round the boys up and do the expected thing at the bar; and the second thing was to make some inquiries about those who weren't there. Some of the old crowd were hanging around the store porch, just as in the old days: the same old sheep-hide and leather chaps; the same old straw-paper cigarettes, the same old set-back game, and the same old grimy deck. They complained bitterly of the encroachments of civilization.

"Dern mel!" said Skeets Shorter, twisting a fresh cigarette, "it's getting so plumb crowded a honest *hombre* can't breathe. I'd bet a two-year-old steer against a horse blanket that you couldn't ride fifty mile from here nowheres without gettin' bumped off by a wire fence. Over in Deaf Smith, now, I'm a Greaser if they ain't holdin' meetin's and celebratin' like — jest because the derned county's increased two hundred and forty-six per cent! Braggin' about the population, by —! Why, I reckon half this outfit sleeps in beds now o' nights, and don't lose no standin' by it, nuther.

"As for Trinity Tim, no, he ain't drunk hisself into no early grave. On the contrary, so to speak, he's married."

Skeets had expected me to be surprised, and I was. He waited, for the astonishment to sink in; then he said:

"I should ejaculate not! Yep, Tim's spliced, and wears his boots inside o' his pants every day in the week, includin' Sunday. When was this here disaster pulled off? It must have been a couple of years ago. There's a kid out to Tim's ranch now. It was right after the spring round-up, comin' three year. Tim was down to Langtry, gettin' over a lickerin', when what should come but by one of them theatrical trains, full o' these here actor-men, and females, too. They'd been givin' of a performance up to Paso, and was travellin' in style fur San Antone, when along comes a freight and bumps her off the rails. Engine and all, clean off. I tell you there was some excitement —some!

"Tim was right there and seen it. He rode up easy-like and watched, when all of a sudden one of the winders riz up right where Tim's cayuse was smellin' the car over to see what it was like, and Tim looked di-rect into the eyes of a bang-up, reg'lar angel-face. Tim said alongside o' her he'd never seed nobody who was as good as a busted flush, but I reckon that was goin' some strong, 'cause there was Greaser Kate and Madge—you knowed Madge, down at the Three Jacks? She's passed 'em in, now—fell off the dance-hall gallery a-waltzing one night. Well, them two was some good, I might allow, and plumb lovin' to Tim, too. But alongside o' this'n, he said, they warn't as good as a lame yearlin' in a stampede.

"It was about first mornin' drink time, and her hair was all mussed up jest beautiful to see, and there she was in her bunk all fluffy and white, and her pink arms showin' through her what-you-may-call-it,

and so, naturally, Tim swallowed his to-backer. He was roped, throwed, and tied, plumb, and he knowed it. There's one thing about Tim, if I do have to say it myself: he ain't never laid down to no two-legged gringo yet, but when he seed this here squaw lookin' up at him with them baby-blue beads o' her'n he jest throwed up both hands.

"Dern me, she was as nervous as a Mexican ant on a hot rock, and when Tim told her about the wrack she come right on through the window, and lit into his arms, and him lookin' as silly as a yellow pup that'd cornered a bobcat. He rode her over to the store porch, and wrapped her in a blanket, and give her a dram out o' his bottle, and rolled her a cigarette, like she asked him to, and then he camped right there by her, and wouldn't budge. In my opinion—you kin take it fur what it's worth—if anybody'd been dying on them cars, they might 'a' died and be—to 'em, fur all Tim'd cared. He wouldn't 'a' left the squaw, not for an earthquake. He fetched her outfit from the bunk, and after she'd gone into a little corner behind a bar'l, with Tim standing guard with a gun in each hand to hold off the crowd, and had dressed herself, and eemerged all fixed up fit to start a fight, he hung around like a Indian at a camp kitchen, and he was that tongue-tied he couldn't tell his name.

"She told him her'n though, and by and by she got out a passel of scraps from noos-papers and things, and read him all about herself. And say, she was one of them sure 'nuff actresses. She showed Tim a picture o' herself all dressed up something scand'lous, not kivered up much, you know, jest plain legs, and carrying a lance with a rag on the end of it. She said her name was Millie Miller, and that she made four hundred dollars a week when she was on Broadway, and only come out south-west fur her health.

"Tim allowed how he made forty dollars a month, and not Mex, nuther, ridin' fences fur old man Peppergill, but that they could live mightly well on that, his own board bein' included, and she not eatin' much, and he wanted her to marry him right off, but she was that contrary she wouldn't do it. I've knowed a heap o' women, in my time, and there ain't no difference in 'em. Let 'em know you

want 'em to do a thing, and that's the very thing they'll be derned if they'll do. There ain't but one way to do with 'em, in my judgment—you kin take it fur what it's worth—rope 'em, and take 'em along! This here one bluffed Tim the whole day, and said she'd think about it, and got him 'most loco. Then Tim burnt up the trail to Yellow Post, and brought a parson back, and killed two horses doing it, but when he blowed in he found they'd fixed up the wrack and the whole bunch was gone. The whole bloody outfit had vamoosed, incloodin' her.

"She left him her picture, and a letter invitin' him to come to Noo York, and Tim carried it around with him till it 'most wore out.

"Tim didn't show up at the X-X fur two months. We were gettin' up a collection to buy a monument down to Albuquerque and have somethin' appropriate scatched on it, when one day he come limpin' back. The boss put him to work again, but we all seed Tim warn't hisself no more. He was that thin he cut a saddle every time he throwed a leg over a bronc's back, and his eyes had dropped down inside his head. From bein' one of the pertest boys in the whole outfit, always dressin' hisself up and keepin' his hair greased as slick as a wet gut, he got so he warn't no more than a shadder, and didn't have no more style to him than a grizzly b'ar. He polished up a sardine-can with sand till it got shiny, and kep' her picture in that, to keep the edges from gittin' frayed out, and wore it inside his shirt, and the blamed thing kep' him that scratched and cut up till you'd think he'd been fightin' a mountain lion.

"He warn't much good, after that, but about every two months would draw his wages and hit the trail for El Paso, and git drunk, and try to bust the faro bank in the Silver King with them eighty dollars.

"You kin make me jump with a .22 if one night he didn't do it! He run them two months' pay up to three thousand, got hisself a little leather pouch fur his clothes, shoved the coin in, and bought hisself a ticket to Fort Worth.

"O' course he didn't care none about Fort Worth. Tim hadn't been on no train o' cars up to that time. He come out

to Texas in a prairie schooner with his pap when he was an infant, before the S.P. went through, and when he started out for Noo York he allowed to be cautious and circumspect. He only bought hisself tickets from one town to another, because he figured out that the railroad would work off a marked card on him somehow, and it required him two weeks to git to Kansas City. Tim said he looked into one o' them sleepin' cars with bunks in 'em, but he said he couldn't stand 'em. He said it was all right at night, but he wanted a place to sit down in the daytime.

"He fooled around Kansas City fur a week, kinder gettin' used to a big town, so as Noo York wouldn't shock him too much all in a heap. One day he was walkin' down the street when he seed a sign out in front o' a store which said: 'Special to-day—\$2.65 to Pittsburg.'

"He figured it couldn't be got no cheaper than that, so he got a ticket quick, before they was all sold, and that night he started out again. When the brakeman yelled, 'Pittsburg!' Tim git out.

"Tim said he had read considerable geography, and always supposed Pittsburg was full of smoke and red glare and cinders from the smelters, but this town was as black as the inside of a cow. He seed a man with a lantern on the platform and asked him how soon he could get a car to Philadelphia—not wishing to make the whole blamed jump at once—and the man told him he was a derned fool. Then Tim kinder inquired around-like, and when he diskivered he was in Pittsburg, Kansas, he was the maddest man in the world. He said if he could have got the man what named them two towns the same, he'd have filled him so full o' lead you could have filed on him for a mineral claim.

"But after he landed in Noo York he said it was grand. Nothin' but saloons, and the gaudiest places, and everybody free and affable, and willin' to accommodate a man and take a drink and be sociable and friendly. Tim took a thousand with him and cached the balance in his pouch at the depot, and all they charged him fur it was four bits, and it was worth it, too. Then he started out scoutin' fur the gal.

"He had her picture in the sardine can, and every place he went he lined the boys up at the bar and then he confidentially requested them if they knowed her. Tim told me it was surprisin' how many of them there actresses there was in Noo York. The place was fairly infested with 'em, and every opery house in town had bunches o' pictures out in front, showin' all kinds of female women, and Tim said he couldn't tell 'em from his gal to save his life, they was all so dressed up alike—no real clothes, you know; just plain legs.

"Tim ain't no quitter. He kep' on the trail, scoutin' around, and before long he had as much as a dozen of the boys he'pin' to look, too. Mostly they'd sit around saloons, wonderin' where she could be. But it seemed there warn't no Millie Miller in Noo York, and nobody knowed her.

"Then one night he allowed how he would find her hisself, or bust. He'd go to every opery house in town. The first one he struck he bought the ticket, and hung around till the doors opened, and went in. It was kinder dark in there at first, but in about an hour somebody—Tim didn't see who it was—turned up the lights, and by and by two or three men crawled from under the platform and begun tuning up. They was the fiddlers. Then some more o' 'em come in, and then the people herded in, in a bunch. They was grand-lookin', and the ladies was simply beautiful, but not dressed up much around the neck, so Tim allowed they was dance-hall girls most likely.

"After awhile somebody pulled the curtain up, and the play started. Tim said it was the grandest play he had ever seen, and the most excitin'est, and he seed 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' down to Albuquerque once. There was a man in it that ought to have been tarred and feathered, and then shot full of holes, only nobody done it, so there he was, jest raisin' the deuce at every clip. Tim said he'd just about jedged he was the yellowest coyote he'd ever struck, when all of a sudden the back door opened and *she* come into the room.

"Tim knowed her right off. There wasn't no mistake, there she was. She wore a dress with diamonds all over it, and the tail of it so long she had to carry it around in her hand. She was just

lovely. Tim was agoin' to let her know he was there, when all of a sudden the yellow coyote come lopin' up to her, and, judgin' there might be trouble, Tim decided to lay low.

"Trouble come, all right—plenty of it. This *hombre* had robbed a bank, or stuck up a stage, or done somethin' or other that was low-down, and he had to take to the mountains, and wanted the girl to light out with him. She didn't want to go, and then this skunk said if she didn't he'd tell everybody about somethin' or other she'd done once that she was tryin' to keep dark. She bust into tears, and the coyote, he made a grab fur her. Tim jumped up, and as he riz he throwed both guns.

"That's my gal," he says, quiet-like, between his teeth, and then he gave the cub the fightin' word.

"Senor Coyote took one sight o' them there six-shooters o' Tim's, and then jumped behind the gal, so, o' course, Tim couldn't do nothin'. By that time Tim said the place reminded him of the herd in a thunder storm. Before he could git up where the angel-face was, the curtain come down with a bang. Tim felt tolerable foolish. Then a couple o' men come easy-like down the path in the middle of the theatre, and said the manager wanted to see him, so Tim shoved his guns back, and went on out to a little office-like place. He told all about it—how he'd come up with her in the wrack, and had come all the way to Noo York to git her—everythin'. The boss turned to a sort of a scout in a little cage where there was one of these here talking telephones and told him to tell the sergeant never mind, that it warn't no case for the police.

"Then the manager shook hands with Tim and told him he'd give him fifty dollars a week, reg-lar, if he'd come around and do it every night. Said it would make the piece go, and be the best advertisement in the world. But Tim said he must be goin' back home right soon. By and by the boss brought her around.

"She told Tim she'd been made a star, and was named Mildred Millington now, which was the reason he hadn't diskivered her before. He wanted her to marry him right off and wouldn't listen to no arguments, but she balked. He couldn't hobble

her nohow. Then the boss whispered somethin' in her ear, and she said she'd think it over and let him know in about a week.

"This made Tim feel mighty good. When he told her he'd come all the way to git her and fetch her back to X-X, and showed her her picture in the sardine can, she laughed so Tim said it did a man's heart good to see her, she was so beautiful and innocent and baby-like.

"The next day, dern my eyes, if every noospaper in Noo York didn't know all about it! They told about everything, and didn't miss nothin', and some of 'em had pictures o' Tim, and some of the pictures had him on a horse. It does beat the Greasers how gossip travels, don't it?

"Fur the next week Tim said he didn't git a chanst to sleep, he was traveling around so. Everybody was glad to know him, and followed him wherever he went, and heaps of 'em borrowed money from him or bought him drinks. Every night the manager sent a autymobile around to the theatre, where Tim had a seat in a box, and after the play took 'em to the gayest hotels. Tim said he fairly swum in booze—none of your rotgut, but the genuine article, that couldn't cost less than six bits a throw, and tasted prickly, like a cactus.

"Every night Tim'd ask her to splice up, and every time he done it she said she'd let him know in a week, and every mornin' the noospapers would be laying bets whether he'd git her or not.

"Tim allowed she was the grandest actress that ever was, and it got so it was all a man could do to git a seat at her threatre. He said the play was all make-believe, and that the coyote that wanted to run off with her had a bald head and two children, and was quiet and respectable, and didn't mean a word of it, only it was wrote that way in the play, so he had to do it. Tim said o' course he could n't kill him, but I don't know; I think I would. A man ain't got no right to be goin' around insultin' women like that, under no circumstances.

"Finally, Tim told the squaw he had to go back, and jest raged around, so she said all right, she'd marry him. All the arrangements was made, and there was goin' to be a weddin' to make your hair

curl. Tim said he wanted it to lay over anythin' in the splicin' line that was ever done. He went down to the train-shed and got the pouch, and took them two thousand yellow boys and bought a diamond ring that would choke a steer, and the noospapers jest fannin' it along."

"By Jovel!" I interrupted, "so Trinity Tim married a Broadway show girl and brought her out here to Texas! Now, if that's not romance—"

"He did not," said Skeets, twisting a fresh cigarette. "He did not. The day the weddin' was to be pulled off, she lit out to Europe with one o' them rich Wall

Street sharks that had bin payin' to make her a star. The play went up with a bang, busted flat and owin' everybody, and the manager left town between two days. There warn't nobody left fur Tim to fight, so he come home. And he was so mad, he up and married Sam McCarthy's widder. She's the homeliest woman that ever came to these parts, I reckon, but Tim's got a ranch o' his own now, and four hundred head, and wears his boots inside his pants every day in the week, incloodin' Sunday. But I shorely advise you, if you see him, not to make no mention o' no actresses or nothin' like that."

THE SPIRIT OF DEAD FLOWERS

When the silver Queen of Darkness slowly rises o'er
the hill,
And shoots her shining arrows through the sombre
branches still,
And rests in glistening whiteness, on the rushes'
fluffy crest,
And in the pool's smooth mirror where the water
lilies rest,
Reflects the many diamonds bright that twinkle in
the sky,
And lights the fragrant grasses where their dewdrop
sisters lie,
The spirits of the flowers that have faded through
the day,
Come forth and flutter dreamily where e'er the
moonbeams play,
They glide among the branches, in the shadows, in
the light,
And fill the lonely forest with the mystic sounds of
night.
They stoop and bless the sleeping buds that crowd
the mosses green,
And if you wander there, in the moonlight's silver
sheen,
You may hear a faint soft rustle in the leaflets over-
head,
'Tis the spirits of the blossoms that have risen from
the dead.

—Margaret Osborne.

The Mind and Sickness

By

F. E. M. Roberts

THE words "psychology," "psychic" and kindred terms pervade the literature of our day extensively, and from platform and pulpit we hear of "psychic treatment," the "psychological moment," etc., etc. In fact, psychology has apparently recently become a very interesting, not to say very fashionable "subject." For psychology—the study of the mind or "soul" of man—is, for the first time in the world's history, being put upon a practical basis. "How does it serve or benefit humanity?" is the question of the political economist, and the humanitarian. The answer is: "What benefits the individuals of a race benefits the whole race," and Psychology answers the definition. Now, after centuries of vague and utterly unpractical *theorizing* about the mind and "soul," Psychology has begun to observe, and experiments with facts, the result of these comparatively few observations and experiments has already proven the great importance of the study of Psychology to individuals and therefore to humanity. Indeed the predictions of some of the foremost medical men of the day is that Psychology is the one science to which the Twentieth Century must give heed. "The Secrets of the Universe," says Dr. Beard, the New York Neurologist, "so far as man is concerned are locked in the cerebral cell. . . . The forces that are now filling the lunatic asylums and other institutions of Great Britain and America may yet be antagonized by higher forces that shall submerge them." "Before the physical and moral reformer," says Dr. Luckey, the celebrated Neurologist of London, "lie a vast field of psychological possibilities still to be explored."

The basis of these predictions lies in the fact that Psycho-physiologists have recently proved beyond a peradventure that not only does a diseased body affect the mind, but to a greater degree, does a diseased mind affect the body. A wrong mental habit invariably causes some functional disorder—some important organ fails to do its proper share of work for the body. This, in time, weakens that special organ and in course of time real organic trouble may be brought about. The liver of a man, for instance, who habitually thinks on pessimistic lines, does not carry out its function properly, and the man pays for his lack of hope and faith—in frequent bilious attacks. We have also learned that the fit of rage which blanches or reddens the cheek, has, at the same time, not only deprived some important organ, or organs, of the blood necessary to their proper functioning, but has at the same time worked some mysterious change for the worse in the blood itself. The temperature at which the different cells of our body work *best* is about 98½ degrees Fahr. And whether at the tropics or the poles, a marvelous mechanism maintains the temperature of the blood at this point with very little assistance from us. A thought of hatred, however, may in a moment, send it up to "boiling point" and in this condition it is spoilt food for muscle, nerve or brain cell. Dr. Hack Luke, in "The Influence of the Mind Upon the Body," gives a number of instances in which drugs have acted, not according to their proved properties, but according to the expectation of the patient. For instance, a patient having asked for an aperient pill, the dispenser, by mistake,

gave him one composed of opium an antimony, which, however, instead of producing drowsiness and perspiration, acted in the way the patient expected it to act.

A thought of fear is one of the most destructive of physiological agencies, its powers of harming the body is apparently unlimited as illustrated by the following incident in "The Unknown," by Flammarion. "Experiments are not wanting of persons dying suddenly in consequence of emotion. The experiment performed in the last century in England on a man condemned to death, who was made the subject of a study by medical men, is well known. The subject of the experiment" (Choosing death by the method he *supposed* the doctors were going to use, rather than public disgrace of being shot) "was fastened securely to a table with strong straps, his eyes were bandaged and he was then told that he was to be bled from the neck until every drop of blood had been drained. After this a puncture was made in his skin with the point of a needle and a syphon arranged near his head in such a manner as to allow tepid water to flow over his neck and fall with a slight sound into a basin placed on the floor. At the end of six minutes, the condemned man, believing that he had lost seven or eight quarts of blood, died 'by the *thought* of death.'"

"The fact is," states the late Prof. James, "that there is no sort of consciousness whatever—be it sensation, feeling or idea—which does not directly and of itself tend to discharge into '*motor effect*.' The '*motor effect*' need not always be an outer stroke of behaviour. It may be only an alternation of the heart beats of breathing, or a modification in the distribution of blood such as blushing or turning pale, or what not. But in any case, it is there in some shape or other, when consciousness is there, and a belief as fundamental as any in modern psychology, is the belief at last attained, that conscious processes of any sort, conscious processes merely as such, *must* pass over into motion, open or concealed."

Thoughts indeed, are "Architects of Fate" in the physical as well as in the mental and moral realms; and hope for suffering humanity lies in the fact that right thinking helps to bring about, not

only right mental and moral, but also physiological conditions. That an attitude of courage and hope, for instance, will not only cause better circulation of the blood, but will also improve its quality.

It is the scientific observing and recording of facts of this kind that has brought about the world-wide Mind-cure Movement of our day, which exists among *lay* organizers under the different names of Christian Science, Metaphysics, Mental-therapeutics, mind-healing, etc., The general scientific term is psychotherapy.

This is no new power of the mind. One need merely recall the numerous and varied cures that have been made through all ages without the use of drugs to know that it must be an old one. The "Medicine Man" of the poor Indian frequently exorcised the "bad-spirit," the supposed cause of the trouble, by hideous howlings. Kings cured by touch: the relics of saints, believed in, have had the same power, while there are thousands of testimonies to-day to the "miracles" worked at Lourdes and St. Anne de Beaupre and other shrines.

Which is the primary influence in the case of sickness and health, the mind or the body? Whatever answer may be given to this question is as impossible to prove as that other endless question "In the beginning which came first: the chicken or the egg?" There is no difficulty in proving, however, that the mind is capable of being the *master* power with all of us. That it uses the body, controls the body and in many cases rises superior to it, as instanced so often by the early martyrs; by the dancing dervishes of Asia to-day, who in their religious ecstasies cut and gash themselves with apparently no attendant suffering or pain; by the soldier who fights on with bullet in arm or leg, by the mother who watches for days by the bed of a sick child with no feelings of weariness or hunger, her thoughts all on the little sufferer, by the numerous historic cases such as that of the boy who, mortally wounded, brought from Ratisbon, news of victory to Napoleon, "a mile or more away."

What are the claims of Psychotherapy as a healing agency? How wide are they? Does it claim to cure everything or only certain ills? It is not necessary to con-

sider here the claims of those pseudo-sciences that declare "All is mind; there is no matter." Their exponents, with a logic not found in their literature, refuse to see any benefit in physical treatment. Their treatments often hear testimony by the unnecessary deaths of patients to the fallacy of their theories and their conduct brings discredit upon the real scientific mind-healing. Such "faith-healers" deny the existence of pain and sickness and yet proclaim their power, or Faith's power, to *heal* what to them *does not exist*, the diseased body.

The scientific exponents of psychotherapy, however, declare that as an independent agent, that is, independent of physiology, the field of psychotherapy is strictly limited. Its exponents do not, for instance, claim to cure organic troubles and they prescribe, therefore, the aid of the specialist, for the treatment of cancer, a broken leg, or an infectious disease, for neither the faith-cure nor the mind-cure, they declare, is *adequate* treatment for the diseased or maimed limb or the system impregnated with typhoid or diphtheria germs: In other words, they do not claim the power to run an engine that is without a boiler, perhaps, or water, or fuel, or in any other way badly damaged or lacking in essentials; but these defects remedied or supplied by the expert machinist, they do guarantee to supply or assure the oxygen, the draft and the enkindling match, otherwise the energy, will and motive-power, without which the potential energies stored in our well-supplied machines would never be liberated. And just here one might ask, may not Science as well as Faith claim, in view of its glorious achievements of the past, some rights to be considered a hand-maid of Truth?

Psychotherapy claims pre-eminent rights—because of its already pre-eminent achievements—in the field of functional neurosis, that is, in all diseases rising from some perverted nervous condition, which nervous influence affects the function of an organ and makes it as unfit for its proper work in the body as though it were actually maimed or diseased. But some may ask: is psychotherapy, therefore, applicable only to persons nervous by disease? Yes. But nervousness, we are told, is the disease of the age, and psychotherapy has, there-

fore, an important role to play in attending the health of the age. Dubois, one of the greatest Neuropathologists of the day, says, "I dare to state that 90 per cent. of dyspeptics are psychoneurotics, and that all these patients should have nothing to do with restricted diet and stomachic medication. In the majority of cases very real cases of functional disorders exist but all these troubles are secondary, they indicate nervous depression. I often see patients who were just on the point of seeing clearly, but who missed it through their auto-suggestions (These are the thoughts suggested by the attitude of our own objective mind) and these sometimes brought about by their physicians—so with limited diets and exclusive diets go from bad to worse. Do not go about repeating the statement that nothing affects the temper like diseases of the stomach, it would be better to say nothing troubles the functions of the stomach like moody tempers."

Again, the drink or drug habit, Dubois declares to be a disease of the nervous system and can be cured, permanently cured, by psychotherapy, which always includes proper rest and good food besides the proper mental treatment. In fact, the conclusions of the most advanced psychophysiologists of the day is that psychic disorders require psychic treatment and that many distressing and dangerous disorders are purely or primary psychic.

The following abbreviated list of diseases successfully treated by Dr. Luckey, the celebrated neurologist of London, England, by psychotherapy, will give an idea of the variety of ills that are of nervous origin. Chronic Alcoholism, Tobacco Habit, Morbid Delusions, Melancholia, Morbid Blushing—Epilepsy, Functional Paralysis, Writer's Cramp, Stammering, Dyspepsia of various kinds, Chronic Rheumatism, Cerebral Tumor, Morbid or false ideas—as for instance, the constant feeling that some one is behind one with the impelling desire to look back and see who, etc. Dubois claims that for all such highly nervous people drugs are not only inadequate, but are positively injurious. The diseased or morbid mind is the source of the trouble and any cure to be permanent, must calm the troubled waters of the fountain.

The limit of the power of the mind over the body has still to be set and may be beyond our day-dreaming. We know that in the East, India for instance, where mind-control and direction are regularly studied and practised, adepts achieve power over their bodies that to us seem nothing short of miraculous. The Hatha Toga system, for instance, includes a complete series of exercises for the control of the physical body, so that all the muscles, both voluntary and involuntary, are brought into subjection to the *will*. The adepts in this system are called "Togi" as are also those in the Raja system. These latter Togi claim to be able to free the mind and soul from the body and transfer the mind and soul from place to place without its body.

But to return to the Hatha Togi, about two years ago, Prof. Von Bergmann, the famous surgeon, introduced one of these Togi to a meeting of the Berlin Medical Society. "He proved a puzzle indeed to the wise and learned men who comprise that erudite body of Berliners! Without apparent effort he drew up his abdominal organs from their proper position, leaving a cavity in their place. Then he pressed them down until his abdomen grew globular. Then he divided them into two sections, right and left, with a hollow between them. He can make the muscles of any part of his body tremble and shake like jelly. He is able to stop his pulse beating and can move his heart about as he wishes. What, exactly, the powers are that he puts into motion to bring about these singular results remained a mystery, even after his heart had been examined by Roentgen apparatus." Needless to say, but few arrive at this perfection of physical control, as the discipline and the exercises are long and tedious, but it demonstrates some of the *potentialities* of our marvellous human mechanism.

Strangely enough, though, as a *lay* movement, mind healing has spread almost phenomenally within the last quarter of a century. The professional medical authorities have, with amazingly few exceptions, failed to put into practice their own theories. In consequence, there are only a few Psychiatric Hospitals in the world to-day. And as a further consequence, though thousands testify to the positive cures made by the lay exponents

of psychotherapy, yet the ignorance of some of these representatives of both the facts of physiology and psychology does not make for the advancement of their individual followers. Mind-cures to secure the development as well as betterment of men, must be based as are all other permanently successful enterprises upon faith *and* reason. We know that misjudged facts and untrue statements have successfully launched enterprises, but, these disproved, investors have not only lost fortune but often faith in these and other genuine propositions. Though faith is the paramount factor in all mind-cures, (that is, the *belief* that you are going to be healed) yet Reason has, too, its part to play, especially in the equipment of the healer.

Elwood Worcester, D.D., Ph.D., who, with the assistance of eminent medical men, has for the last four years been conducting most successfully, classes in psychotherapy at Emmanuel Church, Boston, without charge, says, in this connection: "We encourage the patients to acquaint themselves with the principles involved, by maintaining a good library of standard works, etc. Faith may be strong but it needs accurate and skillful direction in order to be useful as a therapeutic," or healing agent, hence the need of careful diagnosis, which is not merely physical but also moral. This is not a task which every shepherd is qualified to perform. It requires careful observation of temperament, capacity and idiosyncrasy which will tax the resources of the most gifted man. This study of conscience, this analysis of a life's experience in order to discover the cause of the present disturbance and to trace its history, requires time, sympathy and some psychological acuteness—motives which powerfully affect one man will have absolutely no effect upon another. Nor is it necessary merely to satisfy the reason, the will also must be aroused, possibly from the slumber of years. The task we are attempting is above all a moral undertaking, it demands moral qualities of the highest orders, intuition, sympathy, kindness of heart, and an absolutely inexhaustible patience."

A new thought, a new conception of our relation to the Universe, to God, will suddenly "touch the button," to use a familiar illustration, that sets in motion that

mysterious, marvellous inner mechanism of the mind and a "new man" is made then and there, physically, mentally or morally. Innumerable authentic cases might be cited in proof of this and each one of us, perhaps, can recall at least one case where "a changed person from that day," as we say, was the result of a new hope introduced into that life, a sudden shock, or a deep love, something that in an instant changed the whole current of thought. In Harold Begbee's wonderful book "Twice Born Men," numerous instances are given of "re-created men." In one instance, "The Puncher," once a famous pugilist whose record was that never once was he beaten by his own weight, became, through drink, "an object of fear." The state into which he had sunk can only be understood by a medical man. This man conceived a hatred for his wife and at last determined to murder her and end his life by dying game upon the scaffold. "With a butcher's knife concealed upon his person, he goes into a tavern for a drink. Standing at the bar he sees a vision of his wife murdered just as he had planned, just as he had desired, sees that he had died game upon the scaffold just as he had determined, but with it—the despairing knowledge that he was still not at rest. Somewhere in the universe, disembodied and appallingly alone, his soul was unhappy. This was the vision. With it, he saw the world pointing at his son and saying, 'that's young —— whose father was hanged for murdering his mother.' A wave of shame came over

him. He came out of his vision with this sense of horror drenching his thought." The result was a re-created man and his conversation has stood the test of many trying years. Harold Begbee asks: "How did shame come to that utterly depraved and hardened man? And what in the language of psychology is shame? How does grey matter become "ashamed" of itself?"

"It is difficult," says Ray Stannard Baker, in his book, "The Spiritual Unrest," "to convey any idea of the eagerness with which suffering women, Protestants, Catholics, Jews, and non-believers, have come to Emmanuel Church in search of the new life. Where once the ministers were compelled to go out and urge men to come in (and this, notwithstanding the fact that Emmanuel Church has for years been doing the finest institutional and settlement work of any Church in America) it is difficult now to find room or time for all who come. All sorts of cases have been treated by Dr. Worcester and Dr. McComb and the lives of many women have been utterly transformed; from weak, hopeless, complaining, suffering beings they have been changed to hopeful, happy, courageous beings."

When, may we ask, will the pastors and medical men of Canada wake to the facts of modern psychology and physiology, and the testimony of modern research to the *faith* cures of Christ and the early Church? "And He did not many works there, because of their unbelief."—(Mat. 13 c., 58 v.).



One Of Many

By

Ella Middleton Tybout

IT was noon on University avenue, and the July sun had been shining many hours. Heat radiated from the pavements, the roadway, and even from the people on the street, who moved languidly, as though reluctant to make the effort necessary to reach their destinations. On the trees the leaves hung limp and lifeless, bearing but slight resemblance to the fresh green of their early springtime.

July noon in the provincial capital, with the thermometer crawling higher every moment, and a long afternoon of blazing sunlight yet to be endured!

At twelve o'clock the Provincial Government offices opened their doors and emitted a stream of listless humanity for the brief time considered ample for refreshment of the Civil Service inner man or woman.

From the big granite building in which certain administrative offices were located two men emerged, and paused before descending the steps.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated one. "*What a day.*"

His face was large and red, and he mopped it vigorously. Prosperity and perspiration exuded impartially from every pore, and his forehead shone in opposition to the diamond ring glittering on the third finger of his plump left hand.

His companion glanced at the thermometer hanging in the portico. His face was thin and pale, with lines about the mouth and eyes. The skin was dry and parched, and his general aspect resembled the foliage in the avenue that hung wilted and dejected upon its stalks.

"Two degrees worse than this time yesterday," he remarked, and unfurled an umbrella preparatory to plunging into the

white expanse of the sun-baked avenue. The elder man laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"See here, Wheeler," he said, "I want you to come and lunch with me. I've got a motor waiting—no use to walk when we can ride. We can talk over the matter of those engines just as well, and a bit better, at the Royal Alec as at the Agricultural Department."

"That is very good of you, Mr. Covington, but really——" Wheeler paused uncertainly.

"No excuses," said Covington. "I really want you, and you can't deny that riding is a whole lot better than walking to-day. What a chap you are! I never can get you to break bread with me, though I try it every time I'm in town. Don't be a chump, but come on."

Wheeler looked at the hot white way that led to his usual quick-lunch room, and then at the motor. He knew the viands waiting at the end of each route were as different as the way that led to them, and he hesitated no longer. Sometimes our physical yearnings clamor insistently and will not be repressed.

"I'll come with pleasure," he said. "No sane man would walk to-day, when he could ride."

In the Alexandra dining-room judiciously arranged shades tempered the glare, electric fans cooled the air, ice clinked melodiously in frosty glasses, and one felt that life under certain circumstances was endurable in spite of the thermometer.

Covington gave undivided attention to the order, and when it was despatched glanced around approvingly.

"Not so bad, is it?" he said. "Of course it's not the Empress at Victoria, but it

does pretty well, on the whole. Come to Montreal some time, Wheeler, and let me show you the village. We'd make a night of it—eh?"

He laughed in the frank, jolly manner peculiar to many stout men, and beamed upon the world in general. Wheeler smiled in return, and a longing for a personally conducted tour of Montreal arose within him. The arrival of the waiter with cocktails, ice cold and perfectly mixed, here created a diversion.

"Go right to the spot, don't they?" remarked Covington, setting down his glass. Wheeler agreed, but welcomed the chilled grapefruit and Little Neck clams that followed, for he was beginning to feel pleasantly hungry—a sensation he had almost forgotten.

The lunch was well chosen and good, and as it progressed a tranquil and bland sensation stole through Wheeler's veins and permeated his being. He felt at peace with the world, and when coffee and cigars appeared, he accepted them as a matter of course. He even forgot to notice, when he took a match from Covington's silver box, that his cuff was frayed and not entirely fresh, while his companion's linen was quite immaculate.

"Well," said Covington, "as I was saying, Wheeler, I'd like to show you about my city. We'll do the town when you come on to test those engines."

"I only wish you might. But you know the engines—well, I told you this morning."

Covington gave his jolly laugh.

"Perfect rot!" he said. "Why, those little machines are the best ever, and you know it."

"I don't say they are not good, Mr. Covington, but they are not quite up to our specifications. I'm mighty sorry, but there is really no use for you to bid at all."

"Now, see here," said Covington, "let's talk the thing over sensibly. The trouble is not with our engines, but with your specifications. Who drew them up?"

"I did."

"Well, they're all right up to a certain point, but when you came to capacity, I think you made a mistake of half a kilowatt. Didn't you?"

"No," said Wheeler, slowly; "no, I did not. That was the size of engine they wanted."

"They?"

"Yes, the board of officers. They decide on what they want, you know, and I carry out their orders."

"And do you agree with them?"

"They should know more about the subject than I do."

"But they don't?"

Wheeler was silent. His private opinion was that his own knowledge of the subject was unsurpassed, but he felt a delicacy about saying so in bold words. Covington, watching keenly from half-closed eyes, took his measure accurately and spoke with discretion.

"All bosh! What is their opinion compared with a skilled expert like yourself? It would have absolutely no weight with a big corporation—like ours, for instance."

Wheeler began to feel that he had never before realized his own ability, but he shook his head with a deprecating expression nevertheless.

"Now, then, let us talk plainly—man to man."

Covington knocked the ashes from his cigar and paused an instant.

"I'll be frank with you, Wheeler. We want that contract—it's a big thing. Not so much for the money, for, of course, we are in a position to be more or less indifferent to that, but for the advertisement. We want to be able to say that the Canadian government uses our machines, y'know. That's reasonable, isn't it?"

Wheeler acquiesced. He felt that argument would be wasted, and, moreover, he was conscious of a decided inclination toward his companion's point of view.

"Then, too, there's something else"—Covington spoke regretfully. "I'm a Canadian, and I'm patriotic. I'm proud of this country, by Gad, and I'd like to be sure it has the best of everything. Now, our machines are *good*—they've been proved many times. There is nothing better for your purpose, and *you know it*."

"If only they were a little larger."

"We are not going to change our engines, because we know they're all right; but you"—Covington spoke slowly and distinctly—"you are going to change

those specifications, because your judgment tells you they are wrong."

Wheeler gave an involuntary movement of repudiation, but the other was still speaking:

"You bring them down one-half a kilowatt, and we'll get the contract, for we can well afford to underbid all the other competitors. We get the contract, the government gets good machines, and you get five thousand dollars for your personal account. Everybody satisfied and happy, and no kick coming anywhere. See?"

Wheeler saw. He gazed before him as if fascinated, and the cigar in his hand went out from lack of attention. Behind its bank of palms the stringed orchestra played.

Wheeler heard it, dimly, as from a distance. He also heard Covington's voice, remote indeed, but definite and clear.

"When the specifications are printed the change will be due to a typographical error. If not, and any unpleasantness should come your way—well, then, there's a berth waiting for you in the Great Amalgamated Electric Company, at double your pay here. We need able men as well as the government. Think it over."

With abrupt change of manner, he settled the bill and looked at his watch.

"I'm off to Montreal on the 10.30," he remarked. "I'll send you back to the Department, and then the motor will take me to the hotel. I'll look in to-morrow afternoon and see what's doing. Think over our conversation, Wheeler. I'm a man of my word, and, whatever happens, you won't play a losing game. So long."

Wheeler returned to his desk with a strange sense of unreality. Mechanically he went to the book provided for the purpose and there recorded the fact that his lunch had consumed two hours and a half instead of the allotted sixty minutes. Moreover, he did not care if it had. Well fed and refreshed, and with a feeling of independence as pleasant as it was unusual, he was inclined to snap his fingers at departmental restrictions, if not to ignore them completely.

The afternoon wore on. Electric fans stirred the stagnant air, mingling their buzzing with the incessant click of typewriters, and the atmosphere of the crowd-

ed room grew steadily heavier and more intolerable.

At his desk Wheeler sat with the type-written copy of the specifications before him, and a pen in his hand. It was quite ridiculously easy. They had been read and approved, and were ready for the printer. A typographical error would be logical and easy understood. It need not be discovered until the contract was awarded, since he would read the proof. The pen was dipped once more in the ink, and again allowed to dry as the hands of the clock revolved slowly.

"Thank goodness!" ejaculated a stenographer, as she closed her machine, and Wheeler realized that it was half-past four.

"I won't do it," he decided. "I guess I'm man enough not to be bribed."

Pushing away the papers with a sense of relief, he prepared to go home.

Wheeler was a type of man prevalent in most departments of the provincial government. Born with a desire for knowledge and no money to acquire it, he had worked his way through McGill, specializing on electricity and engineering and graduating creditably. Then he faced the world with his diploma for an asset, and a sheaf of unpaid bills for liabilities. Contrary to expectations, the large companies did not immediately clamor for his services. Most of them were already supplied with satisfactory electrical engineers and had a waiting list in case of vacancies.

Meanwhile he must live, so he took the Government examination. The Agricultural Department, it appeared, was in need of expert knowledge in connection with irrigation works, and the four figures of the salary looked large when compared to mere ciphers.

"It will do for something temporary," he told his friends. "Of course I only mean to stay until I can get on my feet and look about a bit."

After seven years he was still there, waiting to get on his feet. At the end of the first year, having paid his debts, he married and immediately contracted new ones. Renting a small house, he furnished it on the instalment plan, spending happy hours with Emmy wandering among the mazes of golden oak and veneered mahogany, and listening to the se-

ductive voice of the salesman explaining the convenience of monthly payments.

Emmy wanted Nottingham curtains for the bay window in the parlor—they gave an air to the room never to be obtained from plain muslin. She also wanted a piano, so she could play softly to him in the evenings when he came home tired from work. Dust accumulated on the lid of the piano long before it was paid for, because by the end of the first year unexpected contingencies arose that kept Emmy busy—among them the advent of little Bill and the bills of nurse and doctor.

Time went on. His family increased, his work increased, the cost of living increased, and his pay remained the same. Why, indeed, should it change? Colleges turned out bunches of impecunious electrical engineers every year and the Province could always get one for whatever it chose to pay. The Legislature exclaimed at the expenses of the departments. Why, therefore, be extravagant and pay more for knowledge than might, if necessary, be obtained for less?

So Wheeler remained, growing daily more morose and discontented. Yet he continued helping turn the treadmill that ground the governmental grist because he dared not exchange an inadequate certainty for an uncertain competence. And every month his money melted like snow beneath the sun.

After dinner that night he sat on his doorstep with the evening paper unopened in his hand. He was conscious of an intense longing for the material things of life—well-cooked food, good clothes, cooling drinks, automobiles, yachts, and all the other roses that carpet the pathway of the well-to-do. He had never been accustomed to these things, and they were as remote from his horizon as the stars in the sky. Nevertheless, he knew that they existed for other men, and with all his soul he wanted them himself.

After a while Emmy came and sat beside him. She was flushed and moist, the result of washing the dinner dishes in the steaming kitchen, and her fair hair lay in damp strings across her forehead. All the brightness he had loved had faded from this hair, even as the glad light appeared no more in her blue eyes at his approach. Emmy had grown from a ro-

mantic girl into a fretful woman, chiefly for lack of a few things not absolutely necessary to insure existence, but very vital to give it light and color.

She had quite a budget of domestic items to retail. Milk had increased in price half a cent a quart; little Bill had fallen downstairs and bumped his head badly; the butcher had been disagreeable again about last month's bill; the baby had cried all day—she did not see how he could get through his second summer in this awful heat. The children? She had sent them to a near-by park with Clara.

"You might find something to say to me, Arthur," she complained. "You go out every day and see people, but you never have anything to tell me when you come home."

Wheeler realized that this was true, and roused himself to tell her about his lunch, describing each course minutely. She listened with the abstracted expression of one whose thoughts are far away, and made no comment.

So silence reigned, and the twilight deepened. With evening came the breathless heat and stillness peculiar to this particular city's summer nights. The sun, to be sure, was gone, but no breeze stirred the limp leaves, and no life freshened the air, heavy with the effluvia of the asphalt street.

"Arthur"—Emmy spoke slowly and with evident reluctance—"Arthur there is something I must tell you—something unpleasant."

He turned and looked at her, but she did not meet his eyes.

"Tell me," he said, "and get it over."

She hesitated a moment, then moved closer, whispering a few words. And what she told him concerned themselves alone.

"You are sure?" he said.

"Quite sure."

Wheeler looked away from her down the quiet street. A little group had just turned the corner. It was composed of Clara, the half-grown servant girl, and his two children. She pushed a go-cart in which fretted the sleepy baby, while little Bill, tired and hot, clung whimpering to her skirt.

Quite suddenly Wheeler seemed to be precipitated a year further on. He saw himself next July sitting on the same

steps, wearing the same garments, and watching Clara turn the corner. A child was on each side of her, but she still pushed the go-cart.

A choking sound recalled him to the present, and he saw his wife, her face buried in her hands, sobbing uncontrollably.

"Oh, Arthur," she cried, "don't, *don't*, look like that! I can't help it, and it's worse for me than it is for you anyhow."

Two hours later Wheeler stood in the corridor of the Agricultural Department and requested the key of his office from a watchman. The man knew him and handed it over promptly.

"Working nights?" he said.

"Too hot to do anything else," returned Wheeler, and wearily began the long ascent of the stairway.

It was strange to be alone in the familiar room. Turning on the electric light over his desk, he sat down and wiped the drops of moisture from brow and lips. Then he reached for the papers he had put aside a few hours previous and dipped his pen in the ink.

With compressed lips and steady hands he turned the typewritten pages, altering a figure here and there, and scanning them carefully to be sure not one was overlooked. When he had finished he replaced his pen, and again wiped his brow.

"God!" he breathed, and pushed away the papers.

A glass door beside him led to a stone balcony. He opened it and stepped out. He sat upon the wide stone baluster and leaned his head against the wall of the building. He sat there motionless, and the moments passed unnoticed, until at last a sort of calmness stole over him. He felt no regret for what he had done, now that it was an accomplished fact. All the bills should be paid, Emmy and the children should go to the seashore, and in the fall a competent maid should help Clara with the housework. Emmy should have the rest and care she needed. He had done it, and he was glad it was over. What allegiance did he owe the Government, anyhow?

Down beneath him was the local House of Parliament. He could see the white domes of the building, but the building itself was dark, for the lawmakers had fled to the lakes, after refusing to consider

an appeal for advance in pay of civil employes. His face darkened as he looked at the place, and involuntarily he clinched his hands.

"D—— them!" he said aloud. "But for them I could be honest."

Then he left the moonlit balcony to join Emmy in the stuffy front room, where he lay awake until morning.

When Wheeler reached his desk next day, a red-haired, freckled boy stood at the window looking out. He was a temporary appointment, fresh from the High School, and bubbling over with health and good nature. When his three months were up he would vanish from their horizon, but meanwhile he was popular in the room.

He now nodded affably, and moved a little.

"Morning," he said. "I'll take myself off where I belong in a minute. I just came over to see the flag go up."

"The flag?"

"Uh-huh. On the Parliament Buildings."

"Oh, yes." Wheeler opened his desk. "So you like to see it?"

The boy nodded.

"Don't you?" he asked.

"Why—yes, I guess so."

The raising of the Government flag had long ago ceased to interest Wheeler. He merely glanced at it now and then when he wished to know whether the House was sitting or not. Not so, Young Canada beside him, who as yet had no grievance against his Government.

"There she goes!" he exclaimed. "See her?"

Wheeler turned and looked also at the big flag slid up the staff and spread its red expanse in the morning sunlight.

"Pretty, ain't it?" said the boy, and continued without waiting for a reply: "Gee! Wouldn't Champlain or some of them fellows be surprised if they could see it?"

"Why?"

Wheeler asked the question idly. He wished his visitor would go, for he wanted to take a look at his last night's work and send it to the printer. But the boy was in no hurry; he seated himself on a corner of the desk and prepared for conversation.

"Why?" Well, just look at the flag. It usn't to mean so much. But now—a fellow's glad to be Canadian! *E pluribus unum*, y'know, and all that."

"Yes," agreed Wheeler, without enthusiasm.

The boy went again to the window and looked out.

"See her float," he said. "I sort-a like to watch it, but—"

"Well?"

"You'll laugh, I reckon, but—well, I wouldn't want to look at it if I'd done any mean, low-down trick. Say, let down easy on things you want copied to-day, won't you? It's hotter'n blazes."

He went over to his own desk, and promptly forgot the conversation. Wheeler also began the day's routine, but more than once he found himself looking over at the Buildings, where the colors of the flag gleamed in the strong sunlight. They were fast colors, no sun could fade them, and they held the eye insistently.

He was tired and languid from lack of sleep, and very irritable. Everything fretted him, and he could not concentrate his mind upon his work. Twice he rang for a messenger to send the specifications to the King's Printer, but when the man appeared he made another errand for him and kept the papers on his desk.

Ten o'clock, eleven, half-past eleven. The clock ticked on, and Wheeler abandoned all pretence of work, sitting idle at his desk, pen in hand, even as he had sat there yesterday afternoon. He did not see the words before him. Instead, from every page he turned Emmy looked at him with wistful eyes; Emmy — who ought to be still young, but was not, and who needed a rest.

Then, quite suddenly, he saw Covington's round red face, and heard his voice in hearty greeting. He knew just what would follow. They would dine at the Willard, where it was cool, and there was music. With the coffee and cigars

would come a folded slip of pink paper—he could see Covington's fat hand searching for it in his waistcoat pocket, and could almost feel his own fingers closing upon it. Then he would go home, and to-night Emmy would not complain that he had nothing to tell her. Covington would soon be here now. What was it he had said?

"What happens, you cannot play a losing game."

Over in the corner, the red-haired boy hammered his typewriter, doing his best in his special line and careful not to make mistakes. In his swivel-chair Wheeler went over words and figures, familiar now to the point of nausea and repellant to his eyes.

Then, quite without his own volition, his hand sought the pen and dipped it in the ink. Once more he turned the pages, this time replacing his last night's work with the original figures, writing distinctly, and careful to make no mistake.

He worked in a detached manner, as if the subject had no personal interest for him, but must be finished as soon as possible. He felt as if he were dreaming, but would wake soon, and he wished he might sleep indefinitely.

The last page reached, he pushed the button for the messenger. Then he turned in his chair, and his tired eyes looked out over the Parliament Buildings, where the flag hung in straight limp folds against its staff. But as he gazed a puff of wind rippled these folds, finally raising it and spreading it against the blue background of the sky. Wheeler watched it until, the breeze gone, it drooped again upon the staff.

"*E pluribus unum*," he muttered to himself. "One fool among many."

Then, aware of the waiting messenger, he handed him the papers.

"Here," he said, "take these specifications to the printer, and be quick about it."





PERMANENT STEEL BRIDGE OF THE NEW ERA
Viaduct over Old Man River in Alberta, the kind of structure which is superseding
the wooden trestle.

Millions for Railroad Improvements in Canada

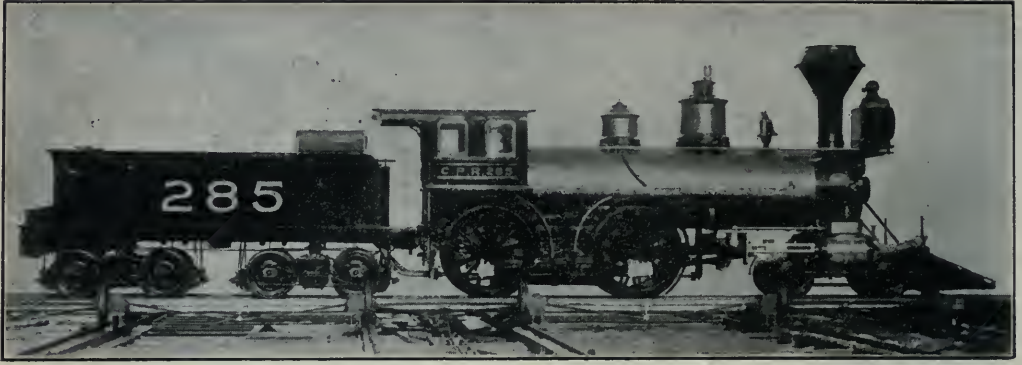
By

W. Arnot Craick

THE whistling of the air brakes on the seventeen hundred passenger and seven hundred freight trains, which are despatched over the steam railroads of Canada from Atlantic to Pacific every day of the year, is forever calling the attention of the traveler to the wonderful process of evolution through which the railroad systems of the country are passing. There is no standing still. Even the smallest road must needs fall in with the march of progress and adopt those improvements and betterments which are essential to its

continued existence. It is an interesting study to trace out how the employment of some one new device often leads inevitably to a whole chain of alterations in road-bed, mechanism, and equipment, costing millions of money.

The movement towards a more modern and efficient system of railroading in Canada dates from about the year 1897. Prior to that time there had been some years of retrenchment. The United States and Canada had passed through a period of hard times, which had led the managements of railroads on both sides of the



A LOCOMOTIVE OF THE OLD ERA

This was the first engine built by the C.P.R. It weighed forty tons and could travel nicely on a fifty pound rail.

line to adopt a policy of economy in all departments of operation. This policy, necessitated as it was by financial stringency in the first place, was continued for some time after the return of more prosperous times had rendered it no longer essential. It took form in one direction, at least, in

the building of larger locomotives, capable of hauling longer and heavier trains, and of bigger cars, with much greater carrying capacity. Then, in order to make the running of these heavier trains safer and more expeditious, the railroad companies became immediately involved in a prac-



THE PROGENITOR OF THE MODERN LOCOMOTIVE

Built in 1859, this engine hauled the Royal train in which the Prince of Wales travelled in Canada in 1860.



A LOCOMOTIVE OF THE NEW ERA

This 150 ton monster requires a hundred pound rail to support it. Its advent has meant the scrap-heap for much railroad equipment.

tical reconstruction of their entire road-bed, at a cost, oftentimes, in excess of the cost of original construction.

This work of reconstruction is still in process in many parts of Canada. It is being forced on the railroads by the exigencies of a situation which demands that no one road can afford to lag behind another in its efforts to carry freight and passengers as cheaply, safely and rapidly as possible. The story of railroad development in Canada along these lines will prove a revelation to those who are inclined to think that railroad companies only make their large expenditures on the construction of new lines.

But the introduction of heavier engines and cars on Canadian railroads was only made feasible, after all, by the invention of the air brake. This wonderful contrivance has done more to revolutionize railroading than almost any other invention since the locomotive itself was first constructed. Without its aid the operation of the heavy transcontinental and international expresses which rush across Canada with such tremendous momentum would be attended with so much danger that it would be next to impossible to run them safely and satisfactorily.

Most Canadians can recall the days of the hand brake, when brakemen were accustomed to run along the tops of the freight cars or through the aisles of the passenger coaches, setting the brakes by twisting an iron wheel at the end of each car. The comparative lightness of the cars in those days made this method of control practicable, but to-day it would be no easy matter to stop a heavy express train, traveling at high speed, by hand power alone.

The invention of George Westinghouse

was revolutionary in its results. From its practical application to railroading dates the growth of modern railroad equipment. It had in it the germ of all the thousand and one improvements and betterments which have gone to make the modern railroad the smooth and perfect mechanism it is to-day.

Westinghouse's invention was irresistible. No railroad company, no matter how conservative, could afford to ignore it. It was taken up everywhere and nowhere more quickly than by the leading Canadian roads. Despite the huge cost involved in equipping locomotives and cars with the system, its advantages were so patent, that before long most of the rolling stock in the country was under its control. To-day, out of the 132,681 cars of all descriptions on Canadian railroads, 125,321 are furnished with the air brake equipment. At an average cost of fifty dollars for a freight car, \$150 for a passenger coach and \$500 for a locomotive, the railroad companies have spent in the neighborhood of ten millions for air brakes on their locomotives and cars.

Thus dawned the era of the new Canadian railroad—not with any flourish of trumpets or display of fireworks, but imperceptibly, almost, and with a resistless force, which nothing could prevent.

To illustrate the way in which locomotives have increased in size and weight during the past fifteen or twenty years, one need only refer to the popular fallacy of calling a big engine a "mogul." Newspaper readers are regaled with lurid accounts of how "a big mogul" hurls itself out of the darkness upon "a little passenger engine" and smashes it to smithereens. Such descriptions sound very amus-



CONDEMNED AND SUPERSEDED

The famous Victoria Tubular Bridge across the St. Lawrence, which was one of the wonders of the world for many years.

ing to railroad men. In reality, the mogul engine in the collision is probably the small one of the two. Fifteen to twenty years ago the mogul, which is the name technically given to a locomotive having three pairs of driving wheels and a single pair of truck wheels, was really a big engine, but to-day it is ordinarily one of the smallest engines in use. As a mere question of size, the average engine of the old era weighed 40 tons, without tender, having a capacity of 65 per cent. The biggest engine in use in Canada to-day, is of the "Articulated" type, weighs 150 tons and has a capacity of 270 per cent.

Every traveler must have been impressed with the immense increase both in size and weight of the passenger coaches now in ordinary use in Canada over those in use twenty years ago. Here again figures will demonstrate this increase more clearly than any other method of description. The wretched and, to us, uncomfortable coaches of the eighties only weighed on the average 25 tons. The big and luxurious coaches which are being built for Canadian roads to-day tip the scales at 45 to 55 tons.

And as for the freight cars, the change has been just as notable. Not so very many years ago a box car, only twenty-four feet long, was no uncommon sight. Then, during the eighties, the standard had risen to thirty-three feet. To-day it is 36 ft. 8 in. By the discarding of the smaller cars from year to year, and the substitution of larger cars, the average tonnage of freight cars is steadily increasing. In 1907 it stood at 27.6 tons; in 1910 it had advanced to 29.1 tons. In the same way the average amount of freight carried by each car during the course of the year has grown from 545 tons in 1908 to 622

tons in 1910. Freight cars capable of holding 55 tons are now being used in Canada.

For the year ending June 30, 1910, it cost the railroads of Canada the sum of \$8,812,778.25 for the purchase of ties, rails, ballast, other track material, and the construction of tunnels, bridges, trestles and culverts. This expenditure comes under the heading of maintenance of way, and illustrates forcefully what the railroads have to spend annually to keep their roadbed in condition for the operation of trains, which are becoming every year bigger and heavier.

Consider the item of steel rails. At the beginning of the new era, Canadian roads were as a rule equipped with rails weighing sixty pounds to the yard. For carrying the rolling stock of the previous decade these rails were entirely satisfactory, and they would even have done later on in sections where traffic is light. But on main lines, where trains are run at frequent intervals, and the wear on the rails is severe, their usefulness was over immediately the day of the heavier train dawned. Heavier rails had to be substituted at once. From sixty pounders, the standard rose to seventy-two pounders, then to eighties, and to-day the average rail weighs about 85 pounds to the yard, with hundred pound rails on some sections, where the wear is particularly heavy.

While under ordinary circumstances the life of a rail extends from about ten to twelve years, owing to the changes outlined above, tracks have had to be relaid at intervals of from 7 to 9 years. When the thousands of miles of road are taken into consideration (a total of 26,230 miles on June 30, 1910) the immense expense



THE SUPPLANTING STRUCTURE

The Victoria Jubilee Bridge, the erection of which, at immense cost, became imperative when the era of heavier equipment dawned.

of this particular kind of reconstruction work is abundantly apparent. Roads like the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk have to maintain a complete track-laying equipment all the year round, consisting of trains of flat cars, boarding cars, etc., manned by a gang of track layers. The new rail bill of the C. P. R. for 1910 was nearly \$400,000, most of which was spent in re-laying old tracks.

Of course the substitution of new rails for old does not mean that the old rails are unnecessarily of no further use. They are not a dead loss to the railway company. A process of culling is carried on. The best of the old rails are reserved for repair purposes or for use on branch lines. The next best go into sidings or unimportant branches, and only the poorest are scrapped.

While the running of heavier trains has occasioned the discarding of light rails, it has not necessarily involved any serious changes in the character of the ties on which the rails are laid. The life of the average wooden tie in Canada is from six to ten years, and when its life is exhausted, it is used for firewood in section houses or otherwise disposed of. But one change has been found necessary by the laying of heavier rails, and that is in the placing of the ties. While twenty years ago the ties were placed with centres twenty-four inches apart, now they are laid with only a distance of from eighteen to twenty inches between centres. This means that in a given stretch of track from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. more ties are needed than was formerly the case.

But this is not all. The greater cost of ties at the present day must also be taken into consideration. Ties now cost from

one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five per cent. more than they did twenty years ago. This heavy increase has led to the chemical treatment of the wood by some American roads, with the object of lengthening the period of use, and doubtless Canadian roads will soon have to give serious attention to the adoption of a similar policy. The tie bill of Canadian roads is now three million and a half a year.

However, the wear and tear on rails and ties, occasioned by the fast running of heavy engines and cars, has caused such friction between the rails and the ties, that in order to save the latter from early destruction, it has of recent years been found necessary to introduce what are known as tie plates—flat pieces of metal, with or without shoulders, resting on the ties, and on which the rails are laid. These are calculated to prevent the wearing away of the wood and spreading of track. They are now being generally used and the equipping of a section of road with them naturally involves heavy expense, both in the purchase and the laying of the plates.

And then again the item of ballasting must be remembered. The relaying of the tracks has necessitated the use of a great deal more ballast in order to give the track the evenness and solidarity which it needs more than ever under present conditions. Ballast cost the railways of Canada about a million dollars in 1910.

But where the effect of the heavier equipment has been most felt is in connection with the bridges. Before the larger engines could be safely run over the line, every bridge and trestle had to be strengthened to bear the heavier load, and this was followed by the rebuilding of practically every bridge in the country. Most



A CONTRAST IN STATIONS AND EQUIPMENT

The G.T.R. Station in Toronto in 1857. Note the railway coach to the left and the rough plank platform.

of the old bridges were constructed of wood. These have been, and are being, replaced by steel and stone or concrete structures, erected with a big margin to make good any extra stress for many years to come. What this is costing the railway companies may be gathered from the fact that the bill for this work in 1910 amounted to \$2,048,471.72.

In addition to this it has been found advisable to practically rebuild miles of road in order to straighten the lines and to reduce grades to a minimum. When the Grand Trunk started the heavy work of double-tracking their main line from Montreal to Toronto, they carried the undertaking along satisfactorily as far as Port Hope, and then they struck a kink. West of Port Hope the line ran into a hilly section of country where the grades were killing. Following the lake shore the old road skirted the tops of the headlands and swung down in long curves around the inlets. What was to be done? Operating trains west of Port Hope was expensive. Frequently freights had to be cut in two and run in sections and there were often cases of trains being stalled on the heavy grades. To double-track the old road seemed a piece of folly and for some years nothing was done. Then Charles

M. Hays, the little Napoleon of Railroad-ing, took hold of things. "We'll locate an entirely new line wherever necessary from Port Hope to Port Union," said he, "and get rid of heavy grades and sharp curves," So the Grand Trunk engineers struck into the fine farm lands of Durham county and for many miles constructed a brand new railway, which in some places lay a full mile away from the old road. The gradients were reduced from a maximum of 1.02 per cent. to 0.30 per cent. against east bound traffic and from 1.03 per cent. to 0.66 per cent. against west bound traffic. It cost millions to do it but it reduced operating expenses tremendously.

This is but one example. Recent railroad history supplies many others. The C. P. R. double-tracking operations along the grain-funnel route from Winnipeg to Fort William necessitated the deviation of the road for many miles through the rough country west of Lake Superior. It cost C. P. R. shareholders from twelve to fifteen million dollars to do this little job, but resultant economies in operation abundantly justified the investment.

The most spectacular of recent engineering feats in railroad reconstruction has been the building of the spiral tunnels on the mountain division of the C. P. R. between Field and Hector, B.C. Here was the situation,—a narrow mountain valley



A CONTRAST IN STATIONS AND EQUIPMENT

The Sarnia Tunnel Station, showing modern electric locomotive, heavy coaches and cement platform

through which the Kicking Horse River poured tumultuously, and a railway clinging perilously between the steep slope of the mountain and the rushing river. It was only a distance of four miles between the two stations, but the grade reached a maximum of 4.5 per cent. which was quite enough to turn any engine driver's hair grey. In the light of modern conditions, this state of affairs was unbearable, but how could it be altered? What was wanted was some way of stretching out that four miles of track until it would be long enough to reduce the grade to a reasonable figure. Many were the suggestions offered but none were deemed practicable until one day a long-headed individual asked why, if they could not get distance in the open valley, they could not secure it by running slap into the mountainside, where there was any amount of room to be had for the blasting. It was a happy thought and it proved to be the solution of the difficulty. Trains now cover 8.2 miles of track in running between Hector and Field, part of which distance is consumed in circling round towards the interior of sky-scrapping mountains and coming out again at a lower level. There is a reduction of grade from 4.5 per cent. to 2.2 per cent. and while it cost

up in the millions to achieve this result, look at the saving.

The Crow's Nest line of the C. P. R. between Lethbridge and Macleod used to be a source of much worry and expense to the management. It was only thirty-seven miles long but they were thirty-seven miles of trouble, with seven degree curves and a 1.2 per cent. grade. Moreover nearly three of the thirty seven miles were consumed in wooden bridges one of which was 2,933 feet long and several of them over 100 feet high. Though only built in 1897, the life of these bridges was nearly over by 1904 and there was constant fear of collapse. Traffic was increasing and something had to be done. With one sweep of the pen, the C. P. R. directors obliterated the whole road and gave orders for a brand new railway, costing over two million dollars. What was the result? A saving in distance of 5.26 miles; in curvature of 1,735 degrees; and in rise and fall of 401.5 feet, with a reduction in the number of bridges from twenty to two. One of the latter is the celebrated Belly River bridge at Lethbridge, one of the largest in the world, 5,327 feet long and 314 feet high at the highest point.

But it was not only the roadbed of the railways that was affected by the advent



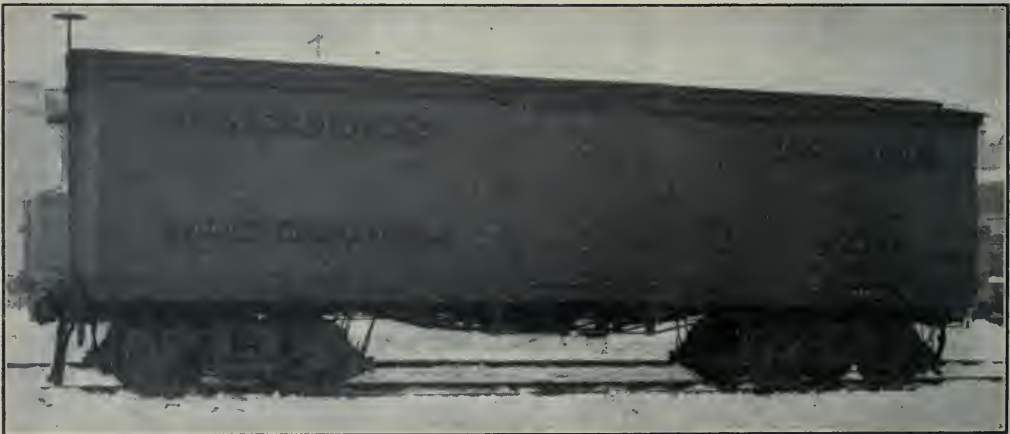
THE PRECURSOR OF THE MODERN EXPRESS

On this primitive train, the first in Canada, our forefathers traveled in fear and trembling seventy years ago.

of the new locomotive and cars. Many other portions of the railroad systems had to be changed to meet altered conditions. For instance, turntables which could accommodate moguls were not long or strong enough to take on modern ten wheelers or consolidations. Every turntable on the divisions where the larger engines were introduced had to be replaced with a bigger one. Practically the same thing applies to engine houses. The coming of the big engines with their greater length and height meant the practical demolition of all the old houses and the erection of new and larger ones. When it is recalled that there are over four thousand locomotives in everyday use on Canadian railroads, of which a majority are of the new type, it follows that the engine house space required to shelter even a small per-

centage of them is very considerable and must have cost a large sum. Then too the repair and machine shops to which locomotives are sent for overhauling from time to time, have had to undergo complete reconstruction, owing to the inadequacy of their equipment for handling large engines.

Even the evolution of the passenger coach from the light and uncomfortable vehicle of the eighties to the solid vestibuled coach of to-day has been attended by an immense variety of consequent improvements, involving the expenditure of large sums of money for their installation. As one example consider steam heating which has superseded the old coal stove, that was not only inadequate but dangerous. The introduction of steam heating has involved the establish-



THE LITTLE OLD FREIGHT CAR OF TWENTY YEARS AGO

This car was only capable of accommodating 20 tons, as against 50 ton capacity in present-day cars.

ment at all terminal points of stationary steam heating plants for keeping standing cars warm in cold weather. Travelers cannot have failed to notice the attachments in large stations for this purpose. Then the use of gas for lighting cars has led to the installation of gas plants at terminal points, from which the gas is piped alongside the tracks and the tanks on the cars are filled as required.

and the building of a more solid and level roadbed has improved operating conditions considerably and has to a certain extent prevented the terrible loss of life and property which characterized railroad wrecks during the era of lighter equipment, yet accidents still happen from time to time, as any reader of the daily press cannot fail to note. Collisions occur even to-day. Trains are derailed.



SPIRAL TUNNEL TO REDUCE GRADE

In the middle distance will be seen the openings of a spiral tunnel, cut into the mountain to secure distance and reduce grade.

Still another installation has been found necessary in connection with the vacuum cleaning of passenger coaches, which is now carried on regularly wherever cars are stored. In all three cases the railroad companies have had to go to big expense to maintain the service. Besides this the construction of cars with vestibules has been the cause of sending a lot of the old cars to the scrap heap, because on the finer trains only vestibuled coaches are used.

While the use of heavier rolling stock

Mishaps of various kinds frequently happen. There is still need for the wrecking train, of which Kipling sings so realistically,

"Oh, the Empire State must learn to wait

And the Cannon-ball go hang;
When the West-bound's ditched, and
the tool-car's hitched

And it's 'way for the Breakdown
Gang (Tara-ra)

'Way for the Breakdown Gang!"

But the old auxiliary which could tackle a wreck successfully not so many years ago, has been sent to the scrap heap long ere this. Its little hand crane, which could swing up a locomotive from the ditch in those days, would be quite useless to-day when engines commonly weigh 75 to 100 tons, and cars 50 to 75 tons. The railroad companies have had to provide each divisional point on their lines with those big sixty, seventy-five or one hundred ton steam cranes, which are now despatched to the scene of wrecks. Their introduction became absolutely necessary when the day of heavier rolling stock dawned. And it will always be the same whenever engines or cars exceed in weight the capacity of the cranes.

A somewhat similar situation was created when the new standard freight car was backed up by the yard engine on the old 40 ton car scale. It simply wouldn't fit and in one moment every scale on the road was rendered practically useless. A wholesale discarding of the old scales became necessary and at every important shipping point or wherever cars are weighed, new scales had to be installed. Their capacity now extends from one hundred to one hundred and fifty tons. In fact so powerful are they, that engines can be run right over them without requiring a dead rail to relieve the extra load. This is a great and an expensive change from the old twenty ton scale and is as good an illustration as any of what the railway revolution of recent years involves in the matter of incidental equipment.

But this is by no means all. A few years ago every freight shed in the country of any size was built with doors at thirty-three foot intervals, the object being that when a train of cars was run in on the siding alongside, the doors of the cars would be exactly opposite the doors of the shed. As soon as the bigger and longer freight cars were introduced, it was found that this result was no longer attained and while it was hardly a big enough defeat to render the freight shed no longer serviceable, yet it was so inconvenient that in some sheds, the old doors were knocked out and new continuous doors substituted. These doors are operated between posts, which stand at intervals down the entire length of the

shed. In this way, no matter where the door of a car come, it will always be directly opposite a door in the shed. All new freight sheds in Canada of any size are now being built with the continuous doors on the track side.

One other result of the advent of the big engine and its train of larger cars was the construction of longer meeting tracks, or sidings, at all stations. The old train, consisting of fifteen or twenty thirty-three foot cars, could draw up on a three hundred and fifty yard siding and allow a train running in the opposite direction to pass quite comfortably. But, the present-day train of fifty to one hundred freight cars, would have to do some strange juggling (or "sawing-bye" as the trainmen call it) to accomplish the same result on the same siding. Before the longer trains could run properly, every station had to be provided with two or three times the length of siding it already possessed and this in itself was no inconsiderable undertaking.

There are many other directions in which changes have been made necessary. The use of trestles and elevators for handling coal cars has made the old-style coal car useless. It has been superseded by the new self-unloading style of car. An automatic device for handling the ashes dumped from locomotives has done away with the old ash pit and the shovelling of ashes. Automatic couplers have put the old link and pin coupling out of business with the result that on only about twelve per cent. of the cars in the country is the old-style coupling now used. The "new rail roader" is not conspicuous by the loss of fingers and the old timers look upon them as "dudes."

Incidental to the introduction of so many new automatic devices in the operation of trains, the larger roads have had to go to the expense of equipping special instruction cars with these appliances, which are used to teach new employees how to handle them. They have also equipped cars with instruments to show the drawing power of engines and to determine the outline dimensions to which freight cars may be loaded without coming to grief against bridge abutments, the sides of tunnels, etc. All these have been rendered necessary by the use of new and improved methods of railroading.

A Ramble in Aphasia

By

O. Henry

MY WIFE and I parted on that morning in precisely our usual manner. She left her second cup of tea to follow me to the front door. There she plucked from my lapel the invisible strand of lint (the universal act of woman to proclaim ownership) and bade me take care of my cold. I had no cold. Next came her kiss of parting—the level kiss of domesticity flavored with Young Hyson. There was no fear of the extemporaneous, of variety spicing her infinite custom. With the deft touch of long malpractice, she dabbed awry my well-set scarf pin; and then, as I closed the door, I heard her morning slippers pattering back to her cooling tea.

When I set out I had no thought or premonition of what was to occur. The attack came suddenly.

For many weeks I had been toiling, almost night and day, at a famous railroad law case that I won triumphantly but a few days previously. In fact, I had been digging away at the law almost without cessation for many years. Once or twice good Doctor Volney, my friend and physician, had warned me.

"If you don't slacken up, Bellford," he said, "you'll go suddenly to pieces. Either your nerves or your brain will give way. Tell me, does a week pass in which you do not read in the papers of a case of aphasia—of some man lost, wandering nameless, with his past and his identity blotted out—and all from that little brain clot made by overwork or worry?"

"I always thought," said I, "that the clot in those instances was really to be found on the brains of the newspaper reporters."

Doctor Volney shook his head.

"The disease exists," he said. "You need a change or a rest. Court-room,

office and home—there is the only route you travel. For recreation you—read law books. Better take warning in time."

"On Thursday nights," I said, defensively, "my wife and I play cribbage. On Sundays she reads to me the weekly letter from her mother. That law books are not a recreation remains yet to be established."

That morning as I walked I was thinking of Doctor Volney's words. I was feeling as well as I usually did—possibly in better spirits than usual.

I awoke with stiff and cramped muscles from having slept long on the incommodious seat of a day coach. I leaned my head against the seat and tried to think. After a long time I said to myself: "I must have a name of some sort." I searched my pockets. Not a card; not a letter; not a paper or monogram could I find. But I found in my coat pocket nearly \$3,000 in bills of large denomination. "I must be some one, of course," I repeated to myself, and began again to consider.

The car was well crowded with men, among whom, I told myself, there must have been some common interest, for they intermingled freely, and seemed in the best good humor and spirits. One of them—a stout, spectacled gentleman enveloped in a decided odor of cinnamon and aloes—took the vacant half of my seat with a friendly nod, and unfolded a newspaper. In the intervals between his periods of reading, we conversed, as travelers will, on current affairs. I found myself able to sustain the conversation on such subjects with credit, at least to my memory. By, and by my companion said:

"You are one of us, of course. Fine lot of men the West sends in this time.

I'm glad they held the convention in New York; I've never been East before. My name's R. P. Bolder—Bolder & Son, of Hickory Grove, Missouri."

Though unprepared, I rose to the emergency, as men will when put to it. Now must I hold a christening, and be at once babe, parson and parent. My senses came to the rescue of my slower brain. The insistent odor of drugs from my companion supplied one idea; a glance at his newspaper, where my eye met a conspicuous advertisement, assisted me further.

"My name," said I, glibly, "is Edward Pinkhammer. I am a druggist, and my home is in Cornopolis, Kansas."

"I knew you were a druggist," said my fellow traveler, affably. "I saw the callous spot on your right forefinger where the handle of the pestle rubs. Of course, you are a delegate to our National Convention."

"Are all these men druggists?" I asked, wonderingly.

"They are. This car came through from the West. And they're your old-time druggists, too—none of your patent tablet-and-granule pharmashootists that use slot machines instead of a prescription desk. We percolate our own paregoric and roll our own pills, and we ain't above handling a few garden seeds in the spring, and carrying a side line of confectionery and shoes. I tell you Hampinker, I've got an idea to spring on this convention—new ideas is what they want. Now, you know the shelf bottles of tartar emetic and Rochelle salt Ant. et Pot. Tart. and Sod. et Pot. Tart.—one's poison, you know, and the other's harmless. It's easy to mistake one label for the other. Where do druggists mostly keep 'em? Why, as far apart as possible, on different shelves. That's wrong. I say keep 'em side by side, so when you want one you can always compare it with the other and avoid mistakes. Do you catch the idea?"

"It seems to me a very good one," I said.

"All right! When I spring it on the convention you back it up. We'll make some of these Eastern orange-phosphate-and-massage-cream professors that think they're the only lozenges in the market look like hypodermic tablets."

"If I can be of any aid," I said, warmly, "the two bottles of — er —"

"Tartrate of antimony and potash, and tartrate of soda and potash."

"Shall henceforth sit side by side," I concluded, firmly.

"Now, there's another thing," said Mr. Bolder. "For an excipient in manipulating a pill mass which do you prefer—the magnesia carbonate or the pulverized glycerhiza radiz?"

"The—er magnesia," I said. It was easier to say than the other word.

Mr. Bolder glanced at me distrustfully through his spectacles.

"Give me the glycerhiza," said he. "Magnesia cakes."

"Here's another one of these fake aphasia cases," he said, presently, handing me his newspaper, and laying his finger upon an article. "I don't believe in 'em. I put nine out of ten of 'em down as frauds. A man gets sick of his business and his folks and wants to have a good time. He skips out somewhere, and when they find him he pretends to have lost his memory—don't know his own name, and won't even recognize the strawberry mark on his wife's left shoulder. Aphasia! Tut! Why can't they stay at home and forget?"

I took the paper and read, after the pungent head-lines, the following:

"DENVER, June 12.—Elwyn C. Bellford, a prominent lawyer, is mysteriously missing from his home since three days ago, and all efforts to locate him have been in vain. Mr. Bellford is a well-known citizen of the highest standing, and has enjoyed a large and lucrative law practice. He is married and owns a fine home and the most extensive private library in the State. On the day of his disappearance, he drew quite a large sum of money from his bank. No one can be found who saw him after he left the bank. Mr. Bellford was a man of singularly quiet and domestic tastes, and seemed to find his happiness in his home and profession. If any clue at all exists to his strange disappearance, it may be found in the fact that for some months he has been deeply absorbed in an important law case in connection with the Q. Y. and Z. Railroad Company. It is feared that over-

work may have affected his mind. Every effort is being made to discover the whereabouts of the missing man."

"It seems to me you are not altogether uncynical, Mr. Bolder," I said, after I had read the despatch. "This has the sound, to me, of a genuine case. Why should this man, prosperous, happily married and respected, choose suddenly to abandon everything? I know that these lapses of memory do occur, and that men do find themselves adrift without a name, a history or a home."

"Oh, gammon and jalap!" said Mr. Bolder. "It's larks they're after. There's too much education nowadays. Men know about aphasia, and they use it for an excuse. The women are wise, too. When it's all over they look you in the eye, as scientific as you please, and say: 'He hypnotized me.'"

Thus Mr. Bolder diverted, but did not aid, me with his comments and philosophy.

We arrived in New York about ten at night. I rode in a cab to a hotel, and I wrote my name "Edward Pinkhammer" in the register. As I did so I felt pervade me a splendid, wild, intoxicating buoyancy—a sense of unlimited freedom, of newly attained possibilities. I was just born into the world. The old fetters—whatever they had been—were stricken from my hands and feet. The future lay before me a clear road such as an infant enters, and I could set out upon it equipped with a man's learning and experience.

I thought the hotel clerk looked at me five seconds too long. I had no baggage.

"The Druggists' Convention." I said. "My trunk has somehow failed to arrive." I drew out a roll of money.

"Ah!" said he, showing an auriferous tooth, "we have quite a number of the Western delegates stopping here." He struck a bell for the boy.

I endeavored to give color to my role.

"There is an important movement on foot among us Westerners," I said, "in regard to a recommendation to the convention that the bottles containing the tartrate of antimony and potash, and the tartrate of sodium and potash be kept in a contiguous position on the shelf."

"Gentleman to three-fourteen," said the clerk, hastily. I was whisked away to my room.

The next day I bought a trunk and clothing, and began to live the life of Edward Pinkhammer. I did not tax my brain with endeavors to solve problems of the past.

It was a piquant and sparkling cup that the great island city held up to my lips. I drank of it gratefully. The keys of Manhattan belong to him who is able to bear them. You must be either the city's guest or its victim.

The following few days were as gold and silver. Edward Pinkhammer, yet counting back to his birth by hours only, knew the rare joy of having come upon so diverting a world full-fledged and unrestrained. I sat entranced on the magic carpets provided in theatres and roof-gardens, that transported one into strange and delightful lands full of frolicsome music, pretty girls and grotesque, drolly extravagant parodies upon human kind. I went here and there at my own dear will, bound by no limits of space, time or comportment. I dined in weird cabarets, at weirder *tables d'hôte* to the sound of Hungarian music and the wild shouts of mercurial artists and sculptors. Or, again, where the night life quivers in the electric glare like a kinetoscopic picture, and the millinery of the world, and its jewels, and the ones whom they adorn, and the men who make all three possible are met for good cheer and the spectacular effect. And among all these scenes that I have mentioned I learned one thing that I never knew before. And that is that the key to liberty is not in the hands of License, but Convention holds it. Comity has a toll-gate at which you must pay, or you may not enter the land of Freedom. In all the glitter, the seeming disorder, the parade, the abandon, I saw this law, unobtrusive, yet like iron, prevail. Therefore, in Manhattan you must obey these unwritten laws, and then you will be freest of the free. If you decline to be bound by them, you put on shackles.

Sometimes, as my mood urged me, I would seek the stately, softly murmuring palm rooms, redolent with high-born life and delicate restraint, in which to dine. Again I would go down to the waterways in steamers packed with vociferous, be-

decked, unchecked love-making clerks and shop-girls to their crude pleasures on the island shores. And there was always Broadway—glistening, opulent, wily, varying, desirable Broadway—growing upon one like an opium habit.

One afternoon as I entered my hotel a stout man with a big nose and a black mustache blocked my way in the corridor. When I would have passed around him, he greeted me with offensive familiarity.

"Hallo, Bellford!" he cried, loudly. "What the deuce are you doing in New York? Didn't know anything could drag you away from that old book den of yours. Is Mrs. B. along or is this a little business run alone, eh?"

"You have made a mistake, sir," I said, coldly, releasing my hand from his grasp. "My name is Pinkhammer. You will excuse me."

The man dropped to one side, apparently astonished. As I walked to the clerk's desk I heard him call to a bell boy and say something about telegraph blanks.

"You will give me my bill," I said to the clerk, "and have my baggage brought down in half an hour. I do not care to remain where I am annoyed by confidence men."

I moved that afternoon to another hotel, a sedate, old-fashioned one on lower Fifth Avenue.

There was a restaurant a little way off Broadway where one could be served almost *al fresco* in a tropic array of screening flora. Quiet and luxury and a perfect service made it an ideal place in which to take luncheon or refreshment. One afternoon I was there picking my way to a table among the ferns when I felt my sleeve caught.

"Mr. Bellford!" exclaimed an amazingly sweet voice.

I turned quickly to see a lady seated alone—a lady of about thirty, with exceedingly handsome eyes, who looked at me as though I had been her very dear friend.

"You were about to pass me," she said, accusingly. "Don't tell me you did not know me. Why should we not shake hands—at least once in fifteen years?"

I shook hands with her at once. I took a chair opposite her at the table. I

summoned with my eyebrows a hovering waiter. The lady was philandering with an orange ice. I ordered a *creme de menthe*. Her hair was reddish bronze. You could not look at it, because you could not look away from her eyes. But you were conscious of it as you are conscious of sunset while you look into the profundities of a wood at twilight.

"Are you sure you know me?" I asked.

"No," she said, smiling, "I was never sure of that."

"What would you think," I said, a little anxiously, "if I were to tell you that my name is Edward Pinkhammer, from Cornopolis, Kansas?"

"What would I think?" she repeated, with a merry glance. "Why, that you had not brought Mrs. Bellford to New York with you, of course. I do wish you had. I would have liked to see Marian." Her voice lowered slightly—"You haven't changed much, Elwyn."

I felt her wonderful eyes searching mine and my face more closely.

"Yes, you have," she amended, and there was a soft, exultant note in her latest tones; "I see it now. You haven't forgotten. You haven't forgotten for a year or a day or an hour. I told you you never could."

I poked my straw anxiously in the *creme de menthe*.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," I said, a little uneasy at her gaze. "But that is just the trouble. I have forgotten. I've forgotten everything."

She flouted my denial. She laughed deliciously at something she seemed to see in my face.

"I've heard of you at times," she went on. "You're quite a big lawyer out West—Denver, isn't it, or Los Angeles? Marian must be very proud of you. You knew, I suppose, that I married six months after you did. You may have seen it in the papers. The flowers alone cost two thousand dollars."

She had mentioned fifteen years. Fifteen years is a long time.

"Would it be too late," I asked, somewhat timorously, "to offer you congratulations?"

"Not if you dare do it," she answered, with such fine intrepidity that I was silent, and began to crease patterns on the cloth with my thumb nail.

"Tell me one thing," she said, leaning toward me rather eagerly—"a thing I have wanted to know for many years—just from a woman's curiosity, of course—have you ever dared since that night to touch, smell or look at white roses—at white roses wet with rain and dew?"

I took a sip of *creme de menthe*.

"It would be useless, I suppose," I said, with a sigh, "for me to repeat that I have no recollection at all about these things. My memory is completely at fault. I need not say how much I regret it."

The lady rested her arms upon the table, and again her eyes disdained my words and went traveling by their own route direct to my soul. She laughed softly, with a strange quality in the sound—it was a laugh of happiness—yes, and of content—and of misery. I tried to look away from her.

"You lie, Elwyn Bellford," she breathed, blissfully. "Oh, I know you lie!"

I gazed dully into the ferns.

"My name is Edward Pinkhammer," I said. "I came with the delegates to the Druggists' National Convention. There is a movement on foot for arranging a new position for the bottles of tartrate of antimony and tartrate of potash, in which, very likely, you would take little interest."

A shining landau stopped before the entrance. The lady rose. I took her hand, and bowed.

"I am deeply sorry," I said to her, "that I cannot remember. I could explain, but fear you would not understand. You will not concede Pinkhammer; and I really cannot at all conceive of the— the roses and other things."

"Good-by, Mr. Bellford," she said, with her happy, sorrowful smile, as she stepped into her carriage.

I attended the theatre that night. When I returned to my hotel, a quiet man in dark clothes, who seemed interested in rubbing his finger nails with a silk handkerchief, appeared, magically, at my side.

"Mr. Pinkhammer," he said, casually, giving the bulk of his attention to his forefinger, "may I request you to step aside with for a little conversation? There is a room here."

"Certainly," I answered.

He conducted me into a small, private parlor. A lady and a gentleman were

there. The lady, I surmised, would have been unusually good-looking had her features not been clouded by an expression of keen worry and fatigue. She was of a style of figure and possessed coloring and features that were agreeable to my fancy. She was in a traveling dress; she fixed upon me an earnest look of extreme anxiety, and pressed an unsteady hand to her bosom. I think she would have started forward, but the gentleman arrested her movement with an authoritative motion of his hand. He then came, himself, to meet me. He was a man of forty, a little gray about the temples, and with a strong, thoughtful face.

"Bellford, old man," he said, cordially, "I'm glad to see you again. Of course we know everything is all right. I warned you, you know, that you were overdoing it. Now, you'll go back with us, and be yourself again in no time."

I smiled ironically.

"I have been 'Bellforded' so often," I said, "that it has lost its edge. Still, in the end, it may grow wearisome. Would you be willing at all to entertain the hypothesis that my name is Edward Pinkhammer, and that I never saw you before in my life?"

Before the man could reply a wailing cry came from the woman. She sprang past his detaining arm. "Elwyn!" she sobbed, and cast herself upon me, and clung tight. "Elwyn," she cried again, "don't break my heart. I am your wife—call my name once—just once! I could see you dead rather than this way."

I unwound her arms respectfully, but firmly.

"Madam," I said, severely, "pardon me if I suggest that you accept a resemblance too precipitately. It is a pity," I went on, with an amused laugh, as the thought occurred to me, "that this Bellford and I could not be kept side by side upon the same shelf like tartrates of sodium and antimony for purposes of identification. In order to understand the allusion," I concluded airily, "it may be necessary for you to keep an eye on the proceedings of the Druggists' National Convention."

The lady turned to her companion, and grasped his arm.

"What is it, Doctor Volney? Oh, what is it?" she moaned.

He led her to the door.

"Go to your room for a while," I heard him say. "I will remain and talk with him. His mind? No, I think not—only a portion of the brain. Yes, I am sure he will recover. Go to your room and leave me with him."

The lady disappeared. The man in dark clothes also went outside, still manicuring himself in a thoughtful way. I think he waited in the hall.

"I would like to talk with you a while, Mr. Pinkhammer, if I may," said the gentleman who remained.

"Very well, if you care to," I replied, "and will excuse me if I take it comfortably; I am rather tired." I stretched myself upon a couch by a window and lit a cigar. He drew a chair nearby.

"Let us speak to the point," he said, soothingly. "Your name is not Pinkhammer."

"I know that as well as you do," I said, coolly. "But a man must have a name of some sort. I can assure you that I do not extravagantly admire the name of Pinkhammer. But when one christens one's self suddenly, the fine names do not seem to suggest themselves. But, suppose it had been Scheringhausen or Scroggins! I think I did very well with Pinkhammer."

"Your name," said the other man, seriously, "is Elwyn C. Bellford. You are one of the first lawyers in Denver. You are suffering from an attack of aphasia, which has caused you to forget your identity. The cause of it was over-application to your profession, and, perhaps, a life too bare of natural recreation and pleasures. The lady who has just left the room is your wife."

"She is what I would call a fine-looking woman," I said, after a judicial pause. "I particularly admire the shade of brown in her hair."

"She is a wife to be proud of. Since your disappearance, nearly two weeks ago, she has scarcely closed her eyes. We

learned that you were in New York through a telegram sent by Isidore Newman, a traveling man from Denver. He said that he had met you in a hotel here, and that you did not recognize him."

"I think I remember the occasion," I said. "The fellow called me 'Bellford,' if I am not mistaken. But don't you think it about time, now, for you to introduce yourself?"

"I am Robert Volney—Doctor Volney. I have been your close friend for twenty years, and your physician for fifteen. I came with Mrs. Bellford to trace you as soon as we got the telegram. Try, Elwyn, old man—try to remember!"

"What's the use to try?" I asked, with a little frown. "You say you are a physician. Is aphasia curable? When a man loses his memory does it return slowly, or suddenly?"

"Sometimes gradually and imperfectly; sometimes as suddenly as it went."

"Will you undertake the treatment of my case, Doctor Volney?" I asked.

"Old friend," said he, "I'll do everything in my power, and will have done everything that science can do to cure you."

"Very well," said I. "Then you will consider that I am your patient. Everything is in confidence now—professional confidence."

"Of course," said Doctor Volney.

I got up from the couch. Some one had set a vase of white roses on the centre table—a cluster of white roses, freshly sprinkled and fragrant. I threw them far out of the window, and then I laid myself upon the couch again.

"It will be best, Bobby," I said, "to have this cure happen suddenly. I'm rather tired of it all, anyway. You may go now and bring Marian in. But, oh, Doc," I said, with a sigh, as I kicked him on the shin—"good old Doc — it was glorious!"



Honorable 'Sam' Blake

By

G. H. Maitland

A KEEN-EYED old man with an inevitable silk hat goes daily up the steps of the Bank of Commerce Building, in Toronto. He is the Honorable Samuel Hume Blake, the outstanding layman of the Church of England in Canada, the oldest, and probably the best-known, of the great counsel of the Dominion, her most brilliant exponent of repartee, and one of the few men who have become known from coast to coast without entering either Parliament or Legislature. He is Blake the Crusader, the man with the most scorching tongue, but withal one of the most loving hearts, in all Canada.

All Canada knows his history and what he stands for; how he rose steadily and unsensationally from one thing to another until the country came to recognize him as one of its great men—great in himself, not for any affiliation with one political cause or another, nor for the deeds which commonly distinguish many men, but for a quality more rare—a certain worth in the man himself, his sanity and his deep sincerity.

Once, in a Synod meeting he had been flaying a clergyman who was what he called a "Jimmie Dumps of a man," a moaning, groaning individual who had neglected to take up some of the collections which the Synod had ordered. Leaving the church shortly afterwards, a prominent Anglican ventured to intimate to Mr. Blake that he had hit the fellow pretty hard. "Have I?" queried the culprit; and then, with a twinkle in his eye, "Do you know, my friend, I sometimes think I don't get credit for the things I do *not* say." That is a Blakeism, and perhaps a reasonable contention.

At any rate, Mr. Blake comes honestly by one of the most merciless tongues that ever denounced high finance, high church or higher critics. These are his three pet aversions. His father, the late Hon. W. H. Blake, has been described as the man whose speech set fire to the Parliament Buildings at Montreal, and the story throws such light upon the character of the son that it is worth recalling. Sir Allan MacNab had stigmatized the French-Canadians as rebels. Mr. Blake, who was a bitter opponent of the family compact, retorted that there was such a thing as rebellion against the constitution, as well as against the Crown, and intimated that Sir Allan was himself a rebel. In fact, he did more than intimate it. He asserted it, and refused to retract. His address was so stinging that MacNab was goaded to fury, and only the interference of the sergeant-at-arms prevented a personal encounter. Tradition has it that Sir Allan challenged his opponent to a duel; at any rate, the speech has gone down in history as one of the most scathing in the annals of Canada. When a gang of rioters set fire to the Parliament Buildings in 1849, there were those who attributed the act to the bitterness aroused by Mr. Blake's castigation.

There are two things about the early life of his son, Samuel, which are generally forgotten. One of these is the fact that he spent four weary years in the commercial establishment of Ross, Mitchell & Company, Toronto. The other is the circumstance of his having been a boy elocutionist. In the public school he was the wonder and object of emulation of his classmates in this respect; one of those prodigies, apparently, whose shrill declam-

ations are the pride of their teachers and the dread of the public. But he upset all precedents by growing to a maturity as promising as his boyhood. And then, for some unaccountable reason, he felt drawn towards mercantile life. It was like caging an eagle. He left commerce for the law, and in his new profession he became an immediate success.

There are but few families in which father and two sons bear the title of "Honorable," but the Blakes form an exception. The law partnership consisted of Edward and Samuel, the former now known the Empire over as the Hon. Edward Blake. Samuel, at the age of thirty-seven, was in receipt of an annual professional income of \$15,000, which was a larger sum then than now, and large enough even yet. And then, in 1872, he did an inexplicable thing, and accepted the Vice-Chancellorship of Ontario, at the hands of Sir John A. Macdonald, a political opponent, the salary attached being a mere \$5,000. His father had been Chancellor of Upper Canada, and the lure of chancellorships was apparently strong. But Mr. Blake probably took the position because of failing health. Relieved of his private practice, he gradually became his physical self again, retired from the bench in 1881, and now, at the age of seventy-five, is able to do a big day's work every day in his capacity of head of the firm of Blake, Lash, Anglin & Cassels. He is one of four living Ontario judges who have retired from the bench, his colleagues in this respect being Justice Mabee, who left the bench for the Railway Commission; Justice Osler, who retired from Court of Appeal, and Justice MacLennan, who retired from Supreme Court. It is from his Vice-Chancellorship that Mr. Blake derives his courtesy title of "Honorable."

But the Blake tongue and the Blake pen are far more interesting than the Blake history. Mr. Blake is widely known as a lawyer, but to the people of Canada he is first of all a crusader, and in his crusades he spares no opponent. He has the faculty for saying things that sting. He once referred to a certain stalwart, but hardly eminent, member of his profession by asking a friend to "think what the police force missed in that man." He it was who counselled an audience not to take editors too seriously. "They are only

fellows with a little more paper than you have." Casual acquaintances are at once struck with his vigorous and distinctive personality. President Taft, who met him at Murry Bay during one of the summers spent there, often enquires after him when he meets Toronto people.

It was at Murray Bay that there occurred an incident of which Mr. Blake has probably never been told. High church is his bete noir. He has not been noted for attacks upon the Roman Catholic Church, but he is an uncompromising fighter of what he calls the Rome within his own. He has written pamphlets that almost burned the fingers of their readers, so bitterly did they denounce certain Anglicans whom he accuses of un-Protestant teachings. At Murray Bay there was a little Protestant church, and Mr. Blake occasionally took the services. Three of the Blakes had cottages at the place, and a visitor who asked to be taken to Mr. S. H. Blake's residence had some difficulty in making the habitant driver understand. At last, however, a great light broke upon the native. "Bien!" he exclaimed, "Meester Blake qui chante la messe dans la chapelle." And if Mr. Blake had known that he was accused of conducting mass in the chapel, he would have glared the unfortunate habitant out of existence.

On his way from Murray Bay to Toronto, once, he figured in an amusing incident which has since become a classic. He was taking dinner in the railway restaurant at Montreal, and, being quite hungry, picked up the bill of fare with some satisfaction.

"A little soup, please," he said to the waitress.

The girl was gone some time, and returned rather shame-facedly. "I'm sorry," she said, "but the soup is all gone. What will you have?"

"A little fish, if you please," said the traveler.

There was more delay. At last the girl came back, looking more put out than ever. "I am sorry, but the fish is all gone, too," she explained.

Mr. Blake regarded her with mixed emotions. "Ah, I see, my dear," he said. "This card you gave me is a list of the things you have not got. Please bring me a list of the things you have."



HON. S. H. BLAKE, K.C.

His hatred for any custom which could be construed as un-Protestant recalls his celebrated comment upon a certain building in Toronto, which had been erected by a bank of which the directorate is largely Roman Catholic. "Fine architecture; pure Greek," said a friend. "Yes," assented Mr. Blake, "pure Greek without, and pure Roman within."

The man scintillates with such sayings. "At any gathering, the head of the table is where Blake is," was the description vouchsafed recently by an intimate. He sometimes interjects remarks at critical moments which will at once restore good humor. On the other hand, he is just as likely to say something that will make some other man of less ready tongue desirous of assassinating him. He has no patience with the slothful. "Ah!" he remarked significantly, when a chronic late-comer entered a committee meeting, "the last. Of course, someone always has to be last, but why should it always be the same one?" This is a question which many people have asked themselves without venturing to ask it of the offender.

On another occasion Mr. Blake listened rather impatiently to a speaker whose argument was logically a non-sequitur. "It reminds me," he declared at last, "of the fellow who was asked if he could speak French, and who said, No, but I have a cousin who plays the German flute."

Such witticisms as these have convulsed the Synod on many occasions. It was there that a wild Irish clergyman was attacking the diocesan mission fund. He wound up with what he considered a poser as well as a peroration. "Now, how are you going to cover the ground?" he asked. "Tell me, how are you going to cover the ground?" Mr. Blake looked at him solemnly over his spectacles. "Roll over it," he shouted, "roll over it," and the Synod could contain itself no longer.

With such men of little faith, Mr. Blake has not much patience, for he is himself a man who can do things and get things done. The General Board of Missions came into being largely by his effort some eight years ago. He is a giver of wonderful liberality. On that occasion he heartened up a rather dreary situation by subscribing a thousand dollars for the needs of Keewatin, and he has again and again taken the lead in similar cases. It is

indeed, impossible to estimate how much he gives to churches and to charity in the course of a year. He is continually sending subscriptions to needy causes without saying anything about it. He has practically made Wycliffe College, being its treasurer, and incidentally its champion, almost from its inception. He was one of the founders of the Y. M. C. A. in Toronto, and a large subscriber to its funds. His subscriptions carry others with them, for he masters the situation before he speaks, and he is able to give the best of reasons for his actions. A friend said of him that in a meeting he is generally the man most intimately acquainted with the subjects under discussion, with the exception, perhaps, of the secretary.

Those in the humbler walks of life could tell thousands of stories of his kindness. He always has a good word for the porter on the train, the bellboy in the hotel, the elevator man and the coachman. "They don't get much pleasure out of life," he remarked one day—as though such acts needed excusing—"and perhaps it will give them something to think about." At a summer resort, where he was staying, he chartered a launch for two days, and took out in it the very people who were apparently not having as good a time as others. And he is able to do all these things without the fatal air of appearing to patronize. His youthful buoyancy, and his wonderful spirit of enthusiasm, carry him through delicate situations with flying colors.

He has always been a strong advocate of the temperance cause, and this lends the more interest to two whiskey stories which he tells of the days he spent on circuit during his term on the bench. One is about a man in Goderich who was noted for his indulgence in intoxicants. He reeked of them. This character was talking with a crony from Kincardine, further up the lake, when the following dialogue took place:

Goderich Man—"Well, is there much excitement in Kincardine these days?"

Kincardine Man—"No; only when we open a barrel of whiskey, or when the wind blows from Goderich way—that's much the same, though!"

Another anecdote which has to do directly with Mr. Blake's experience on the bench concerns a certain gentleman who

acted as clerk of the court pro tem, the regular occupant of that office having fallen ill. The case being tried was one in which the plaintiff was having difficulty in recovering the price of certain work, because, as the defence alleged, he was drunk when he did it. His counsel, however, put forward the rather ingenious argument that he was not at his best until he had two or three drinks in him, and that he, therefore, did the work in his most efficient manner. A witness was put in the box to prove this, and when the acting clerk read out the transcript of his evidence, he had summed it all up neatly as follows:

"Mr. Blank, sworn, said that the plaintiff was never sober until he was drunk."

Mr. Blake—said nothing, orally.

Reference has already been made to the Hon. Samuel's evasion of political contests, but this does not imply that he has refrained from political controversy. He has spoken and written of things political in a way that has invariably drawn attention. His support of the Liberal cause on the platform has demonstrated his wonderful eloquence as a public speaker, and his defiance of party in 1905 had at least something to do with the defeat of the Ross Government. His letter to "My Dear Foy," now Attorney-General of Ontario, the missive wherein he denounced the practices of Ontario's Cabinet, it still quoted with delight. Quite as severe have been his arraignments, printed and spoken, of those who put a liberal interpretation on the Bible, for his theology is conservative in the extreme. For high finance he has nothing but disrespect. On one occasion he declared that Cobalt had resulted in so much lying, deceit, fraud, over-reaching ambition and in such a Pandora's box of miseries, that it would almost have been better if the place had never been discovered.

Among the objects of his earlier activities was a Sunday school class for teachers, which became celebrated the country over. For thirty years he was actively interested in this branch of work. He was in England once, as a delegate to

an international Sunday school convention, and arrived at the place of meeting without a badge. The door was guarded by a policeman.

"Where is your ticket?" asked the officer.

"I forgot it," said Mr. Blake.

"Well, I have instructions to see that no one without a ticket goes in," the constable explained.

"Then, turn the other way, my good man, and you won't see me," said Mr. Blake, and taking the officer gently, but firmly, by the shoulder, he wheeled him around and walked past.

As already noted, he is not imbued with a vast respect for editors, and reporters sometimes find him equally difficult. On one occasion he appeared quietly in a case which was exciting some attention, and a newspaperman ventured to enquire as to what client he represented.

"Say it again; I'm deaf this morning," suggested Mr. Blake.

The reporter said it.

"Say it again; I'm very deaf."

The question was repeated even more loudly than before.

"Say it again," urged the lawyer.

By this time people in the corridor were stopping to listen, but the reporter bawled it out once again.

"Oh," said Mr. Blake, as though realizing the import of the enquiry for the first time. "Well, I'm *dumb*, too."

But the great counsel, the last of the great counsels of his day, has a great heart. He is full of the most unexpected kindnesses. The newspapermen were caricaturing him during the case in question, and a fellow-lawyer passed him one of the drawings. An explosion was expected, but it did not come. Instead, came Mr. Blake himself, with a word of good-natured encouragement, and the advice to read the books of Cartoonist Furniss.

He is a curiously complex character; a man whose personality will always attract notice, and whose deeds and sayings are bound to have a real place in Canadian history.

For "West Is West" and So On

By

Augustus Bridle

A COUPLE of years ago in the city of Winnipeg—where one may learn the primer of most that is good, bad and indifferent in the Canadian West—there was a poor but honest man who was struggling to support a family on a mediocre salary without investing in real estate or going into speculation of any sort. He was a man of some intellect and a casual caustic wit. His employer was one of those vanishing old-timers to whom Winnipeg and any town that has been a fur post and is now a young yearning city, owes a big debt. He also professed to be a poor man who had been familiar with Portage Avenue when a lot at the corner of Portage and Main could have been purchased for a hundred dollars; said land, at this time of which we write, being worth about two thousand dollars a foot frontage. But the boss's chief regret was—not that he had not bought these lots at a hundred dollars apiece and sold them at two thousand a foot; but that Winnipeg was fast losing its ideals—not Winnipeg and the West alone but the whole God-forsaken country—since he had been a young man.

"Oh yes, Tom's a pretty good joker," remarked the young man when a visitor friend told him about these natural regrets of his employer. "He's about as good a sample of hypocrite as I know. As a matter of fact he's worth over a hundred thousand in land and *he* hasn't a real personal ideal in his whole make-up. He's just playing to the gallery. What's the matter with the place? Why, it's going ahead like a house afire; values are going up steadily; everybody agrees that the boom of '81 will never be repeated; people are pouring in——"

He waved his napkin sardonically.

"Say," returned the visitor friend, "you talk like a British journalist. You've got the average dope. But please don't inflict it on me as a form of wit. This town is real estate rotten. It's land crazy and wheat mad. I hate the —— place."

He was emphatic and spoke like a sincere man. He even affected to despise most of the people—more particularly those who seemed to be getting rich quick—and the average person in his opinion seemed to be heading in that direction as fast as possible. He had considerable sympathy, however, with the immigrants at the C. P. R. station and the labor unions, and the chaps that held mass meetings on the street corners; and he frequently delivered Sunday afternoon socialistic addresses. When he dined at the Royal Alexandria he had a notion that he was mixing with railway robbers and real estate thugs. He was the making of an anarchist.

"Well," said the host as they shook hands at the train pulling out on the new main line to Edmonton. "Maybe you'll see the real West one of these days. That may give you a different story."

The visitor knew something about the West—but not the modern West. He had lived in Edmonton for a year at the beginning of 'Canada's Century' when the fur-post was the beginning to yearn for a railroad. He had left the town on a trading scow and had seen the Saskatchewan valley when it was just as the trailsmen knew it in the days of the Red River cart, the pemmican bag and the coffee pot. But this time he arrived in Edmonton by train; and had to rub his eyes to make sure he hadn't descended at the wrong station. The whole place was two storeys higher than it had been seven

years before. Its population had been multiplied by ten. Real estate values had gone up by about a thousand per cent. Every fourth door on the main street was a real estate office; and the log shacks of the old-timers were harder to locate than a full-grown ideal in Winnipeg.

There was an amazing interest in the place. Its transformation from a half born little town fed by a cable ferry and one iron bridge, to a young city with four-storey buildings and land quoted at a thousand dollars a foot, was enough to have satisfied even the god of Progress. But more remarkable than the place itself was the change in the people. Of course in the West—and sometimes in the East—we are assured that population is the main thing and that people may be left to take care of themselves. And while it was quite evident that Edmonton, like its old rivals Calgary, Regina and Saskatoon, had made as much of a fetich of population as any of them. Still the character of the Edmonton people seemed to be of more interest to one who had known some of them at the begining of the new century.

Real estate had made most of the difference. In 1901 the men who were able to afford anything but plain little frame houses, half hidden among the poplars, might have been counted once on the fingers. It was so in Calgary and Regina and Brandon and Prince Albert—while in Saskatoon at that time there had been nobody of all its lonesome little four hundred people who had enough to spare for a railway ticket back East where in those days a good many of the western townspeople were hankering to go. But in 1908 the half hard-up and hopeful people of a few years before had become wealthy. Most of them had sold the old house when the price of land had jumped so that folk began to move out to the suburbs to leave room down town for the real estate offices. Men who had been struggling to pay store bills in 1901 were driving motor cars and living in miniature castles in 1908. They remembered the older Edmonton as a place where they seemed to have spent a few melancholy years of waiting and hanging on—and now, by heavens, they had come into their reward and they proposed to show that they knew a good thing by grabbing all the real estate they

could get their hands on at any reasonable figure, building houses to sell them again, hiring decorators from New York, buying big automobiles, getting their names into the social columns of the daily newspaper, making bridge parties and pink teas, dances and theatre parties and wearing top hats on Sundays.

In Calgary someone told him, he might observe the same symptoms, perhaps exaggerated. The once 'cow-town' has more automobiles, warehouses and thousand-dollar-foot lots than the formerly despised city of fur, and trappers. And as a matter of fact, in these two contrasted young cities of magnificent promise and potentiality may be traced most of the signs of the times, and the tendencies of things, in the Empire of Wheat which begins west of Kenora and ends far beyond the last mile of new steel. At once, I suppose, someone living in Regina will ask if that old capital is to be given the go-by when it comes to a study of the sociology of the West. Prince Albert will reckon that she was a focus of new westernism even before Edmonton; and Saskatoon may argue that any or all of these were old towns when Saskatoon was no further than the temperance colonization stage. But Calgary and Edmonton suffice. This article does not deal with the mere localisms which constitute the woof of western life. It is concerned rather with what the West used to be and what it is not now.

The visitor in Edmonton was entertained at the miniature castle of a citizen who—one of the earlier "new-timers"—had been rat poor in 1901. This citizen was enthusiastic—of course. He had hung on, and waited and wondered; and when the railway came he had sold his house and lot for twenty thousand and gone into real estate. He had a partner, a new arrival whom he had "wired up" there because he had money to invest. This man came strolling in; and he said to the visitor at once:

"Well, what do you think of our city? Isn't she a hummer?"

The once Edmontonian squirmed. He had been there precisely seventeen days.

"Yes, it's a very interesting city."

"Well you bet your boots she is! Say, we've got single tax and civic utilities, street-cars coming next year, more miles of asphalt pavement than——"

"Calgary, of course. Go on."

"Yes or Regina either. Besides we've got the finest gardens——"

"Uh—perhaps nature helped you there a trifle."

"Oh, of course; natural advantages. Sunny Alberta you know. We've got just as much chinook wind as we need to keep the frost belt under control and we've none of those sandstorms so common in——"

"Calgary, of course. Just so."

"Ah; I see. You're on. You'll be a booster for this town yet. We've got the livest board of trade and the finest prospects for navigation—not such good water as Calgary perhaps but still the very best—and above all things, sir, we've got the record for real estate. I can show you a lot on Jasper Avenue that was bought for fifty dollars twenty years ago, in the fur days. That lot to-day is worth *fifty—thousand—dollars!*"

He shouted it so loud that the echo came back from Strathcona, which he said would be part of Edmonton very soon.

So engrossed did he become that he scarcely saw the box of fifteen-cent cigars being handed round by his senior partner. He was pinching the knee of the ex-Edmontonian—and every pinch spelled, he thought a hundred dollars investment.

But the visitor seemed loggy.

"Yes, I daresay all you tell me is quite true. I lived in Edmonton myself for a year once."

"And you—chucked it?"

"For personal reasons—yes."

"When you could have got land for fifty dollars a foot?"

"But I wasn't buying land."

"Good heavens! You could have borrowed the money in the East."

"But why should I?"

The new-comer began to reckon that this man was crazy.

"I guess you were an incurable Easterner. I was"—he added comfortingly, "till I struck *this* town."

"On the contrary—I liked Edmonton in most respects much better than any town in Ontario. But it was the Edmonton of 1901. Edmonton then was much more interesting than the common place sort of community you're trying to tell me about after seventeen days living in it.

Why you haven't even seen a huskie dog; and I'm sure you wouldn't know a buckskin cayuse from a pinto."

The sharklette nipped him on the other knee.

"Say, what are you trying to get through you! This isn't a fur post. This is a *city*. Talk about Edmonton—being commonplace! Say you've got the wrong hunch, young man."

"One hears just such language in every new town he goes to in this country. It certainly isn't distinctive."

"But my dear sir——"

"I know. You've told me precisely all you know about the town you live in; just because you're talking not about what gives the place its real character as a Canadian city but because you're merely talking real estate—which is mainly the curse of the average western town."

The sharklette became acid.

"Yes, I've heard knockers like you before. By George, it's a wonder a town like this gets ahead at all with such people hanging back on the wheels. Nearly every old-timer you meet grouses just like that. The town was bigger to him *then* than it is *now*, when it's twenty times as big."

"Because it felt bigger. Isn't that after all the main thing?"

There was no possibility of agreement. Each was arguing from a different angle. Perhaps each was wrong. But the visitor who had once lived in Edmonton was remembering what had made the old fur-post before any but an old-timer, a half-breed or a red man ever saw it; just as he remembered what has made Calgary, the cow-town before it was invaded by the main line of the C. P. R. These things were only the day before yesterday to him. Progress had been not only busy but rampant on the prairie. It needed no Kipling to note that. Progress was always the most obvious thing. The West had been the victim of *progress* even while, in many of its essential phases, it has shown the world what some of the best characteristics of modern progress really are.

No such development ever came to the western towns of the United States which were mapped out before the age of telephones and trolleys and asphalt and municipal ownership. But the cradle of all

the progress made in the first ten years of 'Canada's century' was rocked by a small company of somewhat rude and rough men who got to their doorposts by means of the Red River cart on the Thousand Mile Trail. Twenty, thirty, and forty years these frontiersmen kept the old towns going when there was nothing to do but buy pelts and do "scratch" farming; or run a gold grizzly on the gravel beach at a dollar and a half a day; or cow-punching or running survey lines with now and then an odd job on a side line of railroad. These men saw the first attempts at colonization. They fought their own battles two thousand miles from home. Mainly from eastern Canada they came before there was any dream of an 'American invasion' or even of immigration from Europe. They were a tough and tireless—if somewhat bigoted—crew; and they had the whole lone land for their parish because they went in by the Thousand-mile trails from trading centre to outpost; and what law and civilization the West had these men gave to it sometimes in violence, mainly in hardship, but always in hope that the day would come when the West should open to the world.

So it opened. These men saw the inrush of peoples at ten times the rate they had dreamed. They saw more development in five years after the railroad struck town than in all the twenty-five years of their efforts before. Naturally they lost the pace. Some of them failed to keep step. They saw new-timers come along and get rolling rich in a few months while they still hung on to the business or the saw-mill or the town lots they happened to have. And they ranked mainly—as mediocrities.

Not altogether, of course. For some of these old-timers are among the wealthiest men in the West; and they know very well how glad they happen to be that the big turn came. But in any new city of the prairie that was once an old fur-post you may find the straggled band of old-timers gradually getting thin and thinner and almost obliterated; and you will find that in their crude way most of these men have the memory of some ideal—a little bigger than a thousand dollars a foot.

* * * * *

It so happened that the visitor—the man who had once been an Edmontonian,

was repatriated in the West. Business kept him there. His friends in the East received, at first, voluminous letters from him, slamming the West. But after awhile there was fewer letters. Such as came were briefer.

Then one day the man who had only gone West for a visit but who had stayed, wired a Toronto friend that he was coming East. They met at an hotel. The "Winnipegonian" ordered cocktails. He was rather garrulously dressed and his profanity was of the double-jointed, compound variety. He cursed the cocktails alleging that he could get far better at the "Royal Alec" in Winnipeg, which by the way, was the best hotel in Canada except possibly the Chateau Frontenac. When he had paid—insistently—for three he grabbed his Stetson hat and bolted for the street. He led his friend at a broncho-busting pace to the corner of King and Yonge, then jostling with the noon-day traffic.

"Good lord," he shouted. "Where are all the people in this town? Is this civic holiday?"

"Well, of course, this isn't Main Street, Winnipeg."

"I should say—it isn't, Say is there any place in this town worth dropping into! Hmm, Let's go and look at some of the automobiles—though I'll bet a broncho you haven't got a garage in the whole place as good as we've got in the "Peg." Great Scott, Why don't these people move? Do they think this is a funeral?"

All the Winnipeg man's desires to get back to the East except for a visit at 'fair time' or Christmas had vanished into thin air. He vowed to the once Edmontonian, that he was an out-and-out Westerner. Winnipeg to him now was the gate of Paradise. He was posted on the price of real estate—and he had got several chunks of it. Very first clean-up he made he would buy a ripping red automobile; next he would build a stunning big house out on the Assiniboine. He had discovered a quality of mind in the Westerners that would save Canada from becoming a nation of dull and diligent people. The wheat crop that year would beat all known records. Most of the crop liars lived in the East. As to the Canadian navy he had no convictions; didn't care if

there never was a navy or a dollar of contribution for a Dreadnought. He believed in railroads pure and simple, East and West, North and South, over the border, anywhere to get the Westerner's wheat out to the best market and get in manufactured goods as cheap as possible. No, he had no belief in the theory that Western farmers were cropping the land to death. There was more brains in Western farmers than ever there had been on the farms of Ontario. In fact there was no room for argument in his mind. He cared not a continental for what the old-timers had done for the West before railroads went in. He considered them all stick-in-the-muds and it would be a good thing when the last of them had shut up shop.

"And the reason you've turned right about front inside of a year is——?"

"Look here," admitted the man with the Western fever shrewdly lowering his note half an octave, "the whole reason is—if I don't get into the game just the same as the rest of them they'll walk clean over my collar. Into the game! You bet I am. Self preservation is the first law of life. Identity is the second. The only way a man can get recognition for his identity out West—is to do the things the rest of the people are doing, but do them harder."

"And that—is Western."

"Nope. It's just ego. There isn't any West. It—the West I used to know—is buried under real estate. No use kicking about it. Let's have another drink."



YOUR HAIR

I love it with the sunlight kissing it
 To warmth and gleaming in a thousand nooks,
 Or in the lamplight, touched to a shimmering smoothness,
 As you bend over our dear favorite books;
 Piled high in glistening curls with velvet bound,
 Like some old quaint, and lovely curious crown,
 Or touched by your white, magic-working fingers,
 In beauteous cataracts, softly falling down.

I know no haven like its silken sweetness,
 As we together, watch the fire's glow,
 It drapes my shoulder in its clinging glory,
 The warmth of it, how I have come to know!
 I hide me, and the years of hidden sorrow,
 Forget me, in the dreams that come and go!

—Amy E. Campbell.

The Rule of Right

By

Helen E. Williams

IF Hazelton Magill "worked" for the Armitage Bill (so said public opinion) the bill would go through. And early in February, about two weeks before the bill was to come up, word went round that Hazelton Magill was "working." It was a bad moment for those interested. Jimmy Meredith, who had toiled "like a nailer" for the past six weeks, left the caucus of the faithful in deepest dejection.

"It's not, you know," he wailed it out to Fraser Johnson with whom he found himself walking up St. James street in the deepening dusk of the short winter afternoon, "it's not as if he believed in it himself. We haven't even that consolation. Any way you look at it the bill hasn't a leg to stand on."

Fraser Johnson shrugged his shoulders. "Just what would appeal to a man like Magill. I suppose it is the lawyer in him. I suppose it is the stimulus, the incentive—call it what you like—of taking a foregone conclusion case, and swinging it round to his will. In a way, one can understand it."

"I can't!" fulminated Jimmy.

"You remember the Demers-Prescott case?"

"Oh, rather! But that was debatable. And there was no principle involved there. He took the weaker, and as many thought, the wrong side, and we had to admit that he was justified, ethically, by results. But this corporation business is not on the same street at all. It's up a back alley. And you'd think Magill would appreciate the difference."

"I suppose he reasons that the greater the odds, the greater the man to win out. And he will win out."

"Yes. Confound him! Unless—"

"You know some way to reach him?"

"I know—a person," said Jimmy slowly. "But it's no good," he added dismally

Fraser Johnson looked at him quickly, and as quickly looked away again. He thought he remembered hearing that Jimmy's cousin had once been engaged to the terrible Hazelton Magill, when he was only the brilliant Hazelton Magill. No one knew exactly why the affair was broken off, though the fact that Miss Meredith was known to disapprove of the view he took of the Demers-Prescott case naturally led to certain inferences.

"You know your own business best," he said, when they had walked some time in silence. "But as things are, if I knew a way to move him—any way . . ."

"I know," murmured Jimmy, "I know. We're at our last ditch."

That night he took a car out to his uncle's in the Sandy Hill. Before he had been there long he let the latter draw from him the condition of corporation affairs as they stood, their condition if nothing intervened to divert Hazelton Magill from his evil way. As he was about to take his leave, he crossed over to the low chair where his cousin had sat all evening with her sewing.

"Well, Victoria. What's the good word with you? Going to the Hewton-Lessing dinner Friday?"

"I hadn't thought. But no. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I was just wondering. Rather in your line, that was all. Well, I'm off." But he still lingered. "He will be there. Our arch foe."

"Mr. Magill?"

Jimmy nodded, laughing.

"Mr. Magill. The dangerous, the Mephistophelean Hazelton Magill."

"Is that the way people speak of him—like that?"

"It is the way they will, if he puts the Armitage Bill through. Well, *Au Revoir!* and think it over about the Hewton-Lessing dinner, eh?"

On the stairs Jimmy scowled fiercely at himself.

"Brute!"

The Hewton-Lessing dinner was a very brilliant affair. Those who were there, and, perhaps, even more, those who were *not* there, combined in making it very select. Hazelton Magill's presence might have seemed to call for an explanation had he not, as someone aptly remarked, *been* Hazelton Magill. That made all the difference. You really could not label *him*. He was a law unto himself. Though if the Armitage Bill passed—well, they should see what they should see. In the meantime, he was received in their midst. He did not seem in the least aware of any condescension on their part in this. He had, in fact, the temerity to be late. And when he did finally appear, it was as one quite unconscious of any lapse in the amenities. Only when led to his dinner partner there was, for the fraction of a second, the least shade of hesitation before he presented his crooked arm to Victoria Meredith with a perfunctory "May I have the pleasure?"

"Too bad," he observed, meeting her dark eyes with a smile, as they made their way out to the dining-room. "How did it happen? The last few years you have been fairly successful in evading me."

"Don't!" said Victoria, in a quick, low voice. "*Don't.*"

"You prefer to meet as strangers?" he retorted, observing her. "Well, we shouldn't find that so very difficult. We are farther apart than mere strangers could ever be. We should be able to play up to that with *éclat*. Where shall we begin? Now, don't tell me that it doesn't matter, for everything these days is matter."

For a little Victoria let him talk on. And at the proper time she laughed, and when he stopped she made some pertinent remark, at which *he* laughed, and said, "Have you noticed that, too?" or "You are of an analytical turn of mind

I perceive, Miss Meredith." Just as though she *were* a stranger—she who had to check herself from finishing his sentences!

The dinner proceeded. And ever the flashes of their repartee came at longer and longer intervals, till silence fell between them.

At last, feeling his eyes upon her, Victoria looked up, her own dark with pain.

"Oh, *Hazelton!*"

He said nothing. And after a little she went on rapidly: "You asked just now how it happened, our being put together like this. It didn't 'happen.' I asked Flora. More than anything in the world, I wanted to see you, to talk to you, to tell you. Oh, Hazelton—that bill!" Her voice broke over it.

"What about the bill?" grimly.

"It was exactly like you to champion a forlorn hope. But you, Hazelton, *you!* What does Swinburne say? 'Not for loss of heaven may we put away the rule of right.'"

"You care," he said. "I believe you care."

"Care!" But that doesn't count. Nothing counts but—Don't you see, you being *you*, you mustn't do this thing? It would be—why I can't tell you what it would be like. I haven't the words. But when I think of it, at home, with streets, and people, and distance, and—a misunderstanding between us, I feel—why, I feel—"

"And if I stuck out for it, as I did for that Demers-Prescott case?" he interrupted her.

"You were right, there," she reminded him. "It was *we* who were wrong. I—I realized that—afterward."

"Still—?" He kept her to it.

She straightened, and looked at him proudly.

"You *couldn't* do a consciously wrong thing. It is not possible. I will not believe it of you."

Again he interrupted her.

"You are right. It is *not* possible—now. For me the bill no longer exists. For me—"

He bent and whispered something in her ear. And Jimmy Meredith, chancing to look at them just then, grew radiant.

The Armitage Bill would not go through.



THE HARBOR OF FORT WILLIAM
All this has been made possible by dredging

Digging Ditches in Lake Superior

By

B. E. Howard

DEEP sea fishing with a few hundred fathoms of line seems a marvelous business to the old dredge-man. The end of the dock is far enough out to sea for him, when it comes to fishing, and yet deep sea digging—for what is Lake Superior but an inland seas—is much more wonderful, and to the dredge-man is quite commonplace. He can not see that there is anything remarkable in meddling with the foundations of a great body of water. The old fellow never shudders to see his own kin, with beams and cross-beams, pullies and chains, gouging into the heart of majestic old Lake Superior. We would think it little more than jus-

tice were the cold waters to eat up these puny beings and their complication of levers—to eat them up to the last hat and bolt, and with never a ripple to mark the hole they slipped into. But it possesses no wonder for the dredge-man, in fact, in his eyes, not half so much as the sight of a big fish, dragged out on the end of several hundred feet of line.

In the early days of these lake ports, navigation did very well with things as they were. Lake Superior, of her gracious self, floated the craft of men safely into the mouth of the Kaministiquia. Six feet was the depth of water over her sand-bar nose, and keels were dropped by the dar-



THE FLAGSHIP OF THE FLEET

Dipper capacity, three solid cubic yards—chewing up the bottom of a river. Calmness reflects in the water. Calmness hangs in the air; cattle cropping the tops of the clover are not more undisturbed.

ing ones to within a fly brush of the bottom. Six feet was the depth in Port Arthur too, called in those days Prince Arthur's Landing, and it was thought very remarkable that vessels could sidle in at the end of the long dock with a few hundred tons of freight from lower down the lakes. Was not that enough—that six feet of water? Indeed it has long since ceased to be enough. In the present day, Lake Superior might still be a lily pond if the harbor depth were left as it was in the old days. One half of the freight which in winter travels the rail route along the North shore could never in Summer be carried by way of the Great Lakes, were it not for these deepened harbors.

As the business between Eastern Canada and Western Canada grew, so "deep sea digging" had to be invoked. Lake Superior did not exactly rebel: she raised strong objections, the bottom of the bay proved to be very hard and the seas which the above lake bowled in, were of embarrassing proportions. But the work went on. The digging machines were made bigger, they were amplified in various ways, supplemented by a host of inventions, until now a modern dredge is a great and terrible automaton, fascinating in its dexterity and keeping the inland mind awed by its power. And the scows which used to carry away the dredgings have now a greater capacity than the very ships, which in the olden days made use



SUCTION DREDGE

A mechanical sucker; works on the bottom instead of the top and draws in everything, water, earth, and all else that will pass the mouth of the pipe.

of the harbor. The dredge-tender is no longer an ordinary scow. It is an immense affair. Half its space is occupied by air compartments and the dumpings from the dredge fall into the various pockets, which are fitted with trap bottoms, all working on a common mechanism. It is a marvelous thing to watch this cumbersome boat bob up in the water like a cork, when the bottom gates are dropped. When it is empty it floats so high that only a foot or so of muddy water remains to be pumped out after the trap bottoms are locked back in place. Some of these scows are made of steel—they are the pride of the fleet. Their capacity is rated at five hundred cubic yards—roughly a thousand tons of sand, clay, rock or wind-blown refuse. A small tug takes the load in tow—she could berth nicely aboard her helpless charge—and several miles away into Thunder Bay, uncomplaining Lake Superior takes back the soils of her coast-line, dumped upon her floor in little meaningless mounds. For every dredge there are two tenders and enough work to keep a tug busy all the time.

In season, which means the reach of the navigable year, dredging often goes on day and night. The machines are constantly scooping new trenches across the bottom of the Twin Harbors. Watch the big boats manoeuvre around the harbor at Port Arthur and you might imagine that they moved about at will. But in reality their course is very fixed. Each

keel is carefully held over a submerged ditch, which leads from the main channel to whichever dock the boat is to tie up to. The bottom of the harbor at Port Arthur is marked something in the shape of a hand spread out. The wrist is the main channel, coming in from the open lake. Inside the break-water the broad turning basin might be said to represent the palm, while the fingers and the thumb are channels running up and down the harbor and in to the docks.

As for the Fort William harbor. It was formerly merely a narrow shallow river, but it has now been dug out to a fair width and a considerable depth. The Kaministiquia River splits into three outlets at the mouth. The Mision Outlet and the McKellar Outlet are rather smaller than the main stream. The Mission River, as it is called, is being dug out for the Grand Trunk Pacific Harbor. There will be probably eight miles of docks when the work on this section is completed. The McKellar remains in its original state, narrow and comparatively shallow. The main stream harbors big ships for a distance of four miles and will probably continue to be the main harbor until the dredging in the Grand Trunk Pacific locality is completed.

Just how many yards of earth have been taken away to make these harbors probably might be discovered at Ottawa. It must run into the millions of cubic yards. Of course, not all of this has been removed at once. Harbors such as the



LOADED DOWN AND ON THE WAY TO THE LAKE

Twin Cities possess were not necessary twenty years ago, but the trade between Canada West and Canada East has continued to grow. More vessels are required to carry down the wheat in the Fall. Larger vessels are employed and as a result, there must be more dock room and deeper water. Big ships now bring in 10,000 tons of coal each and carry away 300,000 bushels of prairie wheat. Harbors are always on the edge of being inadequate, yet somehow traffic solves its own problems and with the aid of the dredges gets through the season.

Year by year the Dominion Government appropriates money for dredging harbors at the head of the lakes. The enormous plant of the Great Lakes Dredging Company has grown out of the business thus created. Just at present 400 men are at work, preparing the machinery for the Spring start. At Port Arthur the plant and outfit of the dredge concern sprawl over one-eighth of a mile of water front. To the little army of employees, digging off a layer of the earth's crust is no "problem", its a "job". When

a new elevator, Gargantua-like, raises its infant cry for "a slip", dredge No. 1, or dredge No. 12, is ordered to "Dig 'em out."

Larger canals lower down the lakes, more wheat growing in the West, bigger ships and increasing competition, keep the dredges of the Great Lakes busy. There is a romantic side to lake navigation, but not for the humble craft which prepare the harbors. The dredges seldom move out of the bay. They are rusty and always dirty, and still there is something fascinating in watching the great steel arm, with the bucket on the end of it, plunge into the water and pause. The waves roll over it. The cables, cranks and cogs operate mysteriously under the pressure of the sizzling steam "winch", and then up comes the steel arm again heavy with rock and clay, with muddy water spurting from half a dozen joins in the bucket. Finally, poised over the waiting dredge-tender, the cables creak, the sections of the bucket spread apart; and another load falls with a splash into the hold of the scow.

DELILAH

Something wanted doing,
I became aware,
I went into a barber's shop
And took a chair.

Came a little lady,
Smiling—debonair,
She seized a pair of Fateful shears,
And cut my hair.

Followed lots of lather.
Skillfully rubbed in,
With razor sharp as polished wit,
She smoothed my chin.

I thought of Samson, and
The Temple's pillar;
And how his flowing love-locks were
Trimmed by Delilah.

I hoped I'd not be led
Such weary dances;
But with my own Delilah—well,
I'll take chances.

G. T. B.

The Return of Rebecca

By

Minna Thomas Antrim

“IS this Beckie?”

“Father!” exclaimed the heavily-veiled passenger. That was all, save close-clasped hands.

At the sight of his daughter, Wanner had been too perturbed, just as Rebecca had been too amazed at his gaunt, elderly figure, to be demonstrative. Ignoring the staring loungers, she descended the snow-laden platform steps of a characteristic Ontario country station, to be tucked into an antiquated sleigh. That there was a new and royally adequate lap-robe, she noted. Nicholas, who was just convalescing from an attack of sciatica, finally climbed in, with evident discomfort, and they were off.

It was a rough day for a woman to be out. The snow was waist-deep in places. For sixteen hours it had been coming down steadily. The wind bit savagely, and talking was out of the question. The girl shivered beneath her costly furs. She was not cold, but dread of a future that seemed as bleak and devoid of promise as the sapless, snow-topped trees they were passing, assailed her. Almost furtively, father and daughter watched each other. Meanwhile, two miles away, Ellen Wanner waited, her eyes aglow. Life had nothing greater to give her than the supreme reward of her home-seeking child. The sound of sleigh-bells came nearer and nearer; in her heart joy belled in unison.

Locked in what was to her own room, freed at last from two pairs of adoring eyes, Rebecca Wanner threw himself upon the primly made bed and sobbed. The change in her life was so momentous, and she felt friendless, desolate, indeed; as strange toward those two devoted parents as toward any one she had elbowed upon

the city streets. She did not love that brown-faced little woman, that weather-beaten man. She feared she never would. She had been so sure that up from her heart would well a very fountain of tenderness toward her mother and her father. Nothing of the sort had happened. Had Nature then no undertow? Did this “call of the blood” mean nothing? Or was she one of those weaklings whose emotions could be stirred only by constant proximity. Shocked at her insensibility, she jumped up. She walked to the window, and looked out listlessly. So this was Waterloo, her native district. The view was one to have delighted a less self-centred eye than Rebecca’s. For miles beyond, upon every side of the Wanner homestead, but widely scattered, were many substantial-looking farm houses and barns. A church spire sharply pierced the west. What, she idly wondered, was the denomination? What were the religious beliefs of her parents? She turned from the window to look at her room. What a tomb! That the satin-smooth, curly maple bureau, with its curious brass trimmings, was worth its weight in gold; that the carvings upon the four-poster had been done by a master craftsman two centuries ago, she did not realize. Later, she valued them duly. For years she had been used to silken walls, to costly lace and cunningly placed mirrors; hence the bare room with its rag carpet, old prints, and small mirror over a square “stand,” seemed forlorn indeed.

As she rocked in the quaint chair beside the bed, vividly the past six months passed before her. She recalled her aunt’s varying moods; her fits of temper; her angling for titled introductions; her rudeness to all others in whom Rebecca had

manifested more than a tepid interest. More clearly than all else came back the memory of her aunt's contemptuous arraignment of Dr. Karl von Bülen, upon whose "impertinence" in asking permission to pay his addresses to her niece hung their final quarrel. He had not asked the girl to marry him—not in so many words. But well Rebecca knew how he felt towards her, and she reciprocated — how heartily, separation from him was teaching her. Of the girl's prospects as her aunt's heiress he knew little and thought less. Indeed, the aunt had not hesitated to tell him that if her niece married contrary to her wishes, the girl would get nothing. Rebecca lived again that terrible moment when, aboard-ship, the rich woman, stricken with paralysis, had made pathetic efforts to speak to the girl whom she was taking back to her parents as a "thankless proposition. Of her death within sight of Montreal harbor, Rebecca thought shrinkingly, for to die unloved, unmourned, because of a deliberately selfish existence, was too harrowing to dwell upon. It all seemed so remote, yet only one week had passed since the lonely funeral, and now, rendered by her aunt's alternate pettings and scoldings wholly unfit properly to focus her future, Rebecca sat weeping dolorously, while her parents were thanking God for her home-coming. For a long while she wept silently, then, "I *will* love them, I *will* be happy. Oh, I am wicked, wicked!" she sobbed aloud. A timid knock brought her to her feet. Hastily she mopped her eyes, and admitted her mother.

"You cry? What for you cry, my Beckie?"

"Beckie!" How strange the homely deriative sounded!

Anxiously two mother-eyes peered into her tear-stained face.

"What for you cry, eh?"

Rebecca walked over to the small mirror.

"My eyes do look red, don't they, Mother? You see, the wind was in our faces coming from the station," she hedged.

Mrs. Wanner was not deceived, but "Mother"—how the word thrilled her!

Ach, well! in the future her little girl—"little girl" to her mother, in spite of her splendid height — should have no

cause for tears. "Come now, we go eat," she said briskly.

As they sat down, the old clock in the hallway slowly struck the half-hour. Noon dinner to-day was half an hour late—the first time in many years.

"Our Beckie goes to sleep now," Mrs. Wanner whispered to "Father" an hour later.

How sweet it was to have their darling safely asleep at home, was in their thoughts. Upon Mrs. Wanner's face, however, a worried expression deepened as the hours passed.

The snow had drifted higher and higher. Night had come, yet the door of Beckie's bedroom remained closed.

"Is she unhappy at coming home? No, not that. Surely that could not, must not, be," the mother-heart protested. Creeping softly up the stairs once more, she "listened," then tiptoed down again. Beckie still slept.

When Nicholas Wanner "gave consent" that his wealthy sister should educate, and in a way adopt, his little daughter, he did so in a travail of soul few could have understood.

That Beckie might be fortunate in material possessions, he realized, but with brimming eyes, carefully wiped, he measured the endless years before she would return to the old home. She would come back some day, but how? Perhaps as contemptuous of their simple ways as was his haughty sister.

It was one of the conditions that if the child was to take advantage of her aunt's proposition, she was not to have her mind "disturbed" by visits to or from her parents. Upon this agreement depended the little one's future. Had not his wife's health been a matter of great concern, and his financial resources at a very low ebb, Nicholas Wanner would have sternly refused his sister's offer.

For days after his child's departure, the father feared that he was to be doubly bereft, but he forgot that Nature works her greatest miracles in silence.

A week after the child's going, Ellen Wanner came downstairs and took up her duties exactly where she had left off three months before. She had a two-fold incentive now. Her "man" surely needed her, and so some day would Beckie. Mean-

while, Nicholas and she had to work hard and save money.

During the third year after Rebecca's going, a big railroad decided that it would be expedient to build an extension. The meadow of Nicholas Wanner alone prevented its immediate beginning. Various sums were offered, but Nicholas warily shook his head, while Ellen uttered broken but emphatic negatives. As their good fortune willed it, the railroad people could not delay as long in their bargaining as they would have liked, hence those "stubborn Wanners" had to have their price.

So it came to pass that one golden October day became memorable because thereon Nicholas Wanner thrust into the middle of their checked "chaff bag" (upon which he and Ellen always slept) Beckie's fortune. Joy-dumb they lay that night, each giving wordless thanks that now their beloved child would not have to harry her soul and wear away her youth as had they. She would never have to "plague herself" in case Sarah failed her. Nicholas knew his erratic sister, and in her promises put little trust.

In fear, and literally trembling, they went into town and together placed Beckie's windfall in the bank, returning to renew their accustomed duties. For what was in the bank was but a beginning. Their ambition had grown overnight. Year after year they toiled and saved, denying themselves for Love's sake all save necessities.

It was a far more cheerful young beauty who came down to the early breakfast table the next morning. As she waited to be served—her mother insisted—she discovered that the combined living and dining room in which she sat was a picture. It's quaint assembling of old Dutch furniture, its sideboard and rush-bottom chairs, its curious old blue and pink Delft and Staffordshire and tall brass candlesticks, would have delighted much more critical eyes. Especially attractive was the row of primly set flower-pots radiant-ly abloom upon each wide window-sill.

"What a charming room!" she finally exclaimed. "It needs only the tulips to be perfect." Her mother smiled happily.

"But you don't eat, my Beckie; you must eat yourself done," she cautioned.

With this amazing phrase, Rebecca wrestled ingloriously, then, "Does my mother speak German?" she wondered. That tongue had come to her quite as naturally as English. Making a curious Dutch silver spoon her excuse, she asked her mother a question. With delighted surprise, Mrs. Wanner replied in flawless German. Then turning to her husband:

"Our Beckie she speaks German! Oh, so good that is!" she glowed. Whereupon she began to explain to Rebecca how impossible it had been for her to acquire "English" in her youth. Her father and mother had used pure German habitually; English as spoken by the surrounding folk her father had sternly prohibited.

"Was my grandfather born in Germany?" asked Rebecca.

"Your grandmother was from Holland, but your grandfather was an officer in the German army. I have his medals."

"But why did he come to America?"

The little brown woman's eyes filled slowly. Her father's wrongs had been hers always.

"He offended a greater man, and was exiled, his property taken. All that was left is—what you see," concluded Mrs. Wanner, alluding to what was in the house.

"But you met my father in this country?" She smilingly glanced toward her other parent.

"When we were little ones, yes." Another tender glance flew across to the man, who sat rapturously listening to his wife and the child for whom they had waited so long. Rebecca noticed it all, mentally lashing herself that she had so little to give in return.

"And so you were married and lived happily ever afterward?" she ended merrily.

A slow flush crept into two elderly faces. They had married and been very happy, but it was not their way to speak of it, even to each other; nevertheless, as "Mother" passed the second cup of coffee to "Father," their hands touched, and each knew that the old thrill survived.

From that time, Rebecca and her Mother spoke German, discarding the language in which Mrs. Wanner was so consciously at a disadvantage. As the weeks multiplied, the girl's heart grew lighter in spite of the fact that perhaps

never again would she see a laughing pair of eyes that had looked the question he dared not ask upon their last morning together in Carlsbad.

She was content, almost happy. How dear the little woman with the graying hair and old-fashioned ways had become to her, Reba, as she had been called by her aunt, had not quite realized, until one afternoon she happened in upon her mother when overcome by sleep. So softly she was breathing, that she seemed not to breathe at all. Her beautifully shaped but work-hardened hands were crossed peacefully upon an alarmingly still breast. With a throb of agony like unto nothing she had ever felt before, Rebecca knelt and peered into the quiet face. "Thank God, oh, thank God!" she murmured, the while laying her fresh young cheek against the clasped hands. "My blessed little Mother!" she whispered brokenly. "My poor tired little Mother!" Then, lest she wake the sleeper, she stole softly out of the room. It was hereafter to be her greatest joy to live for them, to adopt their ways. Many an evening was spent by the fireside in taking them over the route of her own travels. To see the Fatherland, her mother had often expressed a keen desire. The quiet man upon the other side of the huge fireplace said little, but he was beyond words content. His child had come home, his cup was full. The letter of repudiation that her aunt had threatened to write to Nicholas had never been written, nor had Reba yet heard that a modest fortune lay ready for her spending in a nearby bank. In this crisis of their lives, money meant little to those who literally had slaved for it.

Mrs. Von Schuyler's will had never been mentioned. Reba, however, often thought of it. Had she and her aunt not quarrelled, she would have millions, and so be able to make life a very easy thing for the two old souls, who were not "old" really, but so sadly workworn, and who had suffered privations, she feared, whilst upon her had been squandered so much money. Self-contempt stung her anew whenever she thought of their hardships.

One morning, about six weeks after her home-coming, a passing wagoner halted:

"Come out once, here's two letters," he bawled. Rebecca returned to the house

with a huge business-like envelope and a letter bearing a foreign post-mark. Quickly she tore open the letter, at the first words of which an exquisite pink covered her like a veil:

THE RITZ, FEBRUARY 2, 1907.

DEAREST ONE:

I am leaving my patients to a colleague and am coming to your big country. I must see you. I must hear if it is true that my love would be unwelcome. From your own lips it must come to make it seem true, for surely upon that last wonderful morning, I was not dreaming when I saw in you dear face the answer to a question that I did not then, in honor, dare to ask.

Enough! I sail next week in the Cedric. I shall find that farmhouse in Western Ontario whence your lamented aunt said you were to go direct. I shall seek her lawyers, then the consul, if need be, for find you, will I.

Until then, dear one,
auf Wiedersehen,

THY KARL.

Then the other letter demanded her attention. After reading it, for a few moments she sat amazed, speechless. Then—

"Mother," she said quietly, "Aunt Sarah has left me three million dollars."

For a tense moment. Ellen Wanner stared stupidly, then sank upon a chair limply.

"Beckie! Beckie!" she moaned. "You—won't—go—away?" Piteously her voice trailed to trembling silence.

"Never, little Mother!" Rebecca cried passionately. "Never will I go again, unless I take you and Daddy with me." The wistful face brightened.

"Thou art very happy, Dear one?" the mother asked.

In spite of the glory that had just come to her, before the beatific sacrificial glow in the elder woman's soft brown eyes, Rebecca stood humbly.

"Happy?" she breathed. "Oh, little Mother, I am the happiest girl in God's good world to-day!" Then, impelled by something stronger than self, she gathered the small woman with passionate tenderness to her exultant young breast.

Three Bungalows at Small Cost

By

Wilberforce Jenkins

Specially Designed for our Readers by Wilberforce Jenkins, a Bungalologist of Many Years' Experience.



I.

THE NEVERSHUT

THIS attractive little edifice can be built with two upright posts, either of hickory or chestnut-maple, a couple of post-holes, and a cross-beam, at a cost not exceeding ten thousand dollars. The materials are easily obtained in almost any section of the country, with the possible exception of the holes, which will have to be specially prepared and cannot be had ready made. Any quality of timber will suffice, but the holes must be new, and used while fresh. The finished construction is pleasing to the eye, is always cool, but not water-proof, being open both at the front and at the rear, and having no eaves to protect it. It will not need fire-places at any season of the year, for the reason that, owing to the simplicity of its construction, fires can be built in the middle of it without seriously endangering the woodwork, which, being limited in quantity, is correspondingly little exposed. The air in a Bungalow of this design is always fresh, no matter how much or what quality of tobacco the occupant may smoke, and, there being no kitchen, kitchen odors are entirely absent. It has no windows to rattle in storms, or doors to

bang or to be kept locked. Indeed, a burglar, even if he were tempted to enter it, would find himself out on the other side before he knew it, thanks to the peculiarities of its design. It has the additional advantage of not needing furniture, which is a great saving in the expense of maintenance, though a hammock swung between the posts would prove a desirable adjunct to its comforts. The fact that it is not water-proof makes it desirable that the tenants should have an umbrella always at hand during the rainy season, as well as a rubber blanket for use on showery nights. The plan has been drawn with an especial eye to the needs of those who wish to keep open house. Built of polished mahogany, rosewood, or ebony, the cost will of course be somewhat increased, but this is more than offset by the omission of shingles, clapboards, or wood of any kind on the front and rear elevations.



II.

THE BARN-DOOR LEAN-TO

This charming bit of renaissance work can be built exclusive of plumbing and ornamental rococo embellishments for less than eight thousand dollars, provided the construction is given careful super-

vision. It is made of two barn-doors, with tent pegs, four in number, to hold the sides A and B. A few nails or screws carefully inserted at the apex of the inverted V after the barn doors are leaned against each other will add to the stability of the completed structure, but are not necessary, except in localities where the wind is over sixty miles an hour in blow-power. This style of Bungalow can be made mosquito-proof at slight extra expense if portieres of green linsey-woolsey, or tarleton, are hung at the front and rear entrances, and kept screwed down so that they may not flap open on breezy nights; and care be also taken that there are no knot-holes in the materials of which it is constructed. Its breeziness depends much on the prevailing winds. Lateral winds will leave it warm within in autumn, while frontal or rearal breezes in summer will keep it cool during the heated season. At an extra cost of not more than five thousand dollars, it can be built upon a pivot so as to revolve and catch, or shut off, the prevailing breeze, according to the desires of the tenant. This cost may be materially reduced if the builder is able to find within convenient hauling distance a second-hand locomotive turn-table no longer needed by the railway management. If the barn-doors are not available for any reason, old-fashioned cellar-doors of the same size will do quite as well.



III.

THE DIOGENES PORTABLE

For a single man, the *Diogenes Portable* is one of the most convenient Bungalows made. It should not in any case run

above seven thousand five hundred dollars in cost, and should be bought ready-made rather than built. It is constructed of staves, hoops, and a single bung-hole, the latter to admit light and air, and also to be used as a speaking-tube when the occupant wishes to speak to anybody on the outside without going out. Having two ends, and being light and easy reversible, it can be used upside-down at night as a sleeping-room, and by day turned the other way as a breakfast table, a tom-tom or a seat; and when in transit provides a fairly-acceptable substitute for a trunk. If a cork is also provided, it can likewise be used as a bath-tub. These Bungalows come in a variety of sizes, from what is technically termed the nail-keg size up to the hoghead dimensions. For a large man, the last is by all means the preferable, but in a country infested with flies it is not desirable that it should have been previously used for sugar or molasses. Indeed, the flour-barrel bungalow gives the greatest degree of satisfaction. The nail-points on the inside should be carefully removed before occupancy, and before retiring for the night in it the tenant should see that it is firmly fixed on a flat base, lest it tip over and roll downhill with him. This style is called the *Diogenes Portable* because, while it is not a tub, it is an improvement thereon, and would doubtless have been used by the Philosopher in preference to the other had it been as immediately available. In its portability, adaptability to other uses, freedom from plumbing, and generally picturesque features, it sufficiently resembles the original Bungalow of the Sage to warrant the use of the title. It has the singular advantage that while the occupant is protected from wind and weather on all sides, it has only two sides to be kept in repair—the inside and the outside.



The Trail of '98

By

Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako."

BOOK IV

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He burned a hole in the frozen muck;
He scratched the icy mould;
And there in six-foot dirt he struck
A sack or so of gold.

He burned a hole in the Decalogue,
And then it came about—
For Fortune's only a lousy rogue—
His "pocket" petered out.

And lo! it was but a year all told,
When there in the shadow grim,
But six feet deep in the icy mould,
They burned a hole for him.

—"The Yukoner."

THE VORTEX

CHAPTER I

"**N**O, no, I'm all right. Really I am. Please leave me alone. You want me to laugh? Ha! Ha! There! Is that all right now?"

"No, it isn't all right. It's very far from all right, my boy; and this is where you and your little uncle here are going to have a real heart to heart talk."

It was in the big cabin on Gold Hill, and the Prodigal was addressing me. He went on:

"Now, look here, kid, when it comes to expressing my feelings, I'm in the kindergarten class; when it comes to handing out the high-toned dope I drop my cue every time; but when I'm needed to do the solid pardner stunt then you don't need to holler for me—I'm there. Well, I'm giving you a straight line of talk. Ever since

the start I've taken a strong notion to you. You've always been ace-high with me, and there never will come the day when you can't eat on my meal-ticket. We tackled the Trail of Trouble together. You were always wanting to lift the heavy end of the log, and when the God of Cussedness was doing his best to rasp a man down to his yellow streak, you showed up white all through. Say, kid, we've been in tight places together; we've been stacked up against hard times together: and now I'll be gol-darned if I'm going to stand by and see you go downhill, while the devil oils the bearings."

"Oh, I'm all right," I protested.

"Yes, you're all right," he echoed grimly. "In an impersonation of an 'all-right' man it's the hook for yours. I've seen 'all-right' men like you hitting the hurry trail for the boneyard before now. You're 'all-right'! Why, for the last two hours you've been sitting with that 'just-break-the-news-to-mother' expression of yours, and paying no more heed to my cheerful brand of conversation than if I had been a measly four-flusher. You don't eat more than a sick sparrow, and often you don't bat an eye all night. You're looking worse than the devil in a gale of wind. You've lost your grip, my boy. You don't care whether school keeps or not. In fact, if it wasn't for your folks, you'd as lief take a short cut across the Great Divide."

"You're going it a little strong, old man."

"Oh no, I'm not. You know you're sick of everything. Feel as if life's a sort of penitentiary, and you've just got to do time. You don't expect to get any more fun out of it. Look at me. Every day's my sunshine day. If the sky's blue I like it; if it's grey I like it just as well. I never worry. What's the use? Yesterday's a dead one; to-morrow's always to-morrow. All we've got's the 'now,' and it's up to us to live it for all we're worth. You can use up more human steam to the square inch in worrying than you can to the square yard in hard work. Eliminate worry and you've got the only system."

"It's all very well for you to preach," I said; "you forget I've been a pretty sick man."

"That's no nursemaid's dream. You almost cashed in. Typhoid's a serious proposition at the best; but when you take a crazy streak on top of it, make a midnight getaway from the sick-ward and land up on the Slide looking as if you'd been run through a threshing machine, well, you're sure letting death get a short option on you. And you gave up. You didn't want to fight. You shirked, but your youth and constitution fought for you. They healed your wounds, they soothed your ravings, they cooled your fever. They were a great team, and they pulled you through. Seems as if they'd pulled you through a knot-hole, but they were on to their job. And you weren't one bit grateful—seemed to think they had no business to butt in."

"My hurts are more than physical."

"Yes, I know; there was that girl. You seemed to have a notion that was the only girl on God's green brush-pile. As I camped there by your bedside listening to your ravings, and getting a strangle-hold on you when you took it into your head to get funny, you blabbed out the whole yarn. Oh, sonny, why didn't you tell your uncle? Why didn't you put me wise? I could have given you the right steer. Have you ever known me handle a job I couldn't make good at? I'm a whole matrimonial bureau rolled into one. I'd have had you prancing to the tune of the wedding march before now. But you kept mum as a mummy. Wouldn't even tell your old pard. Now you've lost her."

"Yes, I've lost her."

"Did you ever see her after you came out of the hospital?"

"Once, once, only. It was the first day. I was as thin as a rail, as white as the pillow from which I had just raised my head. Death's reprieve was written all over me. I dragged along wearily, leaning on a stick. I was thinking of her, thinking, thinking always. As I scanned the faces of the crowds that thronged the streets, I thought only of her face. Then suddenly she was before me. She looked like a ghost, poor little thing; and for a fluttering moment we stared at each other, she and I, two wan, weariful ghosts."

"Yes, what did she say?"

"Say! she said nothing. She just looked at me. Her face was cold as ice. She looked at me as if she wanted to *pity* me. Then into her eyes there came a shadow of bitterness, of bitterness and despair such as might gloom the eyes of a lost soul. It unnerved me. It seemed as if she was regarding me almost with horror, as if I were a sort of a leper. As I stood there, I thought she was going to faint. She seemed to sway a moment. Then she drew a great, gasping breath, and turning on her heel she was gone."

"She cut you?"

"Yes, cut me dead, old fellow. And my only thought was of love for her, eternal love. But I'll never forget the look on her face as she turned away. It was as if I had lashed her with a whip. My God!"

"And you've never seen her since?"

"No, never. That was enough, wasn't it? She didn't want to speak to me any more, never wanted to set eyes on me any more. I went back to the ward; then, in a little, I came on here. My body was living, but my heart was dead. It will never live again."

"Oh, rot! You mustn't let the thing down you like that. It's going to kill you in the end. Buck up! Be a man! If you don't care to live for yourself, live for others. Anyway, it's likely all for the best. Maybe love had you locoed. Maybe she wasn't really good. See now how she lives openly with Locasto. They call her the Madonna; they say she looks more like a virgin-martyr than the mistress of a dissolute man."

I rose and looked at him, conscious that my face was all twisted with the pain of the thought.

"Look here," I said, "never did God put the breath of life into a better girl. There's been foul play. I know that girl better than any one in the world, and if every living being were to tell me she wasn't good I would tell them they lied, they lied. I would burn at the stake upholding that girl."

"Then why did she turn you down so cruelly?"

"I don't know; I can't understand it. I know so little about women. I have not wavered a moment. To-day in my loneliness and heartbreak I care and hunger for her more than ever. She's always here, right here in my head, and no power can drive her out. Let them say of her what they will, I would marry her to-morrow. It's killing me. I've aged ten years in the last few months. Oh, if I only could forget."

He looked at me thoughtfully.

"I say, old man, do you ever hear from your old lady?"

"Every mail."

"You've often told me of your home. Say! just give us a mental frame-up of it."

"Glengyle? Yes. I can see the old place now, as plainly as a picture: the green, dimpling hills all speckled with sheep; the grey house nestling snugly in a grove of birch; the wild water of the burn leaping from black pool to pool, just mad with the joy of life; the midges dancing over the water in the still sunshine, and the trout jumping for them—oh it's the bonny, bonny place. You would think so, too. You would like it, tramping knee-deep in the heather, to see the moorcock rise whirring at your feet; you would like to set sail with the fisher folk after the silver herring. It would make you feel good to see the calm faces of the shepherds, the peace in the eyes of the women. Ay, that was the best of it all, the Rest of it, the calm of it. I was pretty happy in those days."

"You were happy—then why not go back? That's your proper play; go back to your Mother. She wants you. You're pretty well heeled now. A little money goes a long way over there. You can count on thirty thousand. You'll be comfort-

able; you'll devote yourself to the old lady; you'll be happy again. Time's a regular steam-roller when it comes to smoothing out the rough spots in the past. You'll forget it all, this place, this girl. It'll all seem like the after effects of a midnight Welsh rabbit. You've got mental indigestion. I hate to see you go. I'm really sorry to lose you; but it's your only salvation, so go, go!"

Never had I thought of it before Home! how sweet the word seemed. Mother! yes, Mother would comfort me as no one else could. She would understand. Mother and Garry! A sudden craving came over me to see them again. Maybe with them I could find relief from this awful agony of heart, this thing that I could scarce bear to think of, yet never ceased to think of. Home! that was the solution of it all. Ah me! I would go home.

"Yes," I said, "I can't go too soon; I'll start to-morrow."

So I rose and proceeded to gather together my few belongings. In the early morning I would start out. No use prolonging the business of my going. I would say good-bye to those two partners of mine, with a grip of the hand, a tear in the eye, a husky: "Take care of yourself." That would be all. Likely I would never see them again.

Jim came in and sat down quietly. The old man had been very silent of late. Putting on his spectacles, he took out his well-worn Bible and opened it. Back in Dawson there was a man whom he hated with the hate that only death can end, but for the peace of his soul he strove to conquer it. The hate slumbered, yet at times it stirred, and into the old man's eyes there came the tiger-look that had once made him a force and a fear. Woe betide his enemy if that tiger ever woke.

"I've been a-thinkin' out a scheme," said Jim suddenly, "an' I'm a-going to put all of that twenty-five thousand of mine back into the ground. You know us old miners are gamblers to the end. It's not the gold, but the gettin' of it. It's the excitement, the hope, the anticipation of one's luck that counts. We're fighters, an' we've just got to keep on fightin'. We can't quit. There's the ground, and there's the precious metals it's a-tryin' to hold back on us. It's up to us to get them

out. It's for the good of humanity. The miner an' the farmer rob no one. They just get down to that old ground an' coax it an' beat it an' bully it till it gives up. They're working for the good of humanity—the farmer an' the miner." The old man paused sententiously.

"Well, I can't quit this minin' business. I've just got to go on so long's I've got health and strength; an' I'm a-goin' to shove all I've got once more into the muck. I stand to make a big pile, or lose my wad."

"What's your scheme, Jim?"

"It's just this: I'm goin' to install a hydraulic plant on my Ophir Creek claim. I've got a great notion of that claim. It's with water. There's a little stream runs down the hill, an' the hill's steep right there. There's one hundred feet of fall, an' in Spring a mighty powerful bunch of water comes a-tumblin' down. Well, I'm goin' to dam it up above, bring it down a flume, hitch on a little giant, an' turn it loose to rip an' tear at that there ground. I'm goin' to begin a new era in Klondike minin'."

"Bully for you, Jim."

"The values are there in the ground, an' I'm sick of the old slow way of gettin' them out. This looks mighty good to me. Anyway, I'm a-goin' to give it a trial. It's just the start of things; you'll see others will follow suit. The individual miner's got to go; it's only a matter of time. Some day you'll see this whole country worked over by them big power dredges they've got down in Californy. You mark my words, boys; the old-fashioned miner's got to go."

"What are you goin' to do?"

"Well, I've written out for piping an' a monitor, an' next Spring I hope I'll have the plant in workin' order. The stuff's on the way now. Hullo! Come in!"

The visitors were Mervin and Hewson on their way to Dawson. These two men had been successful beyond their dreams. It was just like finding money, the way fortune had pushed it in front of their noses. They were offensively prosperous; they reeked of success.

In both of them a great change had taken place, a change only too typical of the gold-camp. They seemed to have thawed out; they were irrepressibly genial; yet instead of that restraint that had

formerly distinguished them, there was a grafted quality of weakness, of flaccidity, of surrender to the enervating vices of the town.

Mervin was remarkably thin. Dark hollows circled his eyes, and a curious nervousness twisted his mouth. He was "a terror for the women," they said. He lavished his money on them faster than he made it. He was vastly more companionable than formerly, but somehow you felt his virility, his fighting force had gone.

In Hewson the change was even more marked. Those iron muscles had couched themselves in easy flesh; his cheeks sagged; his eyes were bloodshot and untidy. Nevertheless he was more of a good fellow, talked rather vauntingly of his wealth, and affected a patronizing manner. He was worth probably two hundred thousand, and he drank a bottle of brandy a day.

In the case of these two men, as in the case of a thousand others in the gold-camp, it seemed as if easy, un hoped-for affluence was to prove their undoing. On the trail they had been supreme; in fen or forest, on peak or plain, they were men among men, fighting with nature savagely, exultantly. But when the fight was over their arms rested, their muscles relaxed, they yielded to sensuous pleasures. It seemed as if to them victory really meant defeat.

As I went on with my packing I paid but little heed to their talk. What mattered it to me now, this babble of dumps and dust, of claims and clean-ups? I was going to thrust it all behind me, blot it clean out of my memory, begin my life anew. It would be a larger, more luminous life. I would live for others. Home! Mother! again how exquisitely my heart glowed at the thought of them.

Then all at once I pricked up my ears. They were talking of the town, of the men and women who were making it famous (or rather infamous) when suddenly they spoke the name of Locasto.

"He's gone off," Mervin was saying; "gone off on a big stampede. He got pretty thick with some of the Peel River Indians, and found they knew of a ledge of high-grade, free-milling quartz somewhere out there in the Land Back of Beyond. He had a sample of it, and you

could just see the gold shining all through it. It was great stuff. Jack Locasto's the last man to turn down a chance like that. He's the worst gambler in the Northland, and no amount of wealth will ever satisfy him. So he's off with an Indian and one companion, that little Irish satellite of his, Pat Doogan. They have six months' grub. They'll be away all winter."

"What's become of that girl of his?" asked Hewson, "the last one he's been living with? You remember she came in on the boat with us. Poor little kid! Blast that man anyway. He's not content with women of his own kind, he's got to get his clutches on the best of them. That was a good little girl before he got after her. If she was a friend of mine I'd put a bullet in his ugly heart."

Hewson growled like a wrathful bear, but Mervin smiled his cynical smile.

"Oh, you mean the Madonna," he said; "why, she's gone on the dance-halls."

They continued to talk of other things, but I did not hear them any more. I was in a trance, and I only aroused when they rose to go.

"Better say good-bye to the kid here," said the Prodigal; "he's going to the old country to-morrow."

"No, I'm not," I answered sullenly; "I'm just going as far as Dawson."

He stared and expostulated, but my mind was made up. I would fight, fight to the last.

CHAPTER II.

Berna on the dance halls—words cannot convey all that this simple phrase meant to me. For two months I had been living in a dull apathy of pain, but this news galvanized me into immediate action.

For although there were many degrees of dance-hall depravity, at the best it meant a brand of ineffaceable shame. She had lived with Locasto, had been recognised as his mistress—that was bad enough; but the other—to be at the mercy of all, to be classed with the harpies that preyed on the Man with the Poke, the vampires of the gold-camp. Berna—Oh, it was unspeakable! The thought maddened me. The needle-point of suffering that for weeks had been boring into my brain seemed to have pierced its core at last.

When the Prodigal expostulated with me I laughed—a bitter, mirthless laugh.

"I'm going to Dawson," I said, "and if it was hell itself, I'd go there for that girl. I don't care what any one thinks. Home, society, honor itself, let them all go; they don't matter now. I was a fool to think I could ever give her up, a fool. Now I know that as long as there's life and strength in my body, I'll fight for her. Oh, I'm not the sentimentalist I was six months ago. I've lived since then. I can hold my own now. I can meet men on their own level. I can fight, I can win. I don't care any more, after what I've gone through. I don't set any particular value on my life. I'll throw it away as recklessly as the best of them. I'm going to have a fierce fight for that girl, and if I lose there'll be no more 'me' left to fight. Don't try to reason with me. Reason be damned! I'm going to Dawson, and a hundred men couldn't hold me."

"You seem to have some new stunts in your repertoire," he said, looking at me curiously; "you've got me guessing. Some times I think you're a candidate for the dippy-house; then again I think you're on to yourself. There's a grim set to your mouth and a hard look in your eyes that I didn't use to see. Maybe you can hold up your end. Well, anyway, if you will go I wish you good luck."

So, bidding good-bye to the big cabin, with my two partners looking ruefully after me, I struck off down the Bonanza. It was mid-October. A bitter wind chilled me to the marrow. Once more the land lay stark beneath its coverlet of snow, and the sky was wan and ominous. I traveled fast, for a painful anxiety gripped me, so that I scarce took notice of the improved trail, of the increased activity, of the heaps of tailings built up with brush till they looked like walls of a fortification. All I thought of was Dawson and Berna.

How curious it was, this strange new strength, this indifference to self, to physical suffering, to danger, to public opinion! I thought only of the girl. I would make her marry me. I cared nothing for what had happened to her. I might be a pariah, an outcast for the rest of my days; at least I would save her, shield her, cherish her. The thought uplifted me, exalted me. I had suffered be-

yond expression. I had rearranged my set of ideas; my concept of life, of human nature had broadened and deepened. What did it matter if physically they had wronged her? Was not the pure, virgin soul of her beyond their reach?

I was just in time to see the last boat go out. Already the river was "throwing ice," and every day the jagged edges of it crept further towards mid-stream. An immense and melancholy mob stood on the wharf as the little steamer backed off into the channel. There were uproarious souls on board, and many women of the town screaming farewells to their friends. On the boat all was excited, extravagant joy; on the wharf, a sorry attempt at resignation.

The last boat! they watched her as her stern paddle churned the freezing water; they watched her forge her slow way through the ever-thickening ice-flakes; they watched her in the far distance battling with the Klondike current; then, sad and despondent, they turned away to their lonely cabins. Never had their exile seemed so bitter. A few more days and the river would close tight as a drum. The long, long night would fall on them, and for nigh on eight weary months they would be cut off from the outside world.

Yet soon, very soon, a mood of reconciliation would set in. They would begin to make the best of things. To feed that great Octopus, the town, the miners would flock in from the creeks with treasure hoarded up in baking-powder tins; the dance-halls and gambling-places would absorb them; the gaiety would go on full swing, and there would seem but little change in the glittering abandon of the gold-camp. As I paced its sidewalks once more I marvelled at its growth. New streets had been made; the stores boasted expensive fittings and gloried in costly goods; in the bar-rooms were splendid mirrors and ornate wood work; the restaurants offered European delicacies; all was on a new scale of extravagance, of garish display, of insolent wealth.

Everywhere the man with the fat "poke" was in evidence. He came into town unshorn, wild-looking, often raggedly clad, yet always with the same wistful hunger in his eyes. You saw that look, and it took you back to the dark and dirt and drudgery of the claim, the mirthless

months of toil, the crude cabin with its sugar barrel of ice behind the door, its grease light dimly burning, its rancid smell of stale food. You saw him lying smoking his strong pipe, looking at that can of nuggets on the rough shelf, and dreaming of what it would mean to him—out there where the lights glittered and the gramophones blared. Surely, if patience, endurance, if grim, unswerving purpose, if sullen, desperate toil deserved a reward, this man had a peckful of pleasure for his due.

And always, that hungry, wistful look. The women with the painted cheeks knew that look; the black-jack boosters knew it; the barkeeper with his knock-out drops knew it. They waited for him; he was their "meat."

Yet in a few days your wild and woolly man is transformed, and no longer does your sympathy go out towards him. Shaven and shorn, clad in silken underwear, with patent leather shoes, and a suit in New York style, you absolutely fail to recognize him as your friend of the moccasins and mackinaw coat. He is smoking a dollar Larango, he has half a dozen whiskies "under his belt," and later on he has a "date" with a lady singer of the Pavilion Theatre. He is having a "whale" of a good time, he tells you; you wonder how long he will last.

Not for long. Sharp and short and sweet it is. He is brought up with a jerk, and the Dago Queen, for whom he has bought so much wine at twenty dollars a bottle, has no recognition for him in her flashing eyes. He has been "taken down the line," "trimmed to a finish" by an artist in the business. Ruefully he turns his poke inside out—not a "color." He cannot even command the price of a penitential three-fingers of rye. Such is one of the commonest phases of life in the gold-camp.

As I strolled the streets I saw many a familiar face. Mosher I saw. He had grown very fat, and was talking to a diminutive woman with heavy blond hair (she must have weighed about ninety-five pounds, I think.) They went off together.

A knife-edged wind was sweeping down from the north, and men in bulging coon-skin coats filled up the sidewalks. At the Aurora corner I came across the Jam-

wagon. He was wearing a jacket of summer flannels, and, as if to suggest extra warmth, he had turned up its narrow collar. In his trembling fingers he held an emaciated cigarette, which he inhaled avidly. He looked wretched, pinched with hunger, peaked with cold, but he straightened up when he saw me into a semblance of well-being. Then, in a little, he sagged forward, and his eyes went dull and abject. It was a business of the utmost delicacy to induce him to accept a small loan. I knew it would only plunge him more deeply into the mire; but I could not bear to see him suffer.

I went into the Parisian Restaurant. It was more glittering, more raffish, more clamant of the tenderloin than ever. There were men waiters in the conventional garb of waiters, and there was Madam, harder looking and more vulturish. You wondered if such a woman could have a soul, and what was the end and aim of her being. There she sat, a creature of rapacity and sordid lust. I marched up to her and asked abruptly:

"Where's Berna?"

She gave a violent start. There was a quality of fear in her bold eyes. Then she laughed, a hard, jarring laugh.

"In the T'voli," she said.

Strange again! Now that the worst had come to pass, and I had suffered all that it was in my power to suffer, this new sense of strength and mastery had come to me. It seemed as if some of the iron spirit of the land had gotten into my blood, a grim, insolent spirit that made me fearless; at times a cold cynical spirit, a spirit of rebellion, of anarchy, or aggression. The greatest evil had befallen me. Life could do no more to harm me. I had everything to gain and nothing to lose. I cared for no man. I despised them, and, to back me in my bitterness, I had twenty-five thousand dollars in the bank.

I was still weak from my illness and my long mush had wearied me, so I went into a saloon and called for drinks. I felt the raw whisky burn my throat. I tingled from head to foot with a strange, pleasing warmth. Suddenly the bar, with its protecting rod of brass, seemed to me a very desirable place, bright, warm suggestive of comfort and good-fellowship. How agreeably every one was smiling! Indeed, some were laughing for sheer joy.

A big, merry-hearted miner called for another round, and I joined in.

Where was that bitter feeling now? Where that morbid pain at my heart? As I drank it all seemed to pass away. Magical change! What a fool I was! What was there to make such a fuss about? Take life easy. Laugh alike at the good and bad of it. It was all a farce anyway. What would it matter a hundred years from now? Why were we put into this world to be tortured? I, for one, would protest. I would writhe no more in the strait-jacket of existence. Here was escape, heartsease, happiness—here in this bottled impishness. Again I drank.

What a rotten world it all was! But I had no hand in the making of it, and it wasn't my task to improve it. I was going to get the best I could out of it. Eat, drink, and be merry, that was the last word of philosophy. Others seemed to be able to extract all kinds of happiness from things as they are, so why not I? In any case, here was the solution of my troubles. Better to die happily drunk than miserably sober. I was not drinking from weakness. Oh no! I was drinking with deliberate intent to kill pain.

How wonderfully strong I felt! I smashed my clenched fist against the bar. My knuckles were bruised and bleeding, but I felt no pain. I was so light of foot, I imagined I could jump over the counter. I ached to fight some one. Then all at once came the thought of Berna. It came with tragical suddenness, with poignant force. Intensely it smote me as never before. I could have burst into maudlin tears.

"What's the matter, Slim?" asked a mouldy manikin, affectionately hanging on to my arm.

Disgustedly I looked at him.

"Take your filthy paws off me," I said.

His jaw dropped and he stared at me. Then, before he could draw on his fund of profanity, I burst through the throng and made for the door.

I was drunk, deplorably drunk, and I was bound for the Tivoli.

CHAPTER III

I wish it to be understood that I make no excuses for myself at this particular stage of my chronicle. I am only conscious of a desire to tell the truth. Many

of the stronger-minded will no doubt condemn me; many of those inclined to a rigid system of morality will be disgusted with me; but, however it may be, I will write plainly and without reserve.

When I reeled out of the Grubstake Saloon I was in a peculiar state of exaltation. No longer was I conscious of the rasping cold, and it seemed to me I could have couched me in the deep snow as cosily as in a bed of down. Surpassingly brilliant were the lights. They seemed to convey to me a portentous wink. They twinkled with jovial cheer. What a desirable place the world was, after all!

With an ebullient sense of eloquence, of extravagant oratory, I longed for a sympathetic ear. An altruistic emotion pervaded me. Who would suspect, thought I, as I walked a little too circumspectly amid the throng, that my heart was aglow, that I was tensing my muscles in the pride of their fitness, that my brain was a bewildering kaleidoscope of thoughts and images?

Gramophones were braying in every conceivable key. Brazen women were leering at me. Pot-bellied men regarded me furtively. Alluringly the gambling-dens and dancing-dives invited me. The town was a giant spider drawing in its prey, and I was the prey, it seemed. Others there were in plenty, men with the eager, wistful eyes; but who was there so eager and wistful as I? And I didn't care any more. Strike up the music! On with the dance! Only one life have we to live. Ah! there was the Tivoli.

To the right as I entered was a palatial bar set off with burnished brass, bevelled mirrors and glittering, vari-colored pyramids of costly liqueurs. Up to the bar men were belying, and the bartenders in white jackets were mixing drinks with masterly dexterity. It was a motley crowd. There were men in broadcloth and fine linen, men in blue shirts and mud-stiffened overalls, grey-bearded elders and beardless boys. It was a noisy crowd laughing, brawling, shouting, singing. Here was the foam of life, with never a hint of the muddy sediment underneath.

To the left I had a view of the gambling-room, a glimpse of green tables, of spinning balls, of cool men, with shades over their eyes, impassively dealing. There were huge wheels of fortune, keno

tables, crap outfits, faro layouts, and above all, the dainty, fascinating roulette. Everything was in full swing. Miners with flushed faces and a wild excitement in their eyes, were plunging recklessly; others, calm, alert, anxious, were playing cautiously. Here and there were the fevered faces of women. Gold coins were stacked on the tables, while a man with a pair of scales was weighing dust from the tendered pokes.

In front of me was a double swing-door painted in white and gold, and, pushing through this, for the first time I found myself in a Dawson dance-hall.

I remember being struck by the gorgeousness of it, its glitter and its glow. Who would have expected, up in this bleak-visaged North, to find such a fairy-land of a place? It was painted in white and gold, and set off by clusters of bunch-ed lights. There was much elaborate scroll-work and ornate decoration. Down each side, raised about ten feet from the floor, and supported on gilt pillars, were little private boxes hung with curtains of heliotrope silk. At the further end of the hall was a stage, and here a vaudeville performance was going on.

I sat down on a seat at the very back of the audience. Before me were row after row of heads, mostly rough, rugged and unwashed. Their faces were eager, rapt as those of children. They were enjoying, with the deep satisfaction of men who for many a weary month had been breathing the free, unbranded air of the Wild. The sensuous odor of patchouli was strangely pleasant to them; the sight of a woman was thrillingly sweet; the sound of a song was ravishing. Looking at many of those toil-grooved faces one could see that there was no harm in their hearts. They were honest, uncouth, simple; they were just like children, the children of the Wild.

A woman of generous physique was singing in a shrill, nasal voice a pathetic ballad. She sang without expression, bringing her hands with monotonous gestures, alternately to her breast. Her squat, matronly figure, beef from the heels up; looked singularly absurd in her short skirt. Her face was excessively over-painted, her mouth good-naturedly large, and her eyes out of their slit-like lids leered at the audience.

"Ain't she great?" said a tall beano-pole of a man on my right, as she finished off with a round of applause. "There's some class to her work."

He looked at me in a confidential way, and his pale-blue eyes were full of rapturous appreciation. Then he did something that surprised me. He tugged open his poke and, dipping into it, he produced a big nugget. Twisting this in a scrap of paper, he rose up, long, lean and awkward, and with careful aim he threw it on the stage.

"Here ye are, Lulu," he piped in his shrill voice. The woman, turning in her exit, picked up the offering, gave her admirer a wide, gold-toothed smile, and threw him an emphatic kiss. As the man sat down I could see his mouth twisting with excitement, and his watery blue eyes snapped with pleasure.

"By heck," he said, "she's great, ain't she? Many's the bottle of wine I've opened for that there girl. Guess she'll be glad when she hears old Henry's in town again. Henry's my name, Hardpan Henry they call me, an' I've got a claim on Hunker. Many's the wallopin' poke have I toted into town an' blowed in on that there girl. An' I just guess this one'll go the same gait. Well, says I, what's the odds? I'm havin' a good time for my money. When it's gone there's lots more in the ground. It ain't got no legs. It can't run away."

He chuckled and hefted his poke in a horny hand. There was a flutter of the heliotrope curtains, and the face of Lulu, peeping over the plush edge of a box, smiled bewitchingly upon him. With another delighted chuckle the old man went to join her.

"Darned old fool," said a young man on my left. He looked as if his veins were chuckful of health; his skin was as clear as a girl's, his eye honest and fearless. He was dressed in mackinaw, and wore a fur cap with drooping ear-flaps.

"He's the greatest mark in the country," the Youth went on. "He's got no more brains than God gave geese. All the girls are on to him. Before he can turn round that old bat up there will have him trimmed to a finish. He'll be doing flip-flaps, and singing 'Way Down on the Suwanne. River' standing on his head. Then the girl will pry him loose from his poke, and to-morrow he'll start off up the

creek, teetering and swearing he's had a dooce of a good time. He's the easiest thing on earth."

The youth paused to look on a new singer. She was a soubrette, trim, dainty and confident. She wore a blond wig, and her eyes in their pits of black were alluringly bright. Paint was lavished on her face in violent dabs of rose and white, and the inevitable gold teeth gleamed in her smile. She wore a black dress trimmed with sequins, stockings of black, a black velvet band around her slim neck. She was greeted with much applause, and she began to sing in a fairly sweet voice.

"That's Nellie Lestrangle," said the youth. "She's a great rustler — Touch-the-button-Nell, they call her. They say that when she gets a jay into a box, it's all day with him. She's such a nifty wine-winner the end of her thumb's caloused pressing the button for fresh bottles."

Touch-the-button Nell was singing a comic ditty of a convivial order. She put into it much vivacity, appealing to the audience to join in the chorus with a pleading, "Now all together, boys." She had tripping steps and dainty kicks that went well with the melody. When she went off half a dozen men rose in their places, and aimed nuggets at her. She captured them, then, with a final saucy flounce of her skirt, made her smiling exit.

"By Gosh!" said the youth, "I wonder these fellows haven't got more savvy. You wouldn't catch *me* chucking away an ounce on one of those fairies. No, sir! Nothing doing! I've got a five-thousand-dollar poke in the bank, and to-morrow I'll be on my way outside with a draft for every cent of it. A certain little farm 'way back in Vermont looks pretty good to me, and a little girl that don't know the use of face powder, bless her. She's waiting for me."

The excitement of the liquor had died away in me, and what with the heat and smoke of the place, I was becoming very drowsy. I was almost dozing off to sleep when some one touched me on the arm. It was a negro waiter I had seen dodging in and out of the boxes, and known as the Black Prince.

"Dey's a lady up'n de box wants to speak with yuh, sah," he said politely.

"Who is it?" I asked in surprise.

"Miss Labelle, sah, Miss Birdie Labelle."

I started. Who in the Klondike had not heard of Birdie Labelle, the eldest of the three sisters, who married Stillwater Willie? A thought flashed through me that she could tell me something of Berna.

"All right," I said; "I'll come."

I followed him upstairs, and in a moment I was ushered into the presence of the famous soubrette.

"Hullo, kid!" she exclaimed, "sit down. I saw you in the audience and kind-a took a notion to your face. How d'ye do?"

She extended a heavily bejewelled hand. She was plump, pleasant-looking, with a piquant smile and flaxen hair. I ordered the waiter to bring her a bottle of wine.

"I've heard a lot about you," I said tentatively.

"Yes, I guess so," she answered. "Most folks have up here. It's a sort of reflected glory. I guess if it hadn't been for Bill I'd never have got into the lime-light at all."

She sipped her champagne thoughtfully.

"I came in here in '97, and it was then I met Bill. He was there with the coin all right. We got hitched up pretty quick but he was such a mut I soon got sick of him. Then I got skating round with another guy. Well, an egg famine came along. There was only nine hundred samples of hen fruit in town, and one store had a corner on them. I went down to buy some. Lord! how I wanted them eggs. I kept thinking how I'd have them done, shipwrecked, two on a raft or sunny side up, when who should come along but Bill. He sees what I want, and quick as a flash what does he do but buy up the whole bunch at a dollar a-piece! 'Now,' says he to me, 'if you want eggs for breakfast just come home where you belong.'"

"Well, say, I was just dying for them eggs, so I comes to my milk like a lady. I goes home with Bill."

She shook her head sadly, and once more I filled up her glass.

She prattled on with many a gracious smile, and I ordered another bottle of

wine. In the next box I could hear the squeaky laugh of Hard-pan Henry, and the teasing tones of his inanorata. The visits of the Black Prince to this box with fresh bottles had been fast and furious, and at last I heard the woman cry in a querulous voice: "Say, that black man coming in so often gives me a pain. Why don't you order a case?"

Then the man broke in with his senile laugh:

"All right, Lulu, whatever you say goes. Say, Prince, tote along a case, will you?"

Surely, thought I, there's no fool like an old fool.

A little girl was singing, a little, winsome girl with a sweet childish voice, and an innocent face. How terribly out of place she looked in that palace of sin. She sang a simple, old-world song, full of homely pathos and gentle feeling. As she sang she looked down on those furrowed faces, and I saw that many eyes were dimmed with tears. The rough men listened in rapt silence as the childish treble rang out:

"Darling, I am growing old;
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day;
Life is fading fast away."

Then from behind the scenes a pure alto joined in and the two voices, blending in exquisite harmony, went on:

"But, my darling, you will be,
will be,

Always young and fair to me.

"Yes, my darling, you will be

"Always young and fair to me."

As the last echo died away the audience rose as one man, and a shower of nuggets pelted on the stage. Here was something that touched their hearts, stirred in them strange memories of tenderness, brought before them half-forgotten scenes of fireside happiness.

"It's a shame to let that kid work in the halls," said Miss Labelle. There were tears in her eyes, too, and she hurriedly blinked them away.

Then the curtain fell. Men were clearing the floor for the dance, so, bidding the lady adieu, I went downstairs.

(To be Continued.)



"BETWEEN THE HIGH AND THE LOW-TIDE DRIVEWAYS — A LINE OF REFUSE."

The Women of The Magdalens

By

W. Lacey Amy

MANLIKE I concluded that I thoroughly understood the women of those lonely islands in the centre of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, right after my first experience with one of them. I had promised a frankly-requesting Frenchman to take a picture of his new house, with his wife and family in front of it, in order that he might be able to show his wandering brother on the mainland that things were prospering with him. It was, of course, no surprise to me that the wife should not be ready when I called; so that, after I had arranged the husband and one child with all the solemnity of a gallery effort, I waited patiently for the woman to appear. Finally I asked for her.

"She's not coming," he replied in his broken English.

"That's too bad," I answered indefinitely.

"She hasn't her best dress on."

"Oh, I'll wait for her," I offered, stooping down to pick the wild strawberries,

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just then ripe, a month after they had disappeared from Ontario tables.

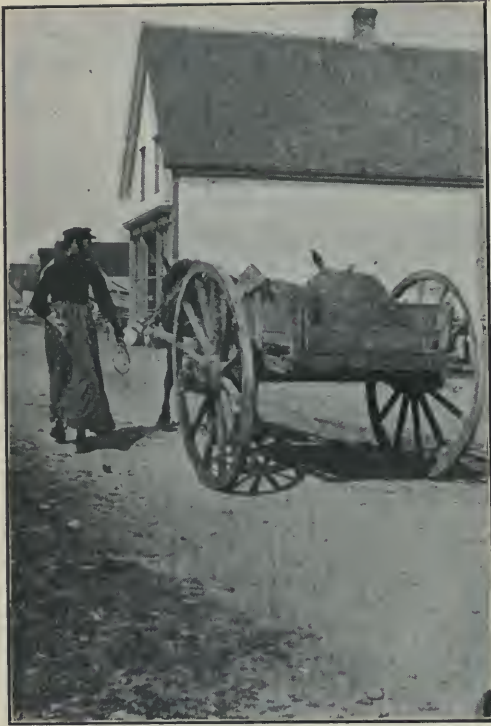
"But it is not *finished* yet," he protested.

That ended it. Nothing short of her best dress, which was not yet finished, was going to appear in the picture he would send to his brother on the mainland. But just then she hurried from the back door and I snapped the shutter.

Later another side of the Magdalen feminine was revealed.

"Follow the beach road," was the direction I had received from the woman who served me with milk, cream and butter-milk, in large jugs at each meal. The direction was to lead me to the captain of the Government tug, which plies around the islands.

The injunction was specific enough, so I followed the first road that led to the beach. In fact, I followed, but with waning zeal, half a dozen of those uncertain tracks that ended in the sea. At last I discovered two women, and an uncounted



"Hitches up the little French pony to the charette."

number of children pulling weeds in a small garden patch, and, remembering the shyness of the first woman, I approached with most reassuring manner, and asked for something sufficiently definite in directions to prevent my covering the whole island like a census-taker.

These women did not shrink. Instead, they looked up, rose to their feet, ignored my question, and turned to each other to discuss in French the latest gossip. I thought I saw my mistake, and tried French, but after a moment's splutter I found myself staring idiotically into eyes which looked me up and down with the calmness of women at a costume exhibition. My coat collar was turned down, that I knew—for I had parted from the Woman-who worries in the best of feeling; and my tie was of that loose, summery kind, which is most effective when misplaced. Yet I felt, however, as if I should turn myself around, as the owner does in selling a horse.

A few yards further a woman attempted to give me directions in English. I had still a quarter of a mile to go, she said. A mile further another woman made the

same estimate. By the time I had reached the captain three miles further along I had come to the conclusion that I had been too hasty in forming my conclusions when a Magdalen Islands woman kept me waiting until she was dressed in her best. To be sure, she was shy and proud, but she was also frankly interested and bold, garrulous, critical and able to make the other sex feel like mere men; and there was nothing under the sun she could not guess at if she did not know it. And as I pulled the peg from the captain's gate it came to me with a great burst of radiance, that the woman of the Magdalens was just a woman, after all. There was some relief in understanding that one could never understand her.

The only fact about the Magdalen women which is certain of support on all occasions is the size of her family. Le Bourdais, the legless telegraph operator on the Islands, turned up his nose at the size of families; but then he was prejudiced. "Pooh!" he sneered between puffs. "Seventeen is the largest family we have, and"—he reflected a moment to add the weight of thoughtful consideration—"there are not very many of them more than fifteen. I took off my hat surreptitiously to the fifteen. Le Bourdais had come from the mainland of Quebec. "Friend of mine over there," he resumed, by way of explanation of his contempt for seventeen, "one of a family of twenty-two, married a woman from a family of twenty-seven. They have nineteen themselves already." Then he came hastily to the defence of his friend: "And he's a young man, yet."

I went out humbly and counted a nearby pile of lobster traps to get an idea of twenty-seven in one group.

What they do in the families of respectable size I can not see. The parents of the seventeens and fifteens on the Magdalens are now overtaxed for names. So there may happen to be a trifle like a score of youngsters of the same name in the one village, and to make sure of washing the faces of the right ones at night, distinction is made by throwing in the father's name somewhere with the son's. Joe Anizim Burke is Joe Burke, the son of Anizim Burke. Joe Burke P. is the tag attached to Joe, the son of Peter; and he was not Joe Peter Burke, nor even Joe Burke Peter. But the mothers are too

busy raising them to stop to think of new names—and if it were left to the father he would be working in “Cod,” or “Mackerel,” or “Haddock,” or “Herring,” or some such name descriptive of the limits of his imagination.

With all these family cares, the women find time to attend to their work—which means more than washing dishes, hunting bargains and studying the hair-dressers' windows. They do not know what bargains and hairdressers are. It is an unwritten law that man was made to fish, and woman to do the rest. Coming in from the sea in the fish boat—the man's home—the woman clutches the sides, fixes her eyes on the cross-bar in front of her, and prays quietly until the bottom grates on the pebbles. Then she goes to the farm, plows, reaps, gardens, does the housework, spansks those of the fifteen who are not away fishing, and in her spare time hitches up the little French pony to the “charette” and digs clams for the next day's fishing. At night she walks down to the fish-house on the sandbar, where her lord lives through the summer, and has the meal prepared for him on his return from the fishing grounds.

These fish-houses are a sort of two-storey stable. In the ground apartment is a miscellaneous collection of bait, decaying fish heads, lobster traps, nets, salt, and other odoriferous necessities of the profession. Above the single board ceiling is the drawing-room, which is also kitchen, dining-room and bedroom. The sitting-room is the steps leading on the outside to this second story. Sometimes it serves as the bathroom as well, as I discovered when batches of the fifteen, unembarrassed, were lined up for cleansing operations.

Even the turning of the cod on the flakes is the work of the women. Groups of men delight to stand around these flakes on a day too stormy to fish, and watch the girls and women staggering under the heaped carriers. They even allow their wives to dig the bait while they smoke and lazily clean up their boats.

But some of the younger women retain the feminine instinct. With the Woman-who-worries I had walked to Etang du Nord, on the north side of Grindstone Island, to secure some fishing scenes. In that village there was no striking inducement for a woman who was not broken in,



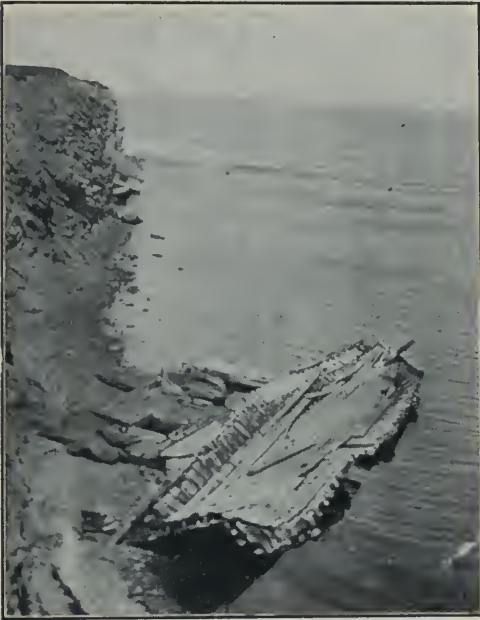
"The fish houses are a sort of two-storey stable."

to wander further along the shore than the edge of the houses. The Norder has the uncomfortable habit of cleaning his fish on the shore and trusting to the tide to scavenge. But its scavenger corps evidently lacks organization and system, judging from the two-foot bank of fish cleanings that maintains a permanent division between the high and the low-tide driveways.

To the Woman-who-worries, remaining alone beyond the fish-cleaning lines, there came tripping down with feminine pride a young woman, conspicuously arrayed for the occasion in striking waist and huge lace collar. Only a few minutes previously she had been visible at a door in typical fish-wife garb. But now she approached with all the confidence of her distinctive attire, and calmly surveyed the mainland costume. A young man rose from the steps of a bait-house and walked briskly across to the two women.

"That your man?" he asked, pointing along the shore to me.

The Woman-who-worries was forced under the circumstances to acknowledge me.



"Where the remains of wrecked hulls lie waiting."

"That's my girl!" he said proudly, nodding at the gay waist. And the girl preened herself and turned to expose a new elevation.

But there are other women on the Islands. Over at Amherst live four sisters, the only English women on that Island. For years unknown in number to ordinary knowledge, they and their parents have dwelt on the same point of land—Shea's Point, it is called, after them. All around the Point the four sisters can look down upon the remnants of wrecks that have blown ashore before their eyes for many years, in the wild storms of the Gulf. For forty years, and more, they and their mother have provided the only accommodation for visitors; and in token of it they show with pride an ancient, velvet-backed autograph album that has been the only register of kind words left them. They are not young, but their hos-

pitality remains fresher than their faces. It never grows stiff, or weak, or weary, as their old bones shall some day.

Their father was a fish merchant, the squire of the Island, but at his death, his daughters could not continue the fish business, and so the eldest has taken for her special care the old store, where she makes her share of the expenses by dealing out candy, spools and groceries. Her stock is not large, but the other stores see that she never runs out of supplies.

When the ill-fated Lunenburg, the predecessor of the present steamship, left Amherst on the trip that was unwillingly changed from the second last one of the season to its last for all time, Mary Shea enquired anxiously of the owner of the boat what she would do if the boat was unable to get back from the mainland before winter.

"Rest assured, we'll get back," he answered lightly.

But Mary was not satisfied. She had seen many Magdalen winters.

And Leslie, to relieve her anxiety, turned to the manager of his store. "If we should not get back, give Mary all she wants," he ordered. Thus the old store was not closed that winter.

"And," concluded Mary, as she told me of that terrible wreck off West Point lighthouse, "you could travel the four globes and not find a nicer man."

The sisters have erected a new three-storey house just above the old one, but nothing would induce them to tear down the squatty old affair their father built



Below us the "fish houses"

and their mother adorned. In imitation of the prints they have seen of modern summer hotels, the new one has a verandah across the entire front, approached by imposing steps and backed by a glass-surrounded door. It is the largest house on the Islands, as befits the dignity of its use; and within its parlor is one of the two or three organs that have been the marvel of the Islanders. Even before I looked at the titles of the sheets of music on the rack, I knew what I would find: "Sweet Marie," "He Never Smiled Again," "Break the News to Mother," "My Sweet-heart Went Down With the Maine," "After the Ball," "In the Gloaming," "Kathleen Mavourneen," and the "Maiden's Prayer." The organ was never heard during my visit, but the tone it gave the surroundings was considered sufficient to justify its presence.

On every piece of furniture was a "tidy," on the floors were thick, variegated, hooked rugs, on the rugs were hand-worked foot-stools, and on the wall a design of roses worked out in sea shells. One of the sisters attended to the wants of her few guests; the others cooked in a small detached shanty, weeded vegetables and carried the water from the old pump in the older house.

It was a pleasant place to rest, from the eight o'clock breakfast bell to the golden sunset, and on into the gleaming moonlight. Just before the sun set behind the low sandbar far away across Pleasant Bay, one of the sisters would scurry around after a few gadabout turkeys, reluctant to leave the evening peace. A lamb bleated plaintively from its rope fastening near the edge of the cliff, and another sister ran to calm it with a tin of water. That lamb was destined to supply the winter's meat, and its important position in the household economy could not be neglected. A cow stood hopelessly gazing from the only unfenced side of its field, down, down, sixty feet to the ocean's edge, where the ugly ribs of the wrecked hulls lay waiting for the storm to tear away a few more planks.

Later, we sat on the verandah, in a moonlight that rivalled the day. The

large, yellow orb looked down on the sleeping Island from the southeast, casting a lonesome radiance full of shadows over the anchored fishing fleet. Below us the fish-houses were wrapped in early slumber. A charette rattled clumsily down the road, the little pony lazily responding to the woman returning over-late from the farm work. One of the Shea sisters crept quietly out of the shadows by the gate on her way back from the Catholic church where she had been preparing for the next day's services; her "nice, fine evening," and "good night" were what we had been waiting for before retiring.

A wind blew, strong, through the bedroom window, but its mildness enticed to one last look over Pleasant Bay in the wonderful moonlight. Just a stone's throw distant two old masts protruded from the water, silent reminders of other conditions, when the moon did not shine, and the water was rippling to more than a summer breeze. Out there, a dark shadow glided slowly along in the moonlight and stopped. For a moment it swung; and then the side-lights of an anchored boat told of the fisherman who had wandered to over-distant fishing grounds, and was willing to risk his boat under the cliffs to save the time of tacking into the fishing harbor further over.

Four hours later, at one in the morning, the fish-houses would be alive again with fishermen preparing for the day's fishing. And the women would hurriedly clean up the breakfast dishes, hitch the ponies and hasten to their tasks on the farms.



Road Cruising for Motors in Canada

By

Pierre St. Quentin

IT IS ALL very well for a motorist to be able to 'take a spin' whenever he pleases but, unless he has an objective, his motoring will lack a great deal of the pleasure of which the sport is capable. To go over and over the same roads, time after time, until every fence and hedge, every hill and valley is as familiar as his own front door, *may* be healthy and invigorating, but it is certainly not very cheerful. What humanity wants is variety,—something new and different from one's ordinary surroundings. And this is just what the automobile makes possible, if it is put to its greatest use.

Hitherto, if a man wanted a change of air or of scene, he must needs travel away from home by train or boat running on fixed schedules and giving no opportunities for taking in attractive sights on the way. Or he might hire a horse and drive for a limited distance into the country. Both ways of travel had their limitations. But the automobile supplies just what each of these modes of travel lack. Like the train it is capable of covering long distances; at the same time it enables the tourist to stop and investigate whenever he feels like it, just as if he were driving a horse.

No one can really appreciate the capabilities of an automobile for providing real downright pleasure until he goes on tour into a new and untried country. To start off in the morning and spin along through fresh scenes of rural beauty, past villages and towns, beside lakes or rivers or the ocean itself, through woods and

valleys, is to understand something of the thrill that made the blood of the ancient explorers tingle. Another advantage is that while it conveys you rapidly to new scenes, it never compels you to stop in a place that you do not like, unless, of course, you should be so unfortunate as to have a breakdown. If the country through which you are passing is dull and uninteresting, you can speed away to finer stretches.

You cannot do all this, however, if you trust only to the stars to guide you. The best of guide books should always be taken along and, better still, should be studied carefully before setting out on the tour. The man who attempts to tour by "dead" reckoning is bound to have experiences that will require a picturesque vocabulary to describe. The ordinary atlas or map should be avoided for while it shows the location of towns and cities, it gives absolutely no useful information about the roads. To rely on information picked up on the way from "natives," is liable to lead one into difficulties. He is a notorious miscalculator of distances, is the "native," and his opinion as to the condition of roads is nearly always erroneous because he judges them by his own requirements. It is a safe rule to observe, that the best of road maps and the most complete of guide books should always be included in the automobile kit. There are several of these issued in Canada and in all the principal cities special guide books for the surrounding country are to be had.

What to take aboard the machine on the tour! It is the tendency of the inexperienced to take 'unnecessary' things. Except on routes where comfortable stopping places are few and far between a suit case should hold all personal necessities. A trunk packed with changes of clothing and other desiderata can be shipped along ahead to points where longer stops are scheduled. Even the space taken up by a compact automobile trunk would, in most cases, be better given over to an extra supply of gasoline, oil and such vital requisites, unless the car is a very large one. Vital parts of the motor, carburetor, and ignition system, which cannot readily be obtained en route, should invariably be given preference to luggage. If the trip is to be made through rough country, pulley and tackle should be taken along for emergencies, as well as two jacks, as one never knows when it may not be necessary to jack the car out of a hole. If there is a prospect of the car being left in the open over night a rubber cover is a splendid adjunct.

Now it is true that there are tours and *tours*. One may follow the beaten tracks of commerce and sleep every night in a comfortable hotel or one may diverge into wilder regions and camp out over night. The latter course is adventurous and requires special equipment. The very essence of "automobile cruising" as it called is to be able to strike or pitch camp quickly so that you may enjoy to the full the long range which the car gives you. It is advisable to choose the special automobile tents with telescoping steel poles and steel tent pins, which are great time-savers. They go up with one operation, waterproof, floor cloth and all, the guy ropes being made taut to the steering column and wheels of the car. Very complete and extremely stowable cooking outfits can be procured and in hot weather a refrigerator basket may be stowed somewhere to carry butter, fresh meat and other perishable food. A five or ten pound assortment of staple foods should also be taken along. Equipped with such an outfit, or at least its essential items, the motorist is prepared to undertake a most enjoyable motor cruise. Once tried it will be repeated many times.

Canada affords opportunities for a great variety of motor tours of both varieties

described. From Nova Scotia to British Columbia the country is full of attractive routes. Perhaps the most notable long distance run is what is known as the Grand Trunk auto route from Detroit to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, Quebec, covering a mileage of 836 miles and passing through London, Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec. This is a main highway and the road will be found to be as good as anything in Canada, with few exceptions. From the different cities mentioned there are further opportunities for making runs north and south through very interesting country. In Quebec there is a delightful region in the Eastern Townships where there is the finest of scenery. New Brunswick presents the valley of the St. John River and in Nova Scotia there are excellent roads in the western counties and around Truro and Halifax. In the West, of course, the scenery is less varied, though none the less pleasing until the mountains are reached.

It is important for tourists to know and understand their legal rights and responsibilities. The laws governing the running of automobiles are provincial enactments and vary from province to province. If there be any intention to go from one province into another, it is advisable to take careful note of the law in the second province. In the matter of speed for instance, the Ontario law allows ten miles in cities, towns and villages; in Quebec it is nine miles. In Upper Canada vehicles pass to the right; in the Maritime Provinces they go to the left. In some provinces only one light is required; in others two white forward and one red reverse are necessary.

The touring autoist is entitled to freedom from unlawful annoyance and to a liberty of the road consistent with the public safety. His right to be left alone if he is within the laws should be enforced, not only for his own sake but the benefit of other autoists, thereby creating respect for the road rights of the automobile. But every endeavor should be made not to create prejudice against the automobile by failing to respect, fully, the rights of animal-drawn vehicles, and other users of the highway.

A point to remember when you are held up for alleged violation of the speed limit is that it is not your part to show that you

did not exceed the limit. The accuser must undertake to show this. You are presumed innocent by the Law and have a right to insist upon the benefit of this presumption until it is shown that you have violated the code. It is always safe to insist upon your legal rights being respected but do not carry the argument too far when it is plain that you are in the wrong. Insist that none other than proper evidence be used against you.

Finally it is always of advantage when contemplating motor tours to take out a membership in one of the provincial motor clubs. These organizations have been formed for the general benefit of the motoring fraternity, and anyone owning a motor and using the roads will be lacking in a proper appreciation of what these motor leagues are doing if he fails to give them the benefit of his sup-

port. They are the strenuous advocates of good roads. They look after the necessary marking of the routes. They see that legislation considers the rights of the motorists. In fact they are very necessary and useful.

And now that the summer season is here and the country is at its best, let every owner of a touring car make up his mind that he will adopt this means of enjoying a holiday. There are many tours which he can essay, both long and short, smooth-running or more difficult. With the proper equipment and an adequate knowledge of the road he will be in a position to undertake anything. Those who have not yet invested in a car will perhaps see in this feature of motoring a good reason why it would be worth their while to purchase one.



"SUNSET ON THE ROCKIES"

Watch! 'tis the flash of sunlight gleaming,
On Nature's fortress gray;
The flight of the silver arrows streaming,
That challenge the dark'ning way;
Soon will the silence and the dreaming,
Rest where was day.

List! 'tis the march of shadows creeping,
From tranquil valleys low;
O'er foaming torrent boldly leaping,
Or stealing forward slow;
Where sentry firs with shrouded forms are sleeping,
'Mid cloud and snow.

Spencer Freer.

THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

Engineering in Agriculture as it Affects Competition Between Canada and the United States

WE reproduce the following article exactly as it appears in *Cassier's Magazine*. This publication deals largely with engineering matters and in a technical way. But the following article by A. W. Day is not only timely, but well written. As the editor of *Cassier's* points out in an editorial head-note, this article is very pertinent, in view of the closer trade relations which may soon be consummated between the two countries. Of course, Mr. Day writes from an American standpoint and Canadians may discount some of his statements.

There is probably no department of industry in which the use of power-operated machinery for the saving of time and labor and for the increase of capacity and output has been less evident than in agriculture. Compare the production of the raw material of foodstuffs with the manufacture of lumber, steel, textiles, and even building materials, and the difference in the utilization of power instantly appears. In the improvement of harbors and waterways, as well as in the operations of land drainage, the heavily-powered dredges and excavators are everywhere in evidence, supplemented by locomotives, cars and track.

We now have two great agricultural countries, neighbors and competitors, rapidly becoming alive to the tremendous possibilities of a wider use of power machinery in their fundamental development, in the production of the food by

which not only their own people, but a large part of the rest of the world, are to be sustained.

In the United States the farming area occupied at the present time comprises nearly 315,000 square miles, or about two hundred million acres, and, in view of these figures, it seems almost incredible that the importance of power-operated machinery as an economical factor in agriculture has not been more fully realized. It is true that the records of the Department of Agriculture show that modern improved mechanism is in operation on about eight million acres of cultivated soil, but this means only about 4 per cent. of the farming territory actually devoted to crop production. The figures show that the remainder of this immense area is still cultivated by the use of mechanical appliances such as the plow, harrow, rake and harvester, but operated, not by mechanical power, but by the horse, the mule, and sometimes even by manual effort.

When the results which have been accomplished by the introduction of machinery operated by steam, gasoline or electric power are considered, it will be fully demonstrated that, even allowing for greater first cost for supplies and for repairs, the increase in capacity is so great as to warrant the statement that one of the greatest of national wastes is that due to the tillage of the fields by the old-fashioned methods.

Abundant data are available to prove this assertion, for tests have been made, especially on the larger farms of the western States, and also on the famous tule lands of California, which show the great economy and capacity of steam power when applied to farm engine or tractor. Since the tractor was placed in active service on the farm in 1900 its numbers have increased until at the present time nearly 10,000 are in service, varying in horse-power according to the work required. The reason for its popularity is that the tractor is adapted for such a variety of purposes. In the plowing and cultivation of heavy lands, such as clay soil, and the black muck so abundant in the west, and the stiff, sod-covered prairie, the portable engine can turn up the earth, drawing a series of plows where four horses could not pull even one implement. The daily result in acres is, of course, determined by the power employed. The theoretical plowing capacity of the steam plow is thirty-eight acres a day for the moldboard plow and forty-five acres for the disc, the day being twelve hours long. The daily actual average, as gained from reports made by plow owners, is twenty-three acres for moldboard plows in the Northwest and twenty-six acres for the disc plows in the Southwest. The moldboard plow is used almost exclusively in the Northwest and the disc in the Southwest.

As to the service performed, steam engines used for plowing are usually rated at from 20 to 50 horse-power, from 25 to 35 being the figures usually. The steam plowing engines weigh from 7 to 20 tons, and cost from \$1,500 to \$3,000. On the Pacific coast the usual engine is larger, averaging about 60 horse-power, and costing from \$5,000 to \$6,000. The average cost of the miscellaneous equipment for the steam plowing outfit adds another \$500 to the investment. In California some of the owners of large outfits plowing nearly 3,500 acres annually each estimate the average durability of the outfit at fifteen years, or more than 50,000 acres per plow, in addition to threshing and other work done outside of plowing seasons. A crew of from three to six men is needed to operate a large steam plow. One is the engineer, whose pay ranges from \$3 to \$4.75 per day; one guides the

engine, one fires, one looks after the plows, one drives the team that keeps the engine supplied with water and fuel, and, in many cases, a cook also is carried. The prices charged by traction plowing outfits range from 75 cents to \$5 per acre. The lowest figures usually are for stubble plowing and the highest for breaking sod. The acre-cost of steam plowing, as found by a comprehensive investigation, is from 75 cents to \$1.85—less than one-fifth of the cost where the horse and mule are employed.

The plains of western Canada have recently developed into wheat fields by this aid. In 1900, about the time the tractor plow became unquestionably practical, there were fewer than 2,500,000 acres sown to wheat between Winnipeg and the mountains. In 1909 Saskatchewan alone had 4,085,000 acres sown to wheat, which yielded 90,255,000 bushels, or more than Manitoba and Alberta combined. Manitoba had 2,643,111 acres, which yielded 45,774,707 bushels, and Alberta 333,000 acres, which yielded 8,250,000 bushels. These three provinces combined thus had 7,058,111 acres, which yielded a total of 114,279,707 bushels, or more wheat in one year than the entire German Empire.

These great tracts of Canada have demonstrated not merely the importance, but the necessity, of power mechanism. Grain is grown on what was formerly prairie land, which is very tenacious and of hard composition. Here and there are fields covering several hundred acres, while hundred-acre fields are numerous. It would be impossible to plow, cultivate and harvest these, even by horse-power, except at a great loss in time and expense to the farming community. Here is an illustration in point. In Saskatchewan, a section of rich, wild sod land, 640 acres, was broken in twenty-two hours, three steam outfits working continuously in order to get the land plowed immediately. A six-horse team, with a gang plow, would have required a month, Sundays included, to perform the same amount of work. The result was that the owner was able to plant his entire 640 acres at the right time, instead of only a small portion of it, as would have been the case had he depended upon animal power.

Several types of tractors are in use for agriculture. One design, employed in California, is noted for its dimensions and performance. The largest size has driving wheels 8 feet in diameter, with 60 inches face of tire. The lead wheel is five feet in diameter, with 48 inches of face, which gives a tremendous bearing surface, enabling the engine to go over very soft ground. This engine develops 110 horse-power on the crankshaft, and can pull six gangs of plows, cutting a furrow each time of about 36 feet in width, and traveling at the rate of 3 miles per hour. It will also haul a steam combined harvester, clearing a swath 35 feet in width. It cuts, threshes, recleans and sacks the grain from 100 to 125 acres each day at a cost not exceeding 30 cents per acre. A smaller size, used for hauling supplies and wagons, has a capacity of 50 tons, depending upon the conditions to overcome. The speed of the engines is 3 miles per hour, with or without a load, which is as fast as deemed practicable to run machinery of this class over ordinary country roads.

This engine, by the Best Manufacturing Company, is a western design, and intended for the soft, loose tule lands, its broad wheel tires preventing it from sinking into the earth and lessening its traction.

Another western tractor, also employed, is the Holt, which is manufactured on the Pacific coast. It is intended not only for agriculture, but for hauling farm and freight wagons on the rough and heavy-grade mountain roads. Loads too heavy to be hauled easily by the ordinary six and eight-horse freight teams can be removed by the traction-engine freighting outfit expeditiously and economically. They will do heavy hauling for less than half what it costs to do the same work with horses, or, up to 100 tons per day, will do the work for less than it could be done by means of railroads, as tests have shown.

This tractor has an engine of 60 horse-power and main wheels 7 feet 6 inches in diameter, driven independently by chains and friction gear, dispensing with any equalizing gear. The use of main and secondary chain gear permits a broken link to be readily replaced in case of breakage—an important matter in the field or on the road. An auxiliary wagon,

with an engine which can take steam from the main boiler and be connected to the traction by chain and clutch gear, is used to increase the tractive power for steep grades and extra heavy loads. These engines are arranged to use oil fuel, as especially adapted for the locality and conditions for which they are most used, or, by a modification of the grate, they may be used for either coal or wood fuel.

These engines will haul a load of from 40 to 60 tons, depending on the character of the road, at a speed of from 2 to 3 miles per hour, loaded, and to 4 miles, empty, ascending with a full load, on good roads, grades up to 10 per cent., smaller loads on proportionately steeper grades.

For the small farm, ranging from 50 to 200 acres, the tractor, if driven by a gasoline engine, is an economical and really necessary source of power, since it is self-propelled and can be utilized in so many different agricultural processes. This type of tractor, designed by the experts of the International Harvester Company, makes a new era in power application to agriculture, and is already in service both in America and in Europe. Its advantages over steam power include higher efficiency, economy and convenience.

One manufacturer builds three types of vapor-driven tractors, ranging from 12 to 20 horse-power. A brief description of the smallest gives an idea of what gasoline power means to the farmer in efficiency and economy. The engine is a regular 12-horse-power engine mounted on two channel-steel sills of great strength and durability. To this main frame is bolted the sub-frame, reinforced by two angles to make the frame rigid and prevent twisting, and also to keep all gears and boxes in accurate alignment. At the front end of the main frame is the bolster, which connects with the front axle by means of a ball and socket. The axle is arched, and is provided with very substantial truss rods, making it capable of withstanding any twisting or jarring to which it may be subjected. The driving wheels are 56 inches in diameter and have a 16-inch face. To this 16-inch face are riveted cleats, which provide ample traction when going through mud or over soft ground. Extra mud legs are also provided, to be used when working under extremely bad conditions.

The power is transmitted from the engine crankshaft to the drive wheels by only two sets of pinions and gears. The two speeds are obtained by two gears on the clutch sleeve located on the engine crankshaft. When using the slow speed, the smaller gear is selected and moved into the mesh with the larger gear on the countershaft. To obtain the fast speed, the small gear is moved out of mesh and the large gear is moved into mesh with the smaller gear on the countershaft. The gears are controlled by hand levers, and are provided with notches to hold each gear in its respective place. It is impossible to have two speeds in mesh at one time. These gears are also so arranged that, when the engine is doing belt work, all of the gears may be thrown out of mesh. They then revolve as idle gears with the engine. The reverse is accomplished by means of a friction gear, which is mounted on a hollow eccentric.

This tractor is adapted for all light work, such as found on the average small farm. It will draw two or three plows. It proves satisfactory for operating small threshing machines, shredders, huskers, shellers, and many other machines. The second speed with which it is provided permits the tractor to move these machines at the same speed as would a team of horses. It is especially adapted for hauling purposes, and drawing binders. The friction clutch is smaller in diameter than the regular friction pulley on the opposite side of the engine, so that when this friction clutch is used as a belt pulley the tractor is actually provided with two pulleys of different diameter, both of which may be used at one time.

The capacity of the 20 horse-power tractor is best shown by the discovery that, when in service, it develops enough power to haul four 16-inch plows or a load of $6\frac{1}{2}$ tons; but, like the others, it can be employed for many other operations on a farm, even to operating the cream separators in the dairy, churning the butter, and cutting the hay and corn for ensilage, when attached to the necessary implements. The gasoline tractor is another revolution in power application that is of great importance in the agriculture of the future.

The greatest invention to further agricultural progress and prosperity has been

the evolution of the harvester, now to be seen in the grain fields throughout the world. From the days of the McCormick, the genius who first conceived it, the changes in the mechanism have indeed been remarkable. Ten years elapsed before the farmers who studied McCormick's idea were convinced that it was practical, such was the prejudice inspired by ignorance of the soil tillers. To-day more than 400,000 machines, representing several types of horse harvesters, are in use, in addition to composite machines hauled and operated by the tractor, which furnishes power not merely for cutting the wheat crop, but for storing it in the receiving wagons, operating the thresher, and also the machinery which bags the grain for storage, a crew of only three men being needed besides the engineer. The harvester alone does the work of twenty men.

The separate threshing machine driven by belting from the portable steam engine is still a familiar sight in the wheat fields of the smaller farms in the middle and central western States; but with the opening of the huge wheat ranches of the west there has been developed and brought to a very practical standard a combined harvester and threshing machine. These machines cut, thresh and sack the grain at one operation. As they travel through the field, one sees the cutting bar, 15 to 25 feet in length, slicing its way through the standing grain, and, on the other side, he witnesses the steady delivery of the grain in sacks ready to be hauled to the railway elevator. The cutting bar is 25 feet long, the separator or thresher measures 54 inches, and has a capacity for cutting and threshing 65 to 100 acres of wheat per day, the amount depending upon the condition of the grain to be harvested.

As a matter of comparison between the power-propelled and the horse-drawn machines, it may be noted that the cutting bar of the horse-hauled harvester is 16 feet long and the thresher measures 36 inches, and it can cut from 35 to 40 acres per day.

The harvesting expenses, when using the steam harvester, are from 35 cents to 50 cents per acre, while the horse-drawn machine operates at an expense of from 50 to 70 cents per acre.

Relative to the early importance of grass-cutting and grain-reaping machinery, in 1840 there were three reapers made, and less than that number of people were employed upon them. In 1845 fifty people were employed in the manufacture of 500 machines. In 1850 the production had increased to 3,000, and in 1860 20,000 machines were produced, in the manufacture of which 2,000 people were employed. About the year 1880, shortly after the automatic cord binder was perfected, there was an immediate and marked increase in the output. In 1885 more than 100,000 self-binding harvesters were sold, in addition to no less than 150,000 reapers and mowers, 20,000 hands being engaged in their production.

This advance in the farm-machine industry seems remarkable; but the increased output has been far from keeping pace with settlement of vacant farm land, especially in the States west of the Mississippi river. While the steam and gasoline tractor are associated with modern agriculture, the inventor has also greatly improved other devices needed for farm work. The modern threshing machine is equipped with an automatic band cutter, self-feeder, automatic weighing and sacking device and pneumatic swinging straw stacker, the necessary power to operate all of these being either a gasoline or steam traction engine. By the old method of handling wheat the time required to produce a bushel was three hours. The modern harvesting machines reduces this time to ten minutes, the original cost being $17\frac{3}{4}$ cents per bushel, as compared with $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents per bushel now. The old threshing machine had a capacity of 175 to 225 bushels per day; the modern machines can handle 2,000 bushels and more in the same time.

A similar advance has been made in machines for handling the hay crop, by use of the self-dumping sulky, steel hay-rake. This machine can be operated by a ten-year-old boy, who can do more and better work than could a man using the old method. The hay tedder enables the farmer to cure his hay quickly, and to improve greatly the quality of the hay. By means of the hay loader, timothy, clover or alfalfa can be taken direct from the swath and loaded on the wagon. With the modern sweep rake the hay can be

taken direct from the swath or cock and put into the stack with the hay stacker. Extensive use is also being made of the derrick hay fork, especially when the hay is to put away in the mow.

In the modern methods connected with the corn harvest the old custom of pulling the ears from the stalks and leaving them to wither or rot in the field has been abandoned by the successful farmer, who makes valuable use of every part of the plant. The seed is planted by mechanism, which distributes it evenly throughout the field. The horse or motor-drawn cultivator replaces the hand hoe, doing the work far more thoroughly and more rapidly. When the crop is matured the modern corn binder cuts and binds the corn into bundles ready to be put in the shock. One man with a corn knife can cut about one acre of corn a day; the modern corn binder cuts and binds six to ten acres a day. The binding, husking, shredding of the stalk and putting it in the silo are done by machines that are driven by belting connections with the steam or gasoline engine. The silo, which may be large enough to hold 100 tons of stock feed, has a sheet-iron pipe extending from the top, ending in a movable joint. The upper part of the pipe opens to an exhaust fan. This fan, revolved from the same source of power, draws the ensilage through the pipe without the use of even a pitchfork.

Fertilizing a field by the older method is attended with much labor and needless expense, even where the farmer uses barn manure, which costs him nothing. If he follows the old way, the manure is slowly loaded into the wagon with the familiar pitchfork, slowly hauled to the field, while one man unloads the wagon and another spreads the fertilizer over the ground. A day may be required to cover an acre. If the back of the wagon was equipped with the device known as a manure-spreader, merely the pull of a lever would set it in position, and, as the wagon moves along, the spreader would automatically cover the ground with an even depth of the manure, leaving no bare spots for the plants to spring up and die, as is so often the case where the pitchfork is used.

Late statistics of the manufacture of agricultural machinery show that the annual output in the United States has increased from a value of \$112,000,000 in

1905 to over \$130,000,000 at the present time. This indicates that the farmer who works with his head as well as his hands is rapidly increasing in numbers, and realizes the results he can attain by modern mechanical methods. There is no question that within ten years the farms all over the country will be far better equipped for the growing of larger crops to the acre at a far less expense than the cost of cultivating a smaller acreage largely by manual labor. Intensive farming is the cause of the farmers' success, and modern mechanism is an aid of vital importance in attaining success.

Ingenuity has been displayed in few invention more notable than those which concern the soil and its products. The inventor has so reduced actual human labor in field and garden that a man can perform nearly every operation required by merely the turn of a wheel here and the pull of a lever there with one hand while he guides his horses with the other. He can actually plow, cultivate and seed 100 acres without walking a step, and, with his two or four horses and machine, will accomplish as much as a dozen or a score of men with hand tools. This accounts for the increase in the use of agricultural machinery, as proved by the statistics quoted.

When one stops to consider what these figures mean, he can get some conception

of how machinery is aiding in the industrial revolution of agriculture. Invention has been stimulated by the demand for labor and time-saving appliances; but this demand has originated from the desire of the agriculturist to apply methodical ideas, as in other channels of human activity. As he has studied his vocation, he has realized the great opportunities of which he can take advantage if he has adequate facilities.

If a man believes he can make a thousand or five thousand dollars more by adding to his acreage, he is strongly tempted to make the addition, especially when modern methods will give him the desired result without overwork. This is the secret of the expansion of many of the western farms to their present size, some aggregating 50,000 acres under cultivation. Not all their owners have succeeded, but many have done so, and the stories of the rural capitalists who direct operations from their automobiles and drive over their places behind teams of thoroughbreds, have more than a grain of truth in them, as the camera proves. But they are of the class who use their heads more than their hands, bearing the same relation to their property that the president of a cotton mill or of a foundry does to his industry.

The Lack of Privacy in the American Home

ANOTHER man's point of view is always interesting and when an English person writes of American homes—and Canadian homes are somewhat like those to the south—it is interesting to pause and examine the essay. Mary Mortimer Maxwell writes charmingly on this subject in the *National Review*, as follows:

The typical American home has every comfort, every convenience, almost every charm except one. This one thing lacking, according to the English point of view, is privacy.

No visitor from England, especially if she be a housewife, can fail to experience

a certain pang of discontent with the old-time inconveniences and certain discomforts of English housekeeping when she notes her American cousins living in the midst of such contrivances as almost make it possible to keep house by machinery and the turning of a crank. The first American "pulley-line" which I saw fastened to a New York kitchen window filled me with awe as well as admiration, especially when I found a pretty, young married college graduate standing at the end of the pulley-line hanging her family wash on it as she stood behind her sweet lace kitchen curtain, where she herself could not be seen from the outside, giving

a twist to a little hinge and then seeing all those clothes swung out into space to dry in the sun while the charming young washerwoman took off her apron and went with me to a matinee. That experience gave me a feeling of indignation against the London landlord who failed to provide pulley-lines and all the other things which the New York landlord "threw in" with the rent when one hired a flat or a house over there.

Bless me! A goodly number of English landlords have allowed me to supply my own door-knobs and fireplaces, while as for giving me a medicine chest with plate-glass mirror door in the bathroom, a quaint set of stationary wash-tubs with lids in the kitchen enclosing hot and cold water taps and all such things—well, we are all quite aware that such things are never done in England, except upon the payment of a weirdly high premium. There is, however, a certain amount of lavishness upon the part of the London landlord when it comes to the matter of doors; doors which shut one room off entirely from another room and from the passage or landing, thus giving to the occupant of each room a certain amount of privacy and opportunity for the development of individuality. The American landlord is correspondingly stingy in the matter of doors. Yet "stingy" is not the word, either, for I am sure that the prettily ornamented archways, with their carving and fretwork, which lead from one room into another, must cost more than our ordinary English doors on hinges. Sometimes one finds these archways, especially in the modern flats of the large American cities, connecting five rooms, one after the other, and sometimes the effect is as pretty as possible, it gives such an air of space and grandeur.

In an English home occupied by persons of moderate means one is always coming up against a door which seems to warn one off approaching the premises. It is very uncompromising, that English door, and even though your own sister, your own mother, your own wife, or your own husband is on the other side of it, you would not dream of turning the knob without first knocking. The fact is that the nearer the tie which unites you to the person behind that door, the less likely

you are to intrude your presence when you are not sure of a welcome. So you knock, and you wait to hear a voice you love say, "Do come in!" or "No, dear, not now. Don't disturb me. I want to be alone." "What! that formality between husband and wife, mother and daughter, father and son!" the American woman exclaims, and she puts down the English as being "stiff in home relations." But we know it is not "stiffness" nor even real "formality." It is but delicacy and courtesy.

I cannot fancy a well-bred English child entering a mother's room in the hearty, bouncing, familiar manner of the average American boy and girl, who, having no privacy of their own, have never been taught that other persons want privacy, and know nothing of the real significance of the knock and the answering "Come in!" Scores of times I have visited American mothers whose children have bounded, unannounced, into bed-room or dressing-room every afternoon as soon as they returned from school. The mothers took it as a matter of course. So did the children. These same little boys and girls, too, have a way of going to mother's dressing-table drawer when they happen to want a handkerchief or a collar; they pick up her toilet soap and use it; they comb their hair with her comb, brush their clothes with her bonnet-whisk. Their father's toilet accessories they pick up and use with the same lack of respect for individual rights. They are little socialists of the worst kind, living in the belief that all family things are held in common by every member of it. Indeed, very frequently in really nice, well-to-do families the children are not supplied with all the requisites of a proper toilet. Mother brushes and combs their hair with her own comb and brush, wipes their faces with her own towel, allows them to go to her manicure case and use her file and scissors.

"Will you please lend me your brush?" asked a little boy of me one afternoon. I was the guest of his mother for a week-end visit in a beautiful suburb of Chicago, and he stood in my bedroom doorway. "Brush?" I said interrogatively. "What kind of brush, my dear?" "Hair-brush!" he answered. "Mother's sick with a headache, and so I can't go in her room to get it." "How did you lose your own

hair-brush?" I asked. "Of course, you have had a nice one of your own?" "Haven't got any brush. Never had one of my own, I guess!" was his answer. He was eight years old, and his father was a professional man with at least eight hundred pounds a year income, and his mother was a gentlewoman and a university graduate with a degree. In England I have never been brought into contact with a child who made a practice of using his mother's hair-brush, except among the poorest classes.

This little American boy who had no hair-brush had a wonderful mechanical bear which played antics all over the drawing-room floor, and must, I am sure, have cost at least four pounds. He had expensive clothes, attractively made. He had a silver watch. His father often gave him three or four shillings to go and spend as he saw fit. The same little boy slept in a room connected with that of his parents by an archway and no door—a room which he had no means of entering or leaving except by passing through their bedroom. The house had several rooms unoccupied. There was no need of crowding; yet this little boy had no proper bedroom, no play-room of his own, no nursery, no chest of drawers in which to keep his own clothes entirely by themselves. His playthings were kept in the hall, or the dining-room, or the drawing-room, or out in the back yard, or in the coal-shed, or in the kitchen—the kitchen from which dozens of cooks departed during a year, and small wonder! What servant wants a child's toys underfoot when she is making that most delicious of American dainties, a chocolate layer-cake? If this little boy had a sister, she, too, would be a part of the time in the kitchen, trying to wash her dollie's clothes; wanting to help cook stir the pudding batter when poor cook was beside herself preparing the dinner; demanding to be allowed to put a caterpillar under a kitchen tumbler and see it turn into a butterfly, or put a bulb in a cut-glass pickle-jar and watch it develop into a plant. And one could not blame the little girl. She would have rights in the matter of preparing her doll's toilet and the study of natural history and horticulture. But her American parents might not think of providing her with a play-room of her own.

This same little boy and his imaginary sister ought to be invited occasionally to have tea with their mother in the drawing-room, and even to see visitors when they were asked for. I think they might very reasonably have their breakfast and luncheon in the dining-room with mother; but as for a seven-thirty o'clock night dinner, certainly never that for many a long year. But the American child at the night dinner-table is such a frequency that it might almost be said to be the rule. The average American child knows nothing of a good, wholesome six o'clock supper of bread-and-milk or one of those wonderfully nourishing American cereals with some fruit.

But the member of the American family to whom my thoughts turn in greatest sympathy in regard to the lack of privacy and the denial of an opportunity for the cultivation of individuality is the father—he who pays for everything, buys the house with his own earnings or hires it, and yet generally has not so much as a corner that is his very own. It is called "his house." It has many rooms. There are the drawing-room, the living-room, the dining-room, the library. There are numerous bedrooms and dressing-rooms; but if he really desires solitude, there would seem to be nothing for him but to lock himself up in the bathroom. Sometimes you hear the members of an American family speak of "father's den," to be sure. Why, just before I left America a New York friend, when she was showing me through her new house, said to me, "This is my husband's den," showing me into the sunniest and brightest room in the house. My eyes rested upon antimacassars and tea-cosies, a copy of "Poems of Passion," an embroidery frame, a train of "choo-choo cars," and a box of such American confections as my soul delights in and which no manly man could possibly be seen eating. I looked about for rows of curious pipes, for a horribly dusty and disordered writing-table, a lounging jacket—out at elbows, but, oh! so comfortable after the workaday coat—a copy or two of a sporting paper; but not a sign of such mute witness to masculine ownership of that room did I see. "It's the sunniest room in the house," went on that wickedly selfish little American woman, "so the chil-

dren and I spend a great deal of time here."

I have been shown through other American homes where the husbands had their "own" dressing-rooms, their "own" hanging cupboards, and have noted with surprise the complexion balms, bodkins with pink bebe ribbon ready for running through lace, bonnet-whisks, and cut-glass powder-boxes lying upon the chiffonieres along with military brushes and safety razors. "I do believe in separate dressing-rooms and separate dressing-tables, don't you?" the fond wife would gush, and then she would show me her husband's "own hanging cupboard," which, being fitted up with a new kind of patent trousers-stretcher which she found exactly the thing for keeping her skirts in nicest order, she had taken possession of up to the farthest and darkest corner, where a pathetic and lonely great-coat might hang on a solitary peg.

There was a time when I thought that perhaps the American man liked all this, or that, at least, he did not mind it; that perhaps the sight of his wife's petticoats hanging among his belongings in his "own cupboard" appealed in some way to his sentimental nature and his sense of romance. But finally I discovered that he permitted himself to be "put upon" merely for the sake of peace and family tranquillity. I found that he really would like his den to himself, just like an Englishman, in all the masculine glory of dust and disorder; that though he loved his wife, there were times when he would prefer to spend his evenings alone in his den without her company; that though he loved his children, he would rather have them safely in bed before seven o'clock than have an evening with them climbing over his tired legs. In short, I found him very like the average English husband and father in this respect. He merely differed in the inability or the lack of determination to set his large foot down squarely and warn intruders off from the invasion of the privacy of his soul.

They have wonderfully comfortable and convenient bath-rooms in the American cities, even in homes of the most moderate rentals. In England people paying rentals of this sort are still using the tin tubs of the grandfather's-chair shape, brought to their bedrooms every

morning, and in which they may splash up all the wall-paper. People of this class have not the tiled floor, the porcelain tub, the up-to-date plumbing that one finds in the cheapest flats and houses in American cities. But some of those lovely bath-rooms were to me pathetic witnesses to the lack of privacy of the various members of the family. There would be rows of tooth-brushes hanging along the walls, rows of towels, rows of other things, showing that it was the family wash-room. Such homes usually have no individual wash-hand stands in each bedroom. They take up room and make work. Or, even if their bedrooms are thus fitted up, the members of the family have formed a habit of running into the bathroom for a wash-up because it easier and quicker. Of course, I do not now refer to those more luxurious houses where in each bedroom there is a fitted basin with hot and cold running water, but to the more humble homes. To the average outsider who is at all observant the first thought upon visiting the average American home is, "Oh, you have so many delightful things, so many conveniences, so many comforts, how is it you have just this one thing lacking—privacy?"

In America they know little of the old-fashioned "mother's room," the room which has mother's individuality so stamped upon it that all through life the children remember it as being a very part of mother. And father's room? As I have said, he has no room, though there be twenty rooms in the house. All day long, at business, he is in the midst of noisy, hurrying people, clerks and stenographers, and at home there is no diminution of the number of persons who may disturb him. Let him try to get off by himself and lock a door—if he can find a door—and he will be suspected of having a secret sorrow, or, mayhap, a secret sin.

Certainly the American middle-class homes in many ways are more tastefully arranged than the English homes of the same class. Take the American bedroom and the English bedroom, for instance. Who could hesitate between the two for prettiness and convenience? The English idea of a bedroom is a place to sleep in, bathe in, and get out of as soon as possible. You feel that as soon as you look at it. Its draperies are few, its rugs are sim-

ple, its walls are often almost bare, and in the window the dressing-table stands, its ugly wooden back facing the street, flat up against the window, adding nothing to the attractiveness of the house or the street. In America the bedrooms are pretty. Indeed, there seems to be a general desire to make them look as little like bedrooms as possible. Sometimes I think that Americans, down in their hearts, consider a bed an improper piece of furniture, to be hidden away, when possible, in the form of writing-desk, a wardrobe, or a Turkish divan, and only exhibited for what it really is—a bed—at the last moment before getting into it. But certainly the bedrooms are pretty, and, in a general way of speaking, they seem to belong to nobody in particular.

I have a fancy that after a while the American home may develop into one immense room separated into compartments only by screens—there seems to be such an objection to doors! The American architects plan for a few enough doors in all conscience, but even those they do put up are often taken down off the hinges, stored in the cellar, and replaced with draperies. Once, a few years ago, moving into a beautiful New York flat, I found the previous tenants had done this, and when I asked the janitor to bring the doors from the cellar and rehang them, he viewed me with suspicion, and asked, "An' so ye be goin' to take boarders, ma'am?" "Boarders!" I exclaimed. "Certainly not!" "Then why do ye want the doors, when draperies is so much more stylish?" he asked.

From the doorlessness of the flat and house of the large American cities is but a step to the fenceless state of the pretty village homes, into whose lawns and gardens stray chickens, cats, and dogs wander and scratch at will. They make a beautiful sight, these quaintly built houses, one after another, without fence or hedge, the well-kept lawns coming down and joining the pavement along which grow those rows of trees which will ever be the delight of all foreigners who visit the American

villages. Truly they are prettier than the hedged-off houses of the English towns, with their garden walls topped with broken bottles to warn away the cats and other marauders. But one wonders how a garden-party could be managed in these very public American village lawns; how a tea-table could be arranged under the trees, and the tea and cakes really be enjoyed with all the rest of the world looking on.

And then the windows with the lights burning! Is there in all America such a ceremony as the "drawing of the blinds," one wonders? There is in England still that antiquated practice of the housemaid going about at twilight holding a lighted taper in one hand as she draws down the blind with the other before she lights the lamps or gas. There is here the horror of having the passing public witness even the "lighting up" of the home. I would certainly do away with the lighted taper habit—it is so apt to set the lace draperies afire; but I hope that the ceremony of the "drawing of the blinds" will last as long as the Englishman's home is his castle. Indeed, it must last just that long. In America sometimes the blinds are drawn, sometimes not—more often not, I think. One may pass dozens of drawing and dining-rooms in the evening, all brilliantly lighted, the members of the family gathered about the piano or the table, minding not that the curious stranger in the street may peep in. Why, even the young lady receiving her fiance in the evening often forgets the drawing of the blinds. Then, even where care is taken to draw the front blinds, there is a shocking amount of thoughtlessness among persons occupying back rooms, in many cases not even the bedroom blinds being drawn when the gas is lighted.

And it all comes back—this lack of privacy in the American home—to a want of doors of one sort or another, doors to shut one's self in and to shut others out, that one may enjoy, at times, the privacy that is the right of every individual soul.

Crossing the Profit Line

THE big leaks in business can rarely be seen at close quarters, says Cornelius S. Loder, writing in *Business and the Book-Keeper*. The urgent needs of the moment shut off the view. Yet these big leaks must be discovered. They are all-important. They cause the most serious drains and gradually take large, profitable concerns down across the profit line.

Nothing is more important to a business man than the ability to get outside and see how he stands in relation to the rest of the business world. The artist as he paints his picture steps back from the easel now and then to see the general effect. If he remained close to his work all the time, his picture would be a failure. The business man in his work has the same need. He must stand back, get the larger aspects of the organization he is building, and when he finds he is being led into a mass of useless detail, to cut it out with a few broad strokes.

All the office employees of a large public service corporation were crowded into one floor of a building that it had occupied for twenty years. Room had been found for additional clerks and stenographers by shoving desks closer together, until in the course of time working conditions became unbearable. There was so much confusion and noise that concerted thought was impossible, and in dictating letters it was frequently necessary to raise the voice or repeat a sentence.

On account of the unsystematic arrangement more serious complications also arose. Work was poorly distributed and in many cases overlapped. Telephones were constantly ringing in all parts of the office, and the passing of clerks between the desks caused constant interruption. Too many men were engaged on the work in hand, but there seemed no help for it, as they were always behind. Finally, however, a change of management came about and the new man in charge promptly altered the situation.

He began by placing all the stenographers in a sound-proof room with a competent woman in charge. Through her all the assignments to work were made, and she soon found that the work could all be done promptly and without

working overtime, although formerly this had not been the case. She eliminated favoritism, distributed the stenographers so that they became familiar with all parts of the establishment, and before long had an intelligent active corps under her. Subsequently, when several of the stenographers left, she found it unnecessary to fill their places.

This single move did away with a large part of the confusion, and the establishing of a telephone desk relieved the different departments of most of the calls they had formerly been compelled to answer. The man at the telephone desk heard every call, and it was soon discovered that it was not necessary to refer more than a small percentage to the departments in question.

The lack of confusion in itself gave the clerks an opportunity to arrange their work so that it could be done with the least interruption, and, besides the establishing of a general systematic arrangement for the office, placing closely together those departments which had the most to do with each other, the work of readjustment was accomplished automatically.

Upon examination of the work done by the various departments it was discovered, however, that the agents of the company spent a good deal more time in the offices than appeared to be warranted. Desk space had been allotted them and they made the occasions of their morning visits an excuse to waste a large part of the day, quite aside from the disturbance to the office which their presence caused.

Inquiry disclosed the fact that their places of residence were scattered pretty well over the whole city and the new man took advantage of this circumstance. Instead of keeping the agents in the office, a desk was sent to the home of each and the city was redistricted, enabling the men, as far as practicable, to work adjacent to their houses.

The agents liked the freedom from continual supervision, and saved so much time going back and forth that they were able to increase the number of their calls by one-third. Through the telephone desk they kept in constant communication

with the office and were only required to report twice a week at the office in person.

The additional number of calls had the effect of building up the business to the proper point, and the absence of the agents from the central office not only resulted in less confusion, but gave additional room in the same amount of space. When the plan was fully worked out it was even possible to dispense with forty per cent. of the space which had formerly been overcrowded, and although the business had increased a third, it was handled with fewer employees.

The actual saving in the salaries of employees was \$10,000 a year, and the additional increase of one-third in the business was made without increase in office expenses.

A concern engaged in an important branch of the textile industry brought about economies involving these same principles in an even more concrete way. The whole process of the industry was completed by big, single, expensive machines. The concern had two of these, one at each end of a large room, the raw material being brought in at both ends of the room and the output gathered in the middle. Each machine was operated by two men, one on a side.

The business was one where profits were made on a narrow margin, and competition had become so strong that this concern found that it would have to cut down its dividends unless it were possible to increase the output. It was at first planned to rent another large loft, equipping it fully, and continue with the old machines without change, but it took very little figuring to show that the result would merely be a larger capitalization with no increase in dividend.

Finally, however, the problem was worked out in this way: Instead of renting more space, it was found that the machines could be operated without inconvenience although quite close to one another. The two old machines were consequently moved into a position alongside of each other and a new machine was placed in the same row. This, of course, had the immediate effect of assembling all the raw material and cheaper and more efficient methods of bringing it to the machines were readily devised, but the greatest saving came from the discovery that

with the three machines in a row, fewer men were required to handle them. Formerly there had been two to each machine, but by a redistribution of the work it was found that three men could operate the three machines with less confusion. This also had the effect of securing greater speed from the machines and by increasing the pay of the workmen it was possible to secure the services of first-rate men. The machines no longer suffered from inefficiency in their handling, and the company, although paying higher wages, was saving \$3 a day on labor.

This simple change in arrangement brought about a greater utilization of space, increased efficiency and economy.

Leaks that stop dividends are frequently not discovered until they have caused a serious drain over a long period. The larger the establishment the more likely this is to be true. A manufacturer of machinery for other industries had two separate machines, which he turned out on a large scale for two widely different trades. Many of the parts for both were made by the same process, and until a systematic overhauling of the shops was made it was impossible to find out how much of the cost of operating the plant could be laid to each machine. The concern always made money, but with the growth of competition it was discovered that the business was at a standstill. This proved a sign of warning, and a thorough investigation was undertaken.

Here was a case where the cause of trouble was not apparent on the surface. The work was well handled, the men were efficient, and the management had been economical. Still there was obviously a big leak somewhere.

Beginning at the bottom, factory costs were carefully compiled and the exact expenditure on each machine was determined. This brought to light the fact that one of the machines was being sold at a loss and the other at an excessive profit. An examination of the books made it plain that the one sold at a loss was selling much more rapidly than the other, and it had only been on account of the unreasonable profits made from the second machine that the first could be sold at all.

Looking back over the books for a number of years it was further shown that the sales on the machine that was losing

money was steadily increasing and the sale on the other was as rapidly decreasing. The company had reached the line of profit on the downward course and in a little while would have been operating at a loss.

The remedy in this case was not merely a matter of prices. The business had been going on for so many years that it was not possible to raise the price on the losing machine, and it was not advisable to cut the price on the paying machine until the loss on the losing machine had been at least in a measure remedied.

In the effort to get around the difficulty the mechanism of the losing machine was carefully studied with the aid of a mechanical engineer, and it was found ultimately that a number of minor changes would make a better machine. These improvements were worked out in detail and patented. The general appearance of the machine was somewhat altered, and, after a systematic advertising campaign, it was possible for the salesmen to go on the road and charge an increased price for the altered machine, although they could not have done so with the old machine. In this manner, the losing machine was placed on an independent basis without sacrificing any volume in its sales, and the paying machine, which had not been getting its share in the business, by reducing the price to that of competitors who were not producing so good an article, doubled its sales the first season and increased the net returns. With both machines on a paying basis, the big leak was stopped, and the business of the man distanced all competitors.

A number of years ago a firm of importers that sold standard qualities of white goods in this country made an arrangement with a commission house to handle the American business, but after a short time, the trade suffered to such an extent that the importing house was called upon to interfere, and, in order not to lose this valuable agency, the commission house submitted to a reorganization of its methods under the direction of the importing house.

When the experts examined into the methods of the business house it found that it placed men on the road at as small a salary as possible, and had no standard of payment. It secured men for as little

as possible and distributed the territory in such a manner that the amount of sales from each man was about the same. There was also no fixed price. There was a catalogue price, and some of the better salesmen were able to sell at this without difficulty, but whenever a man wired the house that he could close a big deal by cutting the price, the permission was granted. It had not taken long for this vacillating policy to become known in the trade, with the result that the good men, who would otherwise have been able to maintain the price, found that they could no longer do so.

The experts began by fixing a price that was under no circumstances to be cut. For a time it caused a reduction in the sales, but drastic measures were necessary to reestablish the goods in the trade. Then the territories were redistricted according to possible business, so that each man on the road could make plain the full value of his services. In this way there was no difficulty in finding out immediately who were the good salesmen. They were all placed on an equal basis, and only efficiency counted. For the time, however, each was given a drawing account according to his gross sales for the previous six months. But, after the next six months had elapsed and a readjustment was secured, the drawing accounts were figured nearer to the capabilities of the salesman. Expenses were also figured into salaries and a motive for economy established. A bonus system was introduced which affected all salesmen equally, creating a spirit of organization and resulting in general efficiency.

This was a case where through bad management the business integrity of the foreign house had been impaired, but only organization and readjustment was necessary to remedy the evil and maintain a standard of goods at its standard price.

A situation almost exactly the opposite faced a concern that sold throughout this country and Europe. For many years it had been the custom to restrict sales to houses of the highest credit standing only. This had proved a safe policy, and there had been few credit losses, but the activities of competitors who had been much less choice in their selection of customers had seriously affected their market, even where the goods stood side by side upon the

shelves. The general public had come to know the other brands better.

The old business methods had become encrusted, and as the officers of the company hardly felt equal to the task of readjusting their business to the changed times they called in some new blood. It was not long before the new element in the firm had induced it to adopt a radical change of policy. The company proceeded to extend its field of operations and to sell small bills of goods to customers whose credit was not first-class. The field force was increased to meet the new policy, and, without risking any very great stake in individual cases, the gross sales were increased sixty per cent. This meant a large addition to the factory, but except for additional salesmen on the road, did not cause any additional expense in distribution.

The losses on the total business increased, none, of course, on the high-class business, but the losses were more than made up for by the lower cost of production. The most important consideration in the situation was, however, in bringing the goods more prominently before the purchasing public. They were no longer hampered by too limited an output. The goods were now in general use, and all the advertising value of that fact was taken advantage of in making the next step.

The cautious officers of the company having figured that even aside from these larger advantages they were in a better financial position than formerly, changed their entire policy of business and devoted their attention to placing their goods in every available house. Newcomers, whom they had formerly scorned, they trusted with good bills of goods without looking up their credit. The goods, in consequence, were now seen everywhere, there was a universal demand for them and no house of any pretensions could afford to be without them. And here the company had a check over its customers it had never had before. It would not deliver a second bill until the first had been paid for. So customers paid promptly as they had to have the goods. Its credit losses grew, of course, with the business, but decreased in proportion to its volume.

As serious as is the waste of material resources, through lack of system or un-

derstanding of commercial problems, more serious is the waste of energy through the misdirection of effort. A concern which had at its head an extremely active man, capable of doing large things in a large way, was induced to direct his attention toward handling a comparatively small article for which there was almost universal need. Big profits were undoubtedly to be made from it, but the house which took it up was not capable of adapting itself to that type of work. But having assumed one small article which required endless detail, it was found impossible to handle it at a profit without having other similar small articles which would help pay the expenses of marketing it.

In this way gradually the house had got deeper and deeper into this small business, wasting its energies over small matters, involving its capital in such a way that it was unable to pay the dividends which had long been continued from one meeting of the board of directors to another. The concern was gradually going down across the profit line.

The situation was nearly desperate when outside aid was called. It was found by the most casual examination of the firm's affairs that the head of it and the man who had the most money involved, had no capacity for details, and this business was one of infinite detail. As long as he had continued in larger affairs he had made money, but it was only with the greatest difficulty that he was now able to keep his head above water. He had been in middle life when he had made the change and he was now rapidly approaching a disastrous old age.

Vigorous measures were necessary. One by one each of the small lines had to be given up. Other houses which had a greater aptitude for this class of business were willing to buy them, and although this involved a loss in each case, they were sold. One line, finding no purchaser, was entirely dropped, although it had been bringing in a small earning.

While this was being done, the head of the house was induced to relinquish his hold on that end of the business and direct his attention once more to the larger business in which the house had formerly been engaged. He did this, and, finding himself in more congenial surroundings once more, went ahead rapidly, but the smaller

lines had impaired his capital, and he returned to his proper business with less money and several valuable years gone from his life.

A leak less generally recognized as such is frequently due to the desire to cut costs by manufacturing or buying in larger quantities than the need justifies. It is all right to produce steel rails or standard grades of clothing when labor is cheap, or purchasing them when their price is down, but the range of standard articles which will keep is limited.

One concern which had been manufacturing dairy supplies for many years con-

tinued at full capacity during a dull season, with the intention of closing down altogether for a short period later. But after it had produced more utensils than it could dispose of in the whole of the following season, an entirely new article appeared in the market which jumped into immediate favor with dairymen. It was possible for this concern to manufacture a similar article, and it was forced to do so, running the factory full blast during the period it had intended closing down, and the surplus from over-production of the old article was got rid of at a loss.

The New Science of Management Criticized

IN summarizing the comments of the technical press on Frederick Winslow Taylor's book, "The Principles of Scientific Management," *Current Literature* first points out that the writer avows three fundamental aims.

The first is to point out through a series of simple illustrations the great loss which the country is suffering through inefficiency in almost all our daily acts. He would prove in the second place that the remedy for this inefficiency lies in systematic management rather than in searching for some unusual or extraordinary man. Finally he insists that the best management is a true science, resting upon clearly defined laws, rules and principles as a foundation. The fundamental principles of scientific management are thus applicable to all kinds of human activities, from our simplest individual acts to the work of our great corporations.

Under the old type of management, for instance, success depends almost entirely upon getting the initiative of the workmen. It is a rare case in which this initiative is attained. Under scientific management the initiative of the workmen (that is, their hard work, their good will and their ingenuity) is obtained with absolute uniformity and to a greater extent than is possible under the old system:

"In addition to this improvement on the part of the men, the managers assume new burdens, new duties, and responsibil-

ities never dreamed of in the past. The managers assume, for instance, the burden of gathering together all of the traditional knowledge which in the past has been possessed by the workmen and then of classifying, tabulating, and reducing this knowledge to rules, laws, and formulae which are immensely helpful to the workmen in doing their daily work. In addition to developing a *science* in this way, the management take on three other types of duties which involve new and heavy burdens for themselves.

"These duties are grouped under four heads:

"*First.* They develop a science for each element of a man's work, which replaces the old rule-of-thumb method.

"*Second.* They scientifically select and then train, teach, and develop the workman, whereas in the past he chose his own work and trained himself as best he could.

"*Third.* They heartily co-operate with the men so as to insure all of the work being done in accordance with the principles of the science which has been developed.

"*Fourth.* There is an almost equal division of the work and the responsibility between the management and the workmen. The management take over all work for which they are better fitted than the workmen, while in the past, almost all of the work and the greater part of the responsibility were thrown upon the men.

"It is this combination of the initiative of the workmen, coupled with the new types of work done by the management, that makes scientific management so much more efficient than the old plan."

In the medley of comment favorable and the reverse which the new scientific management has inspired in the technical press of the land, that of *The Railway Age Gazette* stands out most prominently. This daily has studied the subject in a series of articles based upon what it deems the "mistakes of the efficiency men." Much of what they have said, it reminds us, has been allowed to go unanswered. "The popular publications have welcomed them as the bringers of good news, who are to save us from the slough of inefficiency. Their statements appear to be accepted as scientific deductions which require no further proof." But merely to discuss scientific questions does not make one a scientist. One of the fundamental weaknesses of their propositions lies in the fact that, "posing as scientists," they have made statements and set up claims in disregard of the actual conditions. In what respects, now, are the efficiency men putting into practice the theories of Frederick Winslow Taylor in many cases unscientific in their attitude and methods with reference to scientific management? Our technical contemporary replies:

"First, in basing their conclusions on incorrect, insufficient, or immaterial data and in applying them to conditions which were absent in the initial investigation.

"Second, in criticizing methods of operation without a full recognition of what they have accomplished and in substituting therefor a system which experience has shown to be impracticable.

"Third, in their impatience for results.

"What is more common in their utterances than an imposing array of examples of extremely low efficiency, submitted as evidence that conditions call for heroic treatment, or of examples of high efficiency as a proof that their methods can alone bring order out of the chaos? A mere citation of disjointed facts, however, proves nothing. They are at best but half-truths, and as such are not only out of place in a scientific discussion of the questions under consideration, but are misleading. A disinterested seeker after the truth asks: 'If the unsatisfactory condi-

tions that have been described actually exist, are they due to a *wrong* system or to the *absence* of system; do they correctly represent average conditions, or are they only exceptional instances due to factors which are but local and transitory?"

"Efficiency men claim to be scientific, as contrasted with practical men who, they say, follow the rule of thumb. But a scientist publishes his conclusions only when, after extended experiments and observations, he has found the evidence sufficient to warrant giving them publicity. He is no scientist who hastens into the limelight with evidence based on scattered examples, found amid varying conditions, and risks the odium of his co-workers, by announcing premature conclusions. Among reputable physicians, chemists, biologists and other scientists, it is customary to delay the announcement of important discoveries ever far beyond the time which would seem under all the laws of logic to be required. The result is that when such an announcement is made it is backed up by a series of facts so closely related and so strongly fortified by innumerable examples bearing distinctly upon the question, that it is unusual, indeed, for it to require alteration.

"Is it scientific to use as evidence cases of low efficiency and consequent high costs and unsatisfactory service, or of improvements that have followed the introduction of efficiency methods, without an equally fair statement of all the conditions that surround the operations? Or to search through the records for an especially poor performance to set alongside an especially good one, irrespective of the causes and the general tendency in either case? All thoughtful accountants appreciate how misleading statistical data may be unless all the concurrent factors are taken into consideration and proper allowances made for them. Whatever the unit of measurement, it is unsafe and improper to draw definite conclusions from too narrow a range of data.

"A good record of one month may really be a poor one when all the facts are known. For example, in an industry where the different operations that precede the completion of a certain unit are scattered over a period of several months, the output during a particular month may, and usually does, bear no direct relation

to the cost of operations during the month in question. In a shop building steam engines, machine tools, passenger cars, or similar equipment, requiring perhaps two months or more to assemble complete, it is the height of folly to assume that the cost of the operations in a given month divided by the output represents the cost per unit, and indicates whether the results are satisfactory or otherwise. Yet this has been done and has been submitted as evidence in proof of the alleged phenomenal results that have followed the introduction of a certain system of shop operation."

The efficiency engineers are indictable to our contemporary likewise not only on account of what it deems their extravagant claims and statements, but also owing to the failure of many of their theories when put to the test of practical application and to their neglect of the human element, in spite of their claims to the contrary.

Perhaps next to the failure of the efficiency men to appreciate the importance of the human element, the most fatal mistake they have made, adds *The Railway Age Gazette*, is their impatience for results:

"This comes often after many of the obstacles to their success have been removed. It is not confined alone to them; many practical managers have failed for the same reason. But in introducing a system of work that involves features which, while the principles underlying them may not be new, are strange to the men who are most vitally affected, impatience can undo in short order what it has taken much time and expense to build up. If it is true that man is a suspicious animal, the average workman has his full share when a new system is introduced. If it has merit, its success should not be risked by premature announcements or by assuming an uncompromizing attitude toward the men. If there is great waste in shop operation, and this has been going on many years, why the impatience to change it all in six months or a year?

"Instead of establishing the system in one department, and proving its worth so unequivocally that it is demanded in other departments, certain efficiency men have urged its speedy extension to other departments for the reason that, unless it

is introduced into all and recognized as the established system, there is danger that it will fail in the department in which it was initially instituted. Such a necessity for its general extension is unworthy of any system which merits it. One of the most unfortunate results of the impatience that has caused shipwreck of so many well intentioned plans is the opportunity that is given to labor to organize and present a solid front of opposition to their establishment. It is both unnecessary and unscientific to demand or expect permanently satisfactory results in introducing scientific management without giving it time to grow in favor. If the efficiency men have profited by this mistake, which has been the direct cause of many of their failures, they have gained much."

These criticisms do not seem to impress the student of the subject who writes in *Industrial Engineering*, a technical organ which sees only themes for praise in the results of the efficiency men. Five years ago, writes Mr. Frederick A. Parkhurst, in the columns of our contemporary, the term "scientific management" would have conveyed nothing to the majority of minds. "To the minority it meant the highest imaginable development of a business through an exact knowledge and control of the most minute details incident to that business." To-day, we read, the modern business man recognizes the term as synonymous with maximum efficiency. Many instances can be given of the success of the new science when applied. Scientific management is initiated in three stages. There is a preliminary investigation, diagnosis of existing conditions and the application of immediate relief to particularly serious troubles until the new organization is under way. Next come planning of the new organization and the making of a graphical chart for the instruction of employees from the president down. Then follows the organization record. The results attained by the efficiency men vindicate their new science. Nor is Mr. Parkhurst unmindful of the difficulties and of the sources of disappointment, or of trouble. The report is often circulated through the office and works, previous to the organizer's arrival, that a new man is coming to make them hustle. This report loses nothing by repeated telling. By the time the organizer

arrives everybody is in anything but a proper frame of mind.

"Another common source of trouble is the lack of a sufficient organization with clearly defined responsibilities and duties for each incumbent of the various positions. This results in friction and misunderstandings; one man feeling that the other is treading on his toes, so to speak. The shop man feels that the man in the office is not attending to his work, that if he ordered material more promptly and made his orders more complete work would go through a great deal more quickly. The man in the office feels that he must personally look after the details of the work of the shop and is inclined to extend his field of activity into all branches of the business. This attitude does not necessarily show a desire to usurp the other man's job, or to meddle with his affairs, but is often due to excessive zeal in trying to further the firm's best interests, and is done entirely in ignorance of the demoralizing effect which such an attitude must have. Another serious trouble resulting from the need of a proper and clearly de-

fined organization is found in the unfair handling of the rank and file of employees. Under a modern system this is impossible. While each man stands on a nominally equal footing with the others, his personal endeavors, ability and industry makes possible his advancement, in the class of work, earning power and promotion, independently of the others. Suggestions are solicited from the men as to improved ways or means of doing work and are gladly paid for when it is possible to adopt them. Relationship, friendship or other possible 'pull' has no influence. The 'square deal' is the order of the day."

As the discussion of this subject proceeds in the technical press, it becomes increasingly obvious that sources of efficiency and energy previously unsuspected have been tapped by the new movement. We must not too hastily conclude, however, in the opinion of *The Scientific American*, that we are on the eve of a revolution in technical methods. The science of management is one to which psychology is a practical reality. That is a main point.

The Commercial Strength of Great Britain

THE British business man from the American standpoint is discussed in a very entertaining article in the *Century Magazine* by James Davenport Whelpley. We Americans are inclined to be impatient with English business methods, he begins. Our people come to London to close up some affair in which Anglo-American capital is interested, and expect to return within a week—perhaps on the return trip of the same steamer on which they came over. Instead of that days and even weeks go by before people can be seen and things accomplished. When they are concluded, the American goes home with tales to tell of how a "bit" of shooting, a week-end, a motor trip, a horse-race, a cricket or a golf match, or even a sick horse or dog, delayed his all-important negotiations indefinitely. When the first outburst of irritation has subsided, however, we learn of certain impressions he brought away with him from London which are worth while. First, he

is even awed at the apparently unlimited amount of real money, actual cash, which is to be had if he has the "open sesame." Then he will admit, if grudgingly, the sound conservatism, the accurate information, the keen analytical power, and the firmness of conviction possessed by the men he met and with whom he dealt. He will concede to them a knowledge of the far corners of the earth which brings India, South Africa, the Argentine, in fact, every place where English energy or money has been expended, within the familiar ken of the man who may never have been farther from London than the seashore, and to whom a crossing of the English Channel would be the event of a lifetime.

On the other hand, he will have met perhaps some of the army of international tramps who for pleasure or profit travel the highways and byways, observant, matter-of-fact, thorough, and so intensely English always that everything is judged

by English standards and looked at in its possible relations to English profits, political, financial, or commercial. It is these qualities, these characteristics, more highly developed in each succeeding generation, which have begotten that great unorganized volume of individual trading known as English foreign commerce.

In the matter of supplies, the English people are struggling for independence of the United States. The fluctuation of the American cotton markets has caused riots in the manufacturing districts. American trade combinations are held responsible for the high prices of food. It is this feeling which has helped along the spirit of empire in England and has led to heavy investments in the British protectorates in the attempt to develop new supplies of cotton, food-stuffs, and other raw staples. So far these expenditures have had no appreciable effect in diverting the trade from North America, and in view of the enormous supplies required, it will be many years before they become really apparent. If such a time does arrive it will also be indicative of a change in the character of American industry, for the energies of the people will have turned to other fields, resting content that the home market be supplied with raw materials rather than a surplus be created for export. For the seller of staples and raw materials is the least intelligent and least prosperous of the world's traders.

It is British capital that has developed the British Empire and trade follows capital investment. Roughly speaking, twenty-five per cent. of England's foreign commerce is with her imperial dominions, though virtually every one of these dependencies has enacted customs laws which demand toll from the trade of the mother country as well as from that of other lands. The only concessions yet made have been those of preferential duties. How frail a tie this may be upon which to found the commercial unity of an empire of which the pivot is a free market is shown in the fact that the imports of British goods into British colonies are now decreasing annually, while imports of foreign goods show a notable increase. It is also even more strikingly brought home to the people of England by the proposed commercial arrangement between the United States and Canada.

Leading English statesmen have designated the event as the "death of preference." Even those who have made this scheme the basis of their political creeds admit the severity of the blow and the "narrowing of the margin" for the possible establishment of an imperial zollverein.

That the United States and Canada should in time come closer together in matters of material interest has been inevitable since the settlement of the one country under two flags. It has been the wonder and despair of thoughtful men in the United States that such an arrangement was not accomplished long ago. It has been the wonder and satisfaction of British statesmen that it was so long delayed. The British people have been hugging the delusion for many years that natural laws could be rendered inoperative by sentiment and legislation; and that her lusty colony would remain content under the parent roof-tree and continue to contribute her earnings to the family purse even after the coming of age. This illusion has been a most attractive toy with which the British politician has interested his audience and with which public attention has been diverted from the real dangers which threatened the peace and welfare of the home itself.

Acting under the almost incomprehensible theory that the home country was being strengthened in the building up of countries which, although under the same flag, treated her only as a favored nation, Great Britain has been drained of much of her expert labor and the fittest of the unemployed. These men, with their women and children, have been urged, even assisted to leave, while the lands of the British Island cried aloud for intelligent and economical tillage, the sweat-shops of East London grew apace through unrestrained immigration of the more or less undesirable, and the wage scales of industry remained at low ebb because of the cost of production through ancient methods and inefficiency. Like unto the mother of seven sons lost in battle, she gives of her children to the universal development and progress of the world, but the home is desolated.

To say that in this now fading illusion of empire there lies a tremendous and magnificent pathos is to seem almost irreverent, for it is to the British nation, its

world-wide and broadcast sowing of right-thinking men and women that the world owes its progress in the last two centuries. It is only because of the grasping of politicians for marionettes with which to amuse the crowd that the real meanings of the forces at work are lost sight of. The people are scanning far horizons for rainbows of promise when they have the materials beneath their feet with which to stop the now ominous gaps in the wall of home defense; and there are no better materials more quickly to be molded to desired ends than those which lie close to hand. Anything which will lighten the toiling mass of humanity, quicken the pulse and the intelligence, bring hope to the children of the hopeless, will do more to prolong England's hold upon the trade of the world than a hundred imperial conferences. To devise means to keep her money and her men at home and to give each an equal chance is now the problem which lies on the doorstep of the home citadel of this fecund mother of nations, who still abounds in incredible resources, strength and power, notwithstanding the demands already made upon her and to which she has responded with a lust for adventure without parallel.

No greater source of England's strength exists than that which lies in her dominance of the seas. It is not the armored vessels of which her people are so proud that contribute to her vitality, but the unarmed liner following its regular route, or the blunt-nosed, slow-speeded "tramp," seen perhaps first at the London docks, then again a few weeks later at anchor in some far tropic port.

The tonnage of ships flying the British flag is nearly twenty million. The United States comes next with less than eight million and then Germany with less than four and a half million. A great percentage of the American tonnage is in the coasting trade, while that of England is overseas. There are no signs of decrease in this greatest of all the British industries, for in 1910 over 500 vessels were launched from British yards — figures which included 331 sea-going steamers, ranging from small yachts to the 45,000-ton new passenger steamer Olympic. In the United States 195 vessels were launched; and in Germany 117. Nearly 50 per cent of all the world's new shipping of

1910 carries the British flag. The very nature of England's trade demands this great merchant fleet, for her highways are those of the sea. Her greatest port of tonnage is London, the second is Hong-Kong, and the third is Liverpool.

To say that this great English industry stands on its own feet, that it is just as free from government aid or organized directing is as true as to say the same of the commerce it stands for. Many careless and intentionally or unintentionally misleading statements have been made concerning the aid given to steamship lines by the British government. With the exception of a favorable loan and a subvention conditional upon high speed arranged by the English government to secure the building of the Mauretania and the Lusitania, virtually no subsidies are now paid by England to further the interests of sea transportation. Statements are not uncommon in which all the amounts paid by the British government for carrying the mails and other services are lumped together and characterized as shipping subsidies. This is not really a fair statement, for the British Post Office pays for the carrying of the mails at the lowest ton rate which can be secured under the circumstances. In former years some subsidies have been paid; one notable instance was that designed to encourage the development, of a line to the West Indies, but even this subsidy has been discontinued, owing to the refusal of Jamaica to continue payment of her half share of \$200,000 a year. That the payment for the mail services is based upon actual work done is shown by the fact that with each succeeding year less and less money is paid to the Penninsular and Oriental Line owing to the decrease in the amount of mail matter sent by that route. On the whole it may truly be said that English commerce, including the great shipping industry, is entirely dependent for success upon the intelligence and persistence of designed effort and activity.

"What England needs," said an Englishman to me, "is a tariff for revenue with a carefully adjusted degree of protection for home industry and the power such protection will give us to favor the products of the colonies." It was in the course of a smoking-room chat on a steamer northbound from South America

that this was said. My friend is the kind of man who would succeed anywhere—quiet, wasting no words, and commanding respectful attention when he does speak; practical to the last degree, and with a fortune, the profits of many years of successful trading, which speaks for the value of his opinion. "I am going home," he continued, "to stand for Parliament on the Tariff Reform platform. The constituency in which I shall ask for votes is one of laboring men. I shall tell them what I think and take the consequences." He did, and was defeated; but he will be in the field at the next general election in England, when he believes the tide will turn toward what he terms "a plain, common-sense view of the situation."

When his attention was called to the fact that the year 1910 witnessed an enormous increase over previous years in the figures of England's foreign commerce, he said, "Yes, it did; but a large part of the gain is accounted for by increased prices paid for raw materials imported and the corresponding increase in the prices received for goods sold abroad. The actual gain in bulk is not so satisfactory. An ominous feature of the so-called boom of last year is that according to the returns made by the labor organizations a much smaller percentage of unemployed labor was absorbed than during any trade boom of recent years. We are seriously wrong at the bottom and must put our house in order."

And now for a contrary view. A few weeks later I was traveling from Paris to London. Sitting in the so-called Pullman buffet car on the English end of the journey, I found myself opposite the kind of Englishman who is always promising of interest,—tall, strong, keen-eyed, rather good-looking, fairly young, and manifestly full of nervous energy and interest in life; hence entirely lacking the air of boredom which is cultivated by some as evidence of "good form," that exacting god worshiped by the well-born Briton at the expense of his enjoyment in life, and often of his progress. Presuming upon my American nationality, a possession which brings forgiveness in the minds of many Europeans for certain so-called eccentricities, one of which is speaking to strangers, I began a conversation. My fellow voyager was quite ready, in fact, eager

to discuss the questions which every intelligent Englishman is now debating.

"Tariff reform, protection—no, sir, that is not what England wants. We don't need it. Our trade has grown to what it is because it has been free. England has been and is the market-place of the world. In quality we manufacture as well as any people in the world, if not better, and if we keep pace with the modernization of industry we can continue to compete in price. Let me illustrate: I am an engineer, a manager of steel mills. The history of our property is that of nearly every other mill in Great Britain. The business was founded by a practical hard-working man, who by sheer industry, actual strength of arm, and personal knowledge of the abilities and character of the men whom he gathered about him, built it up to a creditable size. This business then passed to the sons, men who were better educated, better off socially, but still hard workers with an intimate knowledge of practical affairs and of the men in their employ. They sent their sons to the universities. When the time came these young men with university education, good social position, and much knowledge of many things unknown to their fathers, came into the ownership of the mills. In theory they knew what was going on, but not in practice, and they had no first-hand knowledge of the men whom they must place in immediate charge of the works. They now fail to see the necessity for capital expenditure, they do not realize that year by year the cost of production is being reduced, not by economy but by liberal expenditure, and by heroic discarding of plant still apparently useful. The articles they manufacture are still the best in the world as to quality, but they find the Germans, for instance, excelling them in beauty of finish and design, and what is more serious, they find the manufacturers of several other nations, underbidding them in price in, to them, an inexplicable way. These are the men seeking from without some relief from foreign competition, who are crying for protection.

"Some of the most ardent advocates of Tariff Reform among the iron and steel manufacturers are men who are still using the obsolete and expensively operated 'bee-hive' furnaces. Give our mills modern processes, well managed, and England

can compete successfully with the world. In brief, what we want at home is not protection, but the money now being sent out of the country for foreign investment. Delegations from our industrial people go to Germany and they see fine mills, clean, well-fed, well-housed workmen with wives contented with their lot; and they return convinced that all these advantages result from protection. They are wrong. Our competitors are merely taking advantage of the inventive genius of the age in the conduct of their business, and look upon the proper care of their work-people as part and parcel of an intelligent conservation of force and a tremendous factor in the cheapness of the ultimate cost of production."

Between these two extremes of belief, each held by many well-educated, intelligent, practical, and thoughtful men, stands the Liberal in theory, but who is for protection as a matter of expediency. He thinks that England is all right at the top, but that the laboring classes must be lifted out of the helpless rut into which he believes they have fallen. A wide distribution of education—paternalistic legislation for their benefit, old-age pensions, compulsory insurance, anything, in fact which will lighten the burden of the poor—enlighten their minds and give them hope. This man says the rich must rest content with even heavier taxation that the future may yield some promise of relief. This man would have protection, not because he thinks British industry needs it, but because he believes it might assist in his general scheme of raising the mental and physical standards of the people as a whole, thus aiding in the desperate struggle to keep the nation abreast of the times and to retain her present premier hold upon the trade of the world. He says it has been done in Germany all within twenty years, and could be done in England within a generation.

Politics in England means fiscal policies, economics. The party organizations are so incomplete and ineffectual that they have built up no considerable following which votes as it is told. Political beliefs in England to-day are marked by an individualism bewildering not only to the foreigner but to the citizen as well. The questions to be disposed of by future elections, which promise under the British

system to be of frequent occurrence, are those which deeply concern the integrity of the British Empire and the welfare of England and her people at home. The complexities of the problem are such that no man can say unhesitatingly that this or that policy is unquestionably the best, and few attempt to do so. And further, no man dares to predict confidently the immediate triumph of one or the other of the many remedies suggested by those who believe the situation needs remedy, or of the policies suggested by those satisfied with present conditions, but who view with apprehension the decreasing margin of distance between the England of to-day—the greatest trading nation of the world—and her active pushing rivals, hopefully following on apace.

There is no sign of decadence in England. By contrast with the rapid development of Germany and of the United States, she seems, however, to be progressing but slowly. It needs but a glance at her vast figures of foreign trade, encompassing as they do the world-wide field of human endeavor and industry, to gain some understanding of what has yet to be accomplished to retire her to second place. To British ports come vessels of every nation and to every seaport in the world are sent British-owned vessels on trading missions. Millions of tons of staples are bought by England in the country of their origin, loaded on British ships, and delivered to her customers elsewhere without touching British ports. In the warehouses along the Thames and elsewhere are concentrated the supplies of the world in many notable articles of commerce. The ivory of India and Africa are first brought here. The furs of the world are sold by auction in the London fur market. Mahogany logs lie on the London docks awaiting transshipment to countries much nearer to their native growth than England. In brief, this little island is the commercial heart of the world, and the slowing or quickening of its pulses is reflected on the bourses of the nations of the earth. With all the internationalizing of finance which has come about in recent years, England still keeps tight hold upon the purse-strings. The London bank rate is a governing factor from New York to Peking. England has been for generations and still is the great creditor nation.

More than £200,000,000 is scattered abroad annually. It is her money which builds the pioneer railroads, opens mines, dams the waters, and finances the lesser nations. From all these enterprises her people take their toll and seek new outlets for this increment. That too much money and too many men have been sent abroad attracted by promise of greater returns is probably true. She has bled herself too freely, and the heart now shows some signs of weakness. The rivalry of younger and more daring and strenuous peoples for the trade of the world is a severe test of her seasoned strength.

That she will yield in time may be true, and probably is, for history repeats itself. If the empire shall fall to pieces, it will be not in decay, but rather as the proud mother of many children reluctantly witnesses the departure of her sons and daughters in'to the battle of life, their inheritance one of courage, strength, self-confidence, and capacity for self-government; each with a notable share of the gold which has come to the parent purse from all quarters of the globe, and upon the investment of which is founded the prosperity and credit of these new nations, once upon a time England's dependent colonies.

A Twenty-five Million Dollar Bribe for Nature's Secrets

THE WORK of the Carnegie Institution in Washington is described in some detail by Charles Frederick Carter in the *Technical World Magazine*.

How does a young loggerhead turtle, thrown upon its own resources in a selfish world from the moment it leaves the egg-shell, know where to go to take up the struggle for existence with any prospect of success? He begins:

Davenport Hooker has found out the answer to this conundrum. Equipped with a quantity of glass of different colors he went to the Dry Tortugas where he put in a lot of time placing the glass in front of young turtles. When they saw the ocean through red, yellow or green glass they would not move toward the water; but when they saw it through blue glass, or when they saw the blue glass or even blue paper, they crawled toward it with evident excitement. Hence, Mr. Hooker concludes, the turtle's sense of color guides it to its natural element. Imagine the predicament of a color-blind turtle!

On these islets in the Gulf of Mexico, about seventy miles from Key West, where the United States Government entertained a large party of Southern gentlemen nearly fifty years ago, the Carnegie Institution of Washington now keeps open house for scientific gentlemen from various parts of the world. Here the scientists eat canned goods while they

study original problems in marine biology, or else they study marine biology while they eat canned goods, I have forgotten which. Anyhow, it is one way or the other.

Many sensational disclosures have emanated from those glistening white sands since the biological station was established. It is now known that not only are loggerhead turtles possessed of a sense of color but that the gray snapper is similarly equipped. The scientific squad played a mean trick on the gray snappers which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would do well to look into. The snappers were tempted into developing a taste for sardines dyed red. When this had been accomplished some sardines were loaded by placing tentacles of the medusa in their mouths.

"Stung again," exclaimed the snappers as they dropped the loaded sardines. Thereafter the snappers would not touch a red sardine, no matter how hungry they were, thus showing that they knew a thing or two.

On the other hand, all colors look alike to the ghost crab, though it readily perceives moving objects and is sensitive to large differences in the intensity of light. But it is deaf as a post, its so-called "auditory organs" being in reality organs of equilibration. In spite of its handicaps the ghost crab has memory and, like the

gray snapper, can profit by experience, which is more than some people can do.

Prof. John B. Watson, making his headquarters at the marine biological station, was able to pry into the domestic affairs of the noddy and sooty tern on Bird Key. He reared the young birds and found that they could learn to find their way through a maze to their food. The adults could also learn to overcome obstacles in seeking to sit upon the egg. The noddy builds its nest in bushes, and in doing so is quite shy; but if an egg be placed in the nest it loses all shyness and sits upon the egg as if it were its own. Both male and female build the nest, but the male alone procures food for both during this period, the female constantly guarding the nest. After the egg is laid male and female fly away to fish, taking their turns at brooding the egg at intervals of about two hours. The egg hatches after thirty-two to thirty-five days of incubation. The noddy does not recognize its own egg but will cheerfully incubate anything that looks somewhat like an egg. It recognizes the locality of its nest and returns to the old locality if the nest be moved, but it will accept an artificial nest placed in the old locality without hesitation. The sooty tern nests upon the ground and recognizes the exact locality of its nest; if the nest be raised vertically, the bird readily alights upon it; then if, after an interval, the nest is lowered the bird attempts to alight in the air in the place where the nest was formerly. A slight horizontal movement of the nest causes great confusion to the bird.

Birds taken from Bird Key to Cape Hatteras, eight hundred and fifty miles away, and liberated, returned in five days, although it is believed that they flew along shore and not by an air line, which would make the distance at least a thousand and eighty-one miles.

A number of other sojourners at Tortugas station have found out various things which they have set forth at length in the publications of the Carnegie Institution, not one of which has yet appeared in the list of the six best sellers. However, what the publications of the Carnegie Institution lack in popularity they more than make up in quantity. Although the Institution was organized only

nine years ago its publications in book form already aggregate 167 volumes, having more than forty thousand pages, or upwards of twenty million words of printed matter, while twenty-five volumes more are already in press, not to mention some twelve hundred articles a year contributed to scientific periodicals.

In the presence of such an inky deluge it does seem as if the wilderness of interrogation marks in which mankind has been wandering since the other deluge must inevitably be swept away. No doubt it will be, unless the truth itself should also be submerged.

But anyhow the spectacular quest of knowledge so prodigally endowed by Andrew Carnegie is worth the watching, for there was never anything like it in the history of the world. Until last January when the founder added \$10,000,000 to his previous endowment of \$15,000,000 the Carnegie Institution had an income of more than six hundred thousand dollars a year. Its permanent plant already includes a handsome administration building in Washington and fifty-eight other buildings, including two astronomical observatories and five laboratories, thirteen parcels of land and a fleet of ten vessels. Upwards of twelve hundred individuals have contributed in one way or another to the promotion of the researches and the publications undertaken by the Institution, while during each of the past five years about five hundred individuals have thus collaborated. With such an outfit and such an army of workers investigations have been carried on during the past year in more than thirty different fields of research, extending to more than forty different countries scattered over every continent, not to mention the oceans and interstellar space.

Ten independent departments of research, together with divisions of administration and publication, each with its staff and assistants, have been organized and established within the Institution itself. In addition to these larger departments of work, numerous special researches, in aid of which upwards of seven hundred grants of money have been made, have been carried on by research associates and other individual investigators.

It is not to be understood from the foregoing that the Carnegie Institution is in a hurry to find out all there is to know; for President Woodward has suggested that in estimating the work of departments the decade instead of the year should be the unit of time. Indeed, the peculiar worth of the Institution lies in its ability to pursue with absolute thoroughness, regardless of time or expense, whatever it undertakes. Yet while working for posterity quite as much as for the present generation the Carnegie Institution is accomplishing practical results of immediate importance.

Two separate departments are studying the heavens. One of these, the Department of Meridian Astrometry, is established in observatories at Albany, N. Y., and San Luis, Argentina, on the eastern plateau of the Andes. The observers at San Luis are hard at work making accurate measurements of the position of the fixed stars visible in the southern hemisphere to be compared with corresponding measurements in the northern hemisphere, in the preparation of a complete catalogue of precision of all stars from the highest down to those of the seventh magnitude, inclusive, for the entire celestial sphere. The San Luis observatory is breaking all records in stellar studies, having attained a score of fifty-six thousand observations in a year.

The solar observatory on the summit of Mount Wilson, near Pasadena, California, has a most elaborate equipment for studying the sun. This includes the Snow horizontal reflecting telescope purchased from the Yerkes observatory, a tower vertical telescope one hundred and fifty feet high, and another sixty feet high, and a reflecting telescope sixty inches in diameter mounted equatorially. These telescopes are supplied with various spectrographic, photographic and other devices for studying the sun and stars. In Dr. George Ellery Hale, Director of the Observatory, the Institution has found one of the geniuses it was created to discover. By introducing entirely new processes in photography and in other details Dr. Hale has been able to reveal sixty thousand new worlds, never before seen by man, some of which are ten times as large as our sun. Most of the work, though, consists in

studying the sun, photos of which are made every clear day, and the spectra of the stars, the results being added to those accomplished by other observatories in working out various problems.

But to get back to earth again; the Geophysical Laboratory, which is located in the outskirts of Washington, has undertaken a novel line of research, for it is trying to find out how the world was made by manufacturing rocks experimentally out of the raw material by imitating the processes of Nature as closely as possible in everything except length of time required. While at the present writing there seems little hope that the information thus obtained can be utilized in the creation of a new earth in case we should all be driven off the present one by the ever-increasing cost of living, the investigation is, nevertheless, interesting.

Experiments in the creation of rocks are conducted by placing the raw materials in steel bombs capable of withstanding pressures of seventeen thousand atmospheres, which are then placed in electric furnaces where they can be subjected to the action of intense heat for weeks and even months. Temperatures as high as two thousand one hundred degrees, centigrade, or more than three hundred degrees above the melting point of platinum, have been attained in these furnaces.

It seems to be generally agreed that diamonds are produced by extreme heat at enormous pressure in the earth. The Carnegie Institution is better equipped for experimenting in the manufacture of diamonds than any one else ever has been; but instead of undertaking to find a way to place diamond necklaces within the reach of all it has elected to devote its time to such commonplace things as calcium oxide and silica, two constituents most frequently found in rock, which also happen to be the essential materials in Portland cement. The Geophysical Laboratory has demonstrated that these two things could combine only in certain ways and in certain proportions, and not in the way assumed by cement manufacturers. This being understood, the cement maker now has a scientific basis upon which to prepare his product instead of following a rule of thumb. Now that the formula has been discovered it is possible to pro-

duce cement anywhere that the necessary elements are to be found instead of in certain rare spots where deposits of materials in the right proportions exist. As enormous quantities of cement are used annually, this discovery is of great importance.

The Geophysical Laboratory is also engaged in the study of ore deposits. Once the fundamental conditions under which ores are formed are understood, the range of practical geology will be widely extended and the quantity of ores available will be increased.

Some strange things are being learned about animals, birds, fish, insects, and plants by the Department of Experimental Evolution, all of which are to be applied for the practical benefit of mankind. Since Darwin's day the problem of the origin of species has taken on an entirely new form. It is now recognized that the whole problem of evolution lies in the origin, nature, and relations of characteristics. The production of a new "species" is the development of a new characteristic not necessarily new to

nature, but in a new combination. Since the Department got its hand in, it has been able to produce some curious variations on stock of well known pedigree, such as poultry with short mandibles, with no comb with one toe missing on each foot, with an extra toenail to each toe, with one wing missing, and with both wings missing. It is hard for an unscientific mind to understand why the Institution should fritter away its time on wingless chickens when any boarding-house landlady could have told it that if it really desired to fill a want long felt at economical tables it should try to produce a chicken composed exclusively of wings. Professor Tower, an associate of the Department, has been very successful in controlling new characteristics in the Colorado potato beetle, varying the colors and increasing the number of generations in the reproduction cycle. No farmer's boy who has had to break his back throughout a long, hot summer day "buggin' pertaters" will thank Professor Tower for that, though. Colorado potato beetles came along quite fast enough under the old schedule.

The Crime of Being Penniless

EDWIN A. BROWN, a successful business man of Colorado, recently retired from business and began to devote his attention to a study of the unemployed. He disguised himself as a tramp and lived among them. His experiences are to be found in *The World To-Day*.

I saw clearly that you can't shake hands through prison bars and get at a man's soul. Nor can you walk through a charitable or benevolent institution in regulation style and get at its real needs. Gustave, King of Sweden, realized that fact when, on December 5, 1909, disguised as a laborer, he carried coal from a lighter to the shore in order to learn the needs of that class of his subjects.

I put on the clothes of the workingman and became, to all appearances, a penniless wage-earner in the haunts of the homeless, writes Mr. Brown. I drifted into one of the big beer dumps where they

sell drinks at five cents a glass, which costs \$1 a barrel to manufacture. I saw standing over by the big, warm stove a man whose appearance told too plainly the world was not dealing with him kindly, and I said in a tentative way, "Have a drink?"

"No, I am not a drinker."

I then said, "Can you tell a fellow who is broke where he can get a free bed?"

He looked at me with an amused smile, and said, "You are up against it, too, are you, Jack? Well, I am broke, too, and the only free bed I know of is the kind I am sleeping in, and that is an oven at the brick yards. A lot of us boys go out there during these slack times."

"An oven at the brick yards," I said in astonishment, "how do you get there?"

"Well, you go out Larimer street to Twenty-third, then you turn out Twenty-third and cross the Twenty-third Street viaduct. It is about two miles. You will

know the kilns when you come to them; you can't miss them. But don't go before eleven o'clock; the ovens are not cool enough to enter before that time."

"To-night I sleep in an oven at the brick yards," I said to myself with cast-iron determination.

It was a very cold night, but at eleven o'clock I started out Larimer Street to find my free bed. Having crossed the Twenty-third Street viaduct I was lost in the darkness. There were no lights save in the far distance. I stumbled along over the frozen ground, fearing at any movement an attack, for Denver is not free from hold-ups. I could hear men's voices, but could not see them. It was not a pleasure-outing except as the thrill of an unknown event swiftly coming to one is exciting. Finally, the lights of the brick yards shone upon me with their great, long rows of flaming kilns. I had arrived at this novel dormitory. I stepped up to a stoker at work near the entrance.

"Can you show a fellow where he can find a place to lie down out of the cold?"

He raised his head and looked at me, and said, "I'll show you a place." I caught just then a little more of Ralph Waldo Emerson's meaning when he said, "There is more kindness in the world than ever was spoken." Leaning his shovel up against the kiln, and picking up his lantern, he said, "Come with me." He paused at a kiln. "Some of the boys are sleeping in here to-night," he said, as he entered the low, narrow opening of a kiln and raised his light. We were in a round oven or kiln about forty feet in circumference. By the light of his lifted lantern I counted thirty men.

"There are about seventy sleeping in the various empty kilns to-night; I think you will find a place to lie down there," he said, as he pointed to a place between two men.

I at once laid down, and with a "Good night" he left me to the darkness and to the company of those homeless sleepers who, in all our great city, could find no other refuge from death.

The kiln was so desperately hot that I could not sleep, and habit had not inured me to that kind of a bed. Had I been half-starved, weak and exhausted as were most of my companions, I, too, could have slept, and perhaps would have wanted to

sleep on forever. No one spoke to me. I endured that night by going at intervals to the kiln's opening for fresh air. It was then when I looked up into the deep, dark, frozen sky, I thought what a vast difference there was from being a destitute man from choice and a destitute man from necessity. At four o'clock, the time for a fresh firing of the kilns, we were driven from the great heat of that place out into the bitter cold of the winter morning. Very few of the men had any kind of extra coat, but, thinly clad as they were, they must walk the streets until six o'clock waiting for the saloons or some other public places to be opened. Their suffering was pitiful. I afterwards learned that many of these men contracted pneumonia that winter from this exposure, and from this and many other exposures, filled to overflowing the hospitals of the city.

During that entire week I followed up my investigations. I found men sleeping in almost unthinkable places: in the sand houses and the roundhouses of the railroad companies, when they had touched the heart of the watchman and were not driven out.

I asked one of the railway men why the railway companies drove them away from this bit of comfort and shelter.

"Because they steal," was his reply.

"What do they steal?" I asked.

"Oh, the supper pail of the man who comes to work all night; an old sack worth a nickel, a piece of brass or iron or part of the equipment from a Pullman car, or anything they can sell for enough to buy a meal or a bed or a drink."

"Do they steal those little things because they are hungry?" I questioned.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, with a shrug. "They are often so successful in not being detected while taking these little things, I expect that has made them bold. Some may have been hungry," he said, after a thoughtful pause. "Work has been scarce and hard to find, you know."

"Yes," I replied, "they have, no doubt, tramped the streets for many a day, foot-sore, dirty, ragged and penniless, and worst of all, discouraged and desperate. They must have clothing and food as well as a place to sleep. Without this they must suffer and die. They are haunted by this fear of death, knowing well what

hunger and exposure means and the utter impossibility of securing work with their indecent appearance."

"Yes, I know," said the man, patiently listening to my growing realization of their desperation. "When they become bolder and break into a freight car to steal something, if not of much real value, or something to wear, they are usually caught and thrown into prison. But they can't stop to think of that, I suppose; the poor devils have got to live," he said, with sympathy.

"You mustn't give me away," he added, confidentially, "but I know a special agent for a large railroad company, who made a boast of the number of men he had sent to the reformatory and put in the penitentiary the past year."

I slept, or rather spent the night, with thirteen men who were sleeping in a box car on a bed of straw. Some were smoking. Is it any wonder that many thousands of dollars worth of property are destroyed by fire in one night? I found men asleep in vacant houses with old rags and papers for beds. They also smoked and not only endangered this house, but the entire city; besides, they often robbed the house of anything available, to satisfy their hunger. I found them sleeping in the loft of barns, the only covering, the hay under which they crawled. I found them under platforms of warehouses with pieces of dirty old gunny sacks, or a piece of old canvas for a covering. I found them curled down in the tower of the switchman, in empty cellars, in vat rooms in breweries, in hallways, driven from one to the other, and some "carrying the banner" (walking the streets all night). I found them in the rearways of saloons, on and beneath their tables, and last, but not least, in that damnable, iniquitous cell, the bull-pen in the city jail.

A few short years ago—the date or his name is of no moment—a young man eighteen years of age was shot to death by a policeman in Denver. I went to the morgue and looked on the white, silent face of the murdered boy. His mother wired "Can't come to bury him; too poor." And so he was laid in a pauper's grave; no, not a pauper's grave, but a criminal's grave of the lowest type—a desperado that would make one cringe.

I have noticed in all of the police systems of our various municipalities, in my investigations — I exempt none — that where they have murdered some one or thrown a sick man into jail and he takes his life in there, or some other outrage is committed by their wicked policies, which, for the moment, shocks the city, they always try to blanket their wrong deeds by making a public statement that the victim had a record and was well known to the police. A one-sided story. "The man is dead." According to the press report, this young man's diary showed that he had been in the state seventy-four days and out of the seventy-four days he had worked sixty-four. But the most convincing proof of his outlawry was that they found on him a match-safe, that a man declared had been stolen from him. As I looked on that dead boy's face I seemed to read, above all else, kindness. Had he been kind to some one and, in return, had this match-safe been given to him? Hundreds of times have I seen these tokens of appreciation given: match-safes, knives, and even clothes from one out-of-work man to another—even an old brass watch that the pawnshop man considered of no value. The match-safe may have been given to this young fellow by a hardened criminal with whom circumstances had forced him to associate. "He ran from the officer." If he had ever been forced as a lodger or a suspect to spend a night in a western city jail, he would take the chances of getting away by running rather than face that ordeal again. I was so deeply impressed by the injustice of this municipal murder that, under a *nom de plume* I wrote a letter of defence for the boy to his mother, a copy of which I sent to the press. It reached the governing powers of the city; but not the public. Almost immediately the officer was arrested, tried and acquitted by the administering control of justice. A person cannot be tried twice for the same crime.

After my investigations in Denver had revealed such a startling condition of those who suffer, my first impulse was to fly to the Church. I thought I had reason to believe the church stood for compassion, mercy and pity. First, I approached several of our leading clergymen. My first appeal was to the pastor of the Chris-

tian Church, and his reply was, as he hurried on:

"Mr. Brown, if you succeed in getting a free municipal emergency home for Denver, you will build a monument for yourself."

To this I answered, "I have no desire to build a monument; I want our city to build a shelter for those who may be temporarily destitute among us."

Another, a Baptist, asked if it were Christian. I turned from this reverend gentleman with the belief that in his study of the Scriptures he had omitted the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, in which, I believe, the substitution of the word love for charity is conceded correct by the highest authority.

To another, a Methodist, I said, "Won't you speak a word to your people that an interest may be aroused to relieve the hardships of those who toil, who happen to be without money and have no place to rest?" With a forced expression, he said, "I don't believe in the homeless and out-of-work. I have found them without merit and dishonest." I could only ask what our Savior meant by "the least of these," and reminded him the last words Christ spoke before His crucifixion were to a thief.

I then made my way to the home, on ——— Street, of the Presbyterian pastor of the largest and most influential church in the city. I did not succeed in seeing the leader of this ecclesiastical society. But as I passed, I could look into the basement of the brightly lighted church, and I saw approximately fifty Japanese being taught by white women, aliens who did not want our religion, but our language and general ideas.

Going to the president of the Ministerial Alliance, I asked to be heard, but they had no time to listen. I then went to the Y.M.C.A., and the president said, "Brown, you can't expect every fellow to throw up his hat for your concern." Paradoxical as it may seem, the only three societies whom I sought for aid, which turned me down, were the Ministerial Alliance, The Bartenders' Union and the Y.M.C.A. Later, the women's clubs, labor councils and the medical societies were my warmest friends.

I then went to those of authority in the administration of our city, and among the

many objections raised to my plea, the first was "there are other things need our attention more. For instance, there are our overcrowded hospitals which must be enlarged." The sick, I was told, were lying on the floors, and several children were being placed in one bed, just as they are doing in Chicago to-day. One of the most important lessons in therapeutics is prevention. Let us enlarge our hospitals by properly housing our needy. Let us keep them from getting sick by keeping them from being exposed. Then it was declared we would pauperize the people, we would encourage idleness instead of thrift.

Mr. Hugh O'Neill, in an editorial, most wisely met the question of pauperizing the people by saying, "The surviving superstitions of a period that held every altruistic and humanitarian activity to be things that pauperize the people—we have traveled beyond that idea with our municipal theatre giving free concerts, and our municipal parks and municipal baths giving free means of health, and our bands of music and electric fountains. We have traveled beyond it with our municipal refuges for our disabled, infirm and sick, our municipal health departments and public libraries. The pauperization produced by all of those activities has not made itself apparent in any way we know of. But we hesitate at the suggestion of a municipal emergency home."

My investigation had taught me how useless it to talk ethics to a man with an empty stomach. The municipal emergency home, I believed, would encourage thrift instead of idleness.

And then our chief executive declared that something effectual should be done to keep out of our state the army of consumptives who come to Colorado. I could hardly see how that would be quite just or right. But I could see, I thought, how the municipal emergency home, rightly built and conducted, with its sanitary measures would be a mighty influence in our combat against the great white plague. Then the all-powerful declared the city could not afford it. The old cry of every city administration where the political boss and machine politics rule, when it comes to creating an institution that is not in tune with their policies,

Being abruptly asked what I knew about municipal emergency homes, I was forced to confess I had no knowledge whatever. I realized the need of information. I did not even know there was in existence on this whole earth of ours, such an institution as I was asking Denver to build.

That night found me with a suit-case in which was tucked my blue jeans, on my way to Chicago and the East.

I have been greatly misunderstood in regard to the class and character of the destitute for whom I am asking favor. That I can now clearly explain, for what I found true in Denver in a small way I found true in every other city. I classify them in two parts, namely, the unfortunate, and the itinerant worker. Ninety per cent. taken as a whole throughout our country are of the latter class. The former and smaller per cent. are chained by habits of vice which our social system has

forced upon them, or are physically weak. And while, first, my plea is for the upright wage-earner, I am broad enough to feel that if we have been thoughtless enough to allow social evils to exist to make them derelicts and infirm, we certainly ought to be honorable enough to stand the consequences and give them at least a place of rest.

But the 4,000,000 homeless, honest toilers with us to-day affect the welfare of our home and our nation. They are an important force and factor in society. By a moment's thought we can quickly see hundreds of good reasons why many of them at times can be moneyless and shelterless. As I throw back the curtain on these stories of human interest, I trust we may all of us catch forcibly the effectual need of not sitting idly asking a good God to help us, but rather, by putting our petition in word and act, be a living prayer in helping Him.

A Bet About Your Unworking Hours

AN excellent comment on Arnold Bennett's little book, "How to Live on Twenty-fours a Day," is to be found in *The World's Work*. Bennett lays a wager in his book that you waste much of your time and he proceeds to win his bet.

For instance, suppose that you get up and take light exercise and a bath, and dress as a gentleman should without indecent hurry, and eat breakfast, and read your paper, and get to your office at half-past eight or nine o'clock. That is surely a leisurely schedule for any working member of society. Suppose you get through your day's work, whatever it is, with an interval for luncheon, and end it at five o'clock. Between five o'clock in the afternoon and seven the next morning are fourteen hours of the twenty-four—a majority. Mr. Bennett bets you that you can't even give an intelligent account of what you do with these fourteen hours. Yet your management of them determines not only your real happiness, but determines also the efficiency with which you spend your working hours. The master trick of the game, in fact, is rightly to

spend the hours that lie outside the working period of the day. Since one man has just as much time as another, and since the problem of wise living is the use that one makes of the hours that are not necessarily spent in work or in sleep—here lies his suggestion for you. The ordinary man wastes this time. That is the long and short of it. A man who accomplishes important things either in building up his own character or in making himself useful to his friends and to the world that he moves in, is the man who has learned the art of utilizing these unsleeping, unworking hours.

Most of us would lose the wager; for the truth is our time is spent in piddling, in doing little things that are made necessary, if they are necessary at all, by our lack of orderly living. Suppose you wish to read. The book you want isn't in its right place, and by the time you've found it you are out of the notion to read it. Or you will play golf. But you forgot to have your club mended, as you meant to. A housewife will spend a larger part of her time than she realizes in putting this and that in place because

she hasn't thoroughly trained her maid, and because the members of her household are careless of their time and thoughtless of her. The lost motion and the lost time in doing little things are great enough to keep many a man and many a woman from carrying out the pet project of their lives. They are waiting forever for a chance that will never come to take up these pet projects. One sometimes has a sympathy for the Frenchman who killed himself because so much time must be wasted in dressing and undressing—in merely getting ready to do things.

Then again, an hour is worth more to one man than half a dozen hours to another, because the first man knows how to use it promptly and effectively. He doesn't piddle and get ready. He is ready; and he goes at what he wishes to do without distraction. And he does it with a vim. That's what the schoolmen mean when they say "concentration." This is an art that comes, as every other art comes, with practice; and every man can acquire it more or less well—can acquire it by degrees.

Suppose a man had 1,000 letters that he must read and classify (there is such a man), and he had only his spare moments to do it in. He will, if he be wise, first make a proper physical arrangement of the task. The unread letters he will put in the most convenient place—a permanent place, not on a desk that must be used for something else. Then in even a half hour, with nothing to arrange and with no preparations to make, he can read perhaps a dozen and classify them; and he can do this any half hour or any quarter hour, or any ten minutes that he could find, and the readiness of the task will tempt him to it—will enable him to find time. Piddling and preparation—the bother of getting things ready to do something—consume much of our lives; and mere physical orderliness, reduced to an exact science, is the rarest of the minor virtues. It rises, in fact, to the dignity of a major virtue.

The principle of "the new science of business efficiency" can be applied to a

home—to all the little things of living—quite as well as to the conduct of an industrial establishment. A good argument could be made to show that it is more needed in the home than in the shop. The hours that are for recreation, for conversation, for living as distinguished from working—these need the benefit of "scientific" management, if conversation and recreation and the real pleasures of living are to be enjoyed. Such management would not mean a rigid system. It would mean chiefly the elimination of a thousand and one little duties and deeds that are made necessary by a lack of orderliness. It would mean the absence of having to get ready to do things. It would mean that, when a man wished to read half an hour, the book would be at hand; when he wished to work his garden, the tools would be there; when he wished to lie down, the couch would be ready; when he wished to—whatever he wished to do, he could do it without loss of time or change of mood.

It is to be feared that women are great losers of time because, from an economic point of view, they have regarded their time as of less value than men's—an erroneous judgment, by the way, because one person's time is of as much value to *that* person as any other person's time is to *that* person; everybody's time is of prime value to himself, just as everybody's health or life is. The trouble about women's work is that it is of so many kinds. There is domestic work from kitchen to garret; there is social work, according to every one's taste and opportunity; there is, besides, the miscellaneous, left-over, general management of all small things (as well as of some large ones). All this is difficult to reduce to system. But it is not only possible but necessary if the household is to get the use of its time for the best pleasures and the best growth and the greatest happiness.

If you take Mr. Bennett's bet, that you cannot intelligently account for your hours spent away from your work, you'll have occasion to think of several important things before you win it.

Light as a Preservative of Health

THAT eminent British physician, Sir James Crichton Browne, contributes to the *Windsor Magazine* and *The Youths' Companion* an article on the effect of light on one's health, and after pointing out the part played by light on the plants and flowers, he proceeds to detail its influence on human beings.

On the large scale, he says, it cannot be gainsaid that sunlight is an important member of that confederacy of outward influences that makes for physiological righteousness.

We have an indication of its activity in this direction in the bronzing of the skin it induces. Pigmentation of the skin, to which bronzing is due, may be caused by low temperature as well as by sunlight, but when of sunlight origin, it is a sign of vital energy, and, indeed, the capability of cutaneous pigment formation is to some extent a measure of constitutional strength.

The absence of pigment is often associated with weakness. Albinos are invariably feeble creatures, and in the case of the cat are often deaf, and in that of the horse short-sighted; and stock-breeders have a strong prejudice against pure white animals, alleging that they are delicate and difficult to rear.

Then the production of pigment in human beings of the white race requires a certain substratum of stamina, for healthy people bronze easily, and sick people only with difficulty and slightly. Chlorotic and tubercular subjects, indeed, may be freely exposed to the brightest sunshine and retain their pale complexions, and in consumptives, under the open-air treatment, the appearance of bronzing is sometimes the first signal of returning health.

But sunlight penetrates much deeper than the skin. It quickens the circulation, it increases the oxidation in the body, it enriches the blood, it promotes nutrition in every organ and tissue.

But how, it may be asked, does light do all this, seeing that in man and in the higher animals its access to the body is so limited? We could understand its widespread sway, it may be said, if the whole surface of the diaphanous skin were habitually exposed to it, so that the corpuscles of the circulating blood, like the

corpuscles of chlorophyll in plants, might drink its kinetic energy, and the cutaneous nerve endings be stimulated by it.

But, as a matter of fact, man and the higher animals practically live in darkness. They spend at least a third of their time under the shades of night, they hide themselves in the murkiness of dens and houses, and they are covered with fur, wool, hair, or clothing, so that light cannot reach the skin at all, or only in feeble dilution. In men—even in those of us who are bald and do not wear gloves—only about one-eighth part of the surface of the body is directly exposed to the influences of light.

The answer to that is that, in the higher animals, the whole history of evolution consists in the gathering up into special channels of functions that were at one time generally diffused. Touch and the sense of pain and temperature are still maintained over the whole periphery, although even they concentrate themselves in specialized cutaneous regions; but taste and smell have been focussed on certain tracts of mucous membrane, and hearing has had constructed for it a mechanism of the most exquisite contrivance.

The vibration of sound—caused, say, by the voice of a speaker—still throws the whole body into a state of tremor; but they are perceived, not through the ear and auditory nerve. And so the undulations—or shall I say the corpuscles?—of light, which in plants and lower creatures exercise whatever effects they may possess upon the organism through its whole superficies, in the higher animals and men, operate upon it through the retina of the eye and its brain field.

And not only have these generally diffused superficial impressions, which were the rudiments of vision, been lifted into the eye and raised to an immeasurably higher power, but with them have gone up in great measure the nutritive prerogatives of light. These are exercised no longer directly upon million multitudes of cells, but reflexly through an autocratic and unifying brain-centre. The light impinging upon the retina, stimulating the nerve endings of the optic nerve, and initiating impulses which are conveyed to the brain, not only sets up sensations and visu-

al judgments, but has a secondary trophic or nutritive effect.

Its influence is not confined to the visual area in the occipital lobes and angular gyrus of the brain, nor to other sensory and motor areas welded to them, but extends to some nutritive centre that regulates the building up and breaking down of protoplasms and the contraction and dilatation of blood-vessels in remote regions and parts.

You must not imagine that the light gets no further than your eye and brain. It goes all over you, in spite of your clothes, and insinuates itself into every nook and cranny of your body. It is not easy to give you demonstrative proof of this in your own person, but that may be afforded in the case of some animals.

And, in this connection, the amphibia supply us with instructive material, for in them we can trace out the direct and reflex action of light co-existing side by side very obviously. They have naked and sensitive skins, and they have complex and sensitive eyes, and they have, moreover, movable pigments in their skins which respond to light, giving rise to changes in color.

These pigments, black, red, yellow, or green, are contained in cells called chromatophores, placed immediately beneath the transparent epidermis, which can contract, withdrawing the pigment from the surface and making it look pale, or dilate, spreading the pigment near the surface and giving it a darker or more saturated tint.

By the movements of these chromatophores, in conjunction with a fixed white pigment, and with interference of light by structure, producing blue and violet colors, these creatures, and especially the chameleons and tree frogs, appear in many varied and beautiful liveries, which are changed in accordance with environment and disposition.

The paramount object of these varied liveries is concealment; so the animal assumes a pattern akin to its surroundings. What has been called natural photography goes on. The frog that sits on the grass grows green, the frog located on granitic soil becomes speckled, the frog haunting the dark moorlands dons a brown costume.

These changes, which are slowly established, are attributable to the influence of light and color playing directly upon the skin; but other rapid changes, as Lord Lister long ago proved, are produced not by the direct action of light on the skin, but indirectly by its action on the optic nerve and retina.

A dark-colored frog, that invariably becomes pale when exposed to light with its eyes uncovered, retains its dark color when so exposed after a little hood of dark cloth had been placed over its eyes, without interfering with respiration, and instantly becomes pale when the hood is removed, its quick change being unmistakably due to retinal and not to cutaneous stimulus.

Desirous of ascertaining through what efferent channels the nervous impulse that caused concentration of the pigment on exposure to light was conveyed from the brain to the foot, Lord Lister divided the sciatic nerve—the great nerve of the hind limb, but without effect on the color of the limb. He tried then division of all the structures in the thigh, except the bone, femoral artery, and sciatic nerve, but again without effect.

When, however, he added to the latter procedure a section of the sciatic nerve, the animal, being then pale, gradually grew dark below the seat of operation, till in no long time the leg presented the appearance of having had a black stocking drawn over it, while the body and other limbs continued pale. All these parts were equally exposed to sunlight, but the darkened leg was cut off from reflex influence from the retina, which was still operative upon the body and other limbs, and so its chromatophores dilated and put forth branches.

It thus became clear that the regulation of this function of pigment distribution in the frog, which is probably closely allied to the action of the cells in nutrition, is not carried on by special nerves, as in the case of the contraction of ordinary muscles, but that all the nerves going to the limb have trophic functions. The changes that take place in the chromatophorus cells of the skin of the amphibia under the influence of light—namely, contraction with drawings in of their fine ramifications and concentration of pigment—remind us of the changes that.

according to some recent observers, take place in the neurons or cells of the brain in the transition from the sleeping to the waking state, when their branching processes and terminal buds are said to be retracted; and, of course, of all external stimuli, light is the one that is most potent and universal in determining that transition.

It seems curious that nervous action should make the pigment molecules move rapidly to the centre of the cell from its extreme ramifications, and yet this is not, as Lord Lister points out, more wonderful than a sudden gush of tears or outburst of perspiration under nervous influence, and both of these phenomena may be induced by excessive stimulation of the retina by light. Platen has shown that rabbits give off much more carbon dioxide when exposed to sunlight than when kept in the dark; but when the animal is blindfolded, the excretion of carbon dioxide under these two conditions is equalized.

I have said that in human beings the direct influence of light on the skin is not altogether abrogated. The races that still go about "in native worth and honour clad," no doubt benefit by that influence, but civilized races that have addicted themselves to raiment have been content to forego it. But in them, too, under certain circumstances, the exposure of the whole surface to light seems to have a tonic effect.

At Veldes, in Carinthia, in Austria, a special sunlight cure is carried on. The whole body, uncovered, is exposed to the influence of the sun and air for several hours a day, and the patients walk about in the park as lightly clad as in a Turkish bath.

It would be difficult to say how much of the beneficial effects of the treatment at Veldes is due to sunlight, how much to pure air, regular habits, and a quiet and secluded life. But beneficial results are obtained in cases of blood poverty and nervous prostration, and the doctors and patients alike believe that, in securing these, the sunlight is at least an important adjuvant.

Sir Lauder Brunton saw at the Roosevelt Hospital, at New York, a room, three sides of which were glass, so that it was flooded with light; and he was informed that this was used as a sun-bath, and that

convalescents recovering from illness and operations who were turned into it naked, and allowed to bask in the sun's rays, seemed to regain flesh and strength more rapidly than others not so treated.

In certain states of exhaustion and reduced nutrition, there arises a craving for sunlight, and in the grounds of any asylum, in summertime, you may see chronic lunatics complacently basking in what would be a distressing and broiling glare to ordinarily constituted persons. That it is not altogether the heat rays that attract them is indicated by the fact that these same lunatics do not hang round the fireplaces within the building.

But the surviving direct influence of light on the skin generally in man is comparatively unimportant, I believe, in comparison with its reflex influence through the eye; and that reflex influence has not yet, it seems to me, received the attention it deserves. We are apt to think that the eye is for seeing only, and to ignore its subordinate functions, but one of these subordinate functions is, I suggest, its transmuting light into a trophic stimulus to the system generally.

Light, operating through the eye, brain, and spinal cord, is, I maintain, a universal tonic, promoting health and nutrition, and so increasing resistance to disease.

The blind are almost invariably feeble, anaemic, and prone to illness. No doubt other concomitants of their affliction are partly responsible for their debility, but the deprivation of trophic influence which their sightlessness involves is, I believe, its chief cause.

In the open-air treatment of tuberculosis, which is now yielding such excellent results, light is a powerful accessory; and it is so, I believe, not by any lethal action on the bacilli—which, lodged in the body, it cannot reach, and which, when expectorated, are more expeditiously and efficiently destroyed by other germicides—but by its trophic influence on the lungs through the vagi nerves, thereby increasing pulmonary resistance to bacillary invasion.

Division of the vagi in an animal is, we know, rapidly followed by pneumonia and gangrene of the lungs, owing to section of the trophic fibres, and it seems indubitable that any diminution of trophic influence through these nerves will lower

the vital resistance of the pulmonary tissues, and that a full and free flow of trophic influence will brace them in their struggle with disease.

That full, free flow of trophic influence through the vagi to the lungs is, I am satisfied, greatly reinforced by the copious admission of light to the eye, and the fact that improvement under the open-air treatment is often more marked in winter than in summer does not militate against this conclusion.

From all that has been said, it surely follows that light is instrumental in preserving health and in maintaining it at a high standard, by its immediate effects on the individual man, psychical and trophical, as well as by its action in safeguarding him from microbic attacks. And it surely follows, from what has been said, that light is a sanitary agent of the first order, and that it behooves all good sanitarians to spread the light, to conserve the light, and to protect it from pollution.

Hunting a Job in the Wicked City

IT takes a writer like Eugene Wood to give the proper touch to the experience of the country lad who sets out from Johnnycake Corners to seek his fortune in the great city. This he does in the *American Magazine*.

You pack your trunk and start for The Wicked City to make your fortune or your living. Your mother doesn't go to the depot with you, but she bids you good-by at home, and puts her arms around you, and kisses you, and tries to smile through her tears. And, for the first block or so, you don't say much. It's as much as ever you can make out to utter: "I can carry that, pa." Your mouth feels sticky, and your throat hurts. And your father buys your ticket all the way to The Wicked City, and asks Mr. Morton, the ticket agent, when it'll get you in, and if No. 4's on time. And when the train does come, and the tumult and the shouting of "'Bus to the American House!" and "Eagle Hotel right this way," and "Oh, there she is! Oo-hoo! Wave your hand at her! Here we are!" and the kissing begins, your father tells Johnny Mara, the passenger conductor, that you're going with him, and for him to kind o' keep a look-out for you, and any favors shown you would be appreciated, and so on. (It makes you feel green for him to say that. You're a man. You can take care of yourself.) And Johnny Mara nods his head, and never gives you another thought, and just as he is about to holler "All aboard!" the telegraph operator runs out with an order for him from the train

despatcher, and that gives you a little more time to wait. So you hoist the window and talk through that to your daddy about nothing in particular. Neither of you knows what to say. But your daddy sees the conductor coming back from the telegraph office, and he finds the courage or the desperation to blurt out: "Well, good-by, my son. Good luck to you. Don't get discouraged. Keep a stiff upper lip. Let us hear from you every week. We'll be so anxious to know how you make out." He gives your hand a sharp pinch, and says in a queer, choked-up voice, "Be a good boy," and his mouth kind of trembles, and his eyes begin to blink. "A good boy. God bless you!" and he has to cough as if something got in his throat. And the train moves out, and you wave your hand at him for a little while and then sit down. But he stands and watches the train till after it goes out of sight behind the soap factory. Yes, he stands and watches the sky till the last faint tinge of smoke from the locomotive that drags you from home has faded. And if you could see him walk away, you'd see he was a good deal older than he was half an hour ago. It'll be lonesome at the supper table to-night, lots lonesomer than it was when you were going to college. . . . Kind of a nice old party, your daddy, in some ways. Course, he isn't the same to you that your mother is, but he means well. He was pretty near boo-hooing right out; he was for a fact. Just because you were going to The Wicked City to "accept a situation"—if you could find one to accept.

The Wicked City was joyously approached on your first visit; you hunched the train along in your eagerness to be there. But that was a visit. This time it's do or die. This time it's a ground-hog case with you. There is a cold sinking inside of you below the waistband. You swallow a good deal. On your first visit—don't you remember?—you walked through a parklet with thin green grass in it, and lots of flowers, and a fountain squirting, and big, fine buildings all around it, bigger than the courthouse, yes, ten times bigger than the courthouse and the jail put together. Splendid buildings. Knock your eye out. Cost a terrible lot of money. They just slathered it on so's to show it cost a lot of money.

But the buildings were not big enough to overshadow the pitiful, bloodless men that listlessly sat upon the benches. They were not splendid enough to quench the squalor of those whose blood and tears had stuck the piled-up stones together. The money slathered on them could not talk loud enough to out-shout the accusing poverty of the wretches who sat there, so many dogs without a master, a master to kick, perhaps, but also a master to give one a bone to gnaw sometimes. The Wicked City has money to throw to the birds; it has men to throw to the birds, too, such buzzards as choose to pick at them. Nobody cares, not even the wretches themselves. All that worries them now is where they can get the price of a drink, and the "free lunch" that goes with the drink. But in each, some mother kissed her boy, and put her arms around him, and wished him the best of luck, and tried to smile through her tears: some father gave his hand a sharp pinch and blurted out, "God bless you, my son," with lips that trembled. These all had mothers who had been proud of them, and fathers who wanted to be proud of them. They were all going to be Somebody. And now look at them! They had even got past caring. Not all of them, though. One young fellow—don't you remember that fellow? Just about your age he must have been, such a nice face he had, but so thin and peaked-looking, that was staring ahead of him, and all of a sudden he put his hands up to his face and muttered: "O God!" I suppose he tried

everywhere and couldn't get a job, and his money was all gone, and. . . .

Oh, well. No use "supposing that was you." It *couldn't* be you. You'd catch on somehow. It might go kind o' hard at first but you'd get there. You'd work at anything — "Yeh-heh-heh-hes!" you laughed bitterly to yourself, "it'll have to be 'anything.'" When you struck him for the job the man would ask you, "What can you do?" and you'd answer him, "Anything." (It wouldn't do to say: "Why, nothing acceptably.") Anything, it wouldn't make any difference what, so long as the tail end of the week had a pay envelope tied to it. Well, perhaps not "anything" either. The line had to be drawn somewhere. You had not then attained to high finance as it is exemplified in the vaudeville conversation: "What would you do for a million dollars?" "I'm ashamed to tell you."

Well, you don't know what you can do till you try. You were willing to try 'most anything from being a bank president on down. Anything. Nothing in particular that you know of. Why didn't you find out, before this, what you were best adapted for, what sort of work there was for you in life that would be no work at all, it would be such a delight to do it? They didn't find that out for you at college; what they did there was to cause you to make for the *n*th time in history a limber-legged translation of second-rate verses advertising wine, written by Quintus Horatius Flaccus, who didn't amount to a hill of beans two thousand years ago, and less every year since; what they did was to take you up into an exceeding high mountain of mathematics, when you couldn't foot a column of figures accurately or take 35 out of a dollar without pencil and paper; they instructed you in Marriott's Law, who could not tie a knot except a hard knot and a bow knot; they gave you 85 for a term-standing in Christian Evidences who couldn't tell quarters from eighths on a foot rule. What were you good for? Who knew? Not you.

There was a fellow once . . . Say, it was you, wasn't it? Didn't you tell me one time that when you landed in The Wicked City, and had two dollars left after you paid a week's board in advance, and for hauling your trunk up from the depot, you gave a phrenologist a dollar

and a half of it to feel of your bumps, and tell you what you were qualified for? Not you? Well, who was it then? Some friend of mine. Told me that for a positive fact. Said it was a stand-off which needed the dollar and half the worst, he or the professor. Well, it came out all right, anyhow. The very day the landlady was going to throw him out if he didn't pay up, he fell over a job packing coffins in a coffin factory, and helping out with the books after the old man had showed him which was debit side and which was credit side. He was a crackerjack at "AN with the optative mood but he didn't know B from bull's foot about debit and credit, and he never did get it clear in his mind why, when you take in money, it should be put on the debit side of the cash book. Aw, that *was* you. Don't try to lie out of it. Well, if it wasn't you, who was it?

The phrenologist never opened his trap about the fellow's qualifications for packing coffins, but it was something that tied the pay envelope to the tail end of the week. It isn't what you're qualified to do; it's what you can *get* to do.

Fifty cents left, a week's board paid, alone in The Wicked City, and no job. There's a dramatic situation for you. Not a comedy situation, though; not at all. Six of these fifty cents went for evening papers, one of them foolishly squandered on the late edition which didn't have any more "HELP WANTED—Male" than the earlier edition. There were some fine editorials in that paper if you only knew it, beautifully written articles about the Tariff Question, and the Gold Reserve, and one commending the governor of the State for his spat with the boss who had put him in the job, but you never even looked at them. You missed it. And there was a dandy in the second column. I forget the title, but it was all about the Right of the Citizen to Work for Less than he can Live on.

It's lonesome in The Wicked City evenings when you don't know a soul, and are a little homesick, and the meals (at the boarding-house where the tablecloth has gravy spots and rings on it printed from the bottoms of coffee cups) don't sit very well, and you have only forty-four cents and no job. The different-colored lights, green, and red, and blue, and white, wink out and in again, and revolve

and wiggle, and spell out words, letter by letter; the crowds surge on from under the old-fashioned arc lights, tinged with violet, into under the new-fashioned arc lights with a sunset glow. They're happy. Anybody with a job is happy. They're going to the opera where one chair for one evening costs more than you'd be glad to get for six, long, dull, dreary, driven days. They're going to the theatre to indulge in the luxury of tears at faked sorrows when life is lousy with real sorrows. They're going to the vaudeville to laugh till their stomachs hurt them. They're going to the moving-picture shows to see the crowd chase the fellow and fall into the water with a mighty splash. And you—you stand there lonesome, out of it, out of it completely. Forty-four cents in your pocket and no job. A girl comes up and says "H'lo!" but you never turn your head, never let on you hear her.

It's lonesome. It's bright, and gay, and noisy, and there are lots of people out, people who don't care whether you live or die—who'd a little rather you died, for your hunting a job makes it just that much harder for them to keep theirs. And presently they are gone, and won't reappear until after the first act. It gets lonelier than ever. The mechanical piano outside the moving-picture show keeps banging away. Forty-four cents . . . Oh, well, what's the odds? You've got to do something to pass the time. . . . And now it's only thirty-nine cents. Thirty-nine cents and three days more at the boarding-house, and then. . . . You walk through the parklet where the fellows are that can't get a job, that have given up trying, that don't care any more. They sit there and drowse, swinging a foot to make the copper think they're awake. It's wicked to sleep out of doors, and beat the poor landlord out of his constitutional rights to charge you more for a bed than it costs him. They can put you in jail for that, the same as if you stole. They've got newspapers wrapped around them, the bums have, and are sitting on newspapers.

It's cold out of doors at night with nothing over you but—What is it our old friend Q. Horatius Flaccus says? "*Sub frigido Jove?*" A chilly proposition.

When it comes really bitter weather—But pshaw! They don't mind that;

they're used to it. Sometimes they have to walk the streets five nights hand-running to keep from freezing to death, fellows that have got to be fifty years old, working at their trades, and then are let go because they aren't as spry as they used to be. You see, they've never learned how to take care of themselves like a real hobo does, and it goes pretty hard with them. But they get used to it. They get so they don't mind it—much.

But it would be kind of tough if you or I had to do that way. You see, *we* had mothers who tucked us in, and asked us: "Now, are you sure you've got enough cover?" We couldn't stand it to lose five nights' sleep hand-running. Why, it breaks us all up to lose one night's sleep. And five! Sooner than that. . . . All you've got to do, you know, is to walk down to the street-end where the pier is, and say, "Here goes nothing!" and that ends it, unless you know how to swin, and then it must prolong the agony some. But you could buy something at the drug store with that thirty-nine cents, you whom a mother bore with agony that was soon forgotten for joy that a man-child was come into the world, you whose hand a father held in parting, and pinched sharply as he said, "God bless you, my son," with lips that trembled. . . .

But say! The Wicked City at night when the show lets out is splendid, isn't it? The ladies coming out of the opera-house, with their jewels snapping fire at you, and their delicate-tinted wraps, and the man bawling out "TWO FORTY THREE-ee-ee!" for their carriages to take them home or to the swell restaurants of whose glories you catch a glimpse through the doors held open to let them enter. The money paid for one portion of food, to say nothing of the wines, would keep you alive for a week. . . . But we will not go into that.

Let's talk of something more to the point. Did you ever try selling books on subscription? You remember that fellow Croy that was in our class up to the spring term of the Sophomore year? He was studying to be a minister. Earnest fellow he was. Fine voice, tall, strong as an ox, eyes that looked right through you. Got a lot of fellows to go up to the mourners' bench that winter. He was the crack man

of the Philomathean Literary Society. The summer after his freshman year he went out and sold "The Royal Path of Life," and did pretty well. Made enough to keep him till the end of the winter term, and he thought he'd go out during the Easter vacation and sell a few books and then come back and take up trigonometry, and botany, and Gorgias, and the wine advertisements of Quintus Horatius Flaccus and the other things you have to learn before you can point the way to another and a better world. He went out, I say, to sell a few books, and—he never came back. It was so much an easier living than preaching for four hundred a year at Canal Winchester, Sunday mornings, and Sinking Springs and Mount Pleasant alternate Sunday evenings, that he never came back.

You know, if I had a boy and wanted him to be a real success in life, an out-and-out financial success, I'd never send him to college; I'd put him at being a book agent. Some crack up traveling with an Indian Sagwa Remedy Company, and others claim that nowhere else can you learn the essentials of business success so well as in the ticket-wagon of a circus where you get callouses in between your fingers from pinching dollar bills out of the Reubens' change. But I stick up for the book-agent's profession. There's nothing like it to develop gall; nothing. Absolutely. If you've got gall, you don't need anything else to make a success in life. "Merit?" Oh, your grandmother! What's merit without gall? No good. And you can't have both.

You make some money in a half-hearted way selling books. You happen to strike some poor defenseless cusses on their blind side. But you hate it. You begin late and quit early. Some days you cannot force yourself to do it. There's no one to hear you recite and mark you 85 per cent.; no one to go along with you and show you how; no one to stand over you and *make you do it*. There's where we touch the nerve pulp. Right there.

And so, when you fall over the job of packing coffins in the coffin factory and helping with the books after the old fellow with the white ear muffs shows you which is debit side and which is credit side, even though it is only five-fifty per—the old man thinks he was mighty

"s'rood" to get a packer and a bookkeeper combined for only five-fifty per, when he expected to have to pay six dollars anyhow—even though the hours are long and the work has not a spark of interest, and not a ghost of a show for you to get ahead, when you fall over it, you clutch it with a death grip. You're all right now; you've got a job. And you write home to the folks that you have "accepted a situation." Your mother is so glad that she could jump for joy. A woman likes to see the money come in regularly, even if it is a much smaller sum. But your father sighs. He didn't want to see you stick at book-selling, but he was in hopes that some of the blood of savage chiefs of long ago might crop out in you, the blood of those old, brave fellows who were never in bondage to any man, who would have died rather than dirty their hands and souls with labor. There are descendants of these extant now, men who cannot stand it to be bossed, who count it a shame rather than something to brag of, that you have been in the employ of one firm twenty-eight years, come the sixteenth of next July, without a raise of wages and with the certainty that some day they'll give you the sack when you're too old to work. The elect love to scheme and match their wits against others'. They've all sold books one time or other. They've all done about two weeks at productive labor, and had sworn a vow never to do another lick of honest toil the longest day they live. They wear good clothes; they have informed palates as to delicate cookery and wines; in their waistcoat pocket they carry a lump of twenty-dollar bills as big as a prayerbook, bills folded lengthwise and then across. And they have more money salted away. Selling books is all right as far as it goes, fifty or sixty per cent. commission is all right. But it's so *slow!* They want quicker action. It's just as easy to get it in bucketfuls as it is in spoonfuls. Easier. They land in Big Business. Legitimate? Well; it's as legitimate as any, they say. And if you maintain that there are some businesses that *are* legitimate—on the dead now—they look at you out of the corner of their eyes, and tell you to come out of it; you're in a trance.

Well, you have your job in the coffin factory, and you're all right. It's a good, steady job—till you get fired. You'll play

pussy-wants-a-corner with many another job before you land in one that is really congenial to you—if you ever do get one like that. Dodging from one to the other, there will be moments when you have an almosts pleasant titillation, an imitation of the fear that you might have to wrap newspapers 'round you in the parklet, and learn to sing hymns and hold up your right hand, when the weather gets severe.

How long the time seems, to look back over it, that you worked in the coffin factory! How short it really was. The friends you made in that cheap mechanics' boarding-house, who didn't know B from bull's foot about the particle "AN and the optative mood, how much you learned from them! There's nothing to be looked for from the boss; all he cares for you is what he can get out of you, and, conversely, all you care for him and his work is what you can get out of 'em.

But there are times when there's got to be help, and it comes from those who can worst afford it:

Not as a ladder from earth to heaven,
not as an altar to any creed,
But simple service, simply given, to his
own kind in their common need.

A dollar bill was as much to those poor boys as a thousand dollars is to the crowd you train with now. But they came across with it. And they didn't say: "It might be me like that some day." No; they just came across with it, that's all. What else *could* a bloke do. Others had come across for them when they were up against it good and hard, and they have to pass it on. And where are they now? They were only mechanics, and so they're dead before their time, or bughouse from overwork and underfeeding, or they're in the almshouse.

What a cruel, barbarous, thoughtless, wasteful, unorganized, higgledy-piggledy way to do! Truly did Prexy call it "the arener of life," where boys, our boys, whom mothers bore in deathly agony, whom fathers bade farewell to with a sharp pinch of the hand and "Don't get discouraged," and "God bless you!" spoken with trembling lips, our sons, for whom we rise up early and so late take rest, for whom we plan so much and hope so much, are thrown to the lions, with only their bare and untaught hands to fend for them!

The New Style of Sleeping Cars

THE writer of that entertaining department in *Scribner's Magazine* called "The Point of View," has something to say about the new style of sleeping cars in his June causerie.

Have you ridden in one of the new "steel sleepers?" "You will, Oscar." And when you do you will make your own reflections. Mine concerned themselves largely with yours, so to speak. What is the average American going to make of this upsetting of his habits of mind, this dislocation of his preconceived standards? It was remarked of the American sleeper after a specially gruesome "holocaust" that, as Dr. Johnson maintained that being in a ship was being in a jail with the chance of being drowned, so being in this was being in a jail with the chance of being burned to death. Now that is the precise peril which is evidently and ostentatiously averted from you in the new sleeper. Whatever happens to you in the night, it will not be combustion. This is assured by the sheets of smooth steel which surround you, garnished with nothing but a pustulation of rivets, and you feel through the floor covering, presumably of asbestos, other sheets of the same. But what strikes you next to this grateful sense of incombustibility is the violent break with all the traditions of the Pullman. The builders have not troubled themselves in the least to excogitate a system of appropriate, or inappropriate, decoration for the new construction. If to paint sheet-steel a dull maroon and to mark the borders of its panels with a thin black line be decoration, this is "decorative." If not, not; for there is nothing else to be seen, nothing but a sea-green silk curtain draping the portal of the dressing-room at each end, within your respective one of which, to be sure, your kaser nature may still receive such solace as tobacco, and your aesthetic as the sheen of exposed and nickel-plated plumbing can supply. The plumber, it appears, unlike the steel-worker, refuses to be reduced to his simplest expression. But the plumber alone exceeds the irreducible minimum. Elsewhere the essential, the quintessential, is all. The passenger never before had it so borne in upon him that to the railroad

a passenger is but a package, a canned and soldered package. The wayfarer innocent of French, for the first time understands why, in that ridiculous language, a "sleeping" is also a "wagon-bed."

After the shock has subsided of finding yourself in a cell instead of a boudoir, you discover that you like it. Why should he who does not live in a palace travel in a palace, or, for that matter, he who does? If the new sleeper is as ascetic as a monastery or a jail, as grim as a battleship, it is also as clean as the warship or the jail. (The cleanliness of monasteries is said to vary.) The essential is at least all there. And you observe that the bare supply of the manifestly necessary cannot be vulgar or ridiculous, whereas the gorgeousness of the ancient sleeper was exposed to those adjectives. The gibe of one fashionable architect about the decoration of another, that he was not quite sure whether it was Early Pullman or Late North German Lloyd, falls harmless from the armor-plating of the latest Pullman. But what is to become of those aesthetic standards which were established by the evolution of luxury from the days of the Early Pullman, in the simple souls which took it for the last word in Carhold Art, when the Pullman in whom they put their aesthetic trust, the perfidious Pullman himself, or itself, prescribes this Spartan vehicle, and "scraps" what they adored?

Who is to pick from the scrap-heap those acres of mirror, those miles of Circassian or San Domingo veneers, those continents of gilding, in which repentant railroads must now suspect that they have been wasting the money of their stockholders, and the relics of which not all the bar-rooms and gambling-hells of the continent can absorb? Meanwhile the wayfarer may recall the joy with which Walter Bagehot, in Paris, encountered the stupidest of the London newspapers: "Here, at least, there was nothing to admire." And he may also be comforted that the manes of that bilious æsthetician, John Ruskin, are appeased by the "wagon-lit nouveau":

"There never was more flagrant and impertinent folly than the smallest portion of ornament in anything concerned with railroads."

Deathproof Versus Fireproof

WITH the text "We know how to protect buildings; we must learn how to protect people," Rheta Childe Dorr, arraigns the terrible loss of life, by fire, in buildings supposedly fireproof, in an article in *Hampton's Magazine*.

The time has come when we must make a business of fire *prevention*, and, in case of unpreventable fires, of minimizing the human loss.

After all, it is a simple proposition that we have before us. First we shall have to arrange things so that there will be very few fires. Then we must arrange things so that the people in a burning building can get out. And then we must teach the people, through fire drills, that they can get out.

Within the last two years we have heard a great deal about industrial efficiency. To most people industrial efficiency has meant only a plan for getting more and better work out of labor, but that is only part of its meaning. It aims to make industry efficient by protecting and conserving the laborer. Already it has gone far towards protecting him from death and injury by fire.

The men who have gone professionally into this work, the efficiency engineers, have not labored under the popular delusion that fireproof buildings solve the fire problem. The Triangle shirtwaist factory occupied a fireproof building, and the expenditure of a few thousand dollars will restore every bit of damage it suffered.

The \$200,000 stock of merchandise was not fireproof and it burned. The men and women caught behind the locked doors were not fireproof and they died.

We might build an entire city of fireproof buildings and fireproof dwellings, and have almost as many fires and quite as many deaths by fire as we have now. The efficiency engineers are beginning to impress the public with the necessity for deathproof buildings.

A Joint Board of Sanitary Control consisting of representatives of employers and workers in the garment trades recently made an investigation of 1,463 garment factories in New York City. The conditions they discovered were amazing. Here is a summary of their report:

Of 1,463 factories, 1,173 had hall doors opening inward instead of outward. Thus, at the outset, 97.5 per cent. of garment factories in New York are violating one important law guarding against loss of life in case of fire.

Of 491 factories, 40 per cent. had no fire exits except one fire escape.

One hundred and one had no fire escape drop ladders, or they were out of reach.

Sixty-five had straight ladders, very difficult to use.

Sixty had halls less than three feet wide.

Twenty-eight had all doors leading to halls and stairways locked during the day.

Fourteen had no fire escapes.

Seventy-three factories so flagrantly violated the fire laws that the committee thought it wise to notify not only the proprietors, but the mayor, the superintendent of buildings, and the fire and police commissioners.

Clearly, if we are to cease killing and maiming the workers, we have got to make over the factory. We cannot tear down and rebuild all in a minute, but one thing we can do. We can build a fire wall in the middle of every large building used for manufacturing. This wall must be furnished with a sufficient number of fireproof doors which shall slide into the walls at a touch and shall automatically close with another touch. And we can make laws that no man shall establish a factory in any other kind of a building. The making of these laws calls for a superior intelligence and a knowledge of conditions above the ordinary.

Rhineland Waldo, Fire Commissioner of New York, has undertaken the work for that city. Waldo is not the ordinary type of political appointee. He is a man of wealth, education and social prominence. Yet he has chosen to devote his life to the study of fire prevention.

Out of his knowledge he has devised a plan for a Bureau of Fire Prevention which has been embodied in the proposed new charter for the City of New York. One division of the Bureau will have entire jurisdiction over fires escapes and fire apparatus. Another division will be responsible for the regulation, sale, manufacture, use, transportation and storage of

combustibles. A third division will be of inspection; a fourth of violations of the fire law, and a fifth, in case of fire, will investigate and fix the responsibility.

According to Commissioner Waldo, fire prevention is a mere matter of intelligent engineering. The first really important step towards fire elimination, he believes, is to clean up. The practice of allowing factory floors to be strewn, days and weeks on end, with cloth and paper scraps; of permitting oil-soaked rags to lie beside machines; of tolerating a litter of rags and dirt and cigar stubs in halls and stairways—these practices are all productive of an enormous number of factory fires.

There must be expert inspection of the insulation of lighting and heating apparatus.

Public buildings, churches, theatres, hotels, restaurants, especially restaurants in which smoking is permitted, need especial guarantees against fire. Every curtain, every drapery, every bit of upholstery can be treated with inexpensive chemical solutions, which render inflammable materials absolutely fireproof, without injury, or in any way altering their appearance.

The next step in fire prevention is the matter of prompt notification to the department when a blaze first starts. Automatic fire alarms, cheap and easily obtained, ought to be an essential part of house furnishing, and of factory, shop and office equipment. Their mechanism is so sensitive to heat that the instant a rise in temperature sets it in motion an electric alarm flashes into the nearest fire station.

The automatic alarm works twenty-four hours a day, takes no holidays or vacations, and never makes a mistake, but it should not eliminate the watchman. In large establishments he is required to operate the indoor fire extinguishing apparatus which the law of every community should force property owners to install. Thousands of fires might be extinguished before the arrival of the fire engines.

The kind of extinguishers employed needs regulation by law. Buckets of water or of sand, standpipes and hose or chemical extinguishers are good enough where the possible fire area is small and the danger of human loss limited. Department stores, hotels, lofty and crowded buildings of any sort need automatic sprinklers.

These admirable servants act on the same principle as the automatic alarms. The minute the temperature of a room becomes abnormally high, and a tiny blaze raises the temperature amazingly, the sprinkler sends a fine, strong, irresistible spray of water over every inch of the area it protects. It soaks the fire out in a minute.

After every precaution has been taken there will occur unpreventable fires. With this fact in view it is clear that arrangements for getting people out of danger must be made. The statement is almost platitudinous. Of course we ought to provide against burning people up. But we do not. We do not even insist upon proper fire escapes.

An ideal fire escape is an outside balcony of metal or stone, along which people can easily pass beyond the next fire wall. If stairs are used as a fire escape, they should be on the outside of the building and should never lead into a court. In Philadelphia, for one city, they have towers on their best buildings separated from the main structure, and reached from every floor by an outside balcony. These towers are the best fire escapes so far devised.

With all these proposed regulations, even with proper fire escapes, there will still remain danger to human life, because the majority of people will still have to be educated to use them. And here, too, men are coming forward to meet the situation.

As for fire drills, not only in factories, but hotels, hospitals, museums, libraries, steamers stand in need of them. The employes of all these places should be assigned, as a part of their regular duties, to emergency posts in case of fire. Few libraries are fireproof. The enormously costly structure recently completed in New York after years of labor is a beautiful and massive creation of steel and granite on the outside, but it has wooden ceilings and wooden panelings on the inside. A small fire might in a few minutes spread in that library so quickly that priceless and unreplaceable books and manuscripts would be destroyed, unless the library staff were drilled to handle the situation. The loss of life involved in the burning of a fraternity house at Cornell University several years ago demonstrated the need of protecting such places.



HOUSE OF G. P. SCHOLFIELD, ESQ., THORNWOOD AVE., TORONTO,
Built of clinker grey brick and rough grey stone, with stone-mullioned windows and
wrought iron casements.

An Attractive Home in a City's Suburbs

By

Eden Smith

SITUATED on the west side of that branch of the Rosedale Ravine in Toronto, which runs nearly north and south and a little above the corner where the ravine bends to the south-east, the handsome residence illustrated above was designed to make the best possible use of the advantages of its site. Besides providing a wide open space, the ravine at this point has the added attraction of a very fine view to the south-east.

To make the best use of these good features of the site and to obtain as much sunlight as possible for the living rooms of the house, were the factors controlling the arrangement of its plan. The dining room, sun room, principal bed and dressing rooms are placed on the east side and south-east corner and the house kept well along the north side of the lot so as to get a good open space on the south as well as on the east. Keeping the south side open



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE LIVING ROOM OF G. P. SCHOLFIELD'S HOUSE,
Showing a glimpse of the hall and staircase beyond.

like this makes it possible to place the entrance in it, where it should be, well sheltered from cold, wind and rain, for it is good to let the first impression of a house be the hospitable offering of warm shelter and comfort,—that is what porches are for.

The rooms are not lofty, as a high room is more difficult to ventilate than a low one. Hanging the warm and impure air up to the ceiling does not really dispose of it or supply fresh for the inmates to breathe. All the living rooms and the principal bedrooms are provided with fireplaces, the most effective ventilators we have.

The height of the rooms decided to a great extent the shape of the windows. They could not be made high to let a sliding sash lift enough to give a comfortable outlook and, of course, as a sliding sash window has to be narrow in proportion to its height, such narrow windows

spoil one's view. Casement windows with their almost unlimited width give a pleasant extended view of the landscape.

It would be quite possible to make windows as wide as the end of the room and fill the whole opening with plate glass just like an ordinary shop front, but such windows would appear to be enormous holes in the wall and quite destroy that appearance of strength and endurance which is required to convey the idea of comfort and security.

The stone mullions carry the suggestion of wall over the window opening and prevent the appearance of weakness.

The color of the house outside is grey, grey stone, grey green slate and rough clinker bricks varying in color through yellow and green to purple. The broken color and rough brick give a softness of texture to the walls necessary to combine it with the landscape.



DINING ROOM OF THE G. P. SCHOLFIELD HOUSE.

Panelled with oak, with leather frieze, and beamed ceiling, as in the hall and living room.

Nature never made anything like a red pressed brick, and she cannot absorb the ghastly artificial looking surface it makes. and when this surface is only relieved by the hard mechanical-looking holes which large-paned windows make, it sticks out of a natural landscape like a frock coat and silk hat in a garden.

The inside views are of the dining-room and library, paneled in dark oak about to the tops of the doors as in the entrance hall, a glimpse of which is obtained through the library doors. The reason for paneling the rooms thus, was to obtain a pleasant colored wall surface that could give character to the rooms, and to avoid the figtiness of patterned decora-

tion as well as to get a wall that would not need renewing every few years either because its patterns ceased to interest and therefore commenced to annoy one, or because they were worn out.

The ceilings were paneled with oak beams for the same reasons and to obtain the soft restfulness of a dark surface.

Both the library and dining room communicate with the sun room which has a commanding view on the south-east corner. The drawing room is in the front near the front door.

The sun room opening out of the dining room has a red tile floor which may be washed out and the room makes a convenient breakfast room.

SMOKING ROOM STORIES

Describing his platform experiences, Dr. Maenamara says the heaviest "fall" he ever had was at an agricultural laborers' meeting in Devonshire. While he was speaking, a man insisted on asking a question. Dr. Maenamara told him to sit down and ask the question at the close of the meeting. The man persisted, and so did Dr. Maenamara, until another man called out to the interrupter, "Sit down, you ass." Still another man arose, and, in very emphatic tones, repeated the advice. "I very unwisely intervened," said Dr. Maenamara, "and said: 'There seem to be a great many asses here; let us hear one at a time. 'Then the man who first interrupted, pointing his finger at me, said, 'You begin, then.'"

* * *

A Scottish parson, remarkable for the simple force of his pulpit style, was enlarging one Sunday upon the text, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." "Yes, my friends," urged he with solemn earnestness, "unless ye repent ye shall as surely perish," deftly placing his left forefinger on the wing of a bluebottle fly that had just alighted upon the reading desk while the parson's right hand was uplifted, "just as surely as, my friends, I flatten this poor fly." But before the threatened blow descended the fly got away, wherupon the minister further "improved the occasion" with ready wit, exclaiming, "There's a chance for ye yet, my friends."

* * *

A big negress came before a Virginia judge the other day, seeking redress for domestic troubles.

"T's a wronged woman," she declared in a give-me-back-my-child-you-villain tone, "an' I wants redress fru' dis yere co't."

"Tell me about your trouble," said the kind-hearted judge.

"It's about mah ole man. He's done been ca'yin' on plumb seannalous wif a lot of dese yeh young niggah gals, an' it's got so ba'ad twill I don't see him no moah'n once a week. Sompin's gottah be did!"

"H'm! I see," said the judge. "You are seeking a divorce—a legal separation—is that it?"

"Go 'long, man! Divo'ee nothin'! Think I's gwine t' gib him what he wants, and 'low dat man who, 'spite all his cussedness, is de han'somest niggah in Coon Tree Holler, t' go skyhootin' 'roun' 'mong dem little yaller gals? N', sah! I doan' want no divo'ce, n'r dat legal septitutton you-all's talkin' about. N', sah, jedge; what I wants is an injunction."—*Lippincott's*.

* * *

Among the engravings that adorned the walls of a Toledo woman's home was one big one of the leaning tower of Pisa.

One morning, shortly after the advent of a new maid, the mistress of the house noticed that the picture of the tower hung crooked. She straighted it, and said nothing of the matter to the new servant, who had evidently shifted it while dusting.

The next day the picture was again crooked; the same thing happened the next day, and the next. Finally, one morning, chancing to be in the room where the picture was, the mistress said to the maid, as she dusted:

"Mary, you've hung that picture of the tower crooked. Just look at it!"

"That's what I say, mum," returned the domestic; "look at it! The only way I can git that blamed tower to hang straight is to hang the picture crooked."—*Everybody's*.

The Defeat of German Competition

By

Charles Draper

NOT long ago a man who owned a factory in Montreal, decided to put ten more windows in one side of it and to improve the ventilation. In other words, he decided to let in more light and

him fail, for *they* knew better than to waste floor-space and put in fancy ventilators. They looked to see the man's bank drop on him with a cold thud and order him to cut out his extravagance.



Head Office and Factory of the Monarch Knitting Company at Dunnville, Ontario

air and to give each machine—and therefore each operator—more room. His relatives nagged him for being an extravagant fool-hardy idealist. His competitors laughed at him and waited to see

But the bank didn't. The man had gone down to see his bank when first the idea of these improvements came to him and had secured the bank's approval.

"It is this way," he told the manager,

"My employees will work better. I won't be losing so many through sickness and, therefore, won't need to waste time getting new ones, breaking them in, and waiting for them to develop the same efficiency as the old ones. Under these conditions I can have healthier employees, keep them longer, get better work from them, and get better goods. I'm going to spend \$10,000 in more floor space and more light and air."

The bank manager wrote head office and head office approved. The improvements were made. The employees no longer were laid off through illnesses brought on by work under unfavorable circumstances. The product was better. The sales were better. The prices better. The profit better.

And there was another result, a result that did no direct good to the idealist manufacturer nor his employees—there could be no spreading of sickness by the sale of his particular brand of goods. In the unregenerate days of his factory, there had been unhealthy operatives working in his mill, breathing into the

very texture of the goods they made. With sunlight and air, things changed. His goods, produced under sanitary conditions were sanitary.

This, in story form, is the story of the beginning of the Sanitary Factory Movement. It is not a crank movement. Not a fad. Not a humanitarian provision in the interests of employees only, nor of the consumers of the goods only, but a "business proposition," affecting the profits in dollars and cents, of every factory.

One of the industries in which sanitary conditions of production play an important role, is woolen textiles, or knitted goods. For the garments which come in most intimate contact with the bodies of the wearers are turned out by these factories. Produced under sweat-shop conditions these garments—such as underwear, knitted gloves, capes, sweaters, sweater-coats, etc.,—were more than likely to harbor germs which, given an opening could play havoc with the health of the wearer. In the old days many a case of illness which the doctors could not account for, might have been traced to an



St. Thomas Factory of the Monarch Knitting Company



Mr. J. A. Burns, General Manager of the Monarch Knitting Company

innocent looking garment over which some half-starved, half-alive, sweat-shop worker had toiled.

Some time ago Germany supplied Canada with knitted goods. Germans dominated the market, because they were past masters of the art of cheap shoddy-making. To-day, despite the removal of the German sur-tax, German goods are crowded out, Canada is supplying her own goods—almost entirely manufactured, it may be stated, by one firm—and produced under sanitary conditions.

A few years ago this firm, in a small mill, started in the town of Dunnville, Ontario, in the manufacture of knitted goods. It was called the Monarch Knitting Company. It had an uphill fight. It could not meet German competition. One day, it saw itself face to face with its bank—and failure.

The population of the town of Dunnville, about this time, was not astonish-

ing. In fact it was very low. The three men who controlled the small mill got together and talked things over. One was F. R. Lalor (now M.P.), another G. H. Orme, and the third, J. A. Burns. As a result of the 'talk' they decided that they faced two alternatives: to go to the wall, *or to go ahead on four times the old scale of business, with four times as big a factory, four times the raw material to buy, four times the number of machines and employees—and four times the sales.* They chose the second course. They took the step. Not only did they build a newer, bigger factory, but they made provision that it should be the most healthy, sanitary factory in the country.

They did it. To-day they have four factories in four different towns. The output of the present concern in one week equals the yearly output of their original little old factory. And the dominating idea was — Good conditions of work make

good work: good work, good garments, and—good sales! That is why the Monarch Knitting Company, of Dunnville, St. Catharines, St. Thomas and Buffalo, has done more perhaps than anything else to drive out German imported knitted goods.

It is all very well for any firm to claim this and that and something else for its products, but there is something to be explained when it can be said for one factory that it has overcome German competition in Canada—which by the way is about as formidable competition as any firm could resist—practically driven German goods into a low position in the country, and made the art of knitting a new domestic accomplishment in Canada. Yet the Monarch Knitting Company has done this. And it raises wonder in the mind of the disinterested observer.

The writer visited the Monarch Knitting Company's mills at Dunnville, and was permitted to go through them. Walking up the long road beside the Grand River one comes to four huge brick buildings, standing side by side, facing the broad river, and connected with each other by enclosed passage ways. These were the mills. Plenty of space around them, windows everywhere, sunlight everywhere, and a fresh cool breeze blowing off the clean Grand River.

In the building furthest up the river one found the offices, quietly run, yet humming with business—recording gramophones instead of ordinary dictation, rows and rows of desks for ledgers or typewriting machines.

The general manager of the company, Mr. J. A. Burns, was sampling wool. One of his men had reported a flaw in a certain



Winding Department—The Monarch Knitting Company



Mr F. R. Lalor, M.P., President of the Monarch Knitting Company

supply of raw material, and the chief executive was examining it carefully, looking into the fibre, stretching it, pressing the skein between his hands.

"No," he said, finally, "that is weak stock. Don't use it."

Then came the visit to the actual operating rooms of the mill. We went through "backwards," starting in the long airy room where the stock is stored—everything from sweater-coats to "Aviating Caps." One's first impression was the quietness of the place. One might have imagined that business was "dull," except that when one had walked the length of the huge room one saw that there were, after all, a great many employes in it; that each was busy; and, in short, that it was the spaciousness of the room which made it seem so pleasant.

It was at the other side of the buildings, however, that one saw the beginning of these things—the beginning of the knit

goods we saw lying in the stock-racks of the first room we had seen. Entering the dye house one was nearer the actual commencement of the processes. At first there seemed to be nothing within the four walls of this particular building except fog—a heavy, warm fog. But when one's eyes became accustomed, the vats loomed up in their places, and you could see the dye-men—and the dyer in this kind of work is a combined artist and scientist — moving about. Somewhere nearby, something was purring quietly—a motor; and the sound of wind, forced through a huge drying machine added to the flavor of secrecy about the place.

After the dye-house where the wool is dyed and dried, we stepped over into a long room occupied by a number of slow-moving machines, each the length of the room. At one end of each machine was a box-receptacle filled with an inchoate mass of wool. For a time there was no

movement in the box, then, suddenly, something in the machine opened and seized a quantity of wool. The wool disappeared upwards and over the top of the machine. Following it, past the numerous covered rollers and brushes, one saw the wool appear again in a sort of rope perhaps three inches thick. The rope passed between rollers, some operating lengthwise and some cross-wise, so as to reduce the "rope" to a smaller size. And so, on and on, rolled and brushed, this heavy mass of wool passed from cylinder to cylinder, over combs and brushes, until finally we reached the far end of the machine and discovered the rope—by this time stretched almost to the proper size of yarn in a rough state—passing between velvet rollers out into bobbins which absorbed it inch by inch as the machine, like some slow-eating animal, digested the wool.

In a room somewhere overhead we found whole batteries of these bobbins feeding the spinning machines. The immense frames which stretch and refine the yarn, moved back and forth. Each appeared to be perhaps eighty feet in length, and each was carrying hundreds of threads, each to be wound on its own spool.

But after the spinning, the Knitting! Who has not seen a grandmother knit, or heard of Queen Victoria knitting to keep her wrists white? But knitting in the Monarch Knitting Company's factory is a different proposition. The grandmother knits slowly, a row at a time, philosophizing the while. But on the circular knitting machines the speed of a thousand grandmothers all working—if such were possible — on one thread, is made. Scores of needles, set cunningly in a revolving disc, catch at the threads as



Spinning Room—The Monarch Knitting Company



Mr. G. H. Orme, Vice-President of the Monarch Knitting Company

they descend from the revolving bobbins on top of the machine. One needle takes the thread one way; another in another way. The motion is so swift that all one can see is the glistening steel—and coming calmly and quietly out, into a receptacle underneath, is the never-ending mesh. One machine turns out material to be cut into sweater lengths. Another makes sleeve material, and another a sweater trimming of various sorts.

Of course, there is no shape to the product of these machines, except that some of it is like an unending cylinder. But after a time the mesh is transported to cutting tables where the cylinders are cut off into sweater lengths, or where the cloth is cut for sweater coats, etc. After that the neck and arms are put on and buttons, button-holes and trimmings completed.

The finishing room is one of the "sights" of the factory. In the Monarch

Knitting Company's mill sunlight pours in on all sides upon the long rows of sewing machines, each with its own operator. The "power" sewing-machines have a song of their own—not the commonplace, comfortable chuckle of the domestic sewing machines, at all. They are operated from a shafting concealed under the table. A touch of the operator's foot puts one in motion. It starts with a jump and jar. It works so quickly that it stops before the ordinary machine would have been well commenced. The button-hole machine works in snorts, so to speak. The needles flash for three seconds, and voila! — the stitching is done, and a knife, falling automatically, cuts the hole. The button-sewing machine in turn does its share. And so the sweater-coat, or whatever it is, is finished.

In one order, Mr. J. A. Burns, bought 5,000 miles of thread for those mills. In

a year $1\frac{1}{2}$ million pounds of wool are converted into clothing. The facts of an industry such as this one are startling. How many people a few years ago wore sweater-coats? To-day a Canadian's wardrobe is not complete without one.

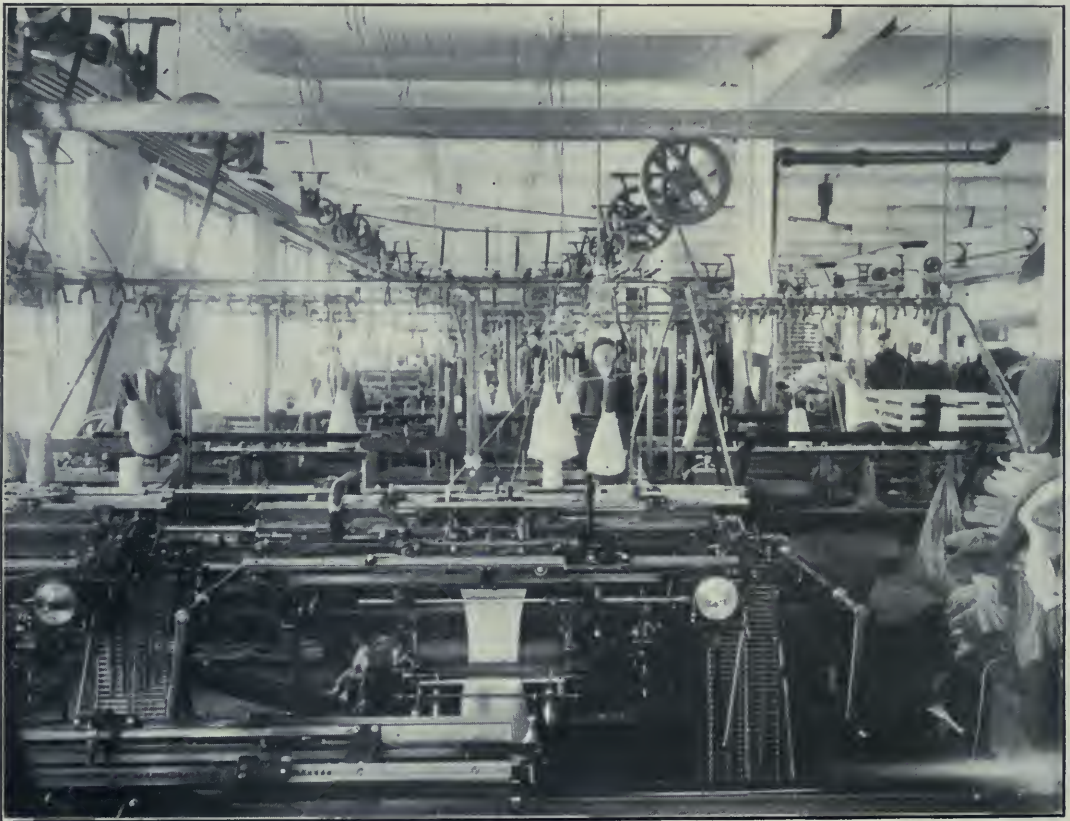
Each room in that mill—and remember there are four mills being operated by this remarkable company—had its own especial interest. The wonderful intricacies of the most modern knitting machines, and the other apparatus of this enormous factory, compel one to stop and wonder which is greater; the man who invented one of those machines or the man who discovered a star? But the feature which marked every room in that factory was—Happiness. It is not exaggeration

at all. It is nothing more than justice to the men who erected that structure. Sunlight and fresh air, cleanliness and comfortable quarters marked every room.



St. Catharines Factory of Monarch Knitting Company

In one room we heard someone singing. It was an old-fashioned revival hymn, and we found it came from the lips of a wo-



Knitting Department—The Monarch Knitting Company



Section of Finishing Room—The Monarch Knitting Company

man who was untangling one hundred and fourteen threads which she was winding on one hundred and fourteen bobbins—all at once. In another corner two old women, useless in the outer world, were unraveling odd pieces of knit goods and rewinding the yarn, the while they exchanged gossip of the old days.

This is a sanitary factory, and "Sanitary," in the case of the Monarch Knitting Company, means more than cleanliness, more than hygiene. It means better goods at better prices to the consumer. Feel the springiness, the snap, the elasticity, the "cling" of a Monarch Knitting Company's product. You may say "Yes, that is because it is pure wool, and because

they know how to operate the machines." True enough, but there is more than "wool" and "skill" in it. There is actual



Monarch Knitting Company's Factory at Buffalo, N. Y.

"sunlight" in them. That is why eighteen travelers, from one end of this country



Circular Knitting Department—The Monarch Knitting Company

to the other, are selling "Monarch" Knit Goods.

It is good, once in a while, to see good goods appreciated. Quality counts. It pays every manufacturer to see that the

maximum of good material and workmanship is put into his product. No greater illustration of this could be cited than the marvelous growth of the Monarch Knitting Company.



MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXII

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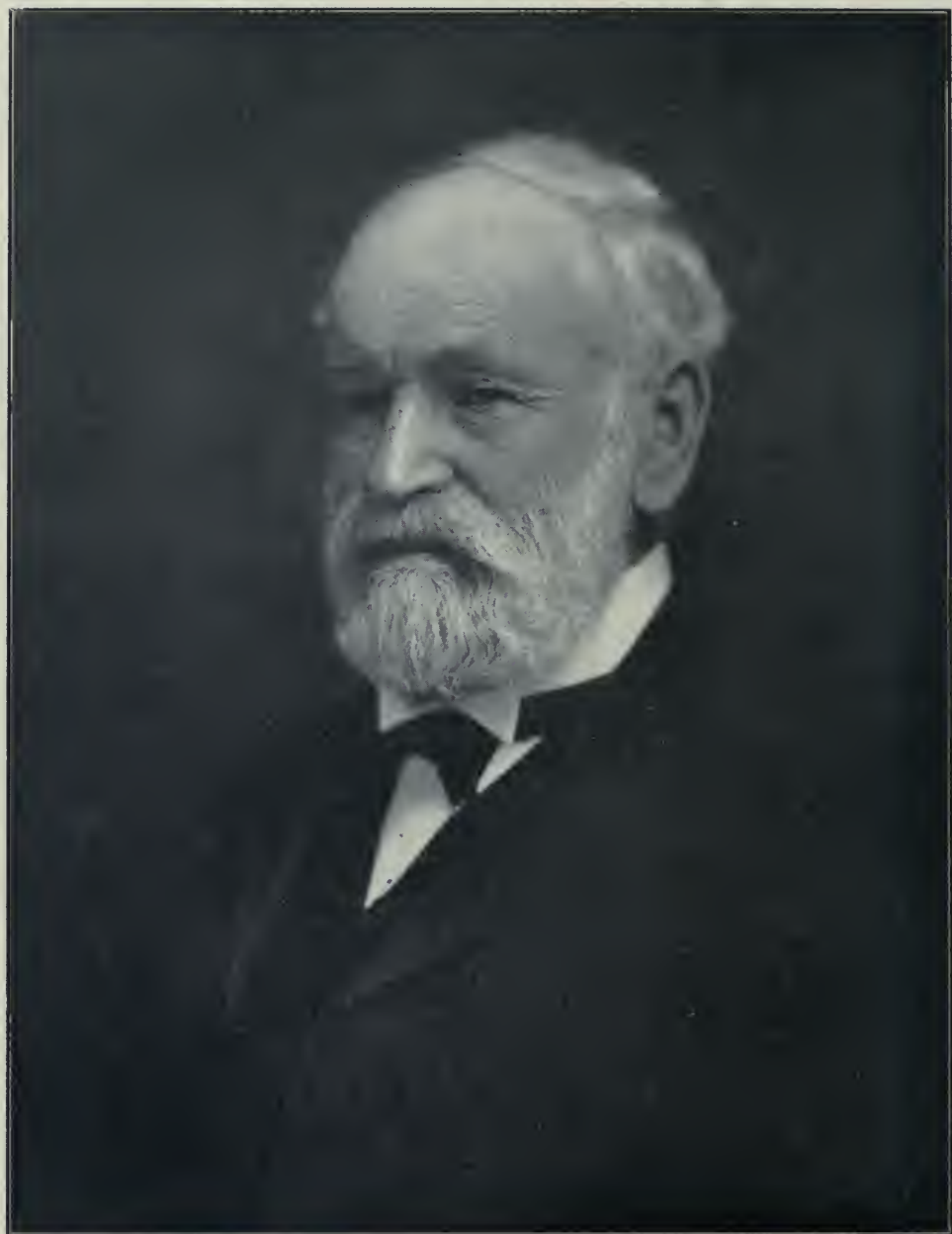
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SENATOR ROBERT JAFFRAY

A Prominent Member of the Grand Trunk
Pacific Group of Financiers,

See "The Line-Up of the Financiers."
Page 41.

MacLean's Magazine

Vol XXII

Toronto August 1911

No 4

Did Laurier Betray Us?

By

Britton B. Cooke

WHEN the English Government intimated with courtesy but firmness, that the presence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the Imperial Conference was not only desirable but *necessary*; when Sir Wilfrid went and was consulted as to Canada's position; when perilous moments came, in the history of that Conference, when the health of the whole British Empire hung upon the tactful conduct of the Prime Minister from Ottawa—Canada was helpless.

Laurier went to the Imperial Conference to discuss the problems of that loose-jointed, but none the less noble affair which is called the British Empire, and to say what Canada's attitude was, or would be on the various matters that came before the Conference. Canada had not told him what to say. He carried no message. He had not consulted the people of Canada before he went. He merely told the English people and their representatives what *he thought* the Canadian people thought. He spoke out of his own judgment. He acted upon his own discretion. It lay in his power to offend the English and cause Canada everlasting embarrassment, just as it lay in his power to commit Canada, for the time being at least, to things which Canada would not have agreed to. It was one of the possi-

bilities of the situation that he might have caused War itself, either between factions in Canada or between a Canadian faction and the very Imperial Government itself.

Did Laurier Betray Canada?

No.

* * *

But there are ardent gentlemen in Canada who even now call him traitor. He was not "Imperial" enough for them. There are other gentlemen, more ardent, who call him traitor for the opposite reason. And to the private views of the "Imperialist" (one uses this term in contradistinction to merely loyal British Canadian) as well as to the private views and ambitions of Mr. Henri Bourassa, Sir Wilfrid Laurier was indeed a "traitor." But, in the absence of any direct and trustworthy expression of opinion from the varied population of Canada, Sir Wilfrid interpreted Canada's sentiments as best he saw them, and acted accordingly.

This is not to say that his representation of Canada was satisfactory, nor to say that one agrees with him in his political views. But one would be a poor Canadian if because he was a Conservative he ignored the truth and condemned the Prime Minister, or, if because he was a Liberal he endorsed the Liberal leader without



THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS.

A cross-the-Thames view of Westminster Palace and the Houses of Parliament.

consideration. One thing: Sir Wilfrid Laurier did not do as so many intelligent Canadians do in London, and as so many of his honorable colleagues at the Imperial Conference did; he did not lose his head at the sight of a Dreadnaught, or a regiment of veterans, a battle-scarred flag, the Garter of a Diplomat or the Sceptre of His Majesty. He did not hasten, as some men naively admit they did, to change his opinion that the Coronation was all "fuss and feathers" to the opinion that it was a grand privilege to be part of the British Empire. He remained, throughout the whole of his sojourn in England—a Canadian, neither drunk with the glamour of Imperial regalia, nor sullen with envy or resentment, but appreciative.

The Imperialist Canadian would have had him act more cordially toward England. The French-Canadian Nationalist would have had Sir Wilfrid stand even more firmly for Canadian independence and would have had him do more than would have been discreet in the cause of the separatists.

But neither the Imperialist nor the French Canadian Nationalist could have dictated the real message of Canada. The mass of the Canadian people, loyal enough, had given, and are giving very

little thought to the question of our relations with the other parts of the so-called Empire. Thousands upon thousands of British Canadians are too deeply wrapped in business and provincial affairs to think or care, much less speak, about the subject. On the other hand the Imperialist and the Nationalist make their respective causes unpopular by their very blundering zeal. Between the three political elements, Canada is dumb. Who speaks for Canada? What is the Canadian mind? Somewhere underneath, somewhere between the Imperialist and the Nationalist there lies the real mind of Canada, but it is covered very deeply. Who can blame Laurier therefor if he, on his own judgment, tried to interpret the Canadian mind and tell England what Canada would do, if she could talk. If Canada was misunderstood, or did not make the proper stand at the Imperial Conference, the fault lay with the three elements of Canadianism: the Imperialists; the Nationalists; and the ordinary British Canadians. Laurier may have misinterpreted what Canada's message should have been, but at least he gave what he sincerely believed to be a message that would be endorsed by the majority of Canadians. If he committed an error he was led into it by the excesses of the Imperialists and



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.
Showing "Big Ben" and ancient Westminster Hall.

the Nationalists on one hand, and the indifference of the ordinary British Canadians on the other hand. In short, Canadians betrayed themselves.

* * *

There are two words between which lies a great distinction. The one is Imperialism; and the other Loyalty. The Canadian Prime Minister made clear this distinction during his recent visit to London. He did not tell the English people the whole truth, else he would have declared that the word "Imperialism" has no definition in Canada, that it is in bad favor with the unimaginative and unemotional Canadian, and that in his mind it calls up only the image of some local militarist crank, or some unsuccessful gentleman who can scarcely keep pace with the hard work of his fellow Canadians, but who can at all times be depended upon to wave the flag. Sir Wilfrid probably did not dare to tell the men he met that the word "Empire" has come to be looked upon as the special rallying cry of a number of well-meaning people who would vote against the building of more railways in Canada while they would pawn the whole country for the love of "the flag". The English people might have misunderstood

any such statements and would perhaps have thought that because the Canadians disapproved of the faddists who have made these honorable words empty, they condemned the very things for which those words originally stood. The one thing which the Canadian Premier could teach the English people was that there exists throughout Canada a quiet loyalty, a loyalty which would break forth in patriotic zeal were it shown that the Mother country or any of the sister colonies were in danger, but a loyalty nevertheless that is temporarily obscured by the dust of our material activities and which is made shy by these over ardent gentlemen the Imperialists and the Nationalists.

One can conceive of no nobler sentiment towards one's country than that of true Imperialism. Stripped of gold braid and nonsense, stripped of snobbery and national aggressiveness, it is a magnificent thing, this idea of confederating the Colonies and the Motherland against the enemies of freedom. The torch from which the common Imperialist is set alight burns in London. It is there that many a sensible Canadian is first set alight. But the refined flame of true Imperialism comes only after a man has sobered himself, rubbed the glamour of gold lace and



THE CENTRE OF IMPERIAL LONDON.
Trafalgar Square, with its monuments and fountains.

coronets out of his eyes, and comprehended at once the real glories of nationhood and the real necessities of the Colonies and the humanity which inhabits them. Men go to England and are carried off their feet with the new things they see. It is these men, coming back to Canada and

running over with superlatives who have brought the word Imperialist into bad odor here. It is this very false Imperialism which has served to emphasize and assist the Nationalist movement in Quebec.

For, what is an Empire? What must be the purpose of an Empire? What



THE FINANCIAL HEART OF THE EMPIRE.
In the low, drab building on the left is housed the Bank of England.



THE ABBEY.

Scene of many historic events in British history.

would these *mad* Imperialists have the Empire do? Mount a Dreadnaught and go charging about the world and tilting with grain elevators? Would they tie the Empire together with bits of binder twine so that, whereas the parts would be united enough, still Australia dare not move a muscle without imperilling the whole connection?

The people who shout for the Empire without first thinking out all the details, and considering ultimate ends, are the traitors to the Empire.

The Quebec Nationalists are traitors to themselves.

And the Canadian who allows these people to do all the talking; who shuts his ears and buys a new thrasher; who says, as many a Canadian has said—to his shame—"Let's sit tight and let the Old Country do the worrying"—these men, too, are traitors. Then too there are most estimable persons who gallop around the country emitting rhetoric and Gaelic about "Peace." They are betraying their own intelligence, just as the militarist betrays his narrowness when he lauds War and prays for more armies.

Between all the extremes there lies the real path of intelligent action. It is time there came a threat of war to explode the

materialism of this very country, a materialism which breeds men who say "Let's sit tight and let the Old Country do the worrying." If such men are the product of peaceful industrial times then surely War has produced better citizens. On the other hand it is time that the War Lords came down from their high horses and recognized that economic and social evils are a greater blot on the honor of the nation than the antipathy of some other race toward us. In Canada itself, it is time that Canadians stopped to consider their national existence and that instead of so much localism within each province, so much petty jealousy between the cities, they should begin to feel the unity of nationhood and the responsibilities it brings. There is a thrill in our work here in Canada. In the material development of the country, in the improvement of conditions and the overcoming of obstacles there is real honor and glory. There is a thrill, too, in the sight of a war scarred flag or an old regiment marching through Trafalgar Square, in the sound of guns and the smell of cordite, in the feeling that one has even a remote share in that great machine which maintains the relations of the "Empire" toward the rest of the world. The folly lies in choos-



A WEST END LANDMARK.
The famous Marble Arch leading into Hyde Park

ing one or the other alone. The real Imperialism must be a compound of the two things, Materialism and Imperialism.

But how often do Canadians stop to think of our foreign relations except in the case of a trade treaty? We have been immune from war so long that we think

it affects only the Europeans. By our ultra Imperialism or Nationalism on the one hand, and by our complacency on the other we betray ourselves. Laurier saved our faces by giving us time. By the next Imperial Conference Canada should have found her voice.

IF your silence be not of sympathy or understanding, it were better to speak.

SORROW is the blacksmith of life. Good metal strengthens under the hammer, but low grade iron will not stand the fire.

GREAT literature is applied emotion that has been animated by genius, tempered by experience and modulated by discrimination

The Invisible Warning

By

H. Mortimer Batten

TAKE a city-bred puppy out into the hills and let him sniff the trail of a grizzly. Instantly his coat will bristle, and the pale green fire of hatred come into his eyes. Show the same puppy the trail of a cottontail and heart and voice he will join in the mad clamor of the chase. That is instinct, but leave that puppy to face the perils of the bush and he will starve, or perhaps be killed by a rival hunter as he blunders noisily through the undergrowth. For he has never learned the lessons of the wild.

Fifty years ago there was no more popular word among naturalists than the word instinct. It was instinct, they said, that told br'er rabbit "to lie low and say nothing"; that taught the hunted deer to double back, and watch his own trail, and that whispered to the panther to mock the cry of a child to decoy the lost and fever-smitten woodsman. But the naturalist of the present day is beginning to hate the word. Instinct, he says, is inherited knowledge or inherited habit, as the case may be, and plays but a small part in the self-preservation of the wild folk.

But there is yet another inherited faculty, which, for want of a better term, has been very inadequately named the "Sixth Sense." It would be a difficult think of a name more misleading, but at the same time it would be a great deal more difficult to find a suitable substitute for it. The power of preconception—the ability to "sense" a lurking presence or a coming event, is possessed not only by the wild folk, but by man himself, to whose doughy, helpless offspring inherited knowledge would be of little value, even if possessed.

Let us leave instinct out of the question, then, and turn to the misnamed "Sixth Sense." The American Indian, like most savages, possesses this sense to a marked degree, and only a short time ago a wonderful illustration came before our notice. A Scotch prospector, who had been robbed and deserted by his two companions in the Tete Jaune district of British Columbia, ultimately reached the lodge of an old Indian brave named Emos. Here he remained for some days, accepting the Indian's hospitality till he had regained strength, when he set out again towards civilization.

Two days later the prospector reached a deserted hut, where he made camp for the night, but next morning a fresh and grievous misfortune befel him. While dressing he happened to touch the window, whereupon the upper framework came down with the force of a guillotine, firmly trapping the man's hands between the two frames.

In this unhappy plight the Scotchman remained, a helpless prisoner, for over twenty-four hours, at the end of which time, as may well be imagined, he was more dead than alive.

"The last thing I can remember," writes the prospector, "was finding Emos, the Indian, stooping over me. He took me back to his lodge, where I remained for some weeks. Several times I asked him how he had come to find me in the old deserted shack, far away from any beaten trail. But he never would answer the question, and it seemed to displease him. Certainly it could not have been by mere chance that he journeyed across the hills for the hut was far beyond the limits of his

hunting ground. Therefore, he must have followed me, knowing, by some mysterious means, that I was in dire distress."

Most of us, who have lived among the Indians at all, have come across instances of this sort. The "Sixth Sense," as we call it—the preconception of a coming event, is possessed by the hunting tribes all the world over. It has long been a subject of special comment among sportsmen, and in a letter to this magazine on the subject, a well-known Canadian big game hunter, who prefers to have his name withheld, writes as follows: "We had crouched in the spruce thicket for over two hours, Finwell, the Indian guide, with moose call ready, and I with my rifle. Not a sound broke the stillness by the lake margin, save for the occasional weird cry of a nightbird.

Suddenly Finwell whispered: "Moose near!" "How do you know?" I queried, conscious that my sight and hearing were as good as those of the Indian.

"Don't know," he answered. "Just know."

Now had Finwell been any but a touchy red man I should probably have told him what I thought to such an answer. But ten minutes later, sure enough, we caught a glimpse of the great head and spreading antlers of milord the moose peering at us from out the bush.

Some people may consider this sort of thing to be guesswork, but that it is not guesswork has been conclusively proved scores of times. As a matter of fact, the real hunter would be but a poor creature at the best of times if he did not possess the "Sixth Sense" to some extent. To show how very necessary its possession is to the man of the woods, the following narrative, told to me a short time ago by a British Columbia woodsman, may suffice:

"I had been over to Nelson to buy stores," the woodsman explained, "and as the weather was unsettled, I was much later than usual in returning home. It must have been well after midnight when I turned the canoe keel upwards, and set out along the narrow bush cutting that led from the water's edge.

"It was so dark in the shelter of the spruce trees that I was compelled to grope the way with my feet, which was not a very difficult matter, as the path was well

worn. I had not gone fifty yards, however, when a strange, uncontrollable fear suddenly laid hold of me. Before I had time to realize what I was doing, I had stepped aside into the bush, putting at least three yards between myself and the pathway.

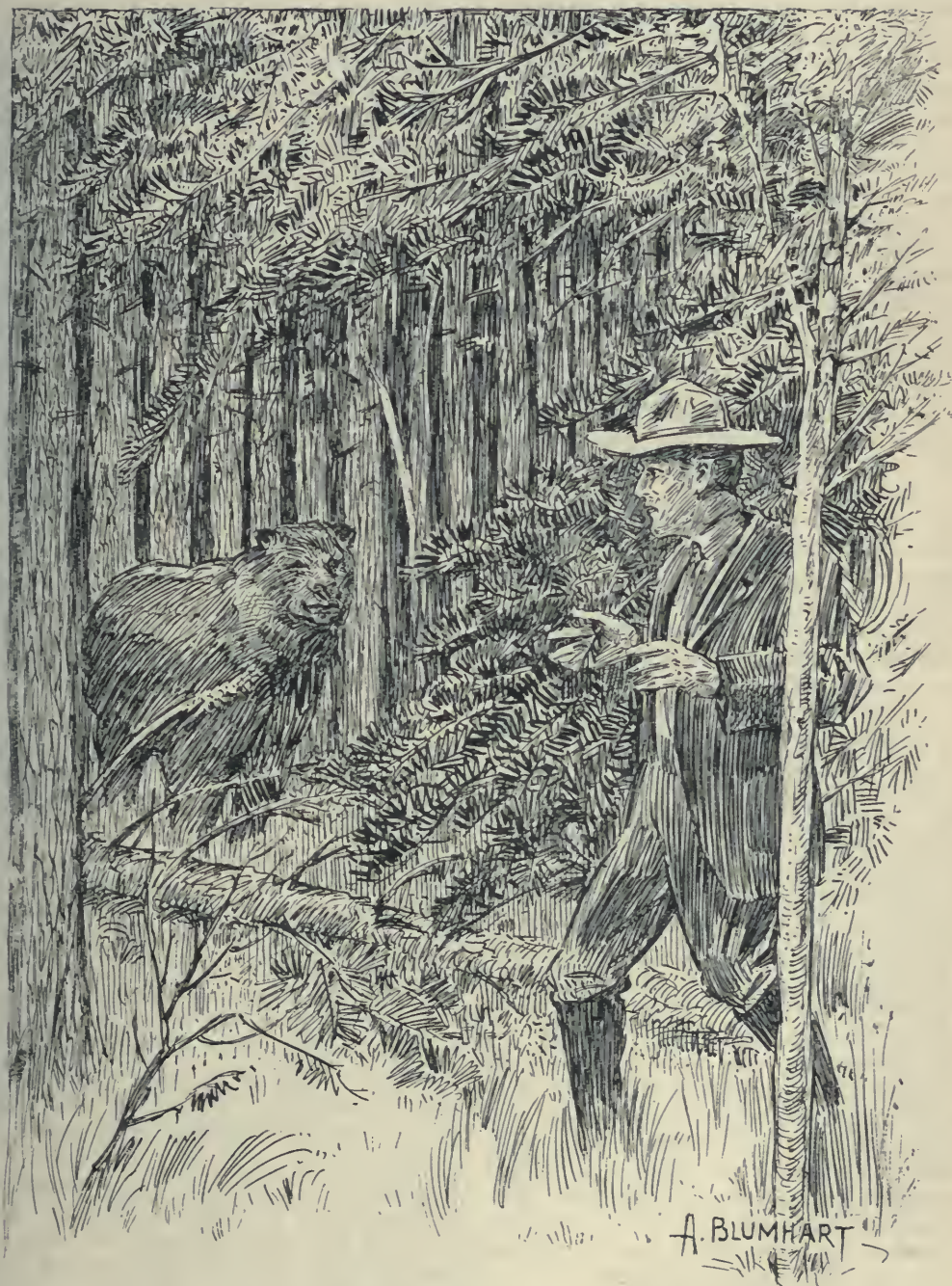
"Somehow I was horribly afraid, though nothing had occurred to arouse my suspicions. So intense was the silence that it seemed a part of the blackness that hemmed me in on every side, and I could even hear the ticking of my watch inside its thick gutta-percha case.

"Scarcely had I been in hiding ten seconds, however, when I distinguished the spongy tread, tread, of a heavy animal approaching along the trail in the opposite direction. The sound drew nearer, till I could hear the animal's breathing, and the brush of its body through the undergrowth.

"Of all the dangers to be met in the bush, that of meeting a wild animal is of least account, but though I have been in many tight corners, the sensations I now underwent were about the most unpleasant I have ever experienced. Somehow there was a foreboding of tragedy in the very atmosphere, and as the unseen beast drew abreast with me, the mental strain became almost unbearable.

"Just at the critical moment there was a vivid flash of summer lightning, and there, slouching rapidly down the runway, so near that I could almost have touched it, I beheld the largest grizzly it has ever been my misfortune to encounter. The whole scene was stamped on my mind like a photograph, and I remember it to this day—the dark background of overhanging spruce trees, the silver-grey buttes in the distance, and there at my feet the great shaggy monster, totally occupying the runway. I experienced an uncomfortable two minutes of it till the brute moved away, which he did, thank goodness, without argument."

This woodsman, at any rate, can consider that he owes his present good health to his possession of the sixth sense. As there was no breeze at the time, and not even enough light to enable the grizzly to see the way, it is vastly probable that the two would have come to very close quar-



"I beheld the largest grizzly it has ever been my misfortune to encounter."

ters, and each considered it his mortal duty to fight for supremacy.

To what extent wild animals possess this sense is known only too well by the sportsman who has ever tried to pit his woodcraft against that of moose or caribou. How often, alas, after a long stalk with wind and everything in our favor, does that coveted head with the mighty antlers look suddenly in our direction, as though some guardian spirit of the wild things had whispered a warning! And every sportsman knows, too, those first signs of unrest and suspicion in his quarry that warn him that he is "scented" long before sight, or scent, or hearing, could have given the alarm.

The question that we naturally ask is: Do we all possess this sense, or is it only acquirable by those who stand in constant need of it? There is reason enough to believe that we all possess it to a certain extent, but not to the same degree as do the Indians and other people of the wilderness, because in our modern environment, we have little need of it. Ninety years hence, very likely, when silent automobiles glide at unlimited speed through our thoroughfares, and aeroplanes innumerable tear the affrighted atmosphere overhead, we shall begin to re-develop the sense. Men will be seen to leap aside without apparent reason, just in time to evade the headlong descent of an aeronaut dropping from the blue ether above the housetops. It will be quite a common sight to behold the old lady—if there exists such a thing in those days—spring suddenly into cover, warned by her newly-developed faculties that death, silent and uncheckable, was approaching from the rear.

To prove that these strange powers are still possessed by the ordinary citizen of the present day, pampered though he may be in comparison with his Stone Age ancestors, I recall the following instance: An unfortunate gentleman, who was burned to death in a railway accident that occurred a short time ago in England, sent the following epistle to his fiancée the night before the tragic affair took place:

"D— —, I am returning to Leeds tomorrow by the mid-day express. You know how I hate traveling, but I have never dreaded a journey in my life so much as I dread this one. I have a haunting pre-

sentiment of something dreadful happening before I reach home, and were it not, etc., etc."

The letter was published in many of the British dailies at the time, and no doubt some of the readers of this magazine will recall its appearance. Most of us, at any rate, can recall similar examples, without butting our heads against the never-ending questions of clairvoyance and witchcraft.

When in Africa a few years ago, I came across several gentlemen who professed to possess superhuman faculties. Some of them made a very good thing out of it. One old quack in particular, with a special taste for missionary and explorer, professed to be able to forecast the seasons by the look of a white man's interior. Being the only white men in the district, we naturally gave this gentleman and his faithful friends as wide a berth as possible.

I remember a story that was told in a London clubroom by a famous big game hunter, who was recently killed in India by a seladang. We were discussing the subject under review when the big game hunter intervened.

"Some of the Hindu shickarees," he said, "possess this sense to an extent that would seem incredible to a man who has never mixed with them. When I was living in India, I employed one shickaree for some years. His name was Lutti. Between the shooting seasons he acted as my personal servant, and we traveled all over India together. Naturally we got to know each other very well.

"Once, when out on a hunting trip, I had sent Lutti up country to secure stores, and the very night following his departure I received news that a man-eating tiger I had been following for some weeks, had moved into the long valley across the river.

"How I longed for Lutti to return! Without him I could do nothing. I sat up half the night longing for him, and ultimately decided to tackle the task alone next day, though it was the most risky business imaginable.

"But when morning came there was no need to do this. There was Lutti, footsore and weary, preparing my breakfast. He

had run forty miles through the jungle during the night.

"'Lutti,' I said. 'Why are you here?'"

"'You want me, sahib?'"

"'I do. But how did you know?'"

"'Lutti smiled. 'If my brother were in danger a thousand miles from here, and were to think of me, should I not know, sahib?' he asked; but when I questioned him further he answered in the descriptive words of Finwell, the Canadian Indian: 'Don't know. Just know.'"

To return nearer to home truths—our domestic dog often furnishes us with wonderful instances of the sixth sense. A farmer in Nova Scotia possessed a dog that could never be induced to leave his side. One afternoon, however, the farmer set out to visit a friend who lived a mile or two away, and to the great perplexity of the household, it was seen that the dog seemed reluctant to follow him. The farmer was puzzled and hurt at the animal's sudden loss of affection. He called it to him, but after a long and wistful gaze the dog slunk away. A short chase ensued, but the animal easily outdistanced its portly owner, who was left to go his way unaccompanied.

A few minutes later a very different scene took place about a mile distant from the house. Along the wide, dusty road walked two children on their way from school—the son and daughter of the outraged farmer.

Suddenly a huge black beast appeared through an open gate only a few yards from the helpless toddlers. The beast was a red-eyed, short-horned Durham bull—a veritable nightmare to its owner.

Now, the little girl was wearing a crimson cloak, and what happened can well be imagined. The bull charged—the children screamed and clung to each other. There was no one near enough to divert the tragedy—in a few seconds the helpless infants would be beaten hideously to the ground and trampled to death.

But the horrible thing never occurred. Between the children and the enraged beast suddenly appeared a guardian angel in the most effective disguise of a small mongrel dog. Twenty minutes later the children were safe at home, while the little yaller dog, anxious to carry out his duty to the last minute degree, still clung with avidity to the nose of the frantic Durham.



"Along the wide, dusty road walked two children."

Our Bad Manners, and Who Is To Blame

By

James Grant

MANNERS were first started by a murderer: after that they grew.

The downfall of old-fashioned manners is part and parcel with the growth of Democracy and the up-springing of the modern newspaper. A good many people do not believe this. They consider that murder and manners are contradictory terms. At the same time that they applaud public ownership movements and the success of democratic institutions, they deplore the decline of mannerliness in the modern child. Failing to find anything else on which to blame the condition, they attack the schools of the country. This provokes a number of worthy school inspectors to make elaborate, not to say prosy, denials, which need never have been made at all.

Real manners are not dead nor dying, but the old manners are passing away, and new ones are beginning to grow in certain favored places of the earth. In the meantime, and until the new manners become, as it were, popular, the present day child is adorned with only a minimum, and such earnest gentlemen as Earl Grey are worked up into states of indignation which give birth to rash statements, which in turn breed all sorts of controversies and counter accusations.

The school systems of this country are unquestionably hampered by a certain amount of fadism and experimentalism. No doubt the removal of some of the "frills" from the educational programme of a modern child would leave room for more substantial things to be planted in the said child's cerebral convolutions. The public school tries to teach the outward forms of manners. As a certain rather blundering school inspector in

Toronto pathetically pointed out, in refutation of Earl Grey's charges against Canadian children, the said schools "always teach the boys to take off their caps to ladies, and to rise when an elder enters the room." While this worthy gentleman's idea of the essentials in manners is somewhat poverty-stricken, nevertheless it really does represent just about the extent to which a crowded curriculum can deal with such a subject.

The private boarding schools of the country are unquestionably in a much better position to attend to this side of the young person's equipment, because the masters and mistresses have more hours in the day wherein to influence the child; they are better paid, and therefore the schools can, as a rule, command the services of better teachers; and finally, the teacher in the private school meets the pupil in the very hours when so subtle a thing as "good manners" may best be instilled into the bearing of the young person. The private school teacher may influence the boy or girl at meals, in sports, in the choice of reading matter outside of actual school studies, in the spending of leisure moments, and in the social events which may occupy the evenings. These are the times when the germ of good manners is easiest received and most likely to thrive in the child. But the teacher in the public school has only the few hours when his pupils are playing games for this work, unless he or she is of such a rare character—and indeed there are some in Canadian public schools—that even in the teaching of such prosy things as arithmetic, geography and grammar, the scholars will be made sensitive and responsive to that outward and visible con-

duct on the part of the teacher, which is the sign of an inward grace — I don't mean anything religious—and which constitutes "good manners."

What manners are and what the word has come to mean are different things. Manners, to repeat and to paraphrase a golden text or a catechism reminiscent of Sunday school days, are the outward and visible sign of an inward grace. The trouble with manners, however, has been that whereas there was once a time when they really were the outward manifestation of an inward condition of mind and soul, there followed a period wherein every one who wanted to make progress in the world decorated himself with the badges of good manners merely as a means of concealing his real self. Mankind set up all sorts of idols and ideals which were to be worshipped in the Church of Good Manners. All sorts of ritual has been added by the writers of "etiquette books," and while all these things no doubt contribute to the sum of the world's graces, they are often far removed from the real thing which originally prompted these forms.

Good manners do not necessarily include all the rules of modern society, such as when to use this knife and when that one, and a thousand other small details. These come under the department of good taste and common sense, which are sub-departments of manners. But good manners refer to the values which a man by his conduct shows that he places on the world at large, upon the individuals with whom he comes in contact, and upon—himself. Good manners is the term which applies to a man's *appreciation* of these three things. According to the respect he pays them are his manners good or bad.

The murder which marked the beginning of "good manners" took place in the days before the Stone Age, probably before monkeys took to marriages, baptisms, cooked food and opera cloaks. But since most people refute the monkey theory and stand up for the honor of Adam's ancestry or manufacture—whichever you please—one must define this important murder as having taken place shortly after the earth was given its human population.

There was a fight between two of the populace. It may have been over a bone or a woman or the theory of creation. It may have been fought with stone axes or wooden spears, in bouts or in a go-as-you-please. Such details do not matter; the thing is that one man survived and that by his murderous prowess he instilled into the souls of the deceased's friends and relatives a degree of respect for him. It makes no difference whether the surviving cave-dweller made a noise over his soup or did not; whether he had the soul of a boor or of a poet; whether he abused his wives in the purity of Gaelic or the profundity of British—he was the father of good manners, and somebody ought to build a hospital to him.

You might read the history of good manners this way.

They started with a brawl which ended in the neighbors being respectful to the victor. They had seen his prowess. They were inspired with appreciation for his powers of creating a concussion. This was the lowest form of manners, because it was based upon fear. There is much of it still extant.

After this there were other fights, and for convenience it came to be understood that a blow should not be delivered below the belt, and that certain other crude rules must be observed, such as wiping off the club after the fight and clearing up the debris. It was agreed that a cave-dwelling gentleman should not go courting without washing off the signs of victory, and thus, very slowly, grew up respect for the will of the majority. It is this same impulse that prompts a man to obey the more finished laws to-day, only that instead of fearing physical violence, he fears the penalty of popular opinion and public ridicule.

After a time came the "cute" man, the man who overcame brute strength with strategy, with liteness, with artifice, subterfuge and ambush. He won the respect of the people, and it was to him, instead of to the early incarnations of Jack Johnson, that the public lifted its hat, as it were. This gentleman was the father of lawyers.

Presently it was seen that a graceful man could escape from fighting at all, by turning his tongue against an assailant, by overcoming him with repartee. Fol-

lowed then the period of grace and gallantry when men began to fear the things which sting the ear.

And finally, in more recent times, the code of things toward which a man should show respect has been reduced to something like this: respect money, for money is power crystallized; respect brains, for that is power; respect position and authority and the law for each exerts power, respect brute strength, for that is another sort of power. In short, respect POWER; that is the great thing; after that, respect women, children and religion. In addition to this, respect the little laws of your own stratum of society, whether they refer to the division of "swag," or the use of finger bowls.

All the world respects money and position and authority, and is good mannered to them, however grudgingly. The majority respect brains and the law and brute strength. Most people respect women, children and religion in a superficial way; each class respects its own little laws regarding minor social matters and matters of good taste. In some it is au fait to pour tea into the saucer and drink it.

But it is the children and the public school that are accused. It is said that they do not show respect where it should be shown. It is quite true. Coming out of the age of aristocracy, the child of the democrat finds that its forefathers kowtowed to all sorts of old things, in which it can see nothing to kow-tow to. It learns to respect everything "on its merits," but it is not taught how to look for the merits. The first instincts of the child are, of course, good; it respects kindness and comradeship and protection. After that, brute strength, then position, then money. Old age, innocence, purity, affliction, the beauty in a flower or a rain-storm or a ray of sun, require more than a casual glance to be appreciated. It is only instinct that recognizes in them something to be respected and instinct comes from the third and fourth generation back, and from the home—not the school. What is the worth of a drill in the rules of politeness at school, if such rules do not find an instinctive understanding in the child's heart? Such rules

breed only superficial mannerliness; they make "gents," not gentlemen; they open the doors of homes to social bounders.

It is bad manners to offend or to injure, unnecessarily. It is bad manners, willingly, to allow weaker people to be offended or injured. It is bad manners to accept an insult, for in these things one shows a lack of respect for the sensitivities and rights of others, and a lack of self-respect. It is good manners to recognize and appreciate, not power, but worth; not the false heroism of the daily newspaper column, but the real heroism that one hears less about and that goes on in prosaic respectable homes, in ministerial cabinets, on the hopeless platforms of opposition leaders. It is because the newspaper selects always the colorful things—and this is its business, after all—that respect is paid to wrong things, and good manners are accordingly corrupted.

The instilling of good manners in a child is a matter for the parents. It is for them to counter the tendency of the new age, just as it is to forget the old age. Manners must not be based upon false ideas or caste and precedence and family, as in the old days; nor upon wealth, spectacularism and power, as to-day. But having taught the child first to be well-mannered toward itself—self-reliant—self respecting; then teach it the real qualities of life that are worth respecting. And not only will society benefit, but the child as well; for respect for right things means ambitions for right things; if the "respects" are wholesome, so will be the ambitions. None but a great man can have perfect manners, because he must be great who can appraise correctly and treat charitably the men he meets. He must be very sane, who neither exaggerates nor under-estimates his own importance in his relation to others. The only man who has no manners is the unintelligent anarchist and the fool. If all the world had real manners, unjust laws, useless institutions, corruption and social diseases would be wiped out in a generation. For the false laws would not be respected, nor the useless institutions; and the good manners of the people, working through their self-respect, would make them resent inefficiency and ugliness in the social structure.

A Night In New Arabia

By

O. Henry

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THE great city of Bagdad-on-the Subway, which is to say, New York, is caliph-ridden. Its palaces, bazaars, khans and byways are thronged with Al Rashids in divers disguises, seeking diversion and victims for their unbridled generosity. You can scarcely find a poor beggar whom they are willing to let enjoy his spoils unsuccored, nor a wrecked unfortunate upon whom they will not reshower the means of fresh misfortune. You will hardly find anywhere a hungry one who has not had the opportunity to tighten his belt in gift libraries, nor a poor pundit who has not blushed at the holiday basket of celery-crowned turkey forced resoundingly through his door by the eleemosynary press.

So then, fearfully through the Harum-haunted streets creep the one-eyed calenders, the Little Hunchback and the Barber's Sixth Brother, hoping to escape the ministrations of the roving horde of caliphoid sultans.

Entertainment for many Arabian nights might be had from the histories of those who have escaped the largesse of the army of Commanders of the Faithful. Until dawn you might sit on the enchanted rug and listen to such stories as are told of the powerful genie Roc-Ef-El-Er who sent the Forty Thieves to soak up the oil plant of Ali Baba; of the good Caliph Kar-Neg-Ghe, who gave away palaces; of the Seven Voyages of Sailbad, the Sinner, who frequented wooden excursion steamers among the islands; of the Fisherman and the Bottle; of the Barmecides' Boarding house; of Aladdin's rise to wealth by means of his Wonderful Gas-meter.

But now, there being ten sultans to one Sheherazade, she is held too valuable to be in fear of the bowstring. In consequence the art of narrative languishes. And, as the lesser caliphs are hunting the happy poor and the resigned unfortunate from cover to cover in order to heap upon them strange mercies and mysterious benefits, too often comes the report from Arabian headquarters that the captive refused "to talk."

This reticence, then, in the actors who perform the sad comedies of their philanthropy-scourged world, must, in a degree, account for the shortcomings of this painfully gleaned tale, which shall be called
THE STORY OF THE CALIPH WHO ALLEVIATED HIS CONSCIENCE.

Old Jacob Spraggin mixed for himself some Scotch and lithia water at his \$1,-200 oak sideboard. Inspiration must have resulted from its imbibition, for immediately afterward he struck the quartered oak soundly with his fist and shouted to the empty dining room:

"By the coke ovens of hell, it must be that ten thousand dollars! If I can get that squared, it'll do the trick."

Thus, by the commonest artifice of the trade, having gained your interest, the action of the story will now be suspended, leaving you grumpily to consider a sort of dull biography beginning fifteen years before.

When old Jacob was young Jacob, he was a breaker boy in a Pennsylvania coal mine. I don't know what a breaker boy is; but his occupation seems to be standing by a coal dump with a wan look and a dinner-pail to have his picture taken for magazine articles. Anyhow, Jacob was

one. But, instead of dying of overwork at nine, and leaving his helpless parents and brothers at the mercy of the union strikers' reserve fund, he hitched up his galluses, put a dollar or two in a side proposition now and then, and at forty-five was worth \$20,000,000.

There now! it's over. Hardly had time to yawn, did you? I've seen biographies that—but let us dissemble.

I want you to consider Jacob Spraggins, Esq., after he had arrived at the seventh stage of his career. The stages meant are, first, humble origin; second, deserved promotion; third, stockholder; fourth, capitalist; fifth, trust magnate; sixth, rich malefactor; seventh, caliph; eight, *x*. The eight stage shall be left to the higher mathematics.

At fifty-five Jacob retired from active business. The income of a czar was still rolling on him from coal, iron, real estate, oil, railroads, manufacturies, and corporations, but none of it touched Jacob's hands in a raw state. It was a sterilized increment, carefully cleaned and dusted and fumigated until it arrived at its ultimate stage of untainted, spotless checks in the white fingers of his private secretary. Jacob built a three-million-dollar palace on a corner lot fronting on Nabob Avenue, city of New Bagdad, and began to feel the mantle of the late H. A. Rashid descending upon him. Eventually Jacob slipped the mantle under his collar, tied it in a neat four-in-hand, and became a licensed harrier of our Mesopotamian proletariat.

When a man's income becomes so large that the butcher actually sends him the kind of steak he orders, he begins to think about his soul's salvation. Now, the various stages or classes of rich men must not be forgotten. The capitalist can tell you to a dollar the amount of his wealth. The trust magnate "estimates" it. The rich malefactor hands you a cigar and denies that he has bought the P. D. & Q. The caliph merely smiles and talks about Hammerstein and the musical lasses. There is a record of tremendous altercation at breakfast in a "Where-to-Dine-Well" tavern between a magnate and his wife, the rift within the loot being that the wife calculated their fortune at a figure \$3,000,000 higher than did her future *divorcé*: Oh, well, I, myself, heard a

similar quarrel between a man and his wife because he found fifty cents less in his pockets than he thought he had. After all, we are all human—Count Tolstoi, R. Fitzsimmons, Peter Pan, and the rest of us.

Don't lose heart because the story seems to be degenerating into a sort of moral essay for intellectual readers.

There will be dialogue and stage business pretty soon.

When Jacob first began to compare the eyes of needles with the camels in the Zoo he decided upon organized charity. He had his secretary send a check for one million to the Universal Benevolent Association of the Globe. You may have looked down through a grating in front of a decayed warehouse for a nickel that you had dropped through. But that is neither here nor there. The Association acknowledges receipt of his favor of the 24th ult. with enclosure as stated. Separated by a double line, but still mighty close to the matter under the caption of "Oddities of the Day's News" in an evening paper, Jacob Spraggins read that one "Jasper Spargyous" had "donated \$100,000 to the U.B.A. of G." A camel may have a stomach for each day in the week; but I dare not venture to accord him whiskers, for fear of the Great Displeasure at Washington; but if he had whiskers, surely not one of them will seem to have been inserted in the eye of a needle by that effort of that rich man to enter the K. of H. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids; signed, S. Peter, secretary and gatekeeper.

Next, Jacob selected the best endowed college he could scare up, and presented it with a \$200,000 laboratory. The college did not maintain a scientific course, but it accepted the money and built an elaborate lavatory instead, which was no diversion of funds so far as Jacob ever discovered.

The faculty met and invited Jacob to come over and take his A B C degree. Before sending the invitation they smiled, cut out the C, added the proper punctuation marks, and all was well.

While walking on the campus before being capped and gowned, Jacob saw two professors strolling nearby. Their voices, long adapted to indoor acoustics, undesignedly reached his ear.

"There goes the latest *chevalier d'industrie*," said one of them, "to buy a sleeping powder from us. He gets his degree to-morrow."

"*In foro conscientiae*," said the other. "Let's 'eave 'arf a brick at 'im."

Jacob ignored the Latin, but the brick pleasantries was not too hard for him. There was no mandragora in the honorary draught of learning that he had bought. That was before the passage of the Pure Food and Drugs Act.

Jacob wearied of philanthropy on a large scale.

"If I could see folks made happier," he said to himself—"if I could see 'em myself and hear 'em express their gratitude for what I done for 'em, it would make me feel better. This donatin' funds to institutions and societies is about as satisfactory as dropping money into a broken slot machine."

So Jacob followed his nose, which led him through unswept streets to the homes of the poorest.

"The very thing!" said Jacob. "I will charter two river steamboats, pack them full of these unfortunate children and say ten thousand dolls and drums and a thousand freezers of ice cream, and give them a delightful outing up the Sound. The sea breezes on that trip ought to blow the taint off some of this money that keeps coming in faster than I can work it off my mind."

Jacob must have leaked some of his benevolent intentions, for an immense person with a bald face and a mouth that looked as if it ought to have a "Drop Letters Here" sign over it hooked a finger around him and set him in a space between a barber's pole and a stack of ash cans. Words came out of the post-office slit—smooth, husky words with gloves on 'em, but sounding as if they might turn to bare knuckles any moment.

"Say, Sport, do you know where you are at? Well, dis is Mike O'Grady's district you're buttin' into—see? Mike's got de stomach-ache privilege for every kid in dis neighborhood—see? And if dere's any picnics or red ballons to be dealt out here, Mike's money pays for 'em—see? Don't you butt in, or something'll be handed to you. Youse d — settlers and reformers with your social ologies and your millionaire detectives

have got dis district in a hell of a fix, anyhow. With your college students and professors rough-housing de soda-water stands and dem rubber-neck coaches fillin' de streets, de folks down here are 'fraid to go out of de houses. Now you leave 'em to Mike. Dey belongs to him, and he knows how to handle 'em. Keep on your own side of de town. Are you some wiser now, uncle, or do you want to scrap wit' Mike O'Grady for de Santa Claus belt in dis district?"

Clearly, that spot in the moral vineyard was pre-empted. So Caliph Spraggins menaced no more the people in the bazaars of the East Side. To keep down his growing surplus he doubled his donations to organized charity, presented the Y.M.C.A. of his native town with a \$10,000 collection of butterflies, and sent a check to the famine sufferers in China big enough to buy new emerald eyes and diamond-filled teeth for all their gods. But none of these charitable acts seemed to bring peace to the caliph's heart. He tried to get a personal note into his benefactions by tipping bell-boys and waiters \$10 and \$20 bills. He got well snickered at and derided for that by the minions who accept with respect gratuities commensurate to the service performed. He sought out an ambitious and talented but poor young woman, and bought for her the star part in a new comedy. He might have gotten rid of \$50,000 more of his cumbersome money in this philanthropy if he had not neglected to write letters to her. But she lost the suit for lack of evidence, while his capital still kept piling up, and his *optikos needlorum camelibus* — or rich man's disease — was unrelieved.

In Caliph Spraggins's \$3,000,000 home lived his sister Henrietta, who used to cook for the coal miners in a twenty-five-cent eating house in Coketown, Pa., and who now would have offered John Mitchell only two fingers of her hand to shake. And his daughter Celia, nineteen, back from boarding-school and from being polished off by private instructors in the restaurant languages and those études and things.

Celia is the heroine. Lest the artist's delineation of her charms on this very page humbug your fancy, take from me her authorized description. She was a nice-looking, awkward, loud, rather bash-

ful, brown-haired girl, with a sallow complexion, bright eyes, and a perpetual smile. She had a wholesome, Spraggins-inherited love for plain food, loose clothing, and the society of the lower classes. She had too much health and youth to feel the burden of wealth. She had a wide mouth that kept the peppermint-pepsin tablets rattling like hail from the slot-machine wherever she went, and she could whistle hornpipes. Keep this picture in mind; and let the artist do his worst.

Celia looked out of her window one day and gave her heart to the grocer's young man. The receiver thereof was at that moment engaged in conceding immortality to his horse and calling down upon him the ultimate fate of the wicked; so he did not notice the transfer. A horse should stand still when you are lifting a crate of strictly new-laid eggs out of the wagon.

Young lady reader, you would have liked that grocer's young man yourself. But you wouldn't have given him your heart, because you are saving it for a riding-master, or a shoe-manufacturer with a torpid liver, or something quiet but rich in grey tweeds at Palm Beach. Oh, I know about it. So I am glad the grocer's young man was for Celia, and not for you.

The grocer's young man was slim and straight and as confident and easy in his movements as the man in the back of the magazines who wears the new frictionless roller suspenders. He wore a grey bicycle cap on the back of his head, and his hair was straw-colored and curly, and his sunburned face looked like one that smiled a good deal when he was not preaching the doctrine of everlasting punishment to delivery-wagon horses. He slung imported Al fancy groceries about as though they were only the stuff he delivered at boarding-houses; and when he picked up his whip, your mind instantly recalled Mr. Tackett and his air with the buttonless foils.

Tradesmen delivered their goods at a side gate at the rear of the house. The grocer's wagon came about ten in the morning. For three days Celia watched the driver when he came, finding something new each time to admire in the lofty and almost contemptuous way he had of

tossing around the choicest gifts of Pomona, Ceres, and the canning factories. Then she consulted Annette.

To be explicit, Annette McCorkle, the second housemaid, who deserves a paragraph herself. Annette Fletcherized large numbers of romantic novels which she obtained at a free public library branch (donated by one of the biggest caliphs in the business.) She was Celia's sidekicker and chum, though Aunt Henrietta didn't know it, you may hazard a bean or two.

"Oh, canary-bird seed!" exclaimed Annette. "Ain't it a corkin' situation? You a heiress, and fallin' in love with him on sight! He's a sweet boy, too, and above his business. But he ain't susceptible like the common run of grocer's assistants. He never pays no attention to me."

"He will to me," said Celia.

"Riches ——" began Annette, unsheathing the not unjustifiable feminine sting.

"Oh, you're not so beautiful," said Celia, with her wide, disarming smile. "Neither am I; but he shan't know that there's any money mixed up with my looks, such as they are. That's fair. Now, I want you to lend me one of your caps and an apron, Annette."

"Oh, marshmallows!" cried Annette. "I see. Ain't it lovely? It's just like 'Lurline, the Left-Handed; or, A Buttonhole Maker's Wrongs.' I'll bet he'll turn out to be a count."

There was a long hallway (or "passage-way," as they call it in the land of the Colonels) with one side latticed, running along the rear of the house. The grocer's young man went through this to deliver his goods. One morning he passed a girl in there with shining eyes, sallow complexion, and a wide, smiling mouth, wearing a maid's cap and apron. But as he was cumbered with a basket of Early Drumhead lettuce and Trophy tomatoes and three bunches of asparagus and six bottles of the most expensive Queen olives, he saw no more than that she was one of the maids.

But on his way out he came up behind her, and she was whistling "Fisher's Hornpipe" so loudly and clearly that all the piccolos in the world should have disjoined themselves and crept into their cases for shame.

The grocer's young man stopped and pushed back his cap until it hung on his collar button behind.

"That's out o' sight, Kid," said he.

"My name is Celia, if you please," said the whistler, dazzling him with a three-inch smile.

"That's all right. I'm Thomas McLeod. What part of the house do you work in?"

"I'm the — the second parlor maid."

"Do you know the 'Falling Waters'?"

"No," said Celia, "we don't know anybody. We got rich too quick—that is, Mr. Spraggins did."

"I'll make you acquainted," said Thomas McLeod. "It's a strathspey—a first cousin to a hornpipe."

If Celia's whistling put the piccolos out of commission, Thomas McLeod's surely made the biggest flutes hunt their holes. He could actually whistle *bass*.

When he stopped Celia was ready to jump into his delivery wagon and ride with him clear to the end of the pier and on to the ferry-boat of the Charon line.

"I'll be around to-morrow at 10.15," said Thomas, "with some spinach and a case of carbonic."

"I'll practice that what-you-may-call-it," said Celia. "I can whistle a fine second."

The processes of courtship are personal, and do not belong to general literature. They should be chronicled in detail only in advertisements of iron tonics and in the secret by-laws of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of the Rat Trap. But genteel writing may contain a description of certain stages of its progress without intruding upon the province of the X-ray or of park policemen.

A day came when Thomas McLeod and Celia lingered at the end of the latticed "passage."

"Sixteen a week isn't much," said Thomas, letting his cap rest on his shoulder blades.

Celia looked through the lattice-work and whistled a dead march. Shopping with Aunt Henrietta the day before, she had paid that much for a dozen handkerchiefs.

"Maybe I'll get a raise next month," said Thomas. "I'll be around to-morrow at the same time with a bag of flour and the laundry soap."

"All right," said Celia. "Annette's married cousin pays only \$20 a month for a flat in the Bronx."

Never for a moment did she count on the Spraggins' money. She knew Aunt Henrietta's invincible pride of caste and pa's mightiness as a Colossus of cash, and she understood that if she choose Thomas she and her grocer's young man might go whistle for their living.

Another day came, Thomas violating the dignity of Nabob Avenue with "The Devil's Dream," whistled keenly between his teeth.

"Raised to eighteen a week yesterday," he said. "Been pricing flats around Morningside. You want to start untying those apron strings and unpinning that cap, old girl."

"Oh, Tommy!" said Celia, with her broadest smile. "Won't that be enough? I got Betty to show me how to make a cottage pudding. I guess we could call it a flat pudding if we wanted to."

"And tell no lie," said Thomas.

"And I can sweep and polish and dust — of course, a parlor maid learns that. And we could whistle duets of evenings."

"The old man said he'd raise me to twenty at Christmas if Bryan couldn't think of any harder name to call a Republican than a 'postponer,'" said the grocer's young man.

"I can sew," said Celia; "and I know that you must make the gas company's man show his badge when he comes to look at the meter; and I know how to put up quince jam and window curtains."

"Bully! you're all right, Cele. Yes, I believe we can pull it off on eighteen."

As he was jumping into the wagon the second parlor maid braved discovery by running swiftly to the gate.

"And, oh, Tommy, I forgot," she called, softly. "I believe I could make your neckties."

"Forget it," said Thomas decisively.

"And another thing," she continued. "Sliced cucumbers at night will drive away cockroaches."

"And sleep, too, you bet," said Mr. McLeod. "Yes, I believe if I have a delivery to make on the West Side this afternoon I'll look in at a furniture store I know over there."

It was just as the wagon dashed away that old Jacob Spraggins struck the side-

board with his fist and made the mysterious remark about ten thousand dollars that you perhaps remember. Which justifies the reflection that some stories, as well as life, and puppies thrown into wells, move around in circles. Painfully but briefly we must shed light on Jacob's words.

The foundation of his fortune was made when he was twenty. A poor coal-digger (ever hear of a rich one?) had saved a dollar or two and bought a small tract of land on a hillside on which he tried to raise corn. Not a nubbin. Jacob, whose nose was a divining-rod, told him there was a vein of coal beneath. He bought the land from the miner for \$125 and sold it a month afterward for \$10,000. Luckily the miner had enough left of his sale money to drink himself into a black coat opening in the back, as soon as he heard the news.

And so, forty years afterward, we find Jacob illuminated with the sudden thought that if he could make restitution of this sum of money to the heirs or assigns of the unlucky miner, respite and Nepenthe might be his.

And now must come swift action, for we have here some four thousand words and not a tear shed and never a pistol, joke, safe, not bottle cracked.

Old Jacob hired a dozen private detectives to find the heirs, if any existed, of the old miner, Hugh McLeod.

Get the point? Of course I know as well as you do that Thomas is going to be the heir. I might have concealed the name; but why always hold back your mystery till the end? I say, let it come near the middle so people can stop reading there if they want to.

After the detectives had trailed false clues about three thousand dollars—I mean miles—they cornered Thomas at the grocery and got his confession that Hugh McLeod had been his grandfather, and that there were no other heirs. They arranged a meeting for him and old Jacob one morning in one of their offices.

Jacob liked the young man very much. He liked the way he looked straight at him when he talked, and the way he threw his bicycle cap over the top of a rose-colored vase on the centre-table.

There was a slight flaw in Jacob's system of restitution. He did not consider

that the act, to be perfect, should include confession. So he represented himself to be the agent of the purchaser of the land who had sent him to refund the sale price for the ease of his conscience.

"Well, sir," said Thomas, "this sounds to me like an illustrated post-card from South Boston with 'We're having a good time here' written on it. I don't know the game. Is this ten thousand dollars money, or do I have to save so many coupons to get it?"

Old Jacob counted out to him twenty five-hundred-dollar bills.

That was better, he thought, than a check. Thomas put them thoughtfully into his pocket.

"Grandfather's best thanks," he said, "to the party who sends it."

Jacob talked on, asking him about his work, how he spent his leisure time, and what his ambitions were. The more he saw and heard of Thomas, the better he liked him. He had not met many young men in Bagdad so frank and wholesome.

"I would like to have you visit my house," he said. "I might help you in investing or laying out your money. I am a very wealthy man. I have a daughter about grown, and I would like for you to know her. There are not many young men I would care to have call on her."

"I'm obliged," said Thomas. "I'm not much at making calls. It's generally the side entrance for mine. And, besides, I'm engaged to a girl that has the Delaware peach crop killed in the blossom. She's a parlor maid in a house where I deliver goods. She won't be working there much longer, though. Say, don't forget to give your friend my grandfather's best regards. You'll excuse me now; my wagon's outside with a lot of green stuff that's got to be delivered. See you again, sir."

At eleven Thomas delivered some bunches of parsley and lettuce at the Spraggins' mansion. Thomas was only twenty-two; so, as he came back, he took out the handful of five-hundred-dollar bills and waved them carelessly. Annette took a pair of eyes as big as creamed onions to the cook.

"I told you he was a count," she said, after relating. "He never would carry on with me."

"But you say he showed money," said the cook.

"Hundreds of thousands," said Annette. "Carried around loose in his pockets. And he never would look at me."

"It was paid to me to-day," Thomas was explaining to Celia outside. "It came from my grandfather's estate. Say, Cele, what's the use of waiting now? I'm going to quit the job to-night. Why can't we get married next week?"

"Tommy," said Celia, "I'm no parlor maid. I've been fooling you. I'm Miss Spraggins—Celia Spraggins. The newspapers say I'll be worth forty million dollars some day."

Thomas pulled his cap down straight on his head for the first time since we have known him.

"I suppose then," said he, "I suppose then you'll not be marrying me next week. But you *can* whistle."

"No," said Celia, "I'll not be marrying you next week. My father would never let me marry a grocer's clerk. But I'll marry you to-night, Tommy, if you say so."

Old Jacob Spraggins came home at 9.30 P.M., in his motor car. The make of it you will have to surmise sorrowfully; I am giving you unsubsidized fiction; had it been a street car I could have told you its voltage and the number of flat wheels it had. Jacob called for his daughter; he had bought a ruby necklace for her, and wanted to hear her say what a kind, thoughtful, dear old dad he was.

There was a brief search in the house for her, and then came Annette, glowing with the pure flame of truth and loyalty well mixed with envy and histrionics.

"Oh, sir," said she, wondering if she should kneel, "Miss Celia's just this minute running away out of the side gate with a young man to be married. I couldn't stop her, sir. They went in a cab."

"What young man?" roared old Jacob.

"A millionaire, if you please, sir—a rich nobleman in disguise. He carries his money with him, and the red peppers and the onions was only to blind us, sir. He never did seem to take to me."

Jacob rushed out in time to catch his car. The chauffeur had been delayed by trying to light a cigarette in the wind.

"Here, Gaston, or Mike, or whatever you call yourself, scoot around the corner quicker then blazes and see if you can see a cab. If you do, run it down."

There was a cab in sight a block away. Gaston, or Mike, with his eyes half shut and his mind on his cigarette, picked up the trail, neatly crowded the cab to the curb and pocketed it.

"What t'ell you doin'?" yelled the cabman.

"Pa!" shrieked Celia.

"Grandfather's reinorseful friend's agent!" said Thomas. "Wonder what's on his conscience now."

"A thousand thunders!" said Gaston, or Mike. "I have no other match."

"Young man," said old Jacob, severely, "how about that parlor maid you were engaged to?"

A couple of years afterward old Jacob went into the office of his private secretary.

"The Amalgamated Missionary Society solicits a contribution of \$30,000 toward the conversion of the Koreans," said the secretary.

"Pass 'em up," said Jacob.

"The University of Plumville writes that its yearly endowment fund of \$50,000 that you bestowed upon it is past due."

"Tell 'em it's been cut out."

"The Scientific Society of Clam Cove, Long Island, asks for \$10,000 to buy alcohol to preserve specimens."

"Waste basket,"

"The Society for Providing Heathful Recreation for Working Girls wants \$20,000 from you to lay out a golf course."

"Tell 'em to see an undertaker."

"Cut 'em all out," went on Jacob. "I've quit being a good thing. I need every dollar I can scrape or save. I want you to write to the directors of every company that I'm interested in and recommend a 10 per cent. cut in salaries. And say—I noticed half a cake of soap lying in a corner of the hall as I came in. I want you to speak to the scrubwoman about waste. I've got no money to throw away. And say—we've got vinegar pretty well in hand, haven't we?"

"The Globe Spice & Seasons Company," said the secretary, "controls the market at present."

"Raise vinegar two cents a gallon. Notify all our branches."

Suddenly Jacob Spraggin's plump red face relaxed into a pulpy grin. He walked over to the secretary's desk and showed a small red mark on his thick forefinger.

"Bit it," he said, "darned if he didn't, and he ain't had the tooth three weeks—Jaky McLeod, my Celia's kid. He'll be worth a hundred millions by the time he's twenty-one if I can pile it up for him."

As he was leaving, old Jacob turned at the door, and said:

"Better make that vinegar raise three cents instead of two. I'll be back in an hour and sign the letters."

The true history of the Caliph Harun Al Rashid relates that toward the end of his reign he wearied of philanthropy, and caused to be beheaded all his former favorites and companions of his "Arabian Nights" rambles. Happy are we in these days of enlightenment, when the only death warrant the caliphs can serve on us is in the form of a tradesman's bill.



I CANNOT FACE THE TWILIGHT HOUR NOW.

I cannot face the twilight hour now,
The soft dusk hour we used to love so well—
Old melodies the tender silence swell,
Light kisses cool my waiting, tired brow.
I cannot bear to live old hours alone,
Loved hours, that stole so hurriedly away!
You cannot have forgotten yesterdays,
So full of golden dreamings all our own?

I crowd my days with duties silently,
I leave no moment for reflection's sway,
There is no place for memories in my day—
Men watch, and marvel at my energy—
But ah, when swiftly steals the twilight hour—
I pray for strength to meet its tragic power!

—Amy E. Campbell

The Trail of '98

By

Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako."

BOOK IV

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CHAPTER IV

I FOUND the Youth awaiting me. "Say, pardner," said he, "I was just getting a bit anxious about you. I thought sure that fairy had you in tow for a sucker. I'm going to stay right with you, and you're not going to shake me. See!" "All right," I said; "come on and we'll watch the dance."

So we got in the front row of spectators, while behind us the crowd packed as closely as matches in a box. The champagne I had taken had again aroused in me that vivid sense of joy and strength and color. Again the lights were effulgent, the music witching, the women divine. As I swayed a little I clutched unsteadily at the Youth. He looked at me curiously.

"Brace up, old man," he said. "Guess you're not often in town. You're not much used to the dance-hall racket."

"No," I assured him.

"Well," he continued, "it's the rottenest game ever. I've seen more poor beggars put plumb out of business by the dance-halls than by all the saloons and gambling-joints put together. It's the game of catching the sucker brought to the point of perfection, and there's very few cases where it fails."

He perceived I was listening earnestly, and he warmed up to his subject.

"You see, the boys get in after they've been out on the claim for six months at a stretch, and town looks mighty good to

them. The music sounds awful nice, and the women, well, they look just like angels. The boys are all right, but they've got that mad craving for the sight of a woman a man gets after he's been off out in the Wild, and these women have got the captivation of men down to a fine art. Once one of them gets to looking at you with eyes that eat right into you, and soft white hands, and pretty coaxing ways, well, it's mighty hard to hold back. A man's a fool to come near these places if he's got a poke—'cept, like me, he knows the ropes and he's right onto himself."

The Youth said this with quite a complacent air. He went on:

"These girls work on a percentage basis. You'll notice every time you buy them a drink the waiter gives them a check. That means that when the night's over they cash in and get twenty-five per cent. of the money you've spent on them. That's how they're so keen on ordering fresh bottles. Sometimes they'll say a bottle's gone flat before it's empty, and have you order another. Or else they'll pour half of it into the cuspidor when you're not looking. Then, when you get too full to notice the difference, they'll run in ginger ale on you. Or else they'll get you ordering by the case, and have half a dozen dummy bottles in it. Oh, there's all kinds of schemes these box rustlers are on to. When you pay for a drink you toss over your poke, and they take the price out. Do you think they're particular to a quarter ounce or so? No, sir!

and you always get the short end of it. It's a bad game to go up against."

The Youth looked at me as though proud of his superior sophistication.

The floor was cleared. Girls were now coming from behind the stage, preening themselves and chaffing with the crowd. The orchestra struck up some jubilant ragtime that set the heart dancing and the heels tapping in tune. Brighter than ever seemed the lights; more dazzling the white and gilt of the walls. Some of the girls were balancing lightly to a waltz rhythm. There was a witching grace in their movements, and the Youth watched them intently. He looked down at his feet clad in old moccasins.

"Gee, I'd like just to have one spin," he said; "just one before I leave the darned old country for good. I was always crazy about dancing. I'd ride thirty miles to attend a dance back home."

His eyes grew very wistful. Suddenly the music stopped and the floor-master came forward. He was a tall, dark man with a rich and vibrant baritone voice.

"That's the best spieler in the Yukon," said the Youth.

"Come on, boys," boomed the spieler. "Look alive there. Don't keep the ladies waiting. Take your hands out of your pockets and get in the game. Just going to begin, a dreamy waltz or a nice juicy two-step, whichever you prefer. Hey, professor, strike up that waltz!"

Once more the music swelled out.

"How's that, boys? Doesn't that make your feet like feathers? Come on, boys! Here you are for the nice, glossy floor and the nice, flossy girls. Here you are! Here you are! Here you are! That's right, select your partners! Swing your honeys! Hurry up there! Just a-goin' to begin. What's the matter with you fellows? Wake up! a dance won't break you. Come on! don't be a cheap skate. The girls are fine, fit and fairy-like, the music's swell and the floor's elegant. Come on, boys!"

There was a compelling power in his voice, and already a number of couples were waltzing round. The women were exquisite in their grace and springy lightness. They talked as they danced, gazing with languishing eyes and siren smiles at the man of the moment.

Some of them, who had not got partners, were picking out individuals from the crowd and coaxing them to come forward. A drunken fellow staggered onto the floor and grabbed a girl. She was young, dainty and pretty, but she showed no repugnance for him. Round and round he cavorted, singing and whooping. a wild, weird object; when, suddenly, he tripped and fell, bringing her down with him. The crowd roared; but the girl good-naturedly picked him up, and led him off to the bar.

A man in a greasy canvas suit with muckluks on his feet had gone onto the floor. His hair was long and matted, his beard wild and rank. He was dancing vehemently, and there was the glitter of wild excitement in his eyes. He looked as if he had not bathed for years, but again I could see no repulsion in the face of the handsome brunette with whom he was waltzing. Dance after dance they had together, locked in each other's arms.

"That's a 'live one,'" said the Youth. "He's just come in from Dominion with a hundred ounces, and it won't last him over the night. Amber, there, will get it all. She won't let the other girls go near. He's her game."

Between dances the men promenaded to the bar and treated their companions to a drink. In the same free, trusting way they threw over their pokes to the bartender and had the price weighed out. The dances were very short, and the drinks very frequent.

Madder and madder grew the merriment. The air was hot; the odor of patchouli mingled with the stench of stale garments and the reek of alcohol. Men dripping with sweat whirled round in wild gyrations. Some of them danced beautifully; some merely shuffled over the floor. It did not make any difference to the girls. They were superbly muscular and used to the dragging efforts of the novices. After a visit to the bar back they came once more, licking their lips, and fell to with fresh energy.

There was no need to beg the crowd now. A wave of excitement seemed to have swept over them. They clamoured to get a dance. The "live one" whooped and pranced on his wild career, while Amber steered him calmly through the mazes of the waltz. Touch-the-Button-Nell

was talking to a tall fair-moustached man whom I recognized as a black-jack booster. Suddenly she left him and came over to us. She went up to the Youth.

She had discarded her blond wig, and her pretty brown hair parted in the middle and rippled behind her ears. Her large violet-blue eyes had a devouring look that would stir the pulse of a saint. She accosted the Youth with a smile of particular witchery.

"Say, kid, won't you come and have a two-step with me? I've been looking at you for the last half-hour and wishing you'd ask me."

The Youth had advised me: "If any of them asks you, tell them to go to the devil;" but now he looked at her and his boyish face flushed.

"Nothing doing," he said stoutly.

"Oh, come now," she pleaded; "honest to goodness, kid, I've turned down the other fellow for you. You won't refuse me, will you? Come on; just one, sweet-heart."

She was holding the lapels of his coat and dragging him gently forward. I could see him biting his lip in embarrassment.

"No, thanks, I'm sorry," he stammered. "I don't know how to dance. Besides, I've got no money."

She grew more coaxing.

"Never mind about the coin, honey. Come on, have one on me. Don't turn me down. I've taken such a notion to you. Come on now; just one turn.

I watched his face. His eyes clouded with emotion, and I knew the psychology of it. He was thinking:

"Just one—surely it wouldn't hurt. Surely I'm man enough to trust myself. to know when to quit. Oh, lordy, wouldn't it be sweet just to get my arm round a woman's waist once more! The sight of them's honey to me; surely it wouldn't matter. One round and I'll shake her and go home."

The hesitation was fatal. By an irresistible magnetism the Youth was drawn to this woman whose business it ever was to lure and beguile. By her siren strength she conquered him as she had conquered many another, and as she led him off there was a look of triumph on her face. Poor Youth! At the end of the dance he did not go home, nor did he "shake" her

He had another and another and another. The excitement began to paint his cheeks, the drink to stoke wild fires in his eyes. As I stood deserted I tried to attract him. to get him back; but he no longer heeded me.

"I don't see the Madonna to-night," said a little, dark individual in spectacles. Somehow he looked to me like a newspaper man "chasing" copy.

"No," said one of the girls; "she ain't workin'. She's sick; she don't take very kindly to the business, somehow. Don't seem to get broke in easy. She's funny, poor kid."

Carelessly they went on to talk of other things, while I stood there gasping, staring, sick at heart. All my vinous joy was gone, leaving me a haggard, weary wretch of a man, disenchanted and miserable to the verge of—what? I shuddered. The lights seemed to have gone blurred and dim. The hall was tawdry, cheap and vulgar. The women, who but a moment before had seemed creatures of grace and charm, were now nothing more than painted, posturing haridans, their seductive smiles the leers of shameless sin.

And this was a Dawson dance-hall, the trump card in the nighty game of despoliation. Dance-halls, saloons, gambling-dens, brothels, the heart of the town was a cancer, a hive of iniquity. Here had flocked the most rapacious of gamblers, the most beautiful and unscrupulous women on the Pacific slope. Here in the gold-born city they waited for their prey, the Man with the Poke. Back there in the silent Wild, with pain and bloody sweat, he toiled for them. Sooner or later must he come within reach of their talons to be fleeced, flouted and despoiled. It was an organized system of sharpers, thugs, harpies, and birds of prey of every kind. It was a blot on the map. It was a great whirlpool, and the eddy of it encircled the furthest outpost of the golden valley. It was a vortex of destruction, of ruin and shame. And here was I, hovering on its brink, likely to be soon sucked down into its depths.

I pressed my way to the door, and stood there staring and swaying, but whether with wine or weakness I knew not. In the vociferous and flamboyant street I could hear the raucous voices of the spellers, the jiggling tunes of the orchestras,

the click of ivory balls, the popping of corks, the hoarse, animal laughter of men, the shrill, inane giggles of women. Day and night the game went on without abatement, the game of despoliation.

And I was on the verge of the vortex. Memories of Glengyle, the laughing of the silver-scaled sea, the tawny fisher-lads with their honest eyes, the herring glittering like jewels in the brown nets, the women with their round health-hued cheeks and motherly eyes. Oh, Home, with your peace and rest and content, can you not save me from this?

And as I stood there wretchedly a timid little hand touched my arm.

CHAPTER V

It is odd how people who have been parted a weary while, yet who have thought of each other constantly, will often meet with as little show of feeling as if they had but yesterday bid good-bye. I looked at her and she at me, and I don't think either of us betrayed any emotion. Yet must we both have been infinitely moved.

She was changed, desperately, pitifully changed. All the old sweetness was there, that pathetic sweetness which had made the miners call her the Madonna; but alas, forever gone from her was the fragrant flower of girlhood. Her pallor was excessive; and the softness had vanished out of her face, leaving there only lines of suffering. Sorrow had kindled in her grey eyes a spiritual lustre, a shining, tearless brightness. Ah me, sad, sad, indeed, was the change in her!

So she looked at me, a long and level look in which I could see neither love nor hate. The bright, grey eyes were clear and steady, and the pinched and pitiful lips did not quiver. And as I gazed on her I felt that nothing ever would be the same again. Love could no more be the radiant spirit of old, the prompter of impassioned words, the painter of bewitching scenes. Never again could we feel the world recede from us as we poised on bright wings of fancy; never again compare our joys with that of the heaven-born; never again welcome that pure ideal that comes to youth alone, and that pitifully dies in the disenchantment of graver days. We could sacrifice all things for each other; joy and grieve for each

other — live and die for each other — but the Hope, the Dream, the exaltation of love's dawn, the peerless white glory of it—had gone from us forever and forever.

Her lips moved:

"How you have changed!"

"Yes, Berna, I have been ill. But you, you too have changed."

"Yes," she said very slowly. "I have been—dead."

There was no faltering in her voice, never a throb of pathos. It was like the voice of one who has given up all hope, the voice of one who has arisen from the grave. In that cold mask of a face I could see no glimmer of the old-time joy, the joy of the season when wild roses were aglow. We both were silent, two pitifully cold beings, while about us the howling bedlam of pleasure-plotters surged and seethed.

"Come upstairs where we can talk," said she. So we sat down in one of the boxes, while a great freezing shadow seemed to fall and wrap us around. It was so strange, this silence between us. We were like two pale ghosts meeting in the misty gulfs beyond the grave.

"And why did you not come?" she asked.

"Come—I tried to come."

"But you did not." Her tone was measured, her face averted.

"I would have sold my soul to come. I was ill, desperately ill, nigh to death. I was in the hospital. For two weeks I was delirious, raving of you, trying to get to you, making myself a hundred times worse because of you. But what could I do? No man could have been more helpless. I was out of my mind, weak as a child, fighting for my life. That was why I did not come."

When I began to speak she started. As I went on she drew a quick, choking breath. Then she listened ever so intently, and when I had finished a great change came over her. Her eyes stared glassily, her head drooped, her hands clutched at the chair, she seemed nigh to fainting. When she spoke her voice was like a whisper.

"And they lied to me. They told me you were too eager gold-getting to think of me; that you were in love with some other woman out there; that you cared

no more for me. They lied to me. Well, it's too late now."

She laughed, and the once tuneful voice was harsh and grating. Still were her eyes blank with misery. Again and again she murmured: "Too late, too late."

Quietly I sat and watched her, yet in my heart was a vast storm of agony. I longed to comfort her, to kiss that face so white and worn and weariful, to bring tears to those hopeless eyes. There seemed to grow in me a greater hunger for the girl than ever before, a longing to bring joy to her again, to make her forget. What did it all matter? She was still my love. I yearned for her. We both had suffered, both been through the furnace. Surely from it would come the love that passeth understanding. We would rear no lily walls, but out of our pain would we build an abiding place that would outlast the tomb.

"Berna," I said, "it's not too late."

There was a desperate bitterness in her face. "Yes, yes, it is. You do not understand. You—it's all right for you, you are blameless; but I——"

"You too are blameless, dear. We have both been miserably duped. Never mind, Berna, we will forget all. I love you, Oh how much I never can tell you, girl! Come, let us forget and go away and be happy."

It seemed as if my every word was like a stab to her. The sweet face was tragically wretched.

"Oh no," she answered, "it can never be. You think it can, but it can't. You could not forget. I could not forget. We would both be thinking; always, always torturing each other. To you the thought would be like a knife thrust, and the more you loved me the deeper would pierce its blade. And I, too, can you realise how fearfully I would look at you, always knowing you were thinking of THAT, and what an agony it would be to me to watch your agony? Our home would be a haunted one, a place of ghosts. Never again can there be a joy between you and me. It's too late, too late!"

She was choking back the sobs now, but still the tears did not come.

"Berna," I said gently, "I think I could forget. Please give me a chance to prove it. Other men have forgotten. I know it was not your fault. I know that spiritu-

ally you are the same pure girl you were before. You are an angel, dear; my angel."

"No, I was not to blame. When you failed to come I grew desperate. When I wrote you and still you failed to come, I was almost distracted. Night and day he was persecuting me. The others gave me no peace. If ever a poor girl was hounded to dishonor I was. Yet I had made up my mind to die rather than yield. Oh, it's too horrible."

She shuddered.

"Never mind, dear, don't tell me about it."

"When I awoke to life sick, sick for many days, I wanted to die, but I could not. There seemed to be nothing for it but to stay on there. I was so weak, so ill, so indifferent to everything that it did not seem to matter. That was where I made my mistake. I should have killed myself. Oh, there's something in us all that makes us cling to life in spite of shame. But I would never let him come near me again. You believe me, don't you?"

"I believe you."

"And though, when he went away, I've gone into this life, there's never been any one else. I've danced with them, laughed with them, but that's all. You believe me?"

"Yes, dear."

"Thank God for that! And now we must say good-bye."

"Good-bye?"

"I said—good-bye. I would not spoil your life. You know how proud I am, how sensitive. I would not give you such as I. Once I would have given myself to you gladly, but now—please go away."

"Impossible."

"No, the other is impossible. You don't know what these things mean to a woman. Leave me, please."

"Leave you—to what?"

"To death, ruin—I don't know what. If I'm strong enough I will die. If I am weak I will sink in the mire. Oh, and I am only a girl too, a young girl!"

"Berna, will you marry me?"

"No! No! No!"

"Berna, I will never leave you. Here I tell you frankly, plainly, I don't know whether or not you still love me—you haven't said a word to show it—but I

know I love you, and I will love you as long as life lasts. I will never leave you. Listen to me, dear: let us go away, far, far away. You will forget, I will forget. It will never be the same, but perhaps it will be better, greater than before. Come with me. O my love! Have pity on me. Berna, have pity. Marry me. Be my wife."

She merely shook her head, sitting there cold as a stone.

"Then," I said, "if you call yourself dishonored, I, too, will become dishonored. If you choose to sink in the mire, I, too, will sink. We will go down together, you and I. Oh, I would rather sink with you, dear, than rise with the angels. You have chosen—well, I too have chosen. We stand on the edge of the vortex, now will we plunge down. You will see me steep myself in shame, then when I am a hundred shades blacker than you can ever hope to be, my angel, you will stoop and pity me. Oh, I don't care any more. I've played the fool too long; now I'll play the devil, and you'll stand by and watch me. Sometimes it's nice to make those we love suffer, isn't it? I would break my arm to make you feel sorry for me. But now you'll see me in the vortex. We'll go down together, dear. Hand in hand hellward we'll go down, we'll go down."

She was looking at me in a frightened way. A madness seemed to have gotten into me.

"Berna, you're on the dance-halls. You're at the mercy of the vilest wretch that's got an ounce of gold in his filthy poke. They can buy you as they buy white flesh everywhere on earth. You must dance with them, drink with them, go away with them. Berna, I can buy you. Come, dance with me, drink with me. We'll live, live. We'll eat, drink and be merry. On with the dance! Oh, for the joy of life! Since you'll not be my love, you'll be my light-of-love. Come, Berna, come!"

I paused. With her head lying on the cushioned edge of the box, she was crying. The plush was streaky with her tears.

"Will you come?" I asked again.

She did not move.

"Then," said I, "there are others, and I have money, lots of it. I can buy them.

I am going down into the vortex. Look on and watch me."

I left her crying.

CHAPTER VI

It is with shame I write the following pages. Would I could blot them out of my life. To this day there must be many who remember my meteoric career in the firmament of fast life. It did not last long, but in less than a week I managed to squander a small fortune.

Those were the days when Dawson might fitly have been called the dissolute. It was the régime of the dance-hall girl, and the taint of the tenderloin was over the town. So far there were few decent women to be seen on the streets. Respectable homes were being established, but even there social evils were discussed with an astonishing frankness and indifference. In the best society men were welcomed who were known to be living in open infamy. A general callousness to social corruption prevailed.

For Dawson was at this time the Mecca of the gambler and the courtesan. Of its population probably two-thirds began their day when most people finished it. It was only toward nightfall that the town completely roused up, that the fever of pleasure providing began. Nearly every one seemed to be affected by the spirit of degeneracy. On the faces of many of the business men could be seen the stamp of the pace they were going. Cases in Court had to be adjourned because of the debauches of lawyers. Bank tellers stepped into their cages sleepless from all-night orgies. Government officials lived openly with wanton women. High and low were attainted by the corruption. In those days of headstrong excitement, of sudden fortune, of money to be had almost for the picking up, when the gold-camp was a reservoir into which poured by a thousand channels the treasure of the valley, few were those among the men who kept a steady head, whose private records were pure and blameless.

No town of its size has ever broken up more homes. Men in the intoxication of fast-won wealth in that far-away land gave way to excesses of every kind. Fathers of families paraded the streets arm in arm with demi-mondaines. To be seen talking to a loose woman was unworthy of com-

ment, not to have a mistress was not to be in the swim. Words cannot express the infinite and general degradation. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate it. That teeming town at the mouth of the Klondike set a pace in libertinism that has never been equalled.

I would divide its population into three classes: the sporting fraternity, whose business it was to despoil and betray; the business men, drawn more or less into the vortex of dissipation; the miners from the creeks, the Man with the Poke, here to-day, gone to-morrow, and of them all the most worthy of respect. He was the prop and mainstay of the town. It was like a vast trap set to catch him. He would "blow in" brimming with health and high spirits; for a time he would "get into the game," sooner or later he would cut loose and "hit the high places;" then, at last, beggared and broken, he would crawl back in shame and sorrow to the claim. O, that grey city! could it ever tell its woes and sorrows the great white stars above would melt into compassionate tears.

Ah, well, to the devil with all moralising! A short life and a merry one. Switch on the lights! Ring up the curtain! On with the play!

* * * * *

In the casino a crowd is gathering round the roulette wheel. Three-deep they stand. A woman rushes out from the dance-hall and pushes her way through the throng. She is very young, very fair and redundant of life. A man jostles her. From frank blue eyes she flashes a look at him, and from lips sweet as those of a child there comes the remonstrance: "Curse you; take care."

The men make way for her, and she throws a poke of dust on the red. "A hundred dollars out of that," she says. The coupier nods; the wheel spins round; she loses.

"Give me another two hundred in chips," she cries eagerly. The dealer hands them to her, and puts her poke in a drawer. Again and again she plays, placing chips here and there round the table. Sometimes she wins, sometimes she loses. At last she has quite a pile of chips before her. She laughs gleefully. "I guess I'll cash in now," she says. "That's good enough for to-night."

The man hands her back her poke, writes out a cheque for her winnings, and off she goes like a happy child.

"Who's that?" I ask.

"That? that's Blossom. She's a 'bute,' she is. Want a knockdown? Come on round to the dance-hall."

* * * * *

Once more I see the Youth. He is nearing the end of his tether. He borrows a few hundred dollars from me. "One more night," he says with a bitter grin, "and the hog goes back to wallow in the mire. They've got you going, too—Oh, Lord, it's a great game! Hal ha!"

He goes off unsteadily; then from out of the luminous mists there appears the Jam-wagon. In a pained way he looks at me. "Here, chuck it, old man," he says; "come home to my cabin and straighten up."

"All right," I answer; "just one drink more."

One more means still one more. Poor old Jam-wagon! It's the blind leading the blind.

Mosher haunts me with his gleaming bald head and his rat-like eyes. He is living with the little ninety-five-pound woman, the one with the mop of hair.

Oh, its a hades of a life I am steeped in! I drink and I drink. It seems to me I am always drinking. Rarely do I eat. I am one of half a dozen spectacular "live ones." All the camp is talking of us, but it seems to me I lead the bunch in the race to ruin. I wonder what Berna thinks of it all. Was there ever such a sensitive creature? Where did she get that obstinate pride? Child of misfortune! She minded me of a delicate china cup that gets mixed in with the coarse crockery of a hash joint.

Remonstrantly the Prodigal speeds to town.

"Are you crazy?" he cries. "I don't mind you making an ass of yourself, but lushing around all that coin the way you're doing—it's wicked; it makes me sick. Come home at once."

"I won't," I say. "What if I am crazy? Isn't it my money? I've never sown my wild oats yet. I'm trying to catch up, that's all. When the money's done I'll quit. I'm having the time of my life. Don't come spoiling it with your precepts."

What a lot of fun I've missed by being good. Come along; 'listen to the last word of human philosophy—have a drink.'"

He goes away shaking his head. There's no fear of him ever breaking loose. He, with his smile of sunshine, would make misfortune pay. He is a rolling stone that gathers no moss, but manages to glue itself to greenbacks at every turn.

* * * * *

I am in a box at the Palace Grand. The place is packed with rowdy men and ribald women. I am at the zenith of my shame. Right and left I am buying wine. Like vultures at a feast they bunch into the box. Like carrion flies they buzz around me. That is what I feel myself to be—carrion.

How I loathe myself! but I think of Berna, and the thought goads me to fresh excesses. I will go on till flesh and blood can stand it no longer, till I drop in my tracks. I realise that somehow I must make her pity me, must awake in her that guardian angel which exists in every woman. Only in that way can I break down the barrier of her pride and arouse the love latent in her heart.

There are half a dozen girls in the box, a bevy of beauties, and I buy a case of wine for each, over a thousand dollars' worth. Screaming with laughter they toss it in bottles down to their friends in the audience. It is a scene of riotous excitement. The audience roars, the girls shriek, the orchestra tries to make itself heard. Maddier and madder grows the merriment. The fierce fever of it scorches in my veins. I am mad to spend, to throw away money, to outdo all others in bitter, reckless prodigality. I fling twenty-dollar gold pieces to the singers. I open bottle after bottle of wine. The girls are spraying the crowd with it, the floor of the box swims with it. I drop my pencil signing a tab, and when I look down it is floating in a pool of champagne.

Then comes the last. The dance has begun. Men in fur caps, mackinaw coats and muckluks are waltzing with women clad in Paris gowns and sparkling with jewels. The floor is thronged. I have a large, hundred-ounce poke of dust, and I unloose the thong. Suddenly with a mad shout I scatter its contents round the hall. Like a shower of golden rain it falls

on men and women alike. See how they grovel for it, the brutes, the vampires! How they fight and grab and sprawl over it! How they shriek and howl and curse! It is like an arena of wild beasts; it is pandemonium. Oh, how I despise them! My gorge rises, but—to the end, to the end. I must play my part.

* * * * *

Always amid that lurid carnival of sin floats the figure of Blossom, Blossom with her child-face of dazzling fairness, her china-blue eyes, her round, smooth cheeks. How different from the pinched pallid face of Berna! Poor, poor Berna! I never see her, but amid all the saturnalia she haunts me. The thought of her is agony, agony. I cannot bear to think of her. I know she watches me. If she would only stoop and save me now! Or have I not fallen low enough? What a faith I have in that deep mother-love of hers that will redeem me in the end. I must go deeper yet. Faster and faster must I swirl into the vortex.

Oh, these women, how in my heart I loathe them! I laugh with them, I quaff with them, I let them rob me; but that's all.

* * * * *

In all that fierce madness of debauch, thank God, I retained my honor. They beguiled me, they tried to lure me into their rooms; but at the moment I went to enter I recoiled. It was as if an invisible arm stretched across the doorway and barred me out.

And Blossom, she, too, tried hard to lure me, and because I resisted it inflamed her. Half angel, half devil, was Blossom, a girl in years, but woefully wise, a soft siren when pleased, a she-devil when roused. She made me her special quarry. She fought for me. She drove off all the other girls. We talked together, we drank together, we "played the tables" together, but nothing more. She would coax me with the prettiest gestures, and cajole me with the sweetest endearments; then, when I steadfastly resisted her, she would fly into a fury and flout me with the foulness of the stews. She was beautiful, but born to be bad. No power on heaven or earth could have saved her. Yet in her badness she was frank, natural and untroubled as a child.

It was in one of the corridors of the dance-hall in the early hours of the morning. The place was deserted, strewn with debris of the night's debauch. The air was fetid, and from the gambling-hall down below arose the shouts of the players. We were up there, Blossom and I. I was in a strange state of mind, a state bordering on frenzy. Not much longer, I felt, could I keep up this pace. Something had to happen, and that soon.

She put her arms around me. I could feel her cheek pressed to mine. I could see her bosom rise and fall.

"Come," she said.

She led me towards her room. No longer was I able to resist. My foot was on the threshold and I was almost over when——

"Telegram, sir."

It was a messenger. Confusedly I took the flimsy envelope and tore it open. Blankly I stared at the line of type. I stared like a man in a dream. I was sober enough now.

"Ain't you coming?" said Blossom, putting her arms round me.

"No," I said hoarsely, "leave me, please leave me. Oh, my God!"

Her face changed, became vindictive, the face of a fury.

"Curse you!" she hissed, gnashing her teeth. "Oh, I knew. It's that other, that white-faced doll you care for. Look at me! Am I not better than her? And you scorn me. Oh, I hate you. I'll get even with you and her. Curses you, curse you——"

She snatched up an empty wine bottle. Swinging it by the neck she struck me square on the forehead. I felt a stunning blow, a warm rush of blood. Then I fell limply forward, and all the lights seemed to go out.

There I lay in a heap, and the blood spurting from my wound soaked the little piece of paper. On it was written:

"Mother died this morning. Garry."

CHAPTER VII.

"Where am I?"

"Here, with me."

Low and sweet and tender was the voice. I was in bed and my head was heavily bandaged, so that the cloths weighed upon my eyelids. It was difficult to see, and I was too weak to raise myself, but I seemed

to be in semi-darkness. A lamp burning on a small table nearby was turned low. By my bedside some one was sitting, and a soft, gentle hand was holding mine.

"Where is *here*?" I asked faintly.

"Here—my cabin. Rest, dear."

"Is that you, Berna?"

"Yes, please don't talk."

I thrilled with a sudden sweetness of joy. A flood of sunshine bathed me. It was all over, then, the turmoil, the storm, the shipwreck. I was drifting on a tranquil ocean of content. Blissfully I closed my eyes. Oh, I was happy, happy!

In her cabin, with her, and she was nursing me—what had happened? What new turn of events had brought about this wonderful thing? As I lay there in the quiet, trying to recall the something that went before, my poor sick brain groped but feebly amid a murk of sinister shadows.

"Berna," I said. "I've had a bad dream."

"Yes, dear, you've been sick, very sick. You've had an attack of fever, brain fever. But don't try to think, just rest quietly."

So for a while longer I lay there, thrilled with a strange new joy, steeped in the ineffable comfort of her presence, and growing better, stronger with every breath. Memories came thronging back, memories that made me cringe and wince, and shudder with the shame of them. Yet ever the thought that she was with me was like a holy blessing. Surely it was all good since it had ended in this.

Yet there was something else, some memory darker than the others, some shadow of shadows that baffled me. Then as I battled with a growing terror and suspense, it all came back to me, the telegram, the news, my collapse. A great grief welled up in me, and in my agony I spoke to the girl.

"Berna, tell me, is it true? Is my Mother dead?"

"Yes, it's true, dear. You must try to bear it bravely."

I could feel her bending over me, could feel her hand holding mine, could feel her hair brush my cheek, yet I forgot even her just then. I thought only of Mother, of her devotion and of how little I had done to deserve it. So this was the end:

a narrow grave, a rending grief and the haunting spectre of reproach.

I saw my Mother sitting at that window that faced the west, her hands meekly folded on her lap, her eyes wistfully gazing over the grey sea. I knew there was never a day of her life when she did not sit thus and think of me. I could guess at the heartache that gentle face would not betray, the longing those tender lips would not speak, the grief those sweet eyes studied to conceal. As, sitting there in the strange clouded sunset of my native land, she let her knitting drop on her lap, I knew she prayed for me. Oh, Mother! Mother!

My sobs were choking me, and Berna was holding my hand very tightly. Yet in a little I grew calmer.

"Berna," I said, "I've only got you now, only you, little girl. So you must love me, you mustn't leave me."

"I'll never leave you—if you want me to stay."

"God bless you, dear. I can't tell you the comfort you are to me. I'll try to be quiet now."

I will always remember those days as I grew slowly well again. The cot in which I lay stood in the sitting-room of the cabin, and from the window I could overlook the city. Snow had fallen, the days were diamond bright, and the smoke ascended sharply in the glittering air. The little room was papered with a design of wild roses that minded me of the Whitehorse Rapids. On the walls were some little framed pictures; the floor was carpeted in dull brown, and a little heater gave out a pleasant warmth. Through a doorway draped with a curtain I could see her busy in her little kitchen.

She left me much alone, alone with my thoughts. Often when all was quiet I knew she was sitting there beyond the curtain, sitting thinking, just as I was thinking. Quiet was the keynote of our life, quiet and sunshine. That little cabin might have been a hundred miles from the gold-born city, it was so quiet. Here drifted no echo of its abandoned gaiety, its glory of demoralization. How sweet she looked in her spotless home attire, her neat waist, her white apron with bib and sleeves, her general air of a little housewife. And never was there so devoted a nurse.

Sometimes she would read to me from one of the few books I had taken everywhere on my travels, a page or two from my beloved Stevenson, a poem from my great-hearted Henley, a luminous passage from my Thoreau. How those readings brought back the time when, tired of flicking the tawny pools, I would sit on the edge of the boisterous little burn and read till the grey shadows sifted down! I was so happy then, and I did not know it. Now everything seemed changed. Life had lost its zest. Its savour was no longer sweet. Its very success was more bitter than failure. Would I ever get back that old-time rapture, that youthful joy, that satisfaction with all the world?

It was sweet prolonging my convalescence, yet the time came when I could no longer let her wait upon me. What was going to happen to us? I thought of that at all times, and she knew I thought of it. Sometimes I could see a vivid color in her cheeks, an eager brightness in her eye. Was ever a stranger situation? She slept in the little kitchen, and between us there was but that curtain. The faintest draught stirred it. There I lay through the long, long night in that quiet cabin. I heard her breathing. Sometimes even I heard her murmur in her sleep. I knew she was there, within a few yards of me. I thought of her always. I loved her beyond all else on earth. I was gaining daily in health and strength, yet not for the wealth of the world would I have passed that little curtain. She was as safe there as if she were guarded with swords. And she knew it.

Once when I was in agony I called to her in the night, and she came to me. She came with a mother's tenderness, with exquisite endearments, with the great love shining in her eyes. She leaned over me, she kissed me. As she bent over my bed I put my arm round her. There in the darkness were we, she and I, her kisses warm upon my lips, her hair brushing my brow, and a great love devouring us. Oh, it was hard, but I released her, put her from me, told her to go away.

"I'll play the game fair," I said to myself. I must be very, very careful. Our position was full of danger. So I forced myself to be cold to her, and she looked both surprised and pained at the change in me. Then she seemed to put forth special effort to please me. She changed

the fashion of her hair, she wore pretty bows of ribbon. She talked brightly and lightly in a febrile way. She showed little coquettish tricks of manner that were charming to my mind. Ever she looked at me with wistful concern. Her heart was innocent, and she could not understand my sudden coldness. Yet that night had given me a lightning glimpse of my nature that frightened me. The girl was winsome beyond words, and I knew I had but to say it and she would come to me. Yet I checked myself. I retreated behind a barrier of reserve. "Play the game," I said; "play the game."

So as I grew better and stronger she seemed to lose her cheerfulness. Always she had that anxious, wistful look. Once came a sound from the kitchen like stifled sobbing, and again in the night I heard her cry. Then the time came when I was well enough to get up, to go away.

I dressed, looking like the cadaverous ghost I felt myself to be. She was there in the kitchen, sitting quietly, waiting.

"Berna," I called.

She came, with a smile lighting up her face.

"I'm going."

The smile vanished, and left her with that high proud look, yet behind it was a lurking fear.

"You're going?" she faltered.

"Yes," I said roughly, "I'm going."

She did not speak.

"Are you ready?" I went on.

"Ready?"

"Yes, you're going, too."

"Where?"

I took her suddenly in my arms.

"Why, you dear little angel, to get married, of course. Come on, Berna, we'll find the nearest parson. We won't lose any more precious time."

Then a great rush of tears came into her eyes. But still she hung back. She shook her head.

"Why, Berna, what's the matter? Won't you come?"

"I think not."

"In Heaven's name, what is wrong, dear? Don't you love me?"

"Yes, I love you. It's because I love you I won't come."

"Won't you marry me?"

"No, no, I can't. You know what I said before. I haven't changed any. I'm

still the same—dishonored girl. You could never give me your name."

"You're as pure as the driven snow, little one."

"No one thinks so but you, and it's that that makes all the difference. Everybody knows. No, I could never marry you, never take your name, never bind you to me."

"Well, what's to be done?"

"You must go away, or—stay."

"Stay?"

"Yes. You've been living alone with me for a month. I picked you up that night in the dance-hall. I had you brought here. I nursed you. Do you think people don't give us credit for the worst? We are as innocent as children, yet do you think I have a shred of reputation left? Already I am supposed to be your mistress. Everybody knows; nobody cares. There are so many living that way here. If you told them we were innocent they would scoff at us. If you go they will say you have discarded me."

"What shall I do?"

"Just stay. Oh, why can't we go on as we've been doing? It's been so like home. Don't leave me, dear. I don't want to bind you. I just want to be of some use to you, to help you, to be with you always. Love me for a little, anyway. Then when you're tired of me you can go, but don't go now."

I was dazed, but she went on.

"What does the ceremony matter? We love each other. Isn't that the real marriage? It's more; it's an ideal. We'll both be free to go if we wish. There will be no bonds but those of love. Is not that beautiful, two people cleaving together for love's sake, living for each other, sacrificing for each other, yet with no man-made law to tell them: 'This must ye do?' Oh, stay, stay!"

Her arms were round my neck. The grey eyes were full of pleading. The sweet lips had the old, pathetic droop. I yielded to the empery of love.

"Well," I said, "we will go on awhile, on one condition—that bye-and-bye you marry me."

"Yes, I will, I will; I promise. If you don't tire of me; if you are sure beyond

all doubt you will never regret it, then I will marry you with the greatest joy in the world."

So it came about that I stayed.

CHAPTER VIII.

In this infernal irony of an existence why do the good things of life always come when we no longer have the same appetite to enjoy them? The year following, in which Berna and I kept house, was not altogether a happy one. Somehow we had both just missed something. We had suffered too much to recover our poise very easily. We were sick, not in body, but in mind. The thought of her terrible experience haunted her. She was as sensitive as the petal of a delicate flower, and often would I see her lips quiver and a look of pain come into her eyes. Then I knew of what she was thinking. I knew and I, too, suffered.

I tried to make her forget, yet I could not succeed; and even in my most happy moments there was always a shadow, the shadow of Locasto; there was always a fear, the fear of his return. Yes, it seemed at times as if we were two unfortunates, as if our happiness had come too late, as if our lives were irretrievably shipwrecked.

Locasto! where was he? For near a year had he been gone, somewhere in that wild country at the Back of Beyond. Somewhere amid the wilder peaks and valleys of the Rockies he fought his desperate battle with the Wild. There had been sinister rumors of two lone prospectors who had perished up in that savage country, of two bodies that lay rotting and half buried by a landslide. I had a sudden, wild hope that one of them might be my enemy; for I hated him and I would have joyed at his death. When I loved Berna most exquisitely, when I gazed with tender joy upon her sweetness, when, with glad, thankful eyes, I blessed her for the sympathy and sunshine of her presence, then between us would come a shadow, dark, menacing and mordant. So the joy-light would vanish from my eyes and a great sadness fall upon me.

What would I do if he returned? I wondered. Perhaps if he left us alone I might let by-gones be by-gones; but if he ever came near her again—well, I oiled the chambers of my Colt and heard its joyous click as it revolved. "That's for

him," I said, "that's for him, if by look, by word, or by act he ever molests her again." And I meant it, too. Suffering had hardened me, made me dangerous. I would have killed him.

Then, as the months went past and the suspicion of his fate deepened almost to a certainty, I began to breathe more freely. I noticed, too, a world of difference in Berna. She grew light-hearted. She sang and laughed a good deal. The sunshine came back to her eyes, and the shadow seldom lingered there. Sometimes the thought that we were not legally married troubled me, but on all sides were men living with their Klondike wives, either openly or secretly, and where this domestic menage was conducted in quietness there was little comment on it. We lived to ourselves, and for ourselves. We left our neighbours alone. We made few friends, and in the ferment of social life we were almost unnoticed.

Of course, the Prodigal expostulated with me in severe terms. I did not attempt to argue with him. He would not have understood my point of view. There are heights and depths in life to which he with his practical mind could never attain. Yet he became very fond of Berna, and often visited us.

"Why don't you go and get churchied decently, if you love her?" he demanded.

"So I will," I answered calmly; "give me a little time. Wait till we get more settled."

And, indeed, we were up to our necks in business these days. Our Gold Hill property had turned out well. We had a gang of men employed there, and I made frequent trips out to Bonanza. We had given the Halfbreed a small interest, and installed him as manager. The Jam-wagon, too, we had employed as a sort of assistant foreman. Jim was busy installing his hydraulic plant on Ophir Creek, and altogether we had enough to think about. I had set my heart on making a hundred thousand dollars, and as things were looking it seemed as if two more years would bring me to that mark.

"Then," said I to Berna, "We'll go and travel all over the world, and do it in style."

"Will we, dear?" she answered tenderly. "But I don't want money much now, and I don't know that I care so much

about travel either. What I would like would be to go to your home, and settle down and live quietly. What I want is a nice flower garden, and a pony to drive into town, and a home to fuss about. I would embroider, and read, and play a little, and cook things, and—just be with you.”

She was greatly interested in my description of Glengyle. She never tired of questioning me about it. Particularly was she interested in my accounts of Garry, and rather scoffed at my enthusiastic description of him.

“Oh, that wonderful brother of yours! One would think he was a small god, to hear you talk. I declare I’m half afraid of him. Do you think he would like me?”

“He would love you, little girl; any one would.”

“Don’t be foolish,” she chided me. And then she drew my head down and kissed me.

I think we had the prettiest little cabin in all Dawson. The big logs were peeled smooth, and the ends squarely cut. The chinks were filled in with mortar. The whole was painted a deep rich crimson. The roof was covered with sheet-iron, and it, too, was painted crimson. There was a deep porch to it. It was the snuggest, neatest little home in the world.

Windows hung with dainty lace curtains peeped through its clustering greenery of vines, but the glory of it all was the flower garden. There was a bewildering variety of flowers, but mostly I remember stocks and pinks, Iceland poppies, marguerites, asters, marigolds, verbenas, hollyhocks, pansies and petunias, growing in glorious profusion. Even the roughest miner would stand and stare at them as he tramped past on the board sidewalk.

They were a mosaic of glowing color, yet the crowning triumph was the poppies and sweet peas. Set in the centre of the lawn was a circle that was a leaping glow of poppies. Of every shade were they, from starry pink to luminous gold, from snowy white to passionate crimson. Like vari-colored lamps they swung, and wakened you to wonder and joy with the exultant challenge of their beauty. And the sweet peas! All up the south side of the cabin they grew, overtopping the eaves in their riotous perfection. They rivalled the poppies in the radiant confusion of

their color, and they were so lavish of blossom we could not pick them fast enough. I think ours was the pioneer garden of the gold-born city, and awakened many to the growth-giving magic of the long, long day.

And it was the joy and pride of Berna’s heart. I would sit on the porch of a summer’s evening when down the mighty Yukon a sunset of vast and violent beauty flamed and languished, and I would watch her as she worked among her flowers. I can see her flitting figure in a dress of dainty white as she hovered over a beautiful blossom. I can hear her calling me, her voice like the music of a flute, calling me to come and see some triumph of her skill. I have a picture of her coming towards me with her arms full of flowers, burying her face lovingly among the velvet petals, and raising it again, the sweetest flower of all. How radiantly outshone her eyes, and her face, delicate as a cameo, seemed to have stolen the fairest tints of the lily and the rose.

Starry vines screened the porch, and everywhere were swinging baskets of silver birch, brimming over with the delicate green of smilax or clouded in an amethystine mist of lobelias. I can still see the little sitting-room with its piano, its plentitude of cushions, its book-rack, its Indian corner, its tasteful paper, its pictures, and always and everywhere flowers, flowers. The air was heavy with the fragrance of them. They glorified the crudest corner, and made our home like a nook in fairyland.

I remember one night as I sat reading she came to me. Never did I see her look so happy. She was almost childlike in her joy. She sat down by my chair and looked up at me. Then she put her arms around me.

“Oh, I’m so happy,” she said with a sigh.

“Are you, dearest?” I caressed the soft floss of her hair.

“Yes, I just wish we could live like this forever;” and she nestled up to me ever so fondly.

Aye, she was happy, and I will always bless the memory of those days, and thank God I was the means of bringing a little gladness into her marred life. She was happy, and yet we were living in what society would call sin. Conventionally

we were not man and wife, yet never were man and wife more devoted, more self-respecting. Never were man and wife endowed with purer ideals, with a more exalted conception of the sanctity of love. Yet there were many in the town not half so delicate, so refined, so spiritual, who would have passed my little lady like a pariah. But what cared we?

And perhaps it was the very greatness of my love for her that sometimes made me fear; so that often in the ecstasy of a moment I would catch my breath and wonder if it all could last. And when the poplars turned to gold, and up the valley stole a shuddering breath of desolation, my fear grew apace. The sky was all resplendent with the winter stars, and keen and hard their facets sparkled. And I knew that somewhere underneath those stars there slept Locasto. But was it the sleep of the living or of the dead? Would he return?

CHAPTER IX.

Two men were crawling over the winter-locked plain. In the aching circle of its immensity they were like little black ants. One, the leader, was of great bulk and of a vast strength; while the other was small and wiry, of the breed that clings like a louse to life while better men perish.

On all sides of the frozen lake over which they were travelling were hills covered with harsh pine, that pricked funereally up to the boulder-broken snows. Above that was a stormy and fantastic sea of mountains baring many a fierce peak-fang to the hollow heavens. The sky was a waxen grey, cold as a corpse-light. The snow was an immaculate shroud, unmarked by track of bird or beast. Death-sealed the land lay in its silent vastitude, in its despairful desolation.

The small man was breaking trail. Down almost to his knees in the soft snow, he sank at every step; yet ever he dragged a foot painfully upward, and made another forward plunge. The snowshoe thong, jagged with ice, chafed him cruelly. The muscles of his legs ached as insistent-ly as if clamped in a vice. He lurched forward with fatigue, so that he seemed to be ever stumbling, yet recovering himself.

"Come on there, you darned little shrimp; get a move on you," growled the

big man from within the frost-fringed hood of his parka.

The little man started as if galvanized into sudden life. His breath steamed and almost hissed as it struck the icy air. At each raw intake of it his chest heaved. He beat his mittened hands on his breast to keep them from freezing. Under the hood of his parka great icicles had formed, hanging to the hairs of his beard, walrus-like, and his eyes, thickly wadded with frost, glared out with the furtive fear of a hunted beast.

"Curse him, curse him," he whimpered; but once more he lifted those leaden snowshoes and staggered on.

The big man lashed fiercely at the dogs, and as they screamed at his blows he laughed cruelly. They were straining forward in the harness, their bellies almost level with the ground, their muscles standing out like whale-bone. Great, gaunt brutes they were, with ribs like barrel-staves, and hip-bones sharp as stakes. Their wooly coats were white with frost, their sly, slit-eyed faces ice-sheathed, their feet torn so that they left a bloody track on the snow at every step.

"Mush on there, you curs, or I'll cut you in two," stormed the big man, and once again the heavy whip fell on the yelling pack. They were pulling for all they were worth, their heads down, their shoulders squared. Their breath came pantingly, their tongues gleamed redly, their white teeth shone. They were fighting, fighting for life, fighting to placate a cruel master in a world where all was cruelty and oppression.

For there in the Winter Wild pity was not even a name. It was the struggle for life, desperate and never-ending. The Wild abhorred life, abhorred most of all these atoms of heat and hurry in the midst of her triumphant stillness. The Wild would crush those defiant pigmies that disputed the majesty of her invincible calm.

A dog was hanging back in the harness. It whined; then as the husky following snapped at it savagely, it gave a lurch and fell. The big man shot forward with a sudden fury in his eyes. Swinging the heavy-thonged whip, again and again he brought it down on the writhing brute. Then he twisted the thong around his hand and belaboured its hollow ribs with

the butt. It screamed for awhile, but soon it ceased to scream; it only moaned a little. With glistening fangs and ears up-pricked the other dogs looked at their fallen comrade. They longed to leap on it, to rend its gaunt limbs apart, to tear its quivering flesh; but there was the big man with his murderous whip, and they cowered before him.

The big man kicked the fallen dog repeatedly. The little man paused in his painful progress to look on apathetically.

"You'll stave in its ribs," he remarked presently; "and then we'll never make timber by nightfall."

The big man had failed in his efforts to rouse the dog. There in that lancinating cold, in an ecstasy of rage, despairfully he poised over it.

"Who told you to put in your lip?" he snarled. "Who's running this show, you or I? I'll stave in its ribs if I choose, and I'll hitch you to the sled and make you pull your guts out, too."

The little man said no more. Then, the dog still refusing to rise, the big man leapt over the harness and came down on the animal with both feet. There was a scream of pitiful agony, and the snap of breaking bones. But the big man slipped and fell. Down he came, and like a flash the whole pack piled onto him.

For a moment there was a confused muddle of dogs and master. This was the time for which they had waited, these savage semi-wolves. This man had beaten them, had starved them, had been a devil to them, and now he was down and at their mercy. Ferociously they sprang on him, and their white fangs snapped like traps in his face. They fought to get at his throat. They tore at his parka. Oh, if they could only make their teeth meet in his warm flesh! But no; they were all tangled up in the harness, and the man was fighting like a giant. He had the leader by the throat and was using her as a shield against the others. His right hand swung the whip with flail-like blows. Foiled and confused the dogs fell to fighting among themselves, and triumphantly the man leapt to his feet.

He was like a fiend now. Fiercely he raged among the snarling pack, kicking, clubbing, cursing, till one and all he had them beaten into cowering subjection.

He was still panting from his struggle. His face was deathly pale, and his eyes were glittering. He strode up to the little man, who had watched the performance stolidly.

"Why didn't you help me, you dirty little whelp?" he hissed. "You wanted to see them chew me up; you know you did. You'd like to have them rip me to ribbons. You wouldn't move a finger to save me. Oh, I know, I know. I've had enough of you this trip to last me a lifetime. You've bucked me right along. Now, blast your dirty little soul, I hate you, and for the rest of the way I'm going to make your life hell. See! Now I'll begin."

The little man was afraid. He seemed to grow smaller, while over him towered the other, dark, fierce and malignant. The little man was desperate. Defensively he crouched, yet the next instant he was overthrown. Then, as he lay sprawling in the snow, the big man fell to lashing him with the whip. Time after time he struck, till the screams of his victim became one long, drawn-out wail of agony. Then he desisted. Jerking the other on his feet once more, he bade him go on breaking trail.

Again they struggled on. The light was beginning to fail, and there was no thought in their minds but to reach that dark belt of timber before darkness came. There was no sound but the crunch of their snowshoes, the panting of the dogs, the rasping of the sleigh. When they naused the silence seemed to fall on them like a blanket. There was something awful in the quality of this deathly silence. It was as if something material, something tangible, hovered over them, closed in on them, choked them, throttled them. It was almost like a Presence.

Weary and worn were men and dogs as they struggled onward in the growing gloom, but because of the feeling in his heart the little man no longer was conscious of bodily pain. It was black murder that raged there.

With straining sinews and bones that cracked, the dogs bent to a heavy pull, while at the least sign of shirking down swished the relentless whip. And the big man, as if proud of his strength, gazed insolently round on the Wild. He was at home in this land, this stark wolf-land, so

callous, so cruel. Was he not cruel, too? Surely this land cowered before him. Its hardships could not daunt him, nor its terrors dismay. As he urged on his bloody-footed dogs, he exulted greatly. Of all Men of the High North was he not king?

At last they reached the forest fringe, and after a few harsh directions he had the little man making camp. The little man worked with a strange willingness. All his taciturnity had gone. As he gathered the firewood and filled the Yukon stove, he hummed a merry air. He had the water boiling and soon there was the fragrance of tea in the little tent. He produced sourdough bread (which he fried in bacon fat), and some dried moosemeat.

To men of the trail this was a treat. They ate ravenously, but they did not speak. Yet the little man was oddly cheerful. Time and again the big man looked at him suspiciously. Outside it was a steely night, with an icicle of a moon. The cold leapt on one savagely. To step from the tent was like plunging into icy water, yet within those canvas walls the men were warm and snug. The stove crackled its cheer. A grease-light sputtered, and by its rays the little man was mending his ice-stiffened moccasins. He hummed an Irish air, and he seemed to be tickled with some thought he had.

"Stop that tune," growled the other. "If you don't know anything else, cut it out. I'm sick of it."

The little man shut up meekly. Again there was silence, broken by a whining and a scratching outside. It was the five dogs crying for their supper, crying for the frozen fish they had earned so well. They wondered why it was not forthcoming. When they received it they would lie on it, to warm it with the heat of their bodies, and then gnaw off the thawed portions. They were very wise, these dogs, But to-night there was no fish, and they whined for it.

"Dog feed all gone?"

"Yep," said the small man.

"Hell! I'll silence these brutes anyway."

He went to the door and laid onto them so that they slunk away into the shadows.

But they did not bury themselves in the snow and sleep. They continued to prowl round the tent, hunger-mad and desperate.

"We've only got enough grub left for ourselves now," said the big man; "and none too much at that. I guess I'll put you on half-rations."

He laughed as if it was the hugest joke. Then rolling himself in a robe, he lay down and slept.

The little man did not sleep. He was still turning over the thought that had come to him. Outside in the atrocious cold the whining malamutes crept nearer and nearer. Savage were they, Indian raised and sired by a wolf. And now, in the agonies of hunger, they cried for fish, and there was none for them, only kicks and curses. Oh, it was a world of ghastly cruelty! They howled their woes to the weary moon.

"Short rations, indeed," mumbled the little man. He crawled into his sleeping bag, but he did not close his eyes. He was watching.

About dawn he rose. An evil dawn it was, sallow, sinister and askew.

The little man selected the heavy-handled whip for the job. Carefully he felt its butt, then he struck. It was a shrewd blow and a neatly delivered, for the little man had been in the business before. It fell on the big man's head, and he crumpled up. Then the little man took some rawhide thongs and trussed up his victim. There lay the big man, bound and helpless, with a clotted blood-hole in his black hair.

Then the little man gathered up the rest of the provisions. He looked around carefully, as if fearful of leaving anything behind. He made a pack of the food and lashed it on his back. Now he was ready to start. He knew that within fifty miles, traveling to the south, he would strike a settlement. He was safe.

He turned to where lay the unconscious body of his partner. Again and again he kicked it; he cursed it; he spat on it. Then, after a final look of gloating hate, he went off and left the big man to his fate.

At last, at long last, the Worm had turned.

(To be Continued.)



SENATOR GEORGE A. COX

The dominant figure in the G.T.P. group of financiers

The Line-Up of the Financiers

A Three-Fold Grouping of Important Canadian Interests

By Arthur Conrad

IF the Hon. George A. Cox, Senator of the Dominion of Canada, were fifty-one years of age instead of being seventy-one and in consequence were more inclined to be pugnacious, there is every likelihood that the public would be treated in the near future to an interesting exhibition of financial fisticuffs, the object of which would be to decide who should have control of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Even yet it is not entirely

beyond the bounds of possibility, despite assurances to the contrary vouchsafed the daily press, that the venerable senator will gird up his loins, gather his seconds around him and enter the arena, there to do battle for his old mistress. It is common knowledge that he did not relish resigning the presidency of an institution, in the building up of which he had played so prominent a part, and that he should still have a preference for it, is entirely



E. B. OSLER, M.P.
President of the Dominion Bank.



CHARLES R. HOSMER
Director of the Bank of Montreal.

TWO PROMINENT FIGURES IN THE C.P.R. GROUP

natural. But whatever is to occur in this connection is entirely concealed in the obscurity that interposes a thick veil between the present and the future, and the Senator, as everybody knows, keeps his own counsel.

The disintegration of what had come to be known as the Bank of Commerce group of financiers, has been one of the most notable events in the history of Canadian finance. A few years ago the Commerce directors with George A. Cox at their head, presented almost as strong and united a front as the group of brainy men who guided the destinies of the Bank of Montreal. There was every prospect that they would continue to hold a position of great strength in the financial life of the Dominion and might equal, if they did not ultimately eclipse, the achievements of the Montreal group. But for some occult reason, which will probably never be known until the memoirs of one or other of the principals in the event come to light, there was a cleavage in the ranks of the Commerce directorate. George A. Cox resigned the presidency and was suc-

ceeded by the General Manager of the Bank, Sir Edmund Walker. Plausible explanations were given out to dispose of any suspicions that the old sovereign had been dethroned or that there was anything unpleasant beneath the placid surface of the dividing waters, but a change there was and one which no amount of explaining could quite clear up. Outwardly there was nothing to indicate that a disagreement had taken place; the ex-president still remained a director and apparently gave strong support to his successor. Nevertheless, the popular mind refused to be satisfied and rumors of all sorts were rife.

For a time it could not be said that the resignation of Mr. Cox from the president's chair had any great significance or that his absence from that position made any particular difference in the administration of the Bank. Quite recently, however, new light has been shed on the situation, which has served to revive the old suspicions and to give them added force. The changes announced in the directorate of the Canada Life Company appear to



SIR EDMUND WALKER

President of the Bank of Commerce and an active leader in the C.N.R. group

have a direct bearing on the relations existing between Senator Cox and his associates on the one hand, and Sir Edmund Walker and his colleagues on the other. There can be no gainsaying the fact that the removal of Sir Edmund Walker, Mr. Z. A. Lash and Mr. H. B. Walker from the Canada Life Board looks very much like an act of retaliation on the part of Senator Cox, which may be but the preliminary skirmish in a battle of more serious proportions. When one remembers that the Canada Life has been all along the Senator's favorite corporation, that he is concerned heart and soul in its welfare, one can readily understand his desire to surround himself on its board with men closely associated with his own interests.

But it is not of this aspect of the case that this article intends to deal, however entertaining speculations about the out-

come of the anticipated struggle may be. What it will seek to make clear is that by the disintegration of the old Commerce group and its separation into two parties, together with the influence of other interests, the financial leaders of Canada have divided themselves into three great parties, sharply and vividly outlined, and that all the large undertakings at present before the country are controlled by one or other of the three groups. Like the brilliant fragments of colored glass turning inside a kaleidoscope and forming themselves ever and anon into new and beautiful combinations, the financiers of the Dominion have been brought into a striking situation, where, in place of a large number of groups, the pieces have been ranged in three sets of unusual brilliance.

In the centre, unchanged to any material extent by the passing movements



SIR E. S. CLOUSTON, Bart.

As President of the Bank of Montreal, an important figure in C.P.R. circles.

of time and circumstance, there still scintillates the clever company of gentlemen who control the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Originating with Lord Mountstephen, Lord Strathcona, the late Duncan McIntyre and Mr. R. B. Angus, the group now includes Sir William Van Horne, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, E. B. Osler, W. D. Matthews, Hon. Robert Mackay, C. R. Hosmer and their associates. In a sense Lord Mountstephen has dropped out, and Lord Strathcona is no longer active, but both men have played an important part in the great undertaking with which their names will always be connected. Very closely allied is the Bank of Montreal, the destinies of which were for many years wrapped up with those of the railway company, while the Dominion Bank, of which E. B. Osler is president and W. D. Matthews vice-president, may be considered as a sort of secondary financial institution. There is also the powerful Royal Trust Company in close alliance with both the C. P. R. and the Bank of Montreal. The gentlemen who occupy seats on the directorates of these important corporations may not inappropriately be termed the C. P. R. group of financiers.

And now it is extremely interesting to observe the other two groups into which

the slowly moving kaleidoscope of time has brought the leaders of Canadian finance. The first distinct figure to be evolved ranges itself around the second trans-continental railway, the C. N. R. It forms a group of growing importance and of wide influence. Its active leaders are naturally Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann, and the Canadian Bank of Commerce is the financial institution most closely associated with its activities. Ever since Mackenzie and Mann started on their meteoric career, they have depended to a large extent on the Commerce to finance their undertakings, and while latterly the bulk of their support has come from England, there is still a close bond between the railway and the bank. The direct connecting link, if one were to be sought, would be Mr. Z. A. Lash, K.C., who is the legal adviser of both concerns and holds a seat on the directorate of each. The prominent members of the C. N. R. group, besides Mackenzie, Mann and Lash, are Sir Edmund Walker, Alexander Laird, Frederic Nicholls, D. B. Hanna, F. H. Phippen and Sir Henry Pellatt, who is in fairly close touch with



SIR HENRY M. PELLATT

Allied with the Canadian Northern-Bank of Commerce group.

this particular combination. The number of undertakings in which these gentlemen are interested is probably larger than the number of ventures upon which the C. P. R. group have entered, but on the other hand, their companies are by no means so large or so heavily capitalized. For instance, it was computed about a year ago that Sir William Van Horne, who may be considered as the leader of the C. P. R. group, was interested in companies having a total capitalization of \$480,700,000, while Sir William Mackenzie's companies were capitalized at \$214,900,000, or not quite half as much. As brilliant and successful financiers, however, the C. N. R. group falls little short of the older group.

The third and latest group to be formed is, as might be anticipated, associated with the Grand Trunk Pacific undertaking, and to a certain extent with the Grand Trunk Pacific itself. The building of the third transcontinental gave an opening for some aggressive work, and Senator Cox, being left out in the cold as it were by the C. N. R. people, saw his opportunity. He interested himself in the railway and assumed the leadership of the group of men who had gathered to its support. As yet the G. T. P. financiers are hardly as closely united as are the men who control the other railways, but the tendency will be for them to draw together in much the same way. Their organization, if such it may be termed, is by no means complete, for no great bank has as yet been swung into line. It may be that the Senator still has hopes of recovering the Commerce, of which he remains a director. It may be, as many are inclined to believe, that a new bank will be launched to care for the Cox interests. Or it is by no means improbable that he purposes to work with two or three of the smaller banks. His confrere and oldest friend, Senator Jaffray, who is in very close touch with him, is vice-president of the Imperial Bank, a growing institution, while Duncan Coulson, president and general manager of the Bank of Toronto, has just been added to the directorate of the Canada Life, an indication that the latter bank is being brought into touch with the Cox interests. Robert Bickerdike, M.P., another newcomer on the Canada Life



CHAS. M. HAYS

President of the Grand Trunk Pacific
Railway.

Board, is one of the promoters of the new International Bank of Canada.

The lines of demarcation between the C. N. R. and the G. T. P. groups is not altogether clear, nor is this to be wondered at when it is remembered that the latter is really an offshoot of the former. Members of the G. T. P. group still retain a connection with interests in the C. N. R. group. Senator Cox himself, as has been pointed out, continues a director of the Bank of Commerce, and takes care to have it known that he attends the board meetings. Likewise, J. W. Flavelle, who is president of the National Trust Company, a Cox-controlled corporation, retains a directorship in the Commerce. E. R. Wood, whom many believe is George A. Cox's logical successor as dictator of many companies, is still a Commerce director. In fact, the G. T. P. group, while out of control of the bank, are still a strong element on its board. Whether Sir Edmund Walker will play tit for tat with the Senator, and do as he was apparently done by in the case of the Canada Life, remains to be seen. There are those who say that they would not be at all surprised to see Messrs. Cox, Flavelle and Wood superseded by the C. N. R. interests at the next annual meeting, though such a course of procedure would undoubtedly precipitate a serious and absurd conflict.



DUNCAN COULSON

President of the Bank of Toronto.



D. R. WILKIE

President of the Imperial Bank.

TWO BANKERS ALLIED WITH THE G.T.P. FORCES

A writer of much painstaking industry about a year ago figured out that the big financial interests of Canada were in the hands of twenty-three men. As three of these gentlemen have passed away in the interval, and as it would be impossible without a good deal of trouble to name their successors, it may be assumed without much fear of contradiction that there are twenty capitalist-directors now in control of the situation. The list is as follows, in the order determined by the number of corporations in which each is interested: Senator Cox, W. D. Matthews, F. Nicholls, Senator Mackay, Sir H. M. Pellatt, Sir W. Mackenzie, Sir W. Van Horne, E. B. Osler, Z. A. Lash, R. B. Angus, C. R. Hosmer, Lord Strathcona, H. M. Molson, R. Forget, D. B. Hanna, E. B. Greenshields, Sir D. D. Mann, Sir T. Shaughnessy, W. Wainwright and H. A. Allan. Of the twenty, W. D. Matthews, Senator Mackay, Sir William Van Horne, E. B. Osler, Z. A. Lash, R. B. Angus, C. R. Hosmer, Lord Strathcona, E. B. Greenshields, Sir T. Shaughnessy are clearly members of the C. P. R. group; F. Nicholls, Sir H. M. Pellatt, Sir W. Mackenzie,

Z. A. Lash, D. B. Hanna, Sir D. D. Mann, belong to the C. N. R. group; leaving Senator Cox and William Wainwright as members of the third or G. T. P. group. In point of numbers, the C. P. R. group has ten, the C. N. R. group six, and the G. T. P. group two, which is about in proportion to the length of existence of the three groups.

It is, of course, absurd to say that the groups are or ever will be absolutely distinct. There will be reciprocal dealings between the various elements, while few men of the stamp of the present leaders of Canadian finance would stand for a foolish conflict of interests based on personal likes or dislikes. At the same time there can be no doubt that there is a growing tendency to work together on the part of quite a number of Canadian financiers, who see in the success which has attended the undertakings of the C. P. R. combination a very good reason for holding together and linking up their companies. The evolution of the C. N. R. and the G. T. P. groups has been a natural outcome of this estimate of the situation, for in these new transcontinentals are to

be found the opportunities of repeating in the years to come some of the history which has been so advantageous for the C. P. R. financiers.

It is consequently interesting to trace out the ramifications of the various branches of the tree of finance, and to find a branch drawing its sustenance from one limb twining its leaves with those of some branch attached to quite another limb. Take for instance the banking interests. It has already been shown that the C. P. R. and the Bank of Montreal are associated, but at the same time, it is well known that the Grand Trunk banks extensively with the same institution. Likewise the C. P. R. is closely linked with the Royal Trust Company, but, despite the fact that the National Trust Company is working for the G. T. P., the president of the latter road, Charles M. Hays, holds a seat on the board of the former company. Sir William Whyte,

vice-president of the C. P. R. is a director of the Imperial Bank, which, through Robert Jaffray, is allied with the G. T. P. group. In fact, there is such an interweaving of interests as to make it oftentimes difficult to follow out the lines of separation, and so be able to say what group controls any given institution. The great railways themselves afford the best clue to the problem, for there is a clear-cut distinction between the controlling forces in each case, without any overlapping.

The radius of influence does not stop here, however, but it will be found on investigation that the financial combinations control industries and utilities of far-reaching importance, and that even the press comes under the sway of one or other of the groups to a great extent. It will be interesting to watch the course of events in the future and to see how the various combinations work out their plans.



ALEXANDER LAIRD
General Manager of the Bank of Commerce.



D. B. HANNA
Vice-President of the Canadian Northern.

TWO MEN ACTIVELY ASSOCIATED WITH C.N.R.-COMMERCE INTERESTS



Why the Jew is healthier than the Christian

By

H. M. Mortimer

LAST summer a very busy Canadian when in Europe called on a leading London physician. He told the physician that he did not think there was anything radically wrong with him, but that there were times when he felt that he was not doing such good work as he should. He asked the physician to look him over and see whether there was any physical ailment. The physician made an appointment, and a few days later spent over an hour making a thorough examination, but more particularly in getting the man's history, his mode of life, and the history of his ancestors. When he had finished he put his instruments away, closed his bag, and made an appointment for two days later. He began by informing the Canadian that he was in good general condition, every organ being in perfect order—"But," said the physician, "you are not a Jew, and you must not overlook the fact that your ancestors for generations back have lived a healthy, open-air life. Most of them have been farmers or soldiers. A man cannot change in one generation from the outdoor life of a sporting English gentleman to the indoor life of a modern business man, without feeling the results. Ten hours a day in an office chair, listening perhaps to the rumble of machinery, worrying over finances, labor problems, salesman's problems, competition, the many other worries a modern manufacturer or merchant is subjected to, is a life

that requires altogether different constitutional faculties from those possessed by you and your ancestors. The Jew can do this because he is descended from a race who have for generations past sat fourteen to eighteen hours a day in a badly ventilated office, with little or no real physical exercise."

That it takes two generations to make a gentleman is an oft-quoted axiom, but how many generations has it taken to make the Jew of the present day? When one comes to consider him—the little, dried-up man who drives his single, shuffling horse and loose-wheeled cart through our thoroughfares, offering to buy our cast-off clothing at a price utterly ruinous to himself, pretending to be very foolish, though he is really very wise, one naturally asks the question—How does the poor beggar live? Of course there are Jews and Jews, but a few minutes spent among them any morning or evening will fully gratify one's first curiosity. In the Jewish quarters of the town there stands house after house, overstocked, unclean and dilapidated—children cramming the doorway, the inner porch, the naked, low-ceilinged rooms beyond—unkempt, poorly-dressed children, yet, for all that, happy and bright in their sordid surroundings of empty boxes and cast-off clothing. Somehow there seems to be no real misery about the place—not even among the mothers of these immense families. The low, sad voice of poverty, that speaks in querulous whispers throughout the great *Christian* slums of our home cities is somehow not

to be heard among the Jews. Amid the squalor and filth one hears always the sound of merry voices, and one searches in vain for the fallow, cadaverous face that, in Gentile quarters greets the visitor on every threshold and at every corner.

The atmosphere of the Jewish ward in Toronto, or Montreal, or Halifax, or Winnipeg or Vancouver, is essentially youthful. On one side of the road, beneath the green oasis of a straggling chestnut, picture the hawker's barrow of mixed, untempting goods. By it, squatted on the dusty pavement, apparently owned by no one and hopelessly lost amid the throng of children, is a long-haired infant of three, watching the scene with wide-eyed understanding. It is not a clean child—it may well be a grimy one!—but it looks strong and healthy under the accumulated coating of earth. Slowly the crowds gather: the gay young Jewess with the painted cheeks and the immaculate dress hob-nobs with her incongruous neighbors, for in this part of the city, at any rate, there is no ungentle class distinction. All are brothers and sisters—from the tiniest mite in the gutter to the dark-eyed hawker himself, and from the bearded curio dealer to the cross-eyed fishwife, who blinks all day from her seat under the awning at the corner shop.

In these days, when so much is said and written on the subject of city health environment, the modes and customs of such people contradict almost all our theories of health and hygiene. The Jewish nation has, for over three thousand years, witnessed the rise and the decay of the great empires; they have sustained blows and injuries, and can scarcely be denied the crown of martyrdom; and to-day, in squalor and poverty, thousands of Jews thrive and multiply where the Gentiles of the same conditions of life are ravaged by disease and degeneracy.

During the last epoch the Jews, though a people to themselves, have dragged along with the rush of constantly changing conditions. The way has not been easy for them, by any means. They have been restricted in their trades, handicapped by special taxations, confined to the dampest, foulest, and most wretched quarters of our cities, and yet the record shows us that the death rate among them at the present day is lower than among Christians! In the

next decade, while the poor live on in happy anticipation of old age pensions, and the rich are afraid to die on account of the heavy death duties, we may perhaps hope for a brighter outlook, but for the time being we are forced to regard the downtrodden Jew as our superior in health and longevity.

In the city of Manchester, according to statistics taken six years ago, the death rate among Christian children under five years of age was fourteen per cent; among Jewish children, ten per cent. It has been stated, and I believe with accuracy, that the average Jew lives eight years longer than the average Christian. According to data taken in Berlin, among Roman Catholics and Protestants 19 per cent. of the Gentile children die during their first year, and 14 per cent. among the Jews, while of the destitute and uncared-for children under one year, 35 per cent among the Christians and 33 per cent. among the Jews—showing that even the Jewish infant is better able to survive privation than the Christian infant.

Certainly it seems that the promise of good health and long life as given by Moses has followed his people through their many wanderings. The scarcity of disease among the Jews—their apparent safety in the midst of devastating epidemics, has often been a subject of comment. Towards certain diseases they are almost immune. The only explanation seems to be that some racial peculiarity exists in the Jew that gives him a greater power to resist disease than is possessed by the Gentile.

The Jews have at all times been an exclusive people; pride of race and contempt of the Gentiles around them has distinguished them since the days when they warred with the Amalekites. But what power is it that has kept the Jewish people together—that has enabled them to remain an exclusive people in spite of the many changes to which they have been subjected? It cannot be that the root of their nationality is in their kingdom, which they left so long ago, and therefore it must be in their religion—in the Mosaic Law, which they have carried with them throughout all their wanderings. It is this code of laws that makes the distinction between Jew and Christian, and therefore it is in the relation

of this law to health that one must look for enlightenment.

Moses was evidently well acquainted with the rules of health and hygiene. When he drew up his code of divine instructions, he wisely embodied the health directions, so that the conscientious Jew carries out his obligations to God and himself with equal sanctity. He considers it a religious offence to eat fresh meat containing blood, for the Law said that "of the blood thereof which is life thereof shall ye not eat."

In a Jewish slaughter-house every animal is killed in such a way that the veins and arteries are completely drained, this being carried out with extreme care and skillfulness, and by men who are practically examined before being allowed to undertake the task. The meat is then subjected to a minute examination under the Shechite Board, and if the least suspicion of disease be found it is condemned. Out of twelve beasts killed in Toronto as many as six have been laid aside as unfit for consumption, and this condemned meat, it is noteworthy to add, ultimately found its way to the Gentile market.

Disease germs, as everybody knows, may be introduced into the body by various means. They may be inhaled into the lungs; they may find their way directly into the blood by means of a wound or an abrasion in the skin, such as a burn or scratch; or they may be taken into the stomach with the food. The blood may contain disease germs long before any internal or external signs of disease become visible, and these germs may multiply in the blood without any immediate injury to the health. Disease microbes have a wonderful power of survival. They may be cooked—some of them—they may be dried up or saturated, and yet retain their vital properties.

It goes without saying that the Jew is just as susceptible to the attack of these germs as the Gentile. He is just as likely to inhale them into his lungs, or to introduce them into his blood by contact with an unclean body, and with exactly the same results. But he is not so likely to introduce them into his stomach with the food that he eats, for the total prohibition of the use of blood obviously reduces the danger. Therefore the Jew who conforms to the Mosaic Law stands a bet-

ter chance of escaping blood diseases than those who do not bind themselves by such restrictions.

It has been proved beyond the possibility of doubt that diseases of this sort may be contracted in man by eating the flesh of infected animals. Several varieties of anthrax, and especially tuberculosis, can be transmitted from the beast to the stomach of a man almost as readily as from beast to beast. Some years ago the number of cases of tuberculosis in the south of England went up with leaps and bounds, due, it was said later, to eating the flesh and drinking the milk of tuberculous cattle. That the milk supply should become contaminated was, it can be imagined, a very sad business for the many hundreds of little children that were solely reliant on the milk supply for nourishment. Yet milk is a great bearer of disease, and in spite of the care and precaution exercised by our up-to-date dairies, a certain amount of risk from this source is inevitable.

Here again we find the Jew greatly exempt from danger. *Every* Jewish child, for a considerable time after its birth, is fed on its natural food. Not only does this practice tend toward better health among infants, but it also renders the infant population immune from such diseases as may be picked up from food containing latent diseases, or food that may have become contaminated through contact with the air. This explains then, the scarcity of blood diseases among the Jews, and as these diseases carry off something like 10 per cent. of the Christian population, the Jewish death rate is reduced almost proportionately.

The Jews are certainly a prolific people. At one time, in Austria, no Jew was allowed to marry except by Imperial consent. Only the eldest son of a family was permitted to found a family of his own, but in spite of this restraint they managed to increase, and the Ghetti of that country were veritable hives. Nearly every Jew we meet is a member of a large family. His father and mother and grandfather were also members of large families. Neither did his fathers endeavor in any way to prevent this increase. Neither will *he*. This also may be a reason for the exceptional good health of these people, for it is believed by many

medical authorities that any impedance placed upon the increase of population has an ill effect upon the generations that come later.

Canada to-day contains 70,000 Jews; Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg alone accounting for 51,000. True it is that the wards of these cities bring home to us the ancient truth that a people who have no history are the happiest people. Yet these Jews are the same Jews at heart as those who, long ago, journeyed to the land of Canaan. They have not broken caste; from a national standpoint it is their mission to work out their self-discipline, and to overcome or restrain their selfish desires.

Their characteristic precaution with regard to matters of health is shown us by their abstinence from the use of alcohol. The Jews love wine and drink it freely, but never does one hear the sad family story of downfall, misery, and ultimate ruin through intemperance that one hears among the Gentiles. Even in the lowest wards and Ghetti we may search in vain for the sodden, drink-warped face of the habitual inebriate. As a result, not only are there fewer deaths from inflammation of the lungs, and other diseases occurring as a direct result of dipsomania, but the deep-seated diseases that occur among the children of inebriate parents are proportionately scarce. It is possibly also on account of their temperance that venereal diseases are less common among Jews than among the Gentile races. But this, more likely, is due to their clannishness, which protects them from the many varieties of disease that could only be communicated from some foreign source.

It is not generally known that the Jew never drinks milk or eats butter at the same meal as he eats meat. At breakfast, for instance, either he leaves meat entirely alone, or else he drinks his coffee black and uses dripping instead of butter, so as not to mix the meat and the milk. Moreover, a dish that is used for greasy foods is used for that purpose exclusively, and likewise a meat dish is used for meats exclusively, and never allowed to come in contact with such items of diet as milk, cheese and butter. This is one of the laws laid down by Moses, though what reason Moses had in mind when he made it is quite obscure. We can see no possible

reason why meat and milk should not be taken together, but evidently Moses was under the impression that such a "mixture" was harmful.

That cleanliness is next to godliness is a condition that no respectable Christian child is given an opportunity of forgetting, and nowadays a substantial fortune is ever awaiting the man who can bring out some new cleansing material that possesses a distinctive feature. Our bill-boards are covered with advertisements setting forth the virtues of various soaps, bath purifiers, and nursery requisites, and yet, in the midst of all this, a London physician has recently written a book on the perils of too much washing. Why soap is bad for the baby he clearly sets forth in his volume, and possibly the Jewish mother is aware of this danger, and discreetly dismisses the sinister wash-tub from her list of household necessities.

To return to statistics — other data, showing the difference in the number of deaths from various causes, brings the facts before us that out of two hundred and fifty suicides through domestic infelicity, only twenty-five were Jews. From the drug habit and other nervous affections, out of fifty-three deaths among Christians and Jews, only five belonged to the latter. The habit of temperance among the Jews, amid abundant intemperance, is also the reason why typhus and other infectious fevers are not permanent among them as among their Gentile neighbors. Even during terrific epidemics of Black Plague, that sometimes crept like consuming fires through parts of Europe, the Jew showed a slightly lower death rate than the people of other nationalities.

So much for diseases, but we have yet one other great reason why this wonderful race of people still manage to hold their own in all quarters of the world. The feeling of brotherhood between Jew and Jew—the ancient tendency to cling together and face a common foe, is such that no old and decrepit member of their race is allowed to sink to the level of starvation. When the Jew grows old, and his days of active service are ended, he is cared for by his people, if unable to support himself. In the same way a Jewish mother, if unable to supply the means wherewith to provide the necessary medical atten-

dance, is cared for by her relatives, or if she has none, by her neighbors or some charitable brotherhood. This is the duty of Jew to Jew, performed by each in the knowledge that perhaps he or she will some day stand in need of succor.

Without doubt the Christian poor help each other in the same way. There is greater and wider charity in the slums, all the world over, than the casual observer is led to think. Yet only too often the Christian poor, emerging from a severe illness and still in a state of convalescence, take exposures and contract new illnesses, or sink into a pitiable condition of permanent ill-health. Whereas the Jew is nursed back to complete strength by those who have made themselves responsible.

Thus, in summing up, we have four great reasons which may account for the better health among Jews than among Christians. Firstly, the flesh they eat is carefully selected and they abstain from the use of blood, and thus greatly reduce the risk of contracting blood diseases. Secondly they abstain from the intemperate use of alcohol, and consequently are stronger constitutionally, are less subject

to the various infectious fevers that may be caused or enhanced by intemperance. Thirdly the Jewish children are reared on their natural food, and thus escape the danger that must accompany the practice of artificial feeding. Lastly, the Jew is charitable to his neighbor.

Our Gentile hygienic arrangements are as near perfect as possible. But it must be remembered, that this state of affairs did not exist a hundred years ago. We, as a people, are only beginning to reap the benefit of our improved systems, whereas the Law of Moses, as followed to-day, has been observed by the Jewish people since the time of the Old Testament. Generation after generation the Jews although perhaps neglecting "the outside of the plates" have nursed their health, built up their constitutions, and kept themselves clean from the diseases that have blasted and undermined the strength of other nationalities. Hence the Jew of the present day, blindly following the Mosaic Law of his forefathers in the squalid, overcrowded ward, is safer from sickness than the wealthy Christian or aristocratic ancestry to whom the very thoughts of such an environment suggests disease.



A WOMAN'S glance, like a lighthouse, often illumines a dangerous course.

WORLDLY success is the degree by which we can discount the rest of humanity.

"Fun"

By

W. Carey Wonderly

BRUCE, immaculately groomed, a cigarette between his lips, came off the pier and started up the Boardwalk toward his hotel. It was a deliciously cool, starlit night, with salt air blowing straight from the ocean. He hummed the chorus of a song the band had played, and walked without haste, enjoying the scene to its utmost.

A dozen paces on, a girl in white looked in his eyes and smiled. Off came Bruce's hat, and he hurried to her side, only to stop, nonplussed, when he saw her face plainly in the glare of an arc-light. She was young, very pretty, and simply yet tastefully dressed, but Bruce was sure he had never seen her before.

"I beg your pardon—I'm afraid I've made a mistake," he apologized.

"I'm afraid *I've* made a mistake," answered the girl, with a ghost of a smile. "I thought you were—somebody else."

"Oh, then, you did speak!" cried Bruce. "I thought perhaps I dreamed it."

"I—half-nodded, smiled," she said.

"Are you expecting some one? May I be of any service?" Bruce asked.

She hesitated, gave him a little glance out of the tail of her eye, then flushed scarlet.

"I—I'm all right," she said. "Don't mind me. Yes, I'm expecting a—a friend. I don't know why she doesn't come. What time is it, please?"

"It's five minutes to eleven," Bruce said, showing her his watch.

She nodded her thanks prettily, and pushed several stray locks of hair into place with a quaint, foreign gesture of her ringless hand. The gesture seemed familiar to Bruce. He glanced at her again. No, he had never seen the girl before.

"It was unwise of your friend to leave you here alone like this," he ventured presently.

She moved uneasily.

"Oh, I'm all right," she said again, and he noticed that she spoke with a slight accent. "Rose had a headache, so she went across to the drug-store. I didn't go with her, because I love it here—the ocean and the air and the sky."

"It is jolly," he responded, with a wholesome smile. "Do you know, often I've sat up until daybreak, in one of those pavilions, just watching the sea. I can't get enough of it, somehow."

She shaded her eyes with one hand and looked out across the water. Then, with a sigh and a slight raising of her shoulders, she turned and faced him.

"May I ask you the time again? Rose is fearfully long."

It was five minutes past the hour, and the girl bit her lips as she leaned slightly forward to see the watch in his hand.

"I wonder," she smiled presently, "if her head has become worse and she has gone home. That would be unlike Rose, but she was suffering terribly."

"Would you like to walk over to the drug-store and ask if they've seen her?" questioned Bruce.

"No-o; I'd better not leave here, I think," she answered. "If she should come back and find me gone——"

She beat her hands together softly with a sort of unconsciousness, and began anxiously to watch the passers-by. All that was best within Bruce—and he was a clean boy withal—rose up in protection of this girl, and he glared savagely at the men who looked her way and smiled.

Ten minutes passed in silence. "Rose" did not return. Bruce noticed that his

companion's hair was simply done, and that her white frock was girlish and pretty. Altogether, she was charming and wholesome-looking. There was likewise a piquant charm about her voice: she accented certain words in a quaint, pretty way, and her gestures were foreign—yet familiar.

"What time is it now?" she asked suddenly, after a long silence.

"It is twenty minutes past eleven," he answered.

She moved away from the railing, a tiny fold between her brows.

"I must go," she announced. "It is quite late. Rose must have gone home."

"Please!"

If Bruce had noticed, she had dropped her accent and had grown very pale. She clasped her hands, but her gesture was home-grown.

"I think myself she must have," Bruce said in turn.

The girl nodded and gave him a little smile.

"Yes. Then I will go myself. Thanks and—good-night."

"Stop—you must let me get you a chair!" he cried, detaining her.

She made a grimace.

"Never! I detest rolling-chairs."

"Then you must let me walk with you."

She drew herself up and frowned.

"I do not know you," she said. Then, with a smile and quite graciously: "You are kind, but it is not necessary. I have only a short distance to go—my hotel is just down that avenue. But I thank you. Good-night again."

But Bruce was determined.

"You can't go home alone!" he cried. "Why, it is getting very late—you don't understand. I take it you are a foreigner forgive me, but your voice, your gestures. If not a European, you are certainly Europe-bred; and, frankly, it is not safe for you to go about alone here after dark."

"I am not afraid," she said scornfully, and the accent was most marked.

"Still, I must insist——"

"No!"

"You don't understand——"

"I'd rather you wouldn't."

"But I must. I shouldn't feel right letting you go off this way by yourself. Oh, don't misunderstand my motive, please. I—I am thinking of you. It is because

your friend doesn't understand that she has gone home without you. I simply can't let you go by yourself."

"Please! You are good, but—I must go alone," she repeated.

Bruce took her arm and piloted her across the Boardwalk to the avenue she had indicated.

"I will go with you to the steps of your hotel. I shouldn't feel right if I didn't. It's perfectly all right. This is the American way, you know."

She went first white, then red. One moment her head was on fire; the next, she was shivering. She hung heavily on Bruce's arm.

"What is the name of your hotel?" he asked, as they left the Boardwalk and turned down the avenue.

She moistened her lips with her tongue. "The Avona," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Eh? I beg your pardon—what name did you say?" he asked quickly.

And she repeated, this time distinctly and with a sort of helplessness: "Avona."

He nodded, and they walked briskly down between the two rows of hotels and cottages. The girl breathed more freely, and she repeated the gesture of smoothing back her hair with her hand.

The Avona was at the end of the avenue. It was a moderately large house, with verandas, and a bright electric light above the door. Several girls hung over the porch-rail; others talked with young men along the sidewalk.

Bruce pulled his hat a little over his face when the girl stopped at the steps.

"It's—rather nice here, and convenient—near the beach," she said apologetically. "I've been here three months."

"You're fortunate," he said.

"Yes, am I not?" she smiled.

A little awkward silence followed. Two girls passed up the steps, and one nodded and said, "Hello, Nora." On the porch a girl was humming a song about a gentleman called "Cutey" and a lady who was anxious to learn who tied his cravat. Bruce's companion listened and frowned.

Suddenly she turned as if to go in. The girls on the sidewalk had parted with their friends and run up the steps to the porch with grins, nods, and "hellos." The girl had returned none of them, however. She looked angry and sullen.

"I must go in," she said, at last. "Good-night, and thank you. But it wasn't necessary. I wish—you hadn't."

"I feel better now that I know you have reached home safely," he told her.

"Still—I didn't want you to," she said.

She was silent a moment, then, with a quick glance at him, she drew back into the shadow. But Bruce had seen her face. It was hot and red and miserable.

"Listen," she said hurriedly. "I'm not what you thought—that's why I didn't want you to come home with me. You thought I was—different, at first, didn't you?—a gentlewoman. But I'm not. This is the Avona Cottage. There are two hundred and seventy-five girls who live here; and they all work at the Queensbury-Ranelagh. I'm a waitress."

She stopped, and there was a sob in her voice. Quickly Bruce realized that a world rested on his next words. He said very quietly:

"Well, what has that to do with you and me?"

"I thought—I didn't know," she gasped. Then, fiercely: "It's no disgrace. I'm not ashamed of it. I'm earning an honest living, ain't I? I'm a hello girl in Philly in the winter, but I've always wanted to come here—for a long time, I mean—and there was no other way. I get five dollars a week and my board—everything's fine, too. And tips, of course. They are never less than a dollar a day—often more. It's no disgrace being a waitress. Of course my people didn't want me to come here, but— And I've lots of pretty clothes. This dress is just like one I saw Billie Burke have on the other night. Not imported, and the material is not so fine maybe, but it's good and in splendid taste—I know that much. I'm all the time studying the people in the dining-room. Why, even you spoke of my accent and my gestures! Foreign, European-bred! I've never been a hundred miles from home in my life. But I've watched people. I've got a black dress—black and clinging, with a train—and when I put it on and sit down, I look like a very tall, very slim woman—and I'm not at all. You know who I mean—that Russian actress—*that's* it! Well, I've waited on her, and listened and watched all the time. That gesture is hers, and the accent. When she found out my name is Nora,

she was, oh, so sweet to me! She likes the name, she says. I never did—until I learned she was crazy about it. All her friends talk to her about *her* Nora. . . . Of course it's not as genteel as being in an office, but the pay's good, and they treat you grand. It's no disgrace—it's no disgrace!"

"No, it's no disgrace," answered Bruce gravely. "That is not where you made a mistake."

"Where, then?" she flashed.

"When you smiled at me on the Board-walk," he told her. "You did, didn't you?"

"Ye-es."

"Why?"

She turned upon him fiercely, and again the sob rose passionately in her voice.

"It was only fun—a girl's got to have some fun, hasn't she? I didn't mean any harm. And I can take care of myself—well, yes. . . . Here I am; I've got nice clothes, and I know how to act, how to behave myself. My manners are better than many persons' I wait on at the Queensbury-Ranelagh. I want to go out, to have a little fun, with—nice men—that's it. Nice men. . . . I know plenty of—waiters and chauffeurs and clerks. I don't like them, don't want them. They all have red hands, comb their hair wrong, and wear impossible neckties. I—I like you," she confided with a sudden burst of childlike naivete. "You're not so good-looking as Joe, maybe, but your clothes—the way you wear them, the way you talk, walk, act—! I don't like the other sort, although Joe is kind and thoughtful. He's a book-keeper. That's better than a waiter, isn't it?"

"If he's a good bookkeeper, yes," said Bruce.

"H'm, Joe's ever so clever," she returned.

"Well, if he's kind and thoughtful and clever— Look here, what *do* you want?" asked he, almost roughly.

"He wears red ties and purple socks," she said slowly. "Of course he's nice, but—why doesn't he dress like you do? I want to go around with nice men. I see them in the dining-room, notice what they wear just as I do what the women wear, and they've spoiled me for Joe's

kind. . . . I mean no wrong. And honestly, before to-night, I never smiled at a man I didn't know. But I looked so nice, and I thought, all of a sudden, how lovely it would be to go rolling up the Boardwalk, in a chair, with a man like you—your sort, you know. So—so I smiled. I meant no harm. I wouldn't even have got out of the chair. . . . And I hadn't meant for you to bring me home here, because then you'd know just what I am. Some people look down on a waitress. But it's no disgrace!"

Bruce pulled out his watch. It was a quarter to twelve.

"We'll both be fined," he said, showing her the time. "Look here, you've been honest with me, so here goes: I work, I am a waiter, at the Ashbourne."

"No!"

"Yes."

"But you are—different," she gasped. "I work in the dining-room, and I watch people the same as you do," Bruce explained airily. "Why don't you take Joe in hand, now?—show him how to get himself together decently. *You know.*"

"Yes, I know," she said slowly. "And Joe's a clever fellow, too."

"Do it," he urged.

"Maybe I could." Then, in wonderment: "You a waiter! I'd never have guessed it. And I've known dozens of them. You look like Donald Brian."

"I beg your pardon?" frowned Bruce.

"The actor—he's grand," she explained.

Bruce turned to go; the girl started up the steps.

"Fifteen minutes late," she said, with a sigh. "How much do they fine you at the Ashbourne for coming in late?"

He started, changed color, and coughed behind his hand.

"A whole lot—they're robbers up there. Well, good-night. Try your hand on Joe, won't you?"

"Yes, I guess I will." She nodded her head and smiled at him. "Good-night."

She was gone, and the man turned again up the avenue towards the cottage section.

"Poor little thing," he said. He took off his hat and let the cool salt air soothe his aching head. "I hope I've turned the trick—I hope so. God!—*fun!*"



ACROSS THE YEARS.

Across the years I love to look and dream
That in some distant country all our own,
Your hand will find its warm way into mine,
For one long moment, as we stand alone!

That your deep eyes will say the years were long,
The while your lips are trembling silently,
And my glad heart will sing like mating birds,
A half-forgotten, sweet old melody!

And then, together, hand in hand, we'll bow
With reverent heads, beside the faded flowers
Of other days, and search the dear remains
For lingering life, in vows of vanished hours!

—Amy E. Campbell



Millions!

By

William Banks, Jr.

Illustrated by C. W. Jeffreys

“A MILLION population for Toronto in 1918!” This was the slogan adopted by enthusiastic gentlemen at a meeting held in Toronto not long ago for the purpose of organizing a Publicity Bureau. On the day following the published reports of the meeting, the newspapers reported a revolting fatal stabbing affray among Toronto Italians; the sentence of death on young Edward Jardine at Goderich, for a particularly brutal crime; and a life sentence on a man in the same town for beating his son to death. A few days later the health department of Toronto started on a crusade for the cleaning up of the city’s slums. At the same time discussions were in progress in the press and on the platform over the admission of negroes from the United States into the Canadian west, and in regard to allegations of immorality in the schools of Ontario.

Millions! Yes. Canada has need of and room for millions of people, and still more millions after that again. But what of the quality of the millions?

Is it sufficient to enact stringent laws and make brave efforts to enforce them

with a view to keeping out undesirables—and a difficult, if not impossible, task it is to bar out all that should be refused admission? Is it sufficient to have periodical cleanings-up of the dark and dirty sections of our cities and towns, and raids on the “foreign section,” and the disarmament of the occupants? Is not every problem of civic government added to by the increase of the population, and especially of the foreign population? Is it not the truth that for every thousand people added to a community new conditions and situations arise that require the most careful handling and planning on the part of those in authority? Is it not also the truth that the general tendency of the average citizen, as of the average civic official, is to muddle along in an apathetic “to-morrow-will-do” sort of a style, until some particularly violent outrage shocks them into a spurt of well-doing, bravely maintained for a while and then dropped until another shock produces another spurt, or a newspaper campaign rushes them into a display of activity for the “public weal”?



The City of Toronto will have a million people soon enough. There is no need for a systematic campaign to get them. They will come. The same applies to other cities and towns of Canada. Nothing short of a calamity beyond the power of the human will to control can prevent the continuance of the prosperity, the growth, the development of Canada. "Millions" will come, their advance guards are beginning to people the once "silent places," and to crowd into the settled communities. We want them; but do we want them in the cities and towns, while rural Ontario is crying for help to sow and reap on the farms, while Nova Scotia and the other Maritime Provinces are complaining that they, too, need agriculturists, and while the West, buoyant and young, vigorous and impatient of the complaints of the East, is saying, "We have room for all who will settle on the land"?

Vancouver, too, talks of getting "a million." Why? Why plan for "millions" in the cities? The millions, let it be repeated, are bound to come. The attraction and lure of the cities for even the native-born has long passed the stage of being regarded as something to sorrow and worry over, and is accepted as an inevitable tendency in all countries. A campaign for a million people in Toronto or Vancouver is misplaced and unnecessary. The all-important question; the vital thing is the welfare of the city population as it stands now. To plan a campaign for a "million" is to advertise to the world that a million people are wanted and wanted quickly; that there is work and good wages for all. It is a standing invitation for many who otherwise would go on the land that there are golden opportunities in the city. It is like screaming from the

housetops, "Come one, come all, prosperity and wealth are here."

Millions! And the annual report of the House of Industry in Toronto, presented at a meeting held during April, showed that out of six hundred and three Toronto people given shelter at the Wayfarers' Lodge—a department of the House—one-third were 30 years of age and under. What a commentary on the slogan "A million people for Toronto."

The vital thing, the great essential, is that the city dweller shall be assured of conditions that admit of decency in the home, in the workshop and the factory; playgrounds and good schools for the children; protection from outbreaks of disease, whether due to civic apathy and official neglect, or to causes for which none are to blame. Of course, in many cases it is true that with everything provided in the shape of model homes, factories and workshops, playgrounds and parks, there would still be an altogether large part of the population shiftless, worthless, criminal, undesirable from every point of view. But the problem of dealing with such, of setting about the work of reformation, will in a few years be a hundredfold what it would be if proper conditions were brought to existence now.

It is not a million population that Toronto or any other Canadian city needs. Although the real estate gambler may tell you otherwise. Municipal courage is the first need. The courage to admit that there is squalor and misery, crime and vice, and that there is congestion of population in certain sections; courage to admit that there are houses that are houses in name only, and not fit for human beings; and to admit it without fear of how much of theirs is the blame for municipi-



pal degradation and human suffering. What is wanted is the municipal courage that dares to regard the municipality as one family and dares to recognize and face its duty to every man, woman and child in it.

Away off in New Zealand they are grappling with such questions as the mental as well as the physical fitness of the immigrants from whatever land they come. Every immigrant must be fit in body and mind before he can enter that country. The result is slow, very slow growth in population. There have not been the same fortunes made out of real estate. But they are getting the *best*. And this also is to be said of New Zealand—and many men there are who will grieve over it—that the extension of the franchise to women has been a great aid in the passing of laws and the enactment of them, making for the up-building of a real democracy. Perhaps—just perhaps—Canadian men are not able to grapple with the problems of civic life, which, after all, means national life, or perhaps they are overlooking them because they do not apparently offer a wide enough field for their energies. Can it be that there is not “kudos” enough in just being a plain, everyday man, who would prefer to do something to help keep his city clean—using the word in its widest possible sense—even if his help consists only in a willingness to pay higher taxes, rather than see civic services starved? The fallacy of a low tax rate more often than not means civic neglect and not civic efficiency.

A million people in 1918! Wouldn't it be better if Toronto could say, “No, we are not planning for a million people in 1918, nor at any other time; all our

energies, all our efforts are bent upon making Toronto a clean city, a city noted for its comparative freedom from disease, the comfort of its people, the number of its playgrounds and breathing places, its small percentage of criminals. We want our growth to be normal and natural, we want to be able to absorb the additions that must come without effort on our part, other than that which is inevitably bound up with the development of the country and the multiplication of its industrial enterprises. We would sooner be noted as a city where everyone has a chance to live with reasonable comfort, than the city with the greatest population on this continent or in the world.”

And what applies to Toronto applies to every other Canadian city and town. The press of the country contains an almost daily record of crime from them all, and all too often the particulars include mention of “notorious sections,” or sections in which foreigners are herded. Not that the foreign element is responsible for all the crime in Canada. Heaven forbid that such an assumption should be even tolerated as having a basis in fact. The native born furnish their quota. The discussion on the immorality in the schools has shown that in Ontario at any rate there are men and women courageous enough to admit the existence of a grave situation and to advance suggestions for amelioration. No man or woman with a grain of common sense but knows that on every side the Canadian-born boy and girl alike need care and watchfulness, and offer to the parental mind the most perplexing problem of the day. To keep the lad away from the pernicious influence of the pool-room and the gambling resort, to



train the girl so that as a woman she shall be pure and sweet and altogether lovable, these are things that tax the mind and heart of those who are heads of families and who have a thought for more than to-day. Their problems and burdens will not be made any the easier by campaigns for "millions" of population and nothing else.

And, after all, who are benefited when a city of say three hundred thousand grows to a population of a million? Is life better in that city? No. It is usually worse. Is air cleaner, or food cheaper, life safer, children easier taken care of and better educated? No. But real estate values soar. That is the point, land values go up and the pioneers of the city may turn

over their holdings at a profit—although it is more than rather likely that the real estate speculators benefit most. And these real estate profits are all very well, if only in their eagerness for money people did not forget that with increased population and increased wealth comes greater civic and personal responsibility.

Millions. Certainly. They will come. They are coming. But it is for us to say now whether they are to come to a real land of promise, to a chance for real life and liberty, to an opportunity for real progress, mental and material, or whether they are to be added to the dwellers in the slums, who are already disgracing a country so young, so gigantic; a country with such tremendous potentialities.



Tea From Japan

By

Edwin L. Sabin

NOW, that was a very nice thing for the Smiths to do—to remember the Johnsons' choice and to send back from Japan a package of the really genuine superfine tea. It arrived by Pacific express, all carefully done up in brown paper, and sealed, and bearing strange, romantic hieroglyphics slashed upon it, evidently with a camel-hair brush.

Johnson himself did not particularly fancy tea, but Mrs. Johnson did. Tea was her drink. His was coffee. However, for some time he had been deciding to quit coffee—at least to quit having more than one cup a day; and now the receipt of this package was a spur to his resolution.

When he got home that evening Mrs. Johnson already had the package opened, and had sniffed at the interior. Inside the several thicknesses of brown wrapping-paper (Oriental in their texture) was more paper, crinkly and very Oriental, emblazoned with red and gilt and tied about with cord; and inside this second layer was a square wooden box, quite large, with paper pasted tightly upon it—paper bearing mystical figures in black; and inside this was a lining of heavy foil or tea-lead; and inside this was the *Tea!*

No letter had accompanied the tea; but evidently it must be very good tea, to be thus well-protected. Of course it was very good tea, or else the Smiths would not have sent it. And that it certainly was very good tea Mrs. Johnson's nose told her, as she sniffed.

"Um-m-m um-m-m!" she murmured luxuriously. "Perfectly delicious! Henry, do smell this lovely aroma."

Mr. Johnson smelt, nuzzling a few leaves in the palm of his hand, as was correct.

"Y'yes," he pronounced. "Very fine. We must have Roberts over to sample this."

"We must show it to Joe," declared his wife. "What do you suppose *he* will say?"

Roberts—Mr. Roberts, that is—was a friend, and a connoisseur in matters Oriental, having collected much in bric-a-brac and having been "over there," to Japan and China, three times. He had a wonderful collection—so wonderful and valuable that it was kept in a vault under lock and key, and nobody was permitted so much as to dust it.

Joe was not a connoisseur; he was the imported article itself, being the Johnsons' house-boy. "House-boy" sounded imposing. The actual status of Joe's position in the household was, that he perform as much of the domestic drudgery as was compatible with earnest attendance at the grammar-school. He usually studied rhetoric while doing the dishes—his book propped beside his pan; and cooking was accomplished to the sing-song of a reading lesson.

Mrs. Johnson carried the package, with all its wrappings, out to Joe, in the kitchen. Mr. Johnson listened curiously at the door.

Joe was paring potatoes. He politely laid aside his knife.

"Oh, Joe!" proffered Mrs. Johnson benevolently. "See here! Tea from Japan! Look! Can you read it?"

She spread the wrappers upon the table. Joe surveyed them. He grinned, showing white teeth and red gums. He bowed.

"Yes, t'anks. It say—I cannot tell in English. It say from Tokio; name of

sellers of tea. How you get it, if you please?"

"Some friends of ours who in Japan sent it, Joe," explained Mrs. Johnson kindly. "It is straight from your country. We will have some to-night. We will not drink coffee any more. You must drink it, too. It is very fine tea, I understand."

"Ver' fine tea," bowed Joe.

"I suppose you will know how to prepare it, Joe," pursued Mrs. Johnson. "Less of it needs to be used than of common tea. That is what I have heard. The flavor is so delicate."

"Yes, Missus Ma'am," bowed Joe. "T'ank you. Ver' fine tea. I s'all do."

"We will keep it just as it is, in the pantry." Mrs. Johnson dipped in with her hand, and let some of the leaves run fondly through her fingers. She nibbled a leaf as she walked away. "Positively delicious," she again averred.

Behind her exit Joe respectfully hissed. With her out of the way, in the pantry he investigated the package.

"Coffee, Henry," paraphrased Mrs. Johnson, at dinner, scrutinizing the contents of her tea-cup, "is only coffee, but a cup of real tea is tea. Did you ever, ever smell or taste anything so superbly delicate! And you wanted to put cream into it! The ideal!"

"Er-r—tastes like—Toucan," sampled Mr. Johnson sagely.

He had in mind Oolong, or Gunpowder, or something else; but Toucan evolved from his subconsciousness, and, although now that it was out it sounded reminiscent of a bird, he let it stay.

"It is special chop, of course," commented Mrs. Johnson. "I do wish that the Smiths had written, telling us all about it."

"Chop suey," supplemented her husband. He knew at once that in this he was wrong; and he was prepared to pass it as a joke. But his wife deliberated a moment, tasting critically.

"W'ell," she said, "maybe. I did not dream that you knew so much about tea, Henry. You've always been such a coffee-drinker."

"Oh, I *have* drunk tea," avowed Mr. Johnson. "And I was in the commission business once, you remember. I got to be quite a taster."

"Do have another cup. It can't hurt you, as coffee would," urged his wife generously. "They say you can drink this high-grade tea all day, and never feel any effect except a mild exhilaration."

"I will, thank you," acceded her husband. "You'll make quite a tea-drinker of me, my dear, if you can furnish me a brand like this. Usually, tea is like medicine. But this is bully."

"Did you like the tea, Joe?" inquired Mrs. Johnson anxiously, after dinner.

Joe bowed.

"Ver' fine tea," he decreed. "T'ank you. I drink many cup."

Mrs. Johnson winced. But, after all, there seemed a great plenty.

Mr. Roberts was out of the city. The Johnsons arranged to give a "Japanese tea" after his return, at which he and other congenial and appreciative spirits should be present. For it was quite essential that this tea from Japan should have his appraisal, and doubtless it would delight his very soul.

Meantime, Mrs. Johnson entertained various other friends, at casual afternoons; and one and all they pronounced the tea divine.

However, of course the formal presentation of the tea to the local world was to be the dinner—the Roberts dinner, as the Johnsons began to term it. There were fourteen covers laid; this appealing to Mrs. Johnson as a combination of seven, which was the Buddhist sacred number and therefore Japanese, also. Everything else was to be Japanese. She even had bought a new set of egg-shell cups and saucers, in Japanese ware, and for table decorations she ordered chrysanthemums.

The twelve guests were Mr. and Mrs. Roberts; the Reverend Mr. Doggitt, who had been a missionary to Japan, and Mrs. Doggitt, who had been a teacher in China; Mr. Jamison, city librarian and an authority on the Arabian Nights, and Mrs. Jamison; Miss Matthews, whose ancestors included a naval officer with Perry, opener of Japan; Professor Howard, of the Baptist college, instructor in Sanskrit; and four fillers, to whom the Johnsons were especially indebted.

Joe served, in Japanese costume. About this there had been a little difficulty.

"Joe, at the dinner to-morrow night I want you to serve in Japanese costume," had said Mrs. Johnson.

Joe flushed, and bowed.

"I have not understand," he answered.

"In native costume—in your own dress."

"What is natif cos-toom? Why not my own dress? What for ever other person's dress?"

"I mean, I want you to wear Japanese dress—all Japanese."

"Dress," repeated Joe. "Dress. What for dress? Womans wear dress, in America. Mans wear pants."

"Well, clothes, then," corrected Mrs. Johnson. "I want you to put on—wear, you understand—Japanese clothes. This is to be a Japanese dinner; you must be Japanese, too."

"I am 'Merican," said Joe proudly. "No, not Japanese. 'Merican. Wear 'Merican clothes."

"But for this dinner I want you to wear Japanese clothes," insisted Mrs. Johnson patiently. "Haven't you any? You can borrow some, can't you?"

"Japanese clothes an' 'Merican clothes ver' much alike, Missus Ma'am," asserted Joe. "T'ank you. I wear one fresh white coat, if Missus Ma'am buy. Ver' bad, but I have no fresh white coat unwashed."

This compromise Mrs. Johnson did not accept. Her idea of Japanese costume pictured a belted kimono and dressing-gown effect in combination.

As the dinner was to be mainly a tea celebration, it began with tea and ended with tea. The wonderful beverage was brought on, amidst an attentive silence, in a huge samovar (courteously loaned for the occasion by Mr. Roberts from his Russian cabinet), by Joe, much abashed in the gay kimono dressing-gown with which Mrs. Johnson had willy-nilly invested him. It really was a flowered bath-robe of hers, tied about at the waist with a red portiere cord. The *ensemble* was most expressive.

Mrs. Johnson poured. Joe circulated the egg-shell cups. All watched Mr. Roberts. He passed his cup gracefully under his nostrils.

"Ah!" he sighed.

Professor Howard and the Reverend Mr. Doggitt and Mrs. Doggitt passed their cups under their nostrils, and sighed:

"Ah!"

Mr. Johnson hastened to catch up.

"Straw color," remarked Mr. Roberts, as if communing with himself. "The sacred color of tea."

He sipped—one sip; and rolled it and considered it. Everybody sipped.

"I should say," he delivered, "a mandarin chop, of the interior table-lands, five months old."

"A chop—what was it you pronounced it, my dear?" demanded Mrs. Johnson, of her spouse. "Chop suey? You know," she addressed to the company, "my husband was in the tea business for some years."

"Yes; but I was wrong. That is Chinese, dear," apologized Mr. Johnson.

"A Fang-Wo chop, in some respects," ventured the Reverend Mr. Doggitt. "Don't you think so, Martha?"

"Perhaps; or Ginseng. We drank a great deal of both in China where I was," responded his wife.

"Sen-sen, maybe. There is such a thing, isn't there?" invited one of the fillers modestly.

"Or Toucan," put in Mr. Johnson. "That was what occurred to me at first."

"Let me fill your cups again. Such tea cannot harm, you know," urged Mrs. Johnson.

She rang for Joe. Joe appeared, and served, and retired.

"There's the boy who appreciates good tea," declared Mr. Johnson. "He's a Jap."

"Yes, he says that this tea is *very fine*," informed Mrs. Johnson, with due pride.

"Did he tell you the *name of it*?" queried Mr. Roberts.

"No; and we haven't heard from the Smiths, either. But he translated the writing on the package. It denotes a Tokio firm of tea merchants. Can't you read Japanese, Mr. Roberts? You might be able to make out the brand."

"No, I never learned, unfortunately," confessed Mr. Roberts. "It is quite a study, and I've always been too busy collecting. But of course we over here never ordinarily get the best tea; we only get it by favor of such friends as yours. What we buy at the stores is only second or third grade, or worse. The best tea is kept for private use, where it is grown."

"Like Kentucky whisky," volunteered Mr. Johnson.

"Henry!" rebuked his wife.

Mr. Roberts sipped, while the company waited for more gems.

"Why, tea such as this, in this country, is priceless. Probably it cannot be bought, and an imitation would be retailed at five or ten dollars the pound. Of course I am only guessing. Notice the tint—pale straw. And the aroma, like violets. And the lasting flavor. I don't suppose that any of us here can fully appreciate the bouquet of so fine a tea; only the educated palate of an Oriental can. you know that to the Japanese and Chinese alike there is poetry in tea and tea-drinking. A-a-ah!" and he meditatively sipped again. "This certainly is a treat."

So, all in all, the dinner (despite Joe's sullenness over his garment) was a great success. The samovar was emptied, and every guest went home saturated with tea and carrying a little package of the precious leaves as a souvenir and after-taste.

It was three days later when Mrs. Johnson received the letter which must have been delayed:

We are sending you a little Imperial tea (wrote Mrs. Smith). We know that it is the genuine, because it was got for us by a friend who can speak the language and has lived here many years. We do hope that you will like it; but you must watch your Japanese boy or he will drink it all up! (Etc., etc.)

And still she did not mention the name of it, by chop or otherwise, and Mrs.

Johnson read on hopefully, and came to the postscript:

Of course you won't mistake and drink the *packing*! That is a cheap commercial leaf, put around to preserve the other.

Mrs. Johnson gasped. She rushed for the kitchen, and for the pantry. Joe was not there; evidently he had not yet returned from school. The package of tea was upon the shelf. The contents were naturally (and considerably) reduced in bulk, and when she plunged her fingers inside and groped Mrs. Johnson had no difficulty in finding the kernel. In amidst the loose tea (and well covered) was a tiny cube box—the Imperial tea. And the box was empty.

Oh, that Joe! That deceitful Joe! He was not in his room, but he had left a note, neatly pinned upon his bed-spread.

HONORABLE MISSUS MA'AM:

Tanks for very fine tea. Tanks for wearing of very fine bath gown dress, lady style. Cousin my very sick, and now I go at him to attend. Never forget Missus Ma'am so kind.

With Regards,

Jo.

"We must never, never tell; never, never," besought Mrs. Johnson, in tears, of her spouse, that evening. "And we all thought that the tea was so delicious, and it was only the packing! We might have known that the Smiths couldn't have sent any such quantity. Oh, Henry!"

"Well," said Henry, "I always did like coffee best, anyhow."





ADAM SHORTT
Chairman of the Civil Service
Commission, Ottawa.



C. C. JAMES
Deputy Minister of Agriculture
of Ontario.



R. A. FALCONER
President of the University
of Toronto.

THREE TALENTED CANADIANS, HONORED WITH THE RANK OF C.M.G.

The Making of Titled Canadians

By

C. W. Anderson

IN spite of the protests of a few extreme radicals, there need be no apprehension that the conveyance of the household goods and other effects of the thousands of Canada-bound settlers aboard the Atlantic liners, will be delayed or even momentarily impeded by the importation of the ribbons, stars, collars, crosses and other decorations of newly-created knights. At best, the ranks of titled Canadians show no signs of being seriously overcrowded and there is plenty of room yet for the creation of some scores of K.C.M.G.'s and Knights Bachelor, without making the position of these worthy gentlemen at all uncomfortable, either from their own or from the hydra-headed public's point of view.

Were there to be a parade of Canadian noblemen and knights on Parliament Hill on the occasion of the arrival of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught—a suggestion, which, if carried out with all due pomp and ceremony, would doubtless prove extremely popular—spectators

of the pageant might be surprised to find that there were not so many of their fellow-countrymen with handles to their names as they imagined. Including those honored at the Coronation, the list of titled aristocrats to-day embraces five peers, seven baronets and fifty-two knights of one order or another, a total of sixty-four all told. But of these, several might just as well be omitted for the reason that they have become permanent residents of Great Britain and are no longer Canadians. Of the peers only one, Lord Aylmer, resides permanently in Canada, and while one hesitates to count out Lord Strathcona and his noble cousin, Lord Mountstephen, yet to all intents and purposes they are Britishers now. Baroness Macdonald, of Earncliffe, spends most of her time abroad, as does the only purely Canadian Peer, the Baron de Longueuil, whose title dates from before the British conquest.

Of the seven baronets only two reside permanently in Canada, Sir Edward Clous-

ton, general manager of the Bank of Montreal, and Sir Edward Gordon Johnson, who is in the employ of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Sir Charles Tupper practically spends all his time in England. The others, including Sir John Beverley Robinson, who is reported to be desirous of relinquishing the title, live entirely abroad. With the exception of the Tupper title, which will descend in due course to Mr. J. Stewart Tupper, of Win-

At one time there were one or two knights of the Order of the Bath in Canada, but there are none now.

Those who can recall the details of the recent honor list, will remember that the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, was created a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. This honor raises him from the second class of this Order, to which he was appointed in 1907, and



SIR CHARLES FITZPATRICK, G.C.M.G.

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada.

nipeg, the next generation will see very few titles passed on from father to son in Canada, unless there should be an unexpected epidemic of hereditary title conferring in the next few years.

While in Great Britain there are nine different classes of knights, in Canada only three classes are represented. Canadian knights belong either to the Order of St. Michael and St. George or to the Royal Victorian Order, or else they are Knights Bachelor, unattached to any of the orders.

places him in the first class with Lord Strathcona, Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and Sir Richard Cartwright, the only living Canadians similarly honored.

The Order of St. Michael and St. George, to which a considerable proportion of the Canadian knights belong, was established in 1818 to commemorate the placing of the Ionian Islands under the protection of Great Britain. It was limited at first to natives of these islands and

of Malta and "to such other subjects of His Majesty as may hold high and confidential stations in the Mediterranean." Some years later its scope was enlarged to take in the colonies and it is now assignable to any person who has rendered valuable services in either colonial or foreign affairs. There are three classes in the Order, Knights Grand Cross, who attach the letters G.C.M.G. to their names; Knights Commanders, who are K.C.M.G.'s; and Companions, who are C.M.G.'s. It was to this third class of the Order that President Falconer, of the University of Toronto, Professor Adam Shortt, Mr. C. C. James and Mr. A. F. Sladen, have just been appointed.

The Order now comprises the Sovereign, the Grand Master or Principal Knight Grand Cross, a number of Royal Princes, with honorary foreign members of distinction, and the knights and companions. Its officers are the Prelate, Chancellor, Secretary, King of Arms and Registrar. The Colonial Office in London is its Chancery and it has a chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral. Its decorations comprise a badge, star, collar, ribbon, mantle and chapeau.

The badge is white enamelled, resembling a Maltese Cross, but with seven arms instead of four. On one side appears the Archangel Michael encountering Satan and on the other St. George and the Dragon. Around each is engraved the motto, "*Auspicium melioris aevi*" (the token of a better age). Above the whole badge is a crown attaching it to the collar.

The star of a Knight Grand Cross consists of seven rays of silver spreading like the badge and with a narrow one of gold between, whilst in the centre is the figure of St. George with the motto and the extremities of the four arms of a cross protruding from beneath to halfway across the rays. The star of a Knight Commander is smaller and of only four rays. The collar is made up of crowned lions (the two in front having wings), Maltese crosses and ciphers of the letters S.M. and S.G. with a crown in the first centre; all gold except the crosses, which are of white enamel. The ribbon is of Saxon blue with a scarlet stripe. It is worn over the right shoulder by Grand Crosses and round the neck by Knights Commanders, who use it in place of the collar for sus-

pension of the badge. Companions have neither collar nor star and suspend the badge from the buttonhole. The mantle and chapeau are of blue satin, lined with scarlet silk, the latter surmounted with white and black ostrich feathers. It is interesting also to note that the Order is limited to one hundred Grand Crosses, three hundred Knights Commanders and six hundred Companions.

The Royal Victorian Order of which Lord Strathcona is a Knight Grand Cross and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy is a Knight Commander, was founded in 1896, and was designated as a recognition of personal service to Queen Victoria, but since her death, it has been enormously increased in numbers. It contains five classes, Knights Grand Cross, Knights Commanders and two classes of Members.

Knights Bachelor, of whom there are now thirty in Canada and to which rank the Hon. L. Melvin-Jones, Judge Routhier and William Whyte have just been raised, do not constitute an "Order." They wear no decoration and have no officers, notwithstanding the fact that Sir Henry Pellatt, who belongs to this class, has been instrumental in forming a Society of Knights Bachelor, the object of which is to elevate the position of this knighthood. There is no limit to the number of these knights.

Considerable misapprehension exists throughout the country as to how knights are created. It is generally assumed that the Government of the day is responsible. On the contrary, the recommending of these honors is the prerogative of the Governor-General, and, while he may and does take advice and suggestions from the Prime Minister, it is not incumbent on him to do so. It is tolerably well known that Lord Minto conferred knighthood on one of the officers of the C.P.R., for whom he personally had a high esteem, contrary to the wishes of the Government. The recommendations are sent from Rideau Hall to the Colonial Secretary, not from the office of the Canadian Secretary of State, as some might expect. If the Colonial Secretary approve of the recommendations of the Governor-General, he submits them to the King for his approval and advises that they be approved by His Majesty. While the King is supposed to act under the advice of his ministers in



SIR FREDERICK BORDEN
Appointed Hon. Surgeon-General to
the King.



SIR MAX AITKEN, M.P.
Knighted through the influence of the
Unionist Party in England.

this matter, yet he is considered to have more personal say in it than he would have in a matter more purely one of policy.

When the list has been approved, the Colonial Secretary notifies the Governor-General and he in turn, through his private secretary, informs the recipients of the honors that have been conferred on them. If the recipient chooses to go to England for the purpose, he may be formally invested by the King. This, however, is not essential and the conferring of the honor carries the title without formal investiture. A central chancery for all the orders of knighthood was established in 1904 and it was ordained that the issue of insignia and the registration of warrants should be carried out by the Lord Chamberlain's Department at St. James' Palace.

Up to 1904, a Knight Bachelor had to pay a fee of fifty pounds on the letters patent and ten pounds on the warrant for the same, but now these fees have been abolished and it costs nothing to become such a Knight. Members of orders of knighthood, however, have to pay very heavy fees to the officials of the orders.

An anomalous situation is created in Canada by the fact that no recognition whatever is accorded to titles in the official Table of Precedence for the Dominion. A Canadian might be created a Duke for that matter and yet officially he would have no more rights than a commoner. Of course, in private life a titled personage takes rank according to British precedence and even on state occasions he is given the same standing by courtesy, but that is as far as recognition goes.

The official table of precedence for Canada was authorized by an Imperial despatch dated 1868, and revised in 1873 and 1893. It gives the following order:

1. The Governor-General or officer administering the Government.
2. Senior officer commanding his Majesty's troops within the Dominion, if of the rank of a general and officer commanding his Majesty's naval forces on the British North America station if of the rank of an admiral.
3. The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.
4. The Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec.
5. The Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia.

7. The Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.

8. The Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia.

9. The Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island.

10. The Lieutenant-Governor of N.W.T.

11. Archbishops and bishops, according to seniority.

12. Members of the Cabinet, according to seniority.

13. Speaker of the Senate.

14. Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

15. Chief judges of courts of law and equity, according to seniority.

16. Members of the Privy Council, not of the Cabinet.

17. The Solicitor-General.

18. General officers of his Majesty's army serving in the Dominion, and officers of the rank of admiral in the royal navy serving on the B.N.A. station, not being in the chief command.

19. The officer commanding his Majesty's troops in the Dominion, if of the rank of colonel or inferior rank and the officers commanding his Majesty's naval forces on the B.N.A. station.

20. Members of the Senate.

6. The Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick.

21. Speaker of the House of Commons.

22. Puisne judges of the Supreme Court, according to seniority.

23. Judge of the Exchequer Court of Canada.

24. Puisne judges of the courts of law and equity, according to seniority.

25. Members of the House of Commons.

26. Members of the Executive Council (Provincial) within their province.

27. Speaker of the Legislative Council within his province.

28. Members of the Legislative Council within their province.

29. Speaker of the Legislative Assembly within his province.

30. Members of the Legislative Assembly within their province.

31. Retired judges of whatever courts to take precedence next after the present judges of their respective courts.

A baronetcy such as that conferred on Dr. Osler, places him in a rank intermediate between the peerage and knighthood. He would rank below a Privy Councillor or a Knight of the Garter, in which case



SIR LYMAN JONES

President of the Massey-Harris Co.



SIR WILLIAM WHYTE

Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

his social status would be below that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who, though only a G.C.M.G., is also a P.C. A fee of five pounds is paid by everyone who succeeds or is created a baronet and he must register his pedigree and receive a certificate from one of the Colleges of Arms. A baronet has no coronet or robes and in the English and Irish divisions, no badge whatever beyond the device of "the bloody hand of Ulster," to be charged upon his coat of arms. While formerly there used to be a heavy money payment for a baronetcy, now all fees save that of registration have been abolished.

The career of Dr. Osler is too well known in his native land to need repetition here. His distinguished public services as physician, lecturer and professor have won him world-wide fame, and would long before this have received recognition from the crown, had it not been for an alleged prejudice against him entertained by the late King Edward, who was displeased by his famous "chloroform" doctrine. Whenever the Doctor's name was placed before him, King Edward would, it is said, score his name from the list. That the present King has a more generous opinion of him is evident from the exceptional honor he has conferred upon him.

The advancement of Sir Charles Fitzpatrick is in keeping with the long established custom of honoring the Chief Justices of the higher courts of the land. As occupant of the highest judicial position in Canada, it is fitting that he should rank above his contemporaries in the provincial high courts. For similar reasons the knighting of Judge Routhier, of Montreal, may be taken as a matter of course.

The honor conferred on Senator Melvin Jones gives recognition to the increasingly important business interests of the Dominion. As head of one of the largest industries in Canada, his elevation to knighthood may be taken as a compliment to that class of people who, starting in a humble sphere of action, have surmounted many obstacles and at-

tained to a success that has not only been to their own advantage but has also tended to the general welfare of the country as well. Associated with the West as a young man and a member for some time of the Manitoba Government, Sir Lyman has a wide knowledge of Canada, which has been increased since he assumed control of the Massey-Harris Company in 1891, and became a senator in 1901. It was by the personal request of Sir Wilfrid Laurier that Sir Lyman received this honor.

The knighting of Sir William Whyte, of the C.P.R. and of Sir Max Aitken, M.P., which completes the Coronation list of knighthoods, does honor to two men who, in different ways have done much for Canada. Sir William is past the prime of life, while Sir Max is just entering upon his best years. The former's sphere of activity has been the great West, which in his capacity of head of the C.P.R.'s western lines, he has done so much to build up; the latter's work has lain so far in consolidating industrial interests in the East, work for which he has been peculiarly well adapted. Sir William owes his knighthood to the high personal esteem in which he is held by Earl Grey; while Sir Max was advanced at the request of the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, the unionist leader in the British House of Commons.

And so the work of making Canadian knights goes forward and year by year sees new ones selected to take the places of those that drop out. The conferring of these titles should be a good thing for Canada, if only the motives are kept pure and the means above suspicion. There should be as much inspiration for a Canadian boy in the thought that some day he may become a knight as for the American boy in dreaming that he may yet be president, or the French boy, that he may become a member of the Legion of Honor, and the chances are largely in favor of the Canadian boy. Viewed in this light, as a recognition of real service to the country, there should be everything in the system of knighthoods to commend them to the people.




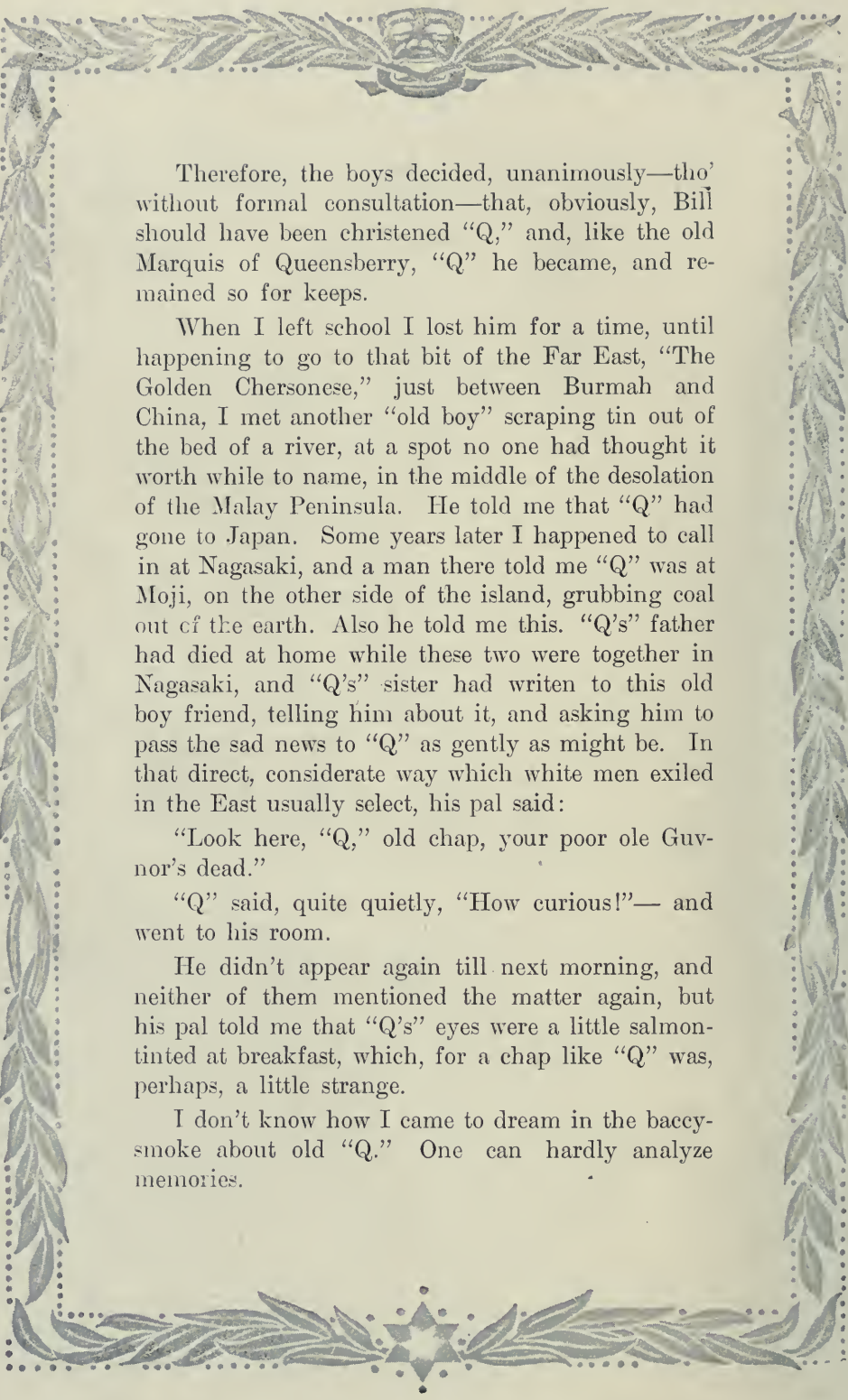
How Curious Cole

By George T. Batty

I AM prepared to be contradicted by men who had the misfortune to be educated in other Schools, but nothing anyone can say will change my fixed conviction that the school wherein I picked up such knowledge as has, since those days, been my chief asset, was—is—the very finest school in the world. Smoking, and reflecting, last night, I remembered my old school friend, "Old Q." I fancy he must have been nicknamed "Old Q" chiefly because he was so distressingly young. He was one of the quaintest boys I have known. His family name was Cole, and there was a sort of floating tradition in the dormitories that he had once been christened "Bill." The ordinary schoolboy resents these arbitrary namings, and with all the impatience of youth, at once proceeds to improve on the baptismal nomenclature.

Bill had a habit of confining his comment on all things to the simple remark, "How curious!" When the math. master explained laboriously, and, as Bill thought, with unnecessary detail, that the angles at the base of some ridiculous triangle were equal, and expounded that they were equally equal below the base if the sides were elongated, Bill remarked placidly, "How curious!" Again, when he struck a match to see if the gas coming off from a mixture of chalk and sulphuric acid would give a good light, and we all were stuck up with small bits of broken glass when the old pickle-bottle exploded, everyone yelled, "How curious!" at him so that they shouldn't have to listen to him drawling it out. But he said it, too—after we had finished yelling.





Therefore, the boys decided, unanimously—tho' without formal consultation—that, obviously, Bill should have been christened "Q," and, like the old Marquis of Queensberry, "Q" he became, and remained so for keeps.

When I left school I lost him for a time, until happening to go to that bit of the Far East, "The Golden Chersonese," just between Burmah and China, I met another "old boy" scraping tin out of the bed of a river, at a spot no one had thought it worth while to name, in the middle of the desolation of the Malay Peninsula. He told me that "Q" had gone to Japan. Some years later I happened to call in at Nagasaki, and a man there told me "Q" was at Moji, on the other side of the island, grubbing coal out of the earth. Also he told me this. "Q's" father had died at home while these two were together in Nagasaki, and "Q's" sister had written to this old boy friend, telling him about it, and asking him to pass the sad news to "Q" as gently as might be. In that direct, considerate way which white men exiled in the East usually select, his pal said:

"Look here, "Q," old chap, your poor ole Guvnor's dead."

"Q" said, quite quietly, "How curious!"— and went to his room.

He didn't appear again till next morning, and neither of them mentioned the matter again, but his pal told me that "Q's" eyes were a little salmon-tinted at breakfast, which, for a chap like "Q" was, perhaps, a little strange.

I don't know how I came to dream in the baccy-smoke about old "Q." One can hardly analyze memories.

LITTLE TALES FOR SUMMER WEATHER

"The Green Hour"

By Deshler Welsh

I WAS on my way from Lausanne to Paris. I had been on a quiet hunt for over a year, looking for a man by the name of Darville, a Frenchman who had visited my American town and departed suddenly after — but this is neither here nor there.

I could hardly have struck a more unpleasant day, although the sun was shining, and it was in the first of the autumn months. The concierge of the Riche-mont had said to me:

"Monsieur, it is the first day of the Fohn!"

"The what?"

"It is a warm wind, Monsieur, that blows in Switzerland for two weeks—and then we shall have rain. You will find your journey very hot and very dusty, I fear."

"Ah, but that will will be no matter," I said, putting a five-franc piece in his hand—"I'll be in Paris then."

I found myself on a slow train that hardly crept ahead of the warm and enervating wind from the south. Strange, it had a peculiar smell of the sands in it, and brought me back to a great waste in Africa—the day my tent boy, Booraboola, disappeared. But then, that is neither here nor there.

When we finally reached the border, it was at a station called Vallorbe, I think, the guards shouted out various things in unintelligible French, which I saw by the gesticulating movements of my fellow

travelers meant "change cars." There was a long line of "carriages" formed on an opposite tract, resembling a row of little tin coaches with side doors, each one swung wide open and showing a stuffy compartment into which I managed to find a corner seat. There was no aisle in this curious vehicle, and I saw that we were to be shut in for an all-day ride, with not even room enough to stand, elbow to elbow—a most unpleasant human contact.

The eight seats were occupied alternately by a fat and thin man—each looking askance at the other, with most apparent disapprobation. They were of various degrees of nationality—French, Russian, Swiss—and most decidedly an Englishman who sat in the corner diagonally opposite. Do you remember Wilkie Collins' novel, "Man and Wife?" Here was Goeffrey Dellamayne in the life, as I had seen him played on the stage. Six feet in height, at least; a big beard sprouting from a browned face of health, a pair of handsome grey-blue eyes, with a monocle over one of them. After the toy train had pulled out and began bobbing along, this modern Greek god was the first to speak. He began by addressing his *vis a vis*, and soon he was engaged in a rambling vocal contest that ran from one tone to another as he addressed the Swiss or the Frenchman. When he talked to the Italian who sat next to me, he became involved in a clatter, and I saw that his

eyes were amusingly diverted to my own. Unexpectedly, all of these men excepting Geoffrey Delamayne climbed out at the first stop. Then as he drew the door to with a bang, he turned to me at once.

"Those fellows took me for a bunco steerer."

"Why?"

"Englishmen are noted on the continent as being impudently reserved. But I am a cosmopolitan. I learned to be one the day I saw the column Vendome fall in Paris and became a virtual prisoner in a boulevard cafe—and compelled to eat rats for a living."

Late in the afternoon, as we neared Dijon—we had been talking about the Czar, King Edward, King William and Roosevelt, with innumerable cigarettes—my fellow traveler said to me suddenly:

"What do you say to stopping here over night? The table d'hôte at the Hotel Cloche is one of the best in Europe. We can go on to Paris early in the morning and then you won't miss anything. There isn't a better place in which to spend the green hour than Dijon."

"I have never heard of its green hour," I replied, "but I have seen the name on mustard pots."

And so we got off, and after registering at the famous old hotel, sauntered out along the rue de la Liberté, saw some of the strangest facades in Europe, and inspected the former palaces of the Duke of Burgundy. At near six o'clock, with the sun in long slants of gold, the working-men and women began to fill the narrow streets. A procession of them came filing toward us from the open square, marching with flaming banners and the roll of drums. They were proclaiming a strike, and the women, with fierce faces and red shawls, seemed to be walking out of one of Jhilloptean's pictures of the French Revolution.

We seated ourselves at a little table in front of a cafe with rococo decorations.

"Now for an enjoyable green hour," said my monocled friend.

"And now," said I, "you see before you a calm and collected man who wouldn't hurt a fly. You have talked about a green hour, and I haven't dared to show my hand. What is it? A gold brick? Or is it a flim-flam game? We got off at Dijon to have it, and I have been too

much afraid that I'd make an ass of myself if I asked any questions, but please tell me at once, Geoffrey Delamayne, what is it, or what is it not?"

"My son," said he, "be quiet, learn of us Britishers the secret of phlegmaticism and complacency. Prepare yourself, for this green hour is now at hand—behold Antoine comes!"

The little waiter, who had been hopping around like a jack in the box, placed before us a bottle of Dijon absinthe, an iced carafe, and goblets. We tasted and sipped.

"This is the green hour," he said. "Watch it mellow with the autumnal sun! Let me tell you a story. A true story—a tragic story of the green hour. I knew the girl. She was from Dijon!"

"Go ahead," I said, as Antoine brought more ice.

"Mademoiselle de Lorme," he began, "was a very charming girl, with a number of accomplishments unusually well pursued. She could sew well, play the piano well, and could write well. She had a wonderfully keen appreciation for wit and humor, and was, if anything, as good a literary and dramatic critic as I ever met, although that was not, indeed, her vocation. She was an orphan and had no one bothering her about anything—except a married and divorced sister, and she was a pretty sort of a chaperone, as might be expected. Mademoiselle de Lorme, was of age, and possessed some 500,000 francs, to do with as she chose.

"Among her numerous admirers and attendants were two men of radically different turn of mind and physical appearance. One lived in a manufacturing town hard by, and was doing very well in his linen business. He was tall and angular, but was rather well put together, and could say great things to a girl without giving offence. She met him one day on the beach at Trouville. Subsequently, she met the other man. He was wholly of a classical temperament—a reader, a writer, a thinker, somewhat intense, striking in feature, and ardent as a Romeo. He fell distractingly in love with the girl. She seemed to meet all his fancied requirements exactly. She sympathized most magnetically with all his struggles and ambitions, and he could not imagine that his future life would be worth the

living without her as his wife. But he was a young journalist, with such a limited income that he did not see how he could support Mademoiselle de Lorme in the manner she would expect. As to her own fortune, strange to say, Frenchman that he was, he took no account, and had a very vague idea concerning it. In fact, I think, if I am not mistaken, that he presumed she was dependent on her sister. However, as that may be, he was overwhelmingly in love with her, and finally told her so. He was irresistible to her and she accepted his feverish declarations with tears in her eyes—and many embraces. She laughed at his fears regarding the adequacy of his earnings, and declared it would be her love and privilege to meet all their future expenses at least halfway, and perhaps more than that. Then he worked like a Trojan. Wrote a book and many essays for the papers and became much talked about. Two months prior to the day set forth for their marriage, Mademoiselle de Lorme went with her sister for a fortnight at Trouville. She wrote him the second day of her arrival with all the fervor of a Juliet acted by a Bernhardt. Then came nothing further

for a week and he telegraphed her. But the reply was as cold and bloodless as ten words could cover. When she returned to Paris she evaded him, and finally on an interview told him she did not love him any more. Two weeks after that she married the linen spinner. With him she led a cat and dog life. Accused him of having only a commercial brain, and began to realize that she had murdered her own heart. Then they separated. But he did not go on spinning. The other day I saw both these men drunk with absinthe, dishevelled, and with frozen kind of eyes, sitting at the same table in the Boulevard des Italiens. They were passing the green hour together."

Antoine began dripping water from the caraffe again into the goblets. In front of us the passers-by seemed to get gayer and gayer, while the sun was setting in an opalesque sea.

I had been singularly interested in Delamayne's story.

"What was the name of the young Frenchman, the journalist?" I asked.

"Darville," he replied.

The Lonesomeness

By Francis Dickie

ONLY the sighing of the autumn wind through the pines and the occasional hoot of a horned owl broke the stillness; a half moon rode in the sky and under its light the trees on the near ridges stood out vague, indistinct, distorted.

Pearson sat in the little, square, log shanty watching the play of the fire-light on the farther, tar-papered wall. The little room was in darkness and the leaping flames through the half-open stove door threw wierd, grotesque lights out into the gloom.

The grip of the cities was on him; the lonesomeness. He was at that stage when a man wavers between love and hatred of the silences. To-night all the dreary emptiness of it struck him fully. The mem-

ories of the years lived beside the roar of the city were flitting before him. He felt a fierce longing to be back, to be himself again. His young old, clean-shaven, handsome face was drawn and grey, fighting an old fight. He rose and, crossing the room took down from a shelf a long, red bottle and for several minutes stood holding the liquor between himself and the flames. It gurgled and gleamed a dozen colors in the firelight and to the man standing there it seemed like some evil thing, masteryful. With a gesture he dropped back into his seat, set the bottle on the table.

"Because of you has this always to be," he asked aloud, his voice heavy and lifeless, "Living from day to day with noth-

ing but gnawing pain. God! Forgive me. Let me forget it all for to-night," his voice trailed off into a dreary murmur. For a long time he sat thus his mind busy.

* * *

It was almost five years now and in all that time he had never been back, never been in a city. The wilderness had been good to him and sometimes he almost forgot the past and at other times he was near winning the fight; then again would come the longing for the lights, the life and that woman.

Five years ago life had seemed so bright, his law practice good, himself handsome, popular; then the night at the Governor's ball when drunk, he had humiliated her before them all. How vividly the scene came back to him to-night. Her delicately-cut face and the wide blue eyes with their mingled expression of grief and hurt pain. He had seen her but once again on the afternoon of the day he left. It had been a brief parting, neither showing the bitterness. He remembered standing before her and his words came back to him: "I'm going away to-night, Hazel, perhaps for good. I don't ask anything of you because I don't deserve it, but some day I want to come back a man and if you are here—"

And she had given him her hand with a slow, pained smile upon her lips and then he had gone out into the gathering darkness of the spring night.

He had come West and became one of the many men helping to build the great transcontinental line. Shrewd, level-headed, resourceful and a born leader, Pearson had prospered as a contractor.

Five years ago! What an age it seemed to him as he sat there. Gradually the fire died out and a faint chill crept into the room. Slowly he rose from his chair and without one glance at the bottle on the table he undressed and rolled into his bunk. That battle was over.

The last echo of the foreman's voice announcing quitting time, died away and slowly the men filed out of the cut. Pearson, standing on a jutting ledge at the farther end, with his elbow resting on his half bent knee, his chin sunk in the up-turned palm, and wide, soft brimmed hat pulled well down, watched with contem-

plative eye the departing gangs. A cold west wind, spiced with the melancholy odors of the dying year, blew in his face and the western sky was dull, sombre red.

He watched the last man pass from sight behind the rocks and his heart was filled with a vague pity for the toilers. How empty, monotonous were their lives. The long days and months and years of toil for which they got so little. A week's debauch in some little town and then—back to work. And yet they seemed happy. He wondered if he would drop to such a life.

Heavy steps awoke him from his reverie and looking up he met the big blue eyes of the foreman fixed on him quizzically.

"I tank we better be goin' to supper, Mister Pearson."

"All right Olaf," and together they slowly descended the cut.

"I'm going to town to-morrow, Olaf," the contractor interjected.

"Benora?" questioned the Swede.

"No," smiled Pearson, amused at the man's apparent concern. The saloons, gambling joints and the sporting houses of the railroad town held no attraction for him.

The big foreman halted and turned half around on the narrow path and stood looking at his employer for a long moment, trouble clouding his big, blue eyes. They understood each other, these two men. Between them was a comradeship, a perfect understanding. Many were the things Pearson did and said that were incomprehensible to his big foreman, and his going away at the worst season stirred his curiosity. He groped in his mind for the wherefore of it and Pearson seeing the changing expression felt the perfectness of his friendship. At least the wilderness had brought him a friend, a true friend.

"I tank you better not go just now, Mister Pearson; I don't be able to make it go alone; you don't need anything anyhow?"

It was the most Olaf had ever said at once and Pearson, noting the lie, for Olaf was perfectly able to handle everything single handed, wondered why the foreman was so anxious for him to stay.

"I'm not going on any spree Olaf. I'll promise to be good."

"No?" returned the foreman with such naive doubt that Pearson was forced to laugh. The resounding call of the triangle cut short the discussion and they resumed their walk.

Noon the following day found Pearson boarding the Overland at the little way station forty-five miles from camp. He still wore his high, side-lacing top-boots, his felt hat, soft blue shirt and cartridge belt. Entering the chair-car he sank into a seat and stared out the window at the fast flitting landscape of rocks, water and trees. Slowly the darkness came on and the trees and rocks became a vague, swiftly passing blur. Strangely enough, even to himself he could give no reason for the journey. Something, a subconscious influence, had taken hold of him and here he was drawing swiftly nearer the city so full of old memories.

It was almost twenty-one o'clock when the Overland drew into the long train shed. He alighted and passed through the huge doors into the street. Though unaware of his bizarre appearance and that he was attracting attention he took a cab and was soon rattling up town. He registered mechanically and followed the boy into the elevator. In the bar a three piece orchestra was playing Tschaikowsky and everywhere was noise and light.

Alone in his room he lighted a cigar and strolled down to the rotunda. It was impossible to get over the strangeness he felt. Unknown to himself the five years had changed him. The city no longer was "home"; he felt "alien." He still felt it the following day. He lunched late to be alone. Since his arrival he had spoken to no one. In the afternoon he went to the theatre and walking to the hotel when the dusk had fallen he found himself wishing himself back in camp; sitting chaffing the cookee in the long shack, or exchanging monosyllables with Olaf in the office. Twice during the day he had walked to the bar to order a drink, but, with strange new strength, his resolve came back to him and he lamely asked for white rock. The bartender, struck by his appearance and looking approval, sniffed audibly at the request but Pearson was unaware of it. He was too busy trying to analyze his feelings.

Evening again found him at the theatre up in the first gallery. He wanted to be

high up so as to see the people below, in the boxes and around him. The orchestra commenced. He closed his eyes when the lights went out and leaning back took in the old familiar waves of sound.

Presently, lazily opening them again he found his gaze fixed on the occupants of the upper left-hand box. Slowly recognition dawned upon him. Yes, it was she. No one in all the world could look like her. Even at the distance he could mark the contour of her face and her glorious hair. He leaned forward, lips parted, eyes bright. The music, the crowded house, the empty five years were forgotten. He knew only that it was she and that he craved speech with her and to see again—her eyes.

The moment the curtain fell Pearson was out of his seat and heading for the lower entrance. Hastily scribbling a note he tipped the usher lavishly and waited, breathless.

He had not written like a returned penitent. He forgot that, and addressed her with the old frankness: "*Will you have supper in the same little place?—D. P.*"

The boy returned, a folded slip in his hand. The railroader tore the paper from the boy's hand.

"*Yes. Meet me at the entrance.*"

Never had time seemed so to drag to Pearson. Up and down the smoking room he paced chewing a cold cigar. He was confused between two impulses. He felt a longing to be away from all the things around him; to be back in the silences. It was a new lonesomeness, the grip of the Wilderness. and yet—that hair and face and the eyes that he could only remember in the shadow of the box—!

She came to him alone, smiling her little, old sweet smile. And she noted the broad shoulders, the clear eyes, the easy stride and carriage of the woodsman, and in her heart she was strangely proud.

They drove in silence to the little cafe and when their orders had been taken and they were once more alone—there was silence, a silence in which the years rehearsed themselves until, the two unraveling memories, reached the present moment.

The man spoke, his voice low but steady.

"Hazel, I don't know what brought me here to-night. Fate I think. But two nights ago, back there in the bush," he waved his hand over toward the West, "I found myself, and then—well I came here. I've lived a century in five years. I said I would come back a man and I have, and—I want you. I have found a new life; a bigger life than the narrow confined one I used to live. And Hazel, even as I sit here with all my world at stake I feel the grip of the wilderness. I can't give it up and I—I can't give you up. It's—I guess the grip of the wilder-

ness. Say you'll forget the past, it's hopeless unless—"

He was leaning far over the table, his hands gripping the edge, his eyes blazing, hungry, his whole form pleading and yet, to the girl, almost commanding.

She sat breathless for a moment and then, when he stopped, caught his great fist in her slender white hands and loosed the grip of the fingers on the woodwork.

"I—I'll go with you, man dear—anywhere." She said. There were immeasurable depths in the blue eyes, and Pearson paced the streets till dawn to work off the new intoxication of happiness.

Music Hath Charms

By Helen M. Drummond

OLD man Smallweed turned himself irritably in bed, and thumped his pillow with a rheumatic, but still vigorous, fist.

"Blame me, if I ain't sick of it all; fust they comes and sings 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.' Lovely song that. Don't suit me though! Then they comes an' tries 'Ome Sweet 'Ome,' for a change like, and expects us chaps to enjoy it."

"But, Mr. Smallweed," exclaimed the nurse, in a horrified tone of voice, "You ought to be grateful to the dear kind ladies who sing for all you old gentlemen."

"I ain't," said the patient, with a grunt of pain, as he cautiously endeavored to move his leg to a warmer spot, "I ain't, I'm sick of their old songs," and then in answer to the nurse's astonished gaze, he broke out:

"If you'd a bin in a 'Ome for two mortal years, and was going to stay there till the Lord knows when, an' your two legs was as stiff as pokers with the rheumatiz, an' you 'adn't no friends or place to go to, you wouldn't want to 'ear nothing but 'Ome Sweet 'Ome,' not even with a violin obligato." The tone of cutting sarcasm with which he brought out the last two words was too much, even for nurse Ann's gravity, and she turned to hide a smile,

"You're tired now," she said soothingly, "I'll ask the ladies if they havn't something a little more cheerful to sing, when they come this afternoon."

The old face mollified a little.

"I take that to be real kind of you, nurse," he said, and then with a sigh of relief, he noted the passage of his bosom friend, Uncle Ebenezer, down the ward. Uncle Ebenezer was a little crinkled specimen who looked as if life had dealt hardly with him, but his was a cheerful soul, and one that took interest in everything, from the way his turnips were cooked at dinner, to the supposed love affairs between the little housemaid and the elevator boy.

"Visitin' day, Smallweed! You ain't got your new tie on!" he remarked, as he propelled his wheel chair to a convenient spot by the bedside.

Now this was exceedingly tactful of Uncle Ebenezer, for ties were the one vanity of life that old man Smallweed still clung to; and as to whether, with his annual Christmas present, he would invest in a blue tie with yellow dots or a red one with purple sky-rockets, was a subject as inexhaustible as it was futile.

"I don't take much stock in visitin' day now," returned the rheumatic, with a depressed air, "I ain't *musical*."

"Lord bless ye, neither am I," chirped Uncle Ebenezer, rubbing his nose reflectively, "least ways, I don't think I am. How does a fellow know whether he is or not?"

Grandpa Smallweed glared out accusingly from under the bed-clothes. "If you like 'Ome Sweet 'Ome,'" he snarled, "you're musical; if you don't, you ain't; that's 'ow I works it."

"Well, ain't that clever of you!" returned Uncle Ebenezer, admiringly, "I like some of the pieces they sing. I think they're real classy," and he scratched his head ruminatively, "but they ain't as you'd call very *lively* like, they're sort of soothin' an' sweet." Old man Smallweed only grunted in a depressed way, and composed himself for his afternoon forty winks.

* * *

The Musical Committee of St. John's Church met on Thursday at the Rectory, and as the business was neither long nor complicated the ladies were refreshing themselves with tea and conversation.

"I do think the old men at the Home are the most ungrateful things," began Mrs. McLeod. "Now, yesterday was *my* day, and I got young Burns to sing. You know how hard he is to get hold of too! I told him to bring some of those sweet old-fashioned songs, and he sang the 'Lost Chord' so exquisitely, and then the 'Land o' the Leal.' Really, I nearly cried, and, do you know," Mrs. McLeod's bonnet shook impressively, "some of the old men just grunted! Grunted, my dears! And wouldn't even be pleasant. I was so mortified!"

"Was that all the programme?" enquired the rector's wife.

"No. My daughter played for them too."

"What did she play?" again enquired the Rector's wife, blandly.

"I really don't know; one of Beethoven's sonatas, I think," returned Mrs. McLeod, "I know I enjoyed it."

"I'm sure," murmured all the ladies politely.

The Rector's wife poured herself another cup of tea before answering; then she said: "I believe it's my day next week, isn't it?"

The secretary nodded: "Yes, Mrs. Andrews."

"Well," said the Rector's wife, emphatically, "I am going to have a programme that those old souls will enjoy, and I want you all to come and hear it too."

Mrs. McLeod rose majestically. "Nothing could have been more enjoyable to me than the exquisite music provided yesterday, Mrs. Andrews. I never heard my daughter play so well."

"No, indeed," murmured the ladies soothingly. "Dear girl, she has such soul."

The next morning the Rector's wife rose early, wrote several notes and stayed so long at the telephone that the Rector, usually the mildest of men, made a meek but decided objection.

"My dear, are you giving a church social or getting the character of a new maid? I really must get this sermon done."

"You poor soul," sympathized his wife, "when you see the results of my morning's work at the Church Home on Wednesday, you won't ever grumble again. Good bye! I'm gone for the afternoon now," and she went, laughing.

* * *

"Visiting day" at the Home was clear and bright, but Grandpa Smallweed was distinctly low in his mind, and even Uncle Ebenezer's cheerful spirits sank a little as he watched the Committee—there seemed to be dozens of them—step briskly up the street and into the Home.

"Here comes Mrs. Thompson, her that sings the hymns—and Mrs. McLeod and her daughter, that's the one that stayed so long at the piano—an' the Rector," enumerated Uncle Ebenezer from his post at the window. "And here's a man with a fiddle—two men!—and more *wimen*." Grandpa Smallweed turned painfully in bed. "I knew it," he grunted, "It's 'Ome Sweet 'Ome,' with a violin obligato. We 'av'n't 'ad it for two mortal weeks. Oh, my bones!"

Then the concert began with—the Merry Widow waltz. Mrs. McLeod frowned. "You can at least educate them up to something better than *this*," she whispered irritably to her daughter. But that young lady was too interested to pay attention. Then a young man recited a terribly funny piece of poetry, and the quartette played again, this time a medley of

two-steps, out of which even the dullest could discern the strains of that fascinating, if unclassical tune, known as "Turkey in the Straw." And the old men were applauding, clapping feebly and delightedly, rapping their sticks on the floor, shuffling their old feet in time to the inspiring rag-time.

"Sit up and listen, Grandpa," adjured Uncle Ebenezer, energetically poking the bed-clothes, "It's real lively."

"I am list'n," growled a subterranean voice from under the quilt.

"Well, set up an' look as if you was," returned Uncle Ebenezer, composing himself placidly for the next event, and then suddenly grabbing him, he cried:

"Sit up, you old fool. It's a Punch an' Judy!"

"Ridiculous!" sniffed Mrs. McLeod, trying her best to keep from smiling as the agile Punch demolished the lovely Judy at one fell swoop. But no one heard her. Slowly the quilt on the corner bed heaved, an ear appeared, then a head and gradually old man Smallweed emerged from the depths of gloom and blankets in which he had shrouded himself, and with an embarrassed grin at Uncle Ebenezer, composed himself to listen. Gradually the thrill of youthful enthusiasm gripped him, and as, with shrill squeals of rage, the combatants grappled for the last time, Grandpa's excitement burst forth.

"Biff 'im in the eye!" he shouted hoarsely, waving his red bandana. "Don't let 'im down ye, Judy!"

Uncle Ebenezer patted his shoulder. "You're real chirpy, ain't ye?" he commented admiringly, as the audience turn-

ed to smile sympathisingly at the old partisan of Women's Rights.

But hardly had the applause for Punch died away, when, as the Rector's wife said, "a real lady from a real theatre" appeared, nodded a laughing smile to the quartette from under her big hat, and swung into "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"

Never had she sung to such an enthusiastic audience. The old faces were quivering with delight, and the withered hands ached from such clapping.

"I always wanted to hear that, Ma'am," said old Wickson who had been tied down to his chair for seven years, "It's a lovely song."

"An' you sing it real *well*!" added Uncle Ebenezer kindly, fearing lest in the praise of the song, the singer might be forgotten.

"It was just lovely—everything!" sighed ancient Mr. Smithers from his bed. "I never had such an elegant afternoon. Never!"

The performers having gone, peace settled once more on Ward 2.

"I liked the Punch an' Judy the best," observed Uncle Ebenezer critically. "It was such a change like."

Grandpa Smallweed moved his leg to its accustomed spot before he answered. "I didn't," he grunted at last. "I liked the one about Kelly. I ain't heard as good a chune since I was young. It's none of your soothin' melodies to touch the 'eart. It's a real chune, that." He whistled a bit of it under his breath, and then chuckled wickedly. "I don't think as 'ow we'll 'ave any more 'Ome Sweet 'Ome,' not even with a violin obligato, eh, Ebenezer?"

Was It Murder ?

By R. Parker Dawson

GORD said it was a will-o-the-wisp. I thought it was someone lighting matches. We argued the matter pro and con but could not agree. The light coming and going on the opposite shore of Mud Bay, near the water's edge.

"Jove!" exclaimed Gord at last. "If it is caused by human agency it must be those two men whom we saw in that boat this afternoon."

"Yes," I returned. "They seemed to have a camping outfit with them. You can sure bet your shooter that's who it is!"

We dropped the subject.

"Come on, Harvey! Souze that bonfire and get to roost," called Gord, from the tent a few minutes later.

"Don't need any sousing; its sprinkling rain now. That'll soon put it out," said I, tying the tent flaps after me and preparing for bed.

* * *

Gord was snoring and I was just drifting off when a shout came wavering on the rising wind from the lake. Heavy drops of rain were thumping on the tent roof as we rushed down to the water's edge, in scanty night attire. A boat was seeking a landing.

"Row harder! D—m you! You ninny! Row I tell you! That rain will get me yet!" screamed an old man's voice. "You aren't worth the dirt on my boots. Curse you!"

"Hey! Hey! You people there, can you give me shelter from the rain?" he called to us.

"Sure!" we yelled in chorus. "Come right up to the tent."

They entered the tent presently, and we saw by the light of the flickering candle, a crippled old man supported by a thin young man of about nineteen.

"Dad has just got over a bad spell of inflammatory rheumatism and he is scared of getting wet," explained the young man with a sickly grin, trying to make himself heard above the noise of the downpour on the canvas roof.

"Well," Gord exclaimed. "What are you camping out with him for then?"

"It's the doctor's orders. He has lung trouble, and our tent didn't come, so when we saw the storm comin' we hustled across to your bonfire lookin' for shelter. It's bad out, ain't it?" referring to the storm and spreading out some bedding. "We just got here in time."

He seemed to think he had talked too much and offended the old man, toward whose face he glanced uneasily.

"Yer tent doesn't leak, does she?" asked the rheumatic one, peevishly, peering up at the tent roof.

We said no.

With drowsy attention I watched the young chap prepare their bed in the uneven ground. The spot he selected had a

rather abrupt slope towards the tent walls. He prepared the old man for bed by tying him up in numerous shawls, and blankets. The old churl muttered curses and foul-mouthed epithets at the grandson as he did so, accusing him of being awkward and slow.

"Yes, yawn! Ninny! All you think of is your own sleep. Little you care if I am in misery all the time!" he snarled, striking feebly at the boy with his cane. Then followed a space of quietness during which I listened to the storm and watched the flicker of the candle-light on the young man's lank white limbs as he stripped for bed.

* * *

We were restless, for despite our intense drowsiness we were continually annoyed by the old man screaming abuse and striking the grandson for rolling in his sleep, down on him as he lay crushed up against the firmly pegged walls. However, he began to snore peacefully. I, too, was drowsing off when a sharp peal of thunder waked me again and I saw by the lightning flash the young fellow adjusting the pegs which held down the wall-curtains. I was too sleepy to investigate and dropped off next moment.

When I awoke the sun was shining warmly on the tent and only myself and the boy were under its roof. He sprawled out in abandon. There was something curious about the expression on his face.

"Harvey!" called Gord. "For God's sake! Come here!"

Scrambling up, I ducked through the flaps. Gord was bending over a sodden bundle of clothes at the side of the tent under the ropes. As I looked he turned it over, exposing to view the white face of the old man, dead. By his side were several uprooted tent pegs.

* * *

"Why did you do it?" we asked, gazing down in horror at the unconcerned face of the youth.

"He kept yappin' away at me all night, and I couldn't sleep. Anyway, I just pulled the pegs so he could roll over farther. 'Tain't my fault if I rolled him out into the rain when I was a-sleepin'!" he said.

A Run of Luck

By William Hugo Pabke

"**A**N' now he's an iditor," said Donohue, gazing at us for approval and nodding his head with emphasis. "Yis, gentlemin, an iditor, an' I done it fer him." He picked up a stack of blue chips and ran them through his fingers.

"Tell us the story of it," I begged. It was an old story to me but the fascination increased with each telling and, moreover, it was true. In the old days when we were cub reporters we had tried to help out our meager salaries with an occasional flier on the wheel, but the years had brought wisdom and now it was merely for a chat that we came.

I had been the first of the newspaper bunch to discover Donohue's, then had come Johnnie Holt—he who was now an "iditor," and then Billy Mayhew and Pinky Rogers, who were with me this night. There is something wickedly attractive about a gambling joint to men who like to see all sides of life. We three possessed the proper mental attitude to enjoy it to the full. We had been through it, had graduated, and were now content to be the amused spectators at the game.

And then Donohue was such an anomaly. Somewhere back of the cold glitter of his huge diamond beat the kindest heart in the world and yet there never was a man who was out for the coin with more whole-souled eagerness than he—and he got it, too.

Billy Mayhew was getting restless and swung his legs with increasing violence. He was the only privileged character allowed to sit on the precious red and black table that represented a mint to the proprietor.

"Tell us about Johnnie Holt," he said, raising himself on his hands.

"I will hav' to put this story together as bist I can," began Donohue. "It's part what I seen, part what I hearn outside, an' the rist of it what Johnnie tills me himsilf.

"He was 'Johnnie' to me in thim days an' he always will be, even so be he is an iditor. Johnnie, whin he was reportin' on

the 'Star' used to come here reg'lar—an' a more cheerful loser I niver seen. What's more, he *always* lost—except wance, which is what I'm now tillin' about. He was the onluckiest an' the smilin'est youngster ever I ran acrost. Wan night—now here's what I hearn outside—wan night Johnnie had wint over to Upton to see his gurril. Him an' her had been goin' together fer a good long while an' Johnnie was gittin' nervous like beca'se there didn't seem no show of their bein' able to marry. This night he wint an' threw the whole thing up—tills the gurril he ain't got the face to keep her waitin' anny longer fer him, that he's a no-good, can't save a pinny, an' all that.

"Says she to him—so I hearn—'John,' says she, "if you will only git a little bit ahead—just a little for a rainy day—I'll risk it." He tells her what a fat chance he has of iver gittin' ahead wan cint and it w'u'd bitter be all off.

"Thin out he runs through that bloom-in' sub-urrrban town fer the tin-tin train. He just makes it. Whin he digs to pay his fare he finds jist thirty cints—I don't mane twenty-nine cints nor even thirty-wan cints, but jist what I said.

"Gentlemin, the fare from Upton is a quarter, but whin you pay on the train 'tis thirty cints, an' you git a rebate chick."

We all nodded our comprehension of his narrative to this point, and Donohue proceeded.

"Now, you will understand that whin Johnnie got off the train he was busted, down and out busted, with the exception of that scrap of grane an' white paper wort' wan nickel. There was *no* money *anywhere*—not in th' bank, not at home, not wan cint in his jeans.

"The b'y was lonely, of course—lonely as the divil. It was airly in the evenin' fer a newspaperman, so he comes down here to see me an' to watch what's goin' on."

"Now here is what 'I gits from him afterwards. When he comes in here he has no idea of participatin' in the fes-

tivities. Johnnie was niver wan to borrow. Stone broke hav' I known him to be time and time again—but niver did I know him to owe a man a cint.

"He shtands 'round dejected like fer awhile, right where he can watch the play on the wheel. I was doin' the thrick mesilf that night, seein' as how I'd fired Shorty Burke fer hittin' the booze the night before.

"Suddintly Johnnie comes over to the table. 'Donohue,' says he, laughin' like, 'will you lit me play this for what it's worth?' An' he holds out the rebate chick.

"Sure," says I, laughin' back at him, thinkin' the kid was foolin'.

"He puts his foolish bit of paper on the rid an' I sphins the ball. She sshops on a rid number, an' I slaps down a white chip on top of Johnnie's long grane.

"He lays it on an' I sphins ag'in. He wins that time an' I hand out two more white b'ys. There's a kind of a twinkle in the kid's eyes as he plays the rid for the thirrd time, an' he busts out laughin' whin he wins agin.

"Three times is enough," says he, 'I'll try black,' an' he pushes his forty cints acrost the table. She sure shtops on black that time an' he doubles his pile.

"Just wance more fer luck," he says, wid a bit of a catch in his v'ice, 'Black she is agin,' says I after the whirr.

"Johnnie reaches over an' picks up his chips—wan dollar an' fifty-five cints, *not* includin' his claim on the railroad. He shtands there undecided fer a minute an' thin dumps twinty nickels on Single O.

"The nixt minute I busts out laughin' at the joke on mesilf. 'Single O,' I sings out, an' a roar wint up all 'round the table.

"Cash," says the kid, me at the same time countin' out his thirrtty-five plunks.

"Johnnie walks away from the lay-out an' I seen him doin' some harrd thinkin' out of the tail of me eye. Pretty soon back he comes, an', 'Donohue,' says he, 'will you take a twinty-dollar bit on Single O to repeat?' The ball hadn't shpun since his last win an' was shtill cuddlin' down nixt to Single Willie.

"Done," says I, feelin' by this time that I wanted some of me money back, seein' as how the customers was all givin' me the laugh an' me feelin' foolish.

"Out comes Johnnie wid four of me good V's an' shpots thim on the single grane. Well, gintlemin, I hav' seen excitement in this point before. There was the time I took Sport Lamarr's offer of a t'ree-hundred-dollar bit on number eliven, an' glad I was whin the ball shtopped on siventeen, seein' as I shtood to lose tin thousan' five hundred on wan turn of the wheel. As I say, excitement hav' I seen, but nivir to equil the bunch that night as they hung over the table.

"I looked at the four fives on the grane background, thin acrost at Johnnie. He laughs an' touches his hat in a mili-tarry salute. 'Fire,' says he, sort of gay like. I picks the ball out of the bucket an' lays it clost to the rail. Thin she wint wid all the force of me hand.

"'Round an' 'round, an' 'round she buzzed—seemed as if she would nivir strike the brasses. Whin she did, she behaved somethin' awful—from wan side of the wheel to the other she jumped like a thing wid the life in it. I looks at Johnnie an' there is a faraway look in his eyes as though he was lookin' through the walls an' seein' somethin' beyant. White he was, gintlemin, white as this nickel chip, but the smile was playin' about the game b'y's mout' like it always did.

"The ball gives wan more long jump quarterin' right acrost the wheel an' thin she fill. I gave wan look, an', belave me or not, I yilled as happy as anny of the rist of the b'ys who sung out 'Single O, by ———!'

"There's not much more to till. I cl'aned out the cash drawer, an' dug down in me jeans an' handed the kid siven hundred of me hard-earned ones.

"Donohue," says the kid, 'I'm sorry I can't give you your revenge, but it would n't be right to my wife.'

"Wan thing more—it was me who kissed Misses Iditor Johnnie Holt fust on her weddin' day about six months after what occurred the night I'm tillin' you about."

As the first of the evening's customers began to straggle in, we shook hands with Donohue, and made for the stairs.

"That man," began Billy Mayhew, in a voice that trembled slightly, "that man is a—a corker!"

"More than that!" said Pinky; and I agreed.

Sally's Soul

By Myra Webb McCord

I NEVER saw them before, and I've never seen them since, that evening in the little German restaurant. Her eyes were the bluest—and serious to their great depths. They surely had never laughed. Her face was white; and the years—probably not thirty—had drawn her red lips into a thin line, with corners curved downward. He lounged in a chair opposite her, his great bulk crowned with a full, red face, eyes prominent and red-lined.

"What will you have?" he asked, scanning the card.

"Fried smelts, tomato salad, and coffee," she answered, very distinctly, unfolding the evening paper and spreading it on the table.

"Fried smelts? Why, they're not good at this season. We never got 'em out Boston Harbor way before November or December." The girl did not answer. The waiter approached, tapping his order-book absent-mindedly.

"Fried smelts, tomato salad, and coffee," the girl repeated quietly. The man fumbled the menu card a moment, unseeing.

"Bring me a seidel of—beer—fillet steak—mushrooms—" The man's voice trailed off into indistinctness. I was looking at the girl. "But bring the seidel of beer right away," I heard him add at last, in a tone that jarred.

The waiter turned to the girl, and repeated her order. The man broke in:

"And bring the seidel of beer first, will you?"

The stolid face of the man behind the chair flushed. "I got the beer order the first time you gave it," he said quietly.

Sarcastically the big man burst forth: "Of course! Take your time! But I guess you're earning your living here?"

The girl bent lower over her paper. "Give me the markets, Jean," he said gruffly, as the waiter hurried down the room. The girl handed him the section of the paper she was not reading.

"I guess they're in the part you've got," the man insisted.

The man laughed deprecatingly. "Oh, never mind; here they are—it's all right," came a minute after, as he glanced over the sheet.

"Ha, ha!" he chuckled presently. "Had a good day to-day."

The girl went on reading.

"Say, Jean, what are you goin' to do after dinner?" went on the gruff voice.

"I am going home."

"Taxi?"

"No; the street car."

"Let's take a taxi."

"The street cars are good enough for me."

The lines deepened in his face. The years between them were few, yet the difference in the way each had lived them was written plain and sharp on the two countenances.

"Jean, what are you goin' to do about that money?"

"I will discuss that with you when we get home." There was a finality most disconcerting in the low voice.

The little German restaurant had been crowded. The shabby waiter had seated these two people at the table with Jim and myself. Jim seemed amused at the little by-play. I shivered slightly, for I suddenly discovered that he was the exact counterpart of what the man next him must have been ten years ago. The big diamond on Jim's finger irritated me for the first time.

"Why, Kiddie, you look awful happy." Jim's big face lighted up with such a radiance that, ashamed, I turned away. "Don't tell me it isn't what I hope it is," he whispered across the table.

Jim's voice was gruff and awkward, too. And now the man next him was sipping his beer and attempting to renew the talk with the girl he called Jean, about "that money." How thankful I was that my answer had not been given the night before, when Jim's eyes had been so wonderfully kind, and I felt that I had liked—yes, loved—him well enough! How calm and strong the girl near me was—and she looked so frail!

Jim and I both seemed to want to get away. We finished our coffee a little hurriedly, and left the restaurant, left the big man free to discuss the mysterious money question with the girl he called Jean.

It had always been said of me that I was strong, and would never flinch at a decision, nor evade an issue. And here I had met the *one* issue of my life like a weakling. Just because Jim was kind, and had lots of money—no, because he had lots of money, and was kind. But there would be no more seeking the line of least resistance for me. I had seen a light. Jim—and I had almost thought of him as “my Jim!”—Jim would keep on growing coarser, just as this man had grown coarse, until he would some day say to a waiter in a restaurant, “You’re here to earn your living, ain’t you?” Jim was exactly the same type as this other man; and he, too, was interested in the market!

I had been quite sure I loved him well enough—quite sure I liked him very, very much more than any other man I knew. And the sudden revulsion that came over me left me cold. Yes, of course, he would grow coarse, while I, with my glorious ideals—I should go on growing in the grace of a carefully constructed soul. I must have nothing to drag me down. Nothing—for in the divine scheme of creation I felt that my part was not meant to be a small one. Now a great light had been vouchsafed me. I must away from this big, burly fellow, who is a money-mad, redly unkempt bulk.

“What are you thinking about, Sally? You looked at me so queer!”

“—ly,” I added irritably.

He laughed deprecatingly, and lamely murmured, “Queer-ly.” Then he looked down, ashamed and awkward. I felt a sudden sweep of shame, myself. I too had it in me to be a boor. “I beg your pardon, Jim.”

He was humble. “No, Sally, that’s right. I want you to do it. Do it in everything. I’m always leaving off the ly’s in things. But if you’ll just say yes, Sally, and help me, maybe some time I’ll be different.”

“It must be no—Jim—I’m sorry.” In the great pride and strength of self, I spoke gently. I had met the

issue. How proud Aunt Margaret would be of me!

Jim’s face was no longer red, and the smile and the self-complaisance had gone. He looked old, tired.

“There’s some one else?”

“No. I like you, Jim, but I ——”

“That’s right, little girl, I’m not worth it. It’s right for you to be on the square. I love you all the more for it.”

His shoulders drooped, and he seemed gone to pieces.

* * *

Aunt Margaret always had been my ideal woman. Her judgments were faultless and firm. To me, she was an oracle—infallible as she was sweetly gracious. Just her light laugh, or little brow-lines, often had averted disaster for me. When I sat at her side and finished telling her the tale of the way I had come to put Jim Millington out of my life-work, Aunt Margaret’s dark eyes were hard, and she pushed my hand from her knee.

“Sally, I never was so disappointed in my life. I had counted on you absolutely. I would have staked my life on your worth.. ‘This is a terrible shock.’”

I was astounded, utterly. Finally I whispered: “Did you wish me to marry Jim Millington?”

“You are a weak, silly, vain girl, Sally. I wish you would go away and leave me till I get used to the thought that you are only—till I get over this!”

“But, Aunt Margaret! Whatever——”

“Sally! Is it possible you don’t see? Why, child! You should have married James Millington, since you cared the way you do, and brought out the man in him. Loved him into anything—if you were really strong! You are miserably weak, to be afraid of the responsibility of a clean, big-hearted fellow. But it is the best thing that could have happened to him, since you have proven yourself only a stiff convention, with a mission in life!”

Without a word, I left Aunt Margaret. I went to the telephone and called up Jim Millington’s hotel. The wire sang miserably in my ear.

“Mr. Millington has just left town,” was the response I got.

“The address, please?”

“He left none.”

The Girl at Three Mile Fork

By H. M. Egbert

WHEN the Canadian Transcontinental put a girl in charge at Three Mile Fork, the newest survey camp for the line that was to run north to tap the wheat territories, the settlers shook their heads dubiously.

"Women's all right for home stations," they admitted. "But here—"

Sergeant Ralph Hay, of the Mounted Police, completed the sentence for them.

"Margaret Royce has as good a head on her shoulders as any man in the Provinces," he said. "She'll make good at the job."

She did. The "job," indeed, was not a difficult one. It consisted for the most part in making out freight bills on the typewriter and transmitting telegraphic messages along the branch line that was being strung out north-west of Edmonton. Meanwhile the surveyors packed up and moved on to Friar's Hole, seven miles nearer the expected terminal, paying out its telephone line as it went. Margaret had charge of the telephone local also, and after their newest camp was pitched the engineers would call her up and have an after-supper chat over the wire.

That was, until Sergeant Hay was detailed by the government to accompany the expedition along its route. Thenceforward all others who called up Margaret must needs have urgent business with her. For the Sergeant and Margaret had known each other back in Toronto, years ago, and after winter had gone they were to take up a grant together in the North-west. Margaret wore a ring.

"It's hard to feel each evening takes me further from Three Mill," he called to Margaret, when they left Friar's Hole and started off along the survey route. "I'll try to ride over Sunday." But when Sunday arrived the engineers were carrying their theodolites through swamp lands ten miles further to the west, and the visit was postponed.

Nor did it come for months afterward. For on the following Wednesday Zere Buck held up the freight train as she came puffing up to the water reservoir at

Hatmetack, twenty miles southward, on the main line, and Hay was sent post haste to bring him in. Zere Buck gave Hay a good run for his money, forcing his beast southward over the boundary line and into the Bad Lands. There he went into hibernation for the winter and the Sergeant let up perforce until the following spring. He knew that when the suns warmed the prairie country the badger would come out of his hole again and cross the border, and he preferred to await him rather than move for extradition. The Plains Police never let up for long. Sooner or later every fish comes into their nets. The arm of the Canadian Government is one of the longest in the world, and its fingers have the sinews of a Paderevski. Finally Sergeant Hay hoped to take in Margaret on his return northward, but even then an imperative call brought him hurrying back to Friar's Hole. The Transcontinental had established a new base depot there, and the theodolites were working fifty miles north-westward. He called up Margaret.

"How are things going?" he asked.

"Fine," she answered with a queer little laugh. Hay hung his end up with an oath. He knew that laugh: his girl was lonesome, so was he. "If this wasn't my last year I'd leave the depot to the coyotes and go," he swore. But he was the only Policeman within a radius of fifty miles, and messages came piling up, both telegraph and 'phone, each hour of the day. Perhaps he would not see Margaret until spring. And yet Three Mile Fork was but seven miles distant as the surveyor sights!

He grew vastly uneasy when he heard that the monthly pay train was stalled at Three Mile station. The permanent line ended there, and the light rails, temporarily laid down to connect with the new Friar's Hole base had buckled under a heavy freight. That meant a stall of several days before the men could be upon the scene, and there was seven thousand dollars and a trifle more lying upon the platform. The French fireman and

engineer went off and fuddled themselves with whiskey. Margaret was in sole charge of everything.

She caught the men as they came staggering out of a dive and forced them to carry the boxes of bullion into her room. Then, while they ambled off to complete their libations, she cleaned and polished the Service revolver which Sergeant Hay had left with her for any emergency. For three nights she slept in her clothes behind two bolted doors.

On the morning of the fourth day Zere Buck and another came riding into Three Mile. They were tired; even the spare horse Buck led was tired, for he had ridden forty-eight hours direct for Three Mile after the news reached him as he came creeping out of his winter quarters. A late Chinook had cleaned up the snow-bound prairies and the March sun had thawed out every ice-bound swamp, which made traveling difficult. But Zere had sized up the situation with ample vision. The farms were strung out over a wide area; from Three Mile station to the dive in which the engineer and fireman were now nursing their heads, was a full quarter-mile; nothing but a girl stood in his way, though Hay had been frantically wiring from Friar's Hole for leave to go. But Government business takes precedence of all else, and they were Government stores he guarded, the company owning nothing except the line, the rolling stock, and the pay-money. Discipline held him at his post, but he never left the zone of the telephone's call.

Zere Buck had picked up a fellow, Pitman by name, along his route and the two made Three Mile on this fourth morning, riding in under a damp fog. They broke down the outer door easily. It was Margaret herself who opened the inner door to them. Zere saw her stand confronting him, pistol in hand, across a twelve-foot room.

"One step and I fire," she said. There was no tremble in her voice, but Zere saw how the heavy pistol wavered in her fingers. He took the step and Margaret fired—and missed, fired and missed, fired and missed again; flung the weapon into Zere's face and missed. Next moment Zere had her arms pinioned.

"I ain't a-goin' to hurt ye, Missy," he said with a laugh. "It ain't you I want, Missy, it's the coin. B'y'r leave."

He left her to his assistant and entered the inner room. One glance sufficed to show him the location of the pay-chests, under the couch. Zere lifted the seven of them in turn and took them out, leaving Pitman to keep guard over Margaret. He poured the money into the gunny bags that he had slung across the saddle pommel. When he came back he found Margaret standing before Pitman, scolding him while he was shuffling under her gaze uneasily.

"That's the way, Missy," said Zere chuckling. "Take it easy; you won't come to no harm from us." He was good-natured over his success. "Write out a statement on your machine, Missy," he said, "and I'll put my fist to it. 'That'll save you from being suspected; I guess Sarge Hay knows my signature.'"

Margaret went to her typewriter and sat down. Then the queer thing happened; as Zere leaned over she moved the telephone and, unobserved, displaced the telephone receiver, so that, the receiver propped itself upon the edge of the desk, and to the casual glance appeared to be in position. A wild scheme had flashed into Margaret's brain. She placed her fingers on the keys and waited.

"I got the money out of the young lady's room," dictated Zere. Tap-tap went the typewriter keys. "She kept it three for safety. Got that? For safety. She put up a game fight and fired three shots at me. I alone am the guilty party. Hoping to see you all when I'm at home. Now hand it here and I'll put my scrawl to it."

* * *

Hay, seated at his table moping, heard the telephone "click!" He was so lonely that he noticed it and wondered.

"That you, Margie?" he called.

Click-click, click-click. It was the telegraph call. He shot a glance towards his telegraph instrument. The needle remained motionless. As he stared at in in bewilderment, he heard his name spelled out, faintly but clear, over the telephone. Then he recognized the sound of the typewriter keys.

"C-o-m-e," the message ran. "B-u-c-k h-a-s p-a-y m-o-n-e-y." She repeated the word, "Come! come! come!"

* * *

Zere Buck scrawled his uncouth signature to the typewritten declaration

which Margaret handed him. He left the room, returning shortly with a pair of nippers.

"I'll slit a piece out of them wires, Missy," he said, leering wisely, and then, to his companion, "come on, Pit. Say good-bye. We got to make the dry lands before the Sarge gets too curious."

* * *

Sergeant Hay rode out before his feet were fixed in both stirrups. He buttoned his tunic as he rode, and adjusted the carbine in the saddle bucket as the horse settled into its steady lope. He went directly to Three Mile. The station was deserted. There was no Margaret, but ample evidence of the robbery. Of Margaret he dare not think, but mounted again and rode off, due south across the marsh country. He knew what would be Zere Buck's place of refuge, and he knew the route. He hoped to head off his man before he could reach the dry lands with his booty, and perhaps Margaret!

Three hours later he perceived a solitary horseman ahead of him. The figure stood out indefinitely, perhaps a thousand yards ahead of him. The horse and rider seemed to be going through strange movements. The rider directed the animal now this way, now that way, and seemed at times to crouch low in the saddle, as though following some one. Suddenly the figure disappeared completely. Peering ahead to watch for his reappearance, Hay neglected his horse, and it came to a standstill in a patch of the marsh land which had been thawed by the March sun. He urged the horse, but the ground was impossible. He dismounted, and leaving the animal, went ahead on foot, choosing the hillocks of solid ground.

The thousand yards which had appeared to separate him from the figure before it disappeared, seemed to grow into a terrible distance. He floundered in the mire. His feet became clogged. He began to wish that he had not left his horse, when suddenly, as he reached the foot of a small rise in the ground, and where the footing was dry, he saw a small figure lying prostrate at the top of the rise, peering down into the depression which lay beyond.

"Margaret!" he cried, drawing closer. "Hush!" she replied, repressing the relief and gladness she felt. "I followed them. Look!"

There, in a deep swamp lying behind this hill he beheld three horses and two struggling objects which might have been men.

"It is Zere Buck," she said, "and Pit. The third horse carried the pay. They rode too quickly up the hill and over it, and they were into the muskeg before they knew it. Their guns must be gone. They—do you think we can get them out?"

Hays went down closer, revolver drawn. "You've got us, Sarge," said Zere Buck. "Only git us out quick, or we'll sink for good."

"All right, Buck," drawled the Sergeant. "Just toss a fellow your guns, so's you won't have the extra weight . . . What? . . . Lost! Or you'd have plinked us? Oh, no, Buck. You knew you'd rather get out of the hole *first*, anyway."

Two hours later, as the prairie sunset faded out of the sky, a strange little procession ambled into Three Mile. First came two horses with two bound figures swaying to the motion of the animals as they sat in the saddles. Beside them, but a little in the rear, was a red-tuniced mounted policeman, and a girl, mud-bedraggled, white and haggard. Behind them, led by a tether came a third weary horse, stumbling under the weight of the company's pay.

An hour later they sat on the station platform.

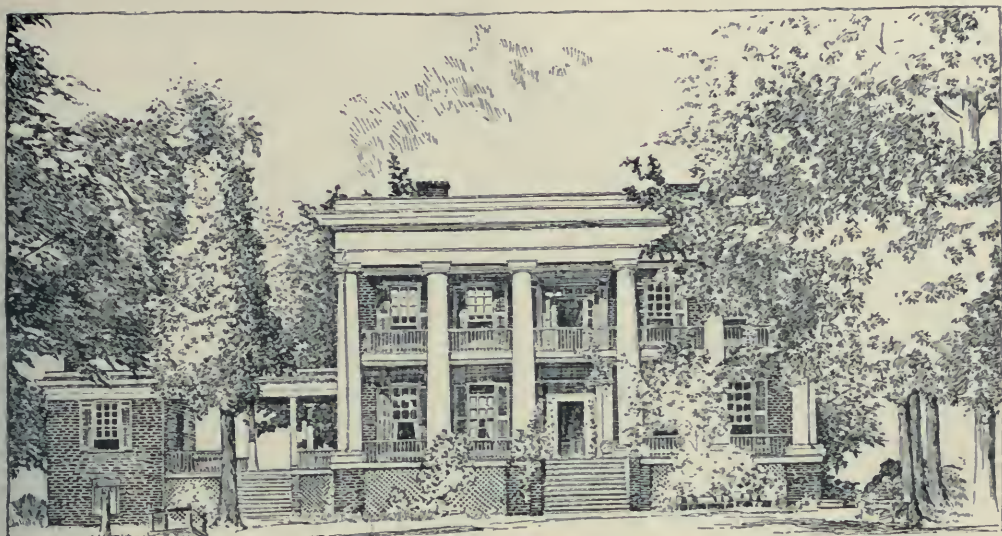
"So you followed them?" muttered the Sergeant.

"Yes. And they thought it was you, and took a hurried short cut from the trail. They rode over the little hill too quickly, and were into the mud before they could stop. The horses fell before they knew it."

"And it was you I saw following them, Margaret?"

"Of course, silly."

"Hmph!" snorted Hays, apparently brooding over some very weighty matter. "Hmph! What kind of a weddin' shall we have? Church or — or here at the station?"



THE VERANDAH IN THIS MANSION FORMS AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE BUILDING

The Place of Verandahs and Porticos in Modern House Architecture

By

Hamilton Adams

ATTACHED to houses in the first instance as a convenience in hot weather, the verandah has become an essential part of American house architecture and has added materially to the attractiveness of the home. It has, in fact, contributed a distinctive element to architecture on this side the Atlantic, rendering the cottages and villas of both the United States and Canada quite different from similar habitations in England and on the continent.

In referring to popular books on house building, it is surprising that so little attention is paid to this feature. Indeed, many treatises ignore it altogether and pay attention solely to the interior arrangement of the dwelling. Where the

verandah plays so important a part in the lives of the people of this continent during the summer months, it is surely deserving of more detailed attention, if not of a complete volume to itself.

The real use of a verandah should be as an outdoor living room. It should be so contrived as to enable people to spend as much of their time in the fresh air as possible. Where it is built on the front of a house and that house is close to the street, as in so many cities, this purpose can hardly be achieved, because there is a lack of privacy that prevents people from enjoying it to the full. What should be aimed at is a verandah to one side or even at the back where the family can be assured of quietness and seclusion. Of

course, there are some people who enjoy the sights and sounds of the street and have no objection to be the objects of impertinent scrutiny, but it will be found



EXAMPLE OF CLOSED-IN VERANDAH.

that most families prefer a greater degree of privacy than that afforded by a front verandah, however well protected by screens and vines. In building a house,



AN EARLY TYPE OF COLONIAL VERANDAH.

therefore, while provision should be made for a verandah in front, if only for the sake of the added attractiveness it imparts to the house, there should also be



A LATER TYPE, SHOWING EFFECT OF THE GREEK REVIVAL.

some thought bestowed on a more useful verandah to the rear, overlooking the garden and away from the street. This requirement may seem obvious enough and some readers may think it superfluous to introduce it, but it is so often found that even the simplest things are omitted in house-building that the writer has no hesitation in advising it.

According to definition, a verandah is an open gallery or portico, covered by a roof, supported by pillars and attached to the exterior of a building. It is often extended across one or more fronts of the building or entirely around it and is occasionally enlarged or otherwise so planned as to form an outside room, more or less protected by screens of vine or lattice. It is in a sense peculiar to the American continent where it has had its greatest development. Particularly in the southern states it has been constructed after so many fashions as to become quite an object of study and the styles are numerous and suggestive.

It will be found advisable to build the verandah, which is to be used more or less as a living room, in a recess of the house wall so that it may be protected from wind storms or rain as much as possible. Where it is exposed, a change in the weather may drive everyone into the house, a circumstance which might easily be obviated by a little foresight in arranging for its construction. It might well be built sufficiently strong to support heavy flower boxes, which ranged along its coping add a note of beauty to the scene. With the addition of vines, the owner of such a sheltered verandah has at his disposal a charming retreat, where he can enjoy a book or a smoke or a quiet chat.

The furniture of the verandah should be in keeping with its purpose and might well be permanently placed there. To carry chairs and tables in and out of the house is not only a laborious operation but is hard on the finer house furniture. Plain and substantial furniture, able to stand the weather, is what is needed. With Indian rugs, Japanese split bamboo screens, light but strong willow chairs and a hammock or two, the place will be well supplied. Some people have even gone so far as to turn the verandah into a dining room and enjoy their meals out there in the season. For such a purpose



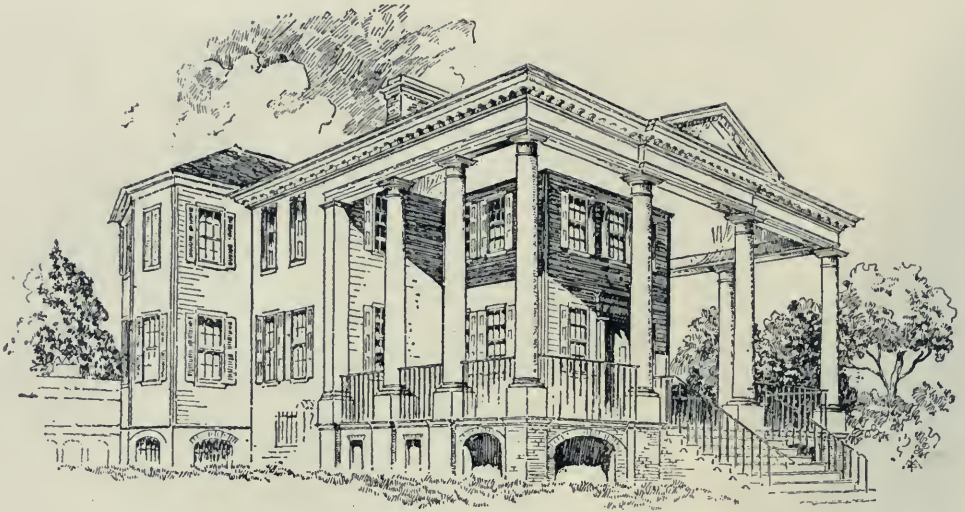
AN ODD AND ATTRACTIVE FRONT PORCH

a folding table would be found more serviceable than an ordinary table, which takes up considerable room.

A verandah or porch at the main entrance is a feature that will add appreciably to the appearance of any house. There is a tendency to add these front verandahs to many of the older houses which were built before the days when verandahs were considered an essential and it is surprising to note the improvement they make. They often change the whole appearance of a house, transforming it from an ugly and uninviting place into quite a pleasing residence. It might not come amiss for owners of houses without front verandahs to consider the advisability of adding one, in order to re-

move the bare appearance from the entrance and the whole front of the dwelling. If further decorated with hanging flower baskets and boxes it will be surprising the change for the better that will be wrought.

Imitating Grecian architecture a good many wealthy people have been attaching porticos to their houses. The portico is nothing but a porch or vestibule roofed and partly open on, at least, one side. Its roof is usually supported by columns and these extending up one, two or three storeys lend an appearance of great strength to the building. They are painted white and look very imposing. Of course such a feature must be in harmony with the rest of the house, as nothing



WIDE, DEEP AND ROOMY VERANDAHS OF A BYGONE DAY

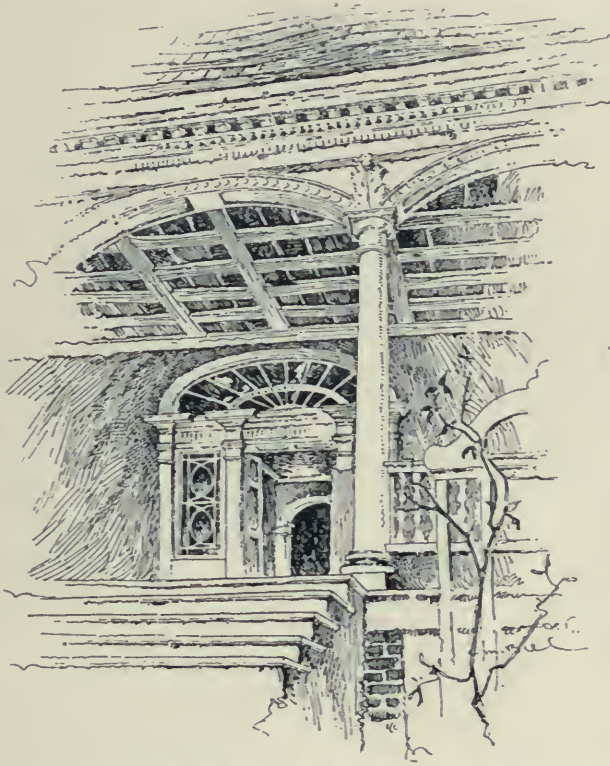
looks more ludicrous than a small house overbalanced by a huge white portico.

The porch itself is simply a covered place of entrance and exit attached to a building and projecting from its main mass. Usually one storey in height it may be extended to two or more storeys, the rooms above thus provided being termed porch rooms. The verandah of the modern American house where it serves to give entrance to the house by the principal doorway is a true porch.

The illustrations give some idea of the verandahs and porches on a number of old colonial houses from which suggestions may be obtained for modern treatment. There is a charm about these old verandahs which have witnessed so much of the life of a departed generation and any person who contemplates building might with advantage imitate some of their features. For country residences or summer cottages they are especially attractive.



AN IMPOSING EFFECT IN AN OLD CAROLINA HOUSE



SUGGESTIVE OF BREADTH AND COOLNESS

The item of cost is by no means a serious one, for after all, a serviceable verandah can be constructed for comparatively little. It does not require much material for one thing, and it does not take long to erect. Obviously it is cheaper to build at the same time that the house itself is being constructed, but on older buildings, which were erected before the days when verandahs were regarded as essential, it is possible to place these additions without any serious outlay. When one considers the pleasure and benefit to be derived from them, it is apparent that the cost is more

than offset by the resultant advantages. So, let those who live in old verandahless houses take counsel with an architect and see if they cannot improve and beautify their surroundings, and add to their health by placing verandahs on their residences.

Materials vary, but a uniformity between the house itself and the addition must be maintained. Either stone, brick or cement foundations are desirable, closed in with lattice work, over which vines can climb. Wooden pillars and roof are customary. The whole should be painted to harmonize with the house.



"Suddenly the pony leaped up, and dashed into the river."

The Story He Told That Night

By

Charles Shirley

THERE are nights in the Mount Royal Club in Montreal, when one, or two, or three of the old railroad pioneers of Canada drop into favorite lounging places and talk. And if only the newspapermen of Canada might hear all that they say, all the old stories they recall and the jokes they tell on one another—to say nothing of the “tips” that they drop concerning the plans and ambitions of the Canadian Pacific and its younger competitors—they would no longer complain of the dearth of material and the scarcity of inspiration for Canadian fiction.

Sometimes a newspaperman does find himself in the lounge corner with one or another of the older C. P. R. pioneers, or sometimes, with a whole group. At such times the talk, although it is as free as ever, is understood to be sacred and only the minor bits of gossip, fragments of yarns and old jokes, can be made into copy for the press.

This night the crowd had reassembled. One of them had just come back from England, where he was preparing the way for the launch of a great bond issue—nothing to do with the C.P.R. at all. Another was just in from Cuba, another from New York, and a fourth from a piece of fruit land he has an interest in, in British Columbia. It is not always that they meet; not always that they take the time to sit in a circle, with the button convenient, and mention the old days of the C.P. R. For somehow or another, the old days when the Rocky Mountains lay across Alberta like a challenging barrier, to keep men out of British Columbia, and when the Canadian Pacific sent out all the

heroes it could find to assail the ancient hills and drill a path through them—these days are almost sacred, and not to be spoken of lightly, and before strangers. The history of the days and the nights when engineers, contractors and even the humble navvies, sweated and schemed to smuggle the steel through to the Pacific, under the very noses of the mountains, has never been really written, and probably it never will be. For the men who have the material, who endured and experienced and *accomplished* are a stolid sort of fellows, suspicious of publicity and awkward in the handling of words about themselves.

“That was a H—— of a horse you used to ride,” said the Cuban, looking across and nodding at H.D.

“Eh?” returned H.D., recalling his wits, which had apparently been wool-gathering, “which do you mean? The hunter I bought the other day? Oh, it’s —”

“No. The yellow cayuse.”

“What yellow cayuse?”

“The one you tried to kill. You ——”

“Phew! That one.” H.D. dropped off into another reverie. “That one! What made you think of that?”

“I saw one in San Diego the other day just like it. I thought maybe it was the same horse. It looked worn enough.”

H.D. knocked the ashes from his cigar.

“Hmph!” he muttered.

The rest of the circle, being discreet, said nothing.

“T isn’t fair to recall that, old yarn,” he said with a laugh, “I’ve learned to shoot since then, and I bet I could kill it in one shot at a hundred now.



"I don't know if any of you fellows ever fell over a cliff, but —"

But I liked that horse after all. Poor little devil."

Nothing but smoke from the circle.

Cuban said nothing. Everybody tried to look bored, so as to encourage the story. A sign of interest from any one eye would have put a string around H.D.'s tongue, and tied it down.

"I bought that little horse from an Indian," began the great man, recalling the day when he was an assistant engineer on the construction of the C.P.R. through the Rockies, "and it cost me nothing but a salmon rod, which I was fool enough to have brought along in my kit. The Indian said the horse came from Mexico. Said he was a "luck" horse, and had been swapped and traded all the way from Arizona up and over the forty-ninth. I needed the horse and didn't need the rod. The Indian coveted the rod and we swapped. I had a lot of fun out of that horse."

More smoke ascended, uninterrupted, from the circle of cigars.

"That horse," went on the former employe of the Canadian Pacific, "was the luckiest brute you ever saw."

"Hmph!" sniffed the Cuban, skeptically.

"But it was, I tell you," H.D. went on. "You mayn't have thought much of it, because it was yellow, and because all you ever saw it do was standing outside the draughting shanty waiting for me, but it was a good little horse. Better than the string you used to ride and kill in those days."

"Hmph!" repeated the other, with still greater indifference.

"Why I had that pony in a little corral with a lot of other horses one time, and there was a big chunk of mud slid down one night and wiped out the whole corral. Killed every horse in the place—but one! I was down helping dig out Tommy Burns—remember Tommy, that used to run an engine on old number One, with the ballast? Well, as we were fishing around in the mud for Tommy, there was the yellow nag, sniffing at the fresh mud and trying to make a meal off a bit of moss that had remained on the top of the slide. He was mud from the hoofs up and from the end of his tail forward. It was sticking in his eyelashes and it weighed down his ears. But there he was.

H

"A week after that I lent him to a fellow. He and another man were riding along a path. Thirteen tons of rock slid over a ledge and killed the man who was riding my horse, the man who was on the other horse, and his horse, too—and left the yellow one.

"There were dozens of stories like that."

"Yes, but tell the real one. Tell the end of it."

"Oh—oh, about the shooting—oh—well," he hesitated. "Well it was this way. I was riding along with him one day on a pretty narrow ledge, when the ledge gave way. This was after I'd had him two years, I guess. It was a bit exciting. I don't know if any of you fellows ever fell over a cliff, but —"

"I did once," muttered a white bearded man, with a strangely seamed and lined face. "Fell into the Kicking Horse."

"Oh, then, you know what it's like, only this time that I took my tumble I lit in a tree."

"Tree is a good thing to light in," remarked a man who is now with another road. "I remember a case once —"

"Oh, no," interrupted another, "a tree is as like as not to kill you. You never know how it'll catch you. Best thing to do if you're working in that kind of country, I used to find, was to keep your knees up, your head down, shut your eyes and mouth and let yourself go. I knew a fellow that was getting out timber for the snow sheds, and he —"

"Wait," commanded H.D. "Who's talking? You fellows started this story, and I'm going to finish, so 'cut out your noise,' as Dan would say."

They laughed and became silent again.

"I tell you I lit in a tree. The tree was above a ledge of rock which was about fifteen feet further down, beside the creek which ran along the bottom of the gulch. For about four minutes the tree held me up. I could hear it creaking and feel it bending, but I could have stayed there long enough to get down only that the wind was blowing a bit, and it put an extra pressure on the thing, and the branches gave way and dumped me on the ledge.

"For quite awhile the air was full of bits of rock and dirt, but there was nothing serious, so I began to look around

for the pony. He was lying in a heap on a ledge, not far from me. His eyes were closed and he was groaning.

"Well—I took one shot. I missed. Then I took another and cut a bit out of his ear. I guess I must have been a bit shaky, for I tried a third, and just grazed his nose. The first two shots didn't bother him, but he seemed to resent the one passing his nose. All of a sudden he clambered up, shook himself and jumped into the water?"

"Drowned?" suggested one of the circle.

"Not a bit. Three days afterward, after I had sent back to head office for duplicates of the plans that I was carrying in the saddle-bags, I came across the beggar. He was browsing on the trail about a mile from where I had left him, only *upstream*. I found the plans as dry as they were before, and the d—— horse was sound as ever."

"What'd you do with him?"

"Sold him."

"Hmph!"

That was the end of the story. There was no comment. Somebody bought.

There were two line squashes, three cigars and a white rock in the order, which showed the kind of a crowd it was.

One of the men, who is deeply interested in coal and steel, started to talk about the laymen's missionary movement as a business proposition, and the economic effect of foreign missionaries. He had long since ceased to be a C.P.R. man, though it was C.P.R. that *made* him.

Two others started discussing William Mackenzie.

One remarked that he had bought a new painting, and was going home to see how he'd hang it. It was 1 a.m.

Somebody told him to stay while he recalled a story of old Senator Wully Gibson, when he was re-building the Victoria Tube bridge. Then from that the conversation drifted to the question of a bridge from the British Columbia mainland to the Island of Vancouver. Which started a talk on steel bridges, in the middle of which the newspaperman left, being dizzy with technicality.

But looking back at the depleted circle as he left the room, he observed three wonderful men still sitting there, who had not only made the C.P.R. possible, who had not only given the Dominion some of its first heroes, who had not only made the secret beauties of the mountains accessible to the traveler — but who had made Confederation possible.



FRRIENDSHIP unlocks the door to honest criticism. It should be as ready to condemn as to extol. The reproof of a friend outweighs the praise of an acquaintance.

TACT is not an attribute of any station or mode of life. It depends not on mind or observation, but is an instinct which is the most rare of all gifts. Tact compensates for the lack of many things.

PEOPLE generally have for us the same sentiments that we experience toward them. There is nothing so susceptible as mutual regard — therefore be kindly disposed.

His Own People

By

Oliver Sandys

THE ayah, brown, barefooted and toeringed, paced silently up and down the matting, crooning to the foster-child in her arms:

"Humpty Dumpty churgear chut,

Humpty Dumpty girgear phut:

Na Rajah ka pultan na Rajah ka gora

Humpty Dumpty ka kuddy ne jora."

After that came a Hindustani version of "Jack and Jill," and another of "Little Jack Horner," all chanted in the monotonous sing-song of the East.

Mootima loved the mem-sahib's child with an exceeding great love. It is beyond explanation, but the fact remains that though a mother of the East is in no way deficient in devotion to her own offspring, when the little hands of the white child she suckles grope their way to her heartstrings there is born within her a love for it beyond human understanding.

Just such another as Mootima is in my thoughts. Her arms, from wrist to shoulder, are marked with old scars—the pinches and scratches bestowed on her by a certain white child, for whom I verily believe she would have laid down her life. The brown baby in her own quarters was very dear to Mootima; but the white one, in her estimation, was beyond the price of rubies.

She knew, as the doctor and all the station knew, that the mem-sahib's *butti* was going out—that the end was very near. Mootima had been her ayah before she became foster-mother of her child, and she worshipped Mrs. Pat Macmahon with dog-like devotion. The black woman and the white had shared a common trouble. The chief diversion of Mootima's lately deceased husband had been to drag her across the compound by her hair, or to

beat her beautifully when the mem-sahib was out. It didn't matter about the sahib. *He* never inquired into the cause of shrieks and wails that came from the servants' quarters, having a sneaking appreciation of the methods of native wife-treatment.

Captain Macmahon did not beat his wife, but he drank deeply and swore terribly. So after three years of a life in the C.P., two seasons in the hills, and a final year in the sweltering heat of the plains, with the balance of her faith placed in her God, and none in man, it was perhaps just as well that the poor little woman should set sail for eternity. Her one regret was that she could not take her baby with her. She appreciated her husband's wayward nature well enough to know that although he would regard the child as a double-blank nuisance, he would not dream of letting her relations bring it up.

Her weak voice called to Mootima. The ayah laid the sleeping baby in the cradle, drew the mosquito net over it, and came noiselessly to her mistress's side. There she dropped cross-legged on the floor and began to fan her with a palm-leaf fan. The *punkah-wallah* was doing his best outside, too, but the room was stifling hot. The monsoon had not yet broken. A parched stillness lay over the waiting land.

"If the monsoon breaks, Mootima," whispered Mrs. Pat, "I might get better. *Baba sota hai?*"

Mootima assured her that the "baba" slept. Mrs. Pat's brows were drawn together as if she were worrying. She put her white hand over Mootima's brown one.

"Promise me something, Mootima."

"Mem-sahib, Mootima *ap ka naukhar nimak hai* (Mootima is your faithful servant.)"

"Then promise me, Mootima, by all your gods, that if I die you will never leave my *chota baba*."

Mootima did not answer at once. She waited until her mind grasped all the difficulties the promise might entail. Then very solemnly she vowed:

"Mem-sahib! Thy child shall be as my child. Never will I forsake him. In any trouble will I put him before the son of my own body, and spill for him my heart's blood. Him will I serve faithfully all the days of my life, and wheresoever the sahib goeth with him, thither will I go. *Ap ka naukhar wada kiya hai* (the word of thy servant is given.)"

So, Mrs. Pat, with her mind at ease, turned her face towards the open door and listened for the footfall of her husband. She wanted to say good-bye to him. But lulled into sleep by Mootima's gentle fanning, that last act of grace was denied her. Two hours later she awoke, conscious of the roar of many waters. Mrs. Pat died as the monsoon broke.

And Captain Patrick Macmahon came home dripping wet and swearing.

Several ladies of the regiment offered to look after the baby boy, but Captain Macmahon had other plans.

"Take the kid and look after it yourself," he told Mootima. "You seem mighty fond of it. Stop snivelling, now. You're making its face wet. I'll give you ten rupees more a month if you'll stop on and save me from all these badgering women."

Mootima intimated that she wanted no further increase in her wages, and went about her duties. They were numerous enough, for she had her own *butcha* to look after.

The year that followed gentle little Mrs. Pat's death was uneventful enough. The white baby and its brown-skinned foster-brother waxed and thrived under Mootima's care. Occasionally the Captain sahib drank too much and threw trousers at his servant's head, and curses at poor Mootima. Mootima kept out of his way as much as possible for the child's sake. The Captain seemed to have a distinct dislike for his offspring, whose best time, and certainly Mootima's, was when her

master sent her up to the hills with the child in the company of Mrs. Lowrie, the Major's wife, and her children. On the day before their return to the plains Mrs. Lowrie said to the ayah:

"You will find a new mem-sahib at the bungalow, Mootima. Captain Sahib did not wish it known until you were on your way back. A missie-sahib came out to him from England, and they were married in Bombay."

Mootima was not a very dark-skinned woman. She grew white under her brown.

It struck her that the new mem-sahib might possibly be meeting the train, so she dressed Derek sahib in his best muslin petticoats, and took pains with the appearance of her own child. He was bonny, and for a native fair-skinned. Mootima was a high-caste woman. She had excellent features and a fine physique, and she had transmitted these to her son. The foster-brothers were not so very unlike. Had Derek sahib's brown hair been one infinitesimal shade darker it would have matched little Yaseen's in blackness. Derek sahib's eyes were the same color as Yaseen's, but Derek sahib had a skin of milk.

There was no one at the station, but the bullock cart had been sent to meet the train. Mootima, all feeling and intuition, sensed trouble.

The second Mrs. Macmahon, however, seemed quite charming. She and the Captain were awaiting them in the veranda. At sight of the lady, Mootima felt ill-at-ease. Mrs. Macmahon had hair that Mootima likened to gold that has been dipped in copper. It had been dipped in something else, as a matter of fact. She went into ecstasies over the baby, which abated somewhat when the Captain remarked that he hoped she'd rhapsodise over the little beggar in private, as he didn't care for kids very much himself.

Mootima felt more at ease, and for a little while things appeared to go smoothly. Sometimes she thought her new mistress regarded the child rather unamiably; certainly she began to take less interest in it. But one day, returning from her own quarters earlier than usual, she heard the sound of Derek sahib's voice raised in lamentation, and running in noiselessly discovered Mrs. Macmahon ad-

ministering chastisement to the child with the back of an ebony hair-brush.

Mrs. Macmahon was not aware of Mootima's presence until she had wrested the hair-brush from her hand.

"Mem-sahib!"

The baby's tender skin was violently red. He was choking with fright and pain. Mootima snatched him up in her arms.

"Kindly put that child down!"

"Mem-sahib, he is but a *butcha*. You would not beat one who has not yet numbered fourteen months?"

"Please understand, Mootima, I shall do exactly as I please with the child. He was disobedient. You are not his mother. Stop howling you little brat."

Mootima did not stop to listen to any more. Indignantly she went off with the child to the native butler, and bade him give it *misri*—sugar-candy. Then she returned to the lady. Tears were running down her cheeks, and her lips were working.

"Mem-sahib, I am full of sorrow for words spoken in wrath; but the child is the child of my heart and of my vow——"

Mrs. Macmahon had an imperfect knowledge of Hindustani. She waved Mootima aside impatiently.

"I can't understand half you say. But it doesn't matter. Your wages will be paid you this evening, and you can go."

Mootima stood there like one who had received a blow. Mrs. Macmahon reiterated the dismissal.

"Derek sahib?" faltered Mootima. "Where will he go?"

Mrs. Macmahon laughed unmusically.

"He will stay here and have his little paddy broken. For a baby of fourteen months he is a perfect little demon."

Mootima did not know what "paddy" meant. She knew what "to break" signified, and connected "paddy" with some vital part of the human frame. Horror-stricken, she knelt at Mrs. Macmahon's feet and raised her hands in supplication.

"Hearken unto me, mem-sahib. At the time of the going of the little one's mother to the white women's heaven she did make me vow unto her that I would never leave the child. And now thou art my mistress, and if thou tellest me to go I must go. Yet, is it not said that a promise

to one who is dead is sacred? Therefore, what must I do? Either by thy goodness let me stay, or if I must go let me take the child with me."

Hearing Mootima's voice raised in entreaty, Captain Macmahon strolled into the bedroom.

"What the deuce is all this play-acting about?" he demanded.

"I have told Mootima I don't want her any more," answered his wife. "Apparently she refuses to go."

"Go? Of course she'll go, if you say so," frowned the Captain. He turned on Mootima. "*Sumja, ourat?* (You understand, woman?)"

The well of Mootima's tears dried up. Full of dignity, she rose to her feet.

"*Ai, sahib, main jata hun* (I am going.)" she said, in a low voice that had a ring of finality in it.

The butler noted and wondered at the set expression on her face as he handed the child over to her. Derek sahib was still softly crying, for his little body was very sore, and the sweetmeats had not taken away the smart of the hair-brush.

Soon after this incident the Captain and his lady, according to their usual custom, drove off to the club. Mootima knew that at least four hours would elapse before their return, and then darkness would have fallen.

The servants were still drowsy after their mid-day meal. Most of them slept; all of them were comatose. Not a soul saw Mootima cross the compound to her own quarters with Derek sahib in her arms.

"They shall not break thy 'paddy,' little one," she soothed. "Mootima is thy protector and thy servant." She caught her own toddler up, and hugged the pair of them.

But time was precious. With a bundle on her back, her money in the wallet at her waist where she kept the betel nut, white paste and green leaves, and a baby on each hip, she sped towards the bazaar. Once there all trace of Mootima was swallowed up.

When the loss of his child, and the simultaneous disappearance of Mootima and her *butcha* was discovered, as it was that evening, Captain Macmahon showed no anxiety to make inquiries.

"Let the woman get off," he said to Mrs. Macmahon. "She'll be happier with the kid by a long chalk than either you or I." Which was undoubtedly true.

But Mrs. Macmahon's conscience pricked her. She was thinking, too, of what people would say.

"We must do something, or it will look so bad," she debated; and Macmahon shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

Descriptions were forthwith printed and circulated, and a reward offered for any information as to the whereabouts of one Mootima, an ayah, and the two children, one white and the other black. But no response resulted. Inquiries were also made at the station, but the officials and porters were quite sure no one answering to Mootima's description had taken a ticket there. They were positive they had seen no native woman with a white child. A native woman with a brown child, yes. Many with black children.

So in this manner did Derek sahib leave the home of his fathers, and thenceforth became lost to sight.

Now seven days after the disappearance of Mootima a weary woman with bleeding feet and sunken cheeks stumbled into a native village, seven days' march from the military station of Gurrapoor, whence she had fled. She had one child with her, brown, but hungry, and she beseeched the charity of the inhabitants, for her strength was spent. Charity they showed her, and when she was strong again and able to proceed, she went on her way to her own people in Bengal.

There she lived for sixteen years, the boy with her. For him she toiled more as a servant than a mother, fashioning for him his clothes, tunics fastening at the neck, long of sleeve and baggy of trouser, fitting tight at the ankles. The boy grew into a youth, strong and upstanding. He had no English, except what he picked up in the bazaar, and from the sahibs he occasionally encountered. For Yaseen helped a relative of his mother's who was a dealer in horses, and that is even a queerer trade in the East than in the West.

There was nothing that young Yaseen could not do with horses, and of the ways of men he had little to learn. He dominated the one and exacted respect from the other. An indefinable something in

him distinguished him from the average native. His own people held him in esteem, and even the white men thought well of him, preferring to negotiate with him rather than with his uncle, the dealer in horses. Yaseen, in their language, was "cute but straight," while Gungra Das was "cute and very slim."

And Yaseen liked the white men. One evening he had taken a horse to one of the sahib's bungalows, and when he returned home squatted down modily on the floor.

Mootima noted the gloomy expression on his face, but said nothing until she had set down a bowl of water, preparatory to washing his feet.

"What is it, my son?" she then asked.

"I am not of a great darkness, my mother," debated Yaseen. He unbuttoned his tunic as he spoke, and assuredly his chest though brown was not as dark as his face, arms and legs. "Think you that if I journey to where the snow falls and rub my body with it that my skin may become as the white man's?"

Mootima's voice shook as she answered:

"Oh, my son! do not labor in vain. Your body may, indeed, dissolve the snow, but your skin will not thereby become white."

Nevertheless, the question, and still more the despondent manner in which Yaseen asked it, troubled her. It revived memories which for many years she had striven to forget.

Shortly after this she was aroused one night by the sound of a great cry and, running to where he slept, found him awake and greatly excited.

"I did but dream," he replied, when she asked what ailed him; "and it has so disheartened me that I shall sleep no more. I dreamt that I sat at meat with English men and women at a long table covered with a white cloth and bowls of flowers and much silver. And I did eat with them as they ate, and I did speak with them in their tongue: yet in my dream it was my own tongue. Then of a sudden speech went from me, and a darkness fell on my soul. For I remembered that I was not of their race, and yet the blood-tie with my own people was severed, so that I was shamed and unfit to belong to one or the other. And I sped out into the night, crying aloud: 'I am a white

man with a dark skin. Woe is me! Woe! My mother, what does it mean?"

Mootima heard him out with a sinking heart. To her the dream was a sign from the gods, long dreaded, but inevitable. With a patient sigh she answered:

"My son, in the morning if the dream be not forgotten, I will interpret it for thee."

She crept back to her sleeping place, and crouching against the wall, faced the affliction that had fallen upon her. The sixteen years of her service and her sacrifice had at last brought her to the crossroads where she must leave the choice of ways to the boy. She had no doubt which he would take.

And the next day he came to her to interpret his dream as she had promised. His eyes, dark yet curiously uneastern, still looked heavy with dreams.

"Hearken to me," said Mootima, "and judge not until I have spoken. Deal with me gently, for I have loved thee much. Dear to me art thou as the son of my own body." Yaseen's head went up; his thin nostrils quivered. "For the son of my body thou art not. The son of my body is dead. Thy mother was a white woman, and thy father a sahib, who ill-used thy mother, and cared not for thee. With my own child did I feed thee, and when thy mother was dying I did promise her that I would never leave thee, and that if evil befell I would put thee before my own."

Very simply she went on to tell him of the step-mother, and the circumstances that had led to her flight. The boy did not open his lips. He stood like one turned to stone while Mootima went relentlessly on.

"So, carrying thee and thy foster-brother, I hastened to the bazaar, where among the many little heed was given to one. Yet I knew that because of thy foster-brother thou went in danger. Search would be made not only for thee but for a black woman with two children one of them her own and the other white. It was his weal or thine, and I knew not how to choose.

"In my despair I bethought me of a man of great wisdom who dwelt in the bazaar. Of life and death he held the secret. Death touches him not, for he

was old when my mother's mother was still a child. These things are true.

"To him I went, and holding thee in my arms, I laid my own babe at his feet. And I cried aloud to the spirit of thy mother: 'Mehm-sahib, if it be possible for me to keep them both give unto me a sign.' And there was no sign. But the holy man had divined my trouble, for he said: 'To keep both will be to thine own undoing. Thou must choose.' So I chose, and I fought with my lips to speak the words: 'My own must die.' But lo! before speech came to me the holy man said: 'Thy babe is dead already.' And behold, it was even so. And I wept, beating my breasts, for never would another child be born of my body. . . . After awhile strength came back to me, and I stained thy body so that thy skin grew dark, and when night had fallen the holy man sped me on my way."

"So with thee, light of my eyes, I wandered forth along the great road eastward, and after many weary days found my own people. I have said all. The rest thou knowest. To safeguard thee I let none know of my own child's death. I called thee by his name, and as Yaseen, the son of Mootima, thou hast been known. Thy way of life and the tongue thou speakest keep thy secret and mine; but some there be who, having noted the whiteness of thy skin where the sun hath not darkened it, point at me the finger of scorn, crying: 'There goeth Mootima who was a white man's plaything!'

"But now, my son, the time is at hand when, if it seems good unto thee, thou canst claim kindred with the white men, and seek out thine own people. For thou art a man and strong. Think not of me. I am but thy servant, and what is right in thine eyes is right in mine. If I have loved thee as a son—with all the love I gave my own, yea, and an hundred-fold—think of it only as a woman's weakness which need not touch thy inclination. Of the *Sahib-log* art thou, as it can be shown; and thy path is smooth for thee."

She ceased. Yaseen watched her huddled figure swaying to and fro in its grief.

"I am—a white man!" he marvelled, and went out into the sunlight.

All day he wandered, unbalanced by the news of his birthright. Once, when passing the European part of the village,

he had been prompted to run into the officers' mess and cry out the truth; but something, perhaps the stricken look he had seen in Mootima's eyes, or pride—the pride of the white man—had held him back.

That pride was strong in him, and it asked: Would a white man desert the woman who had sacrificed her own child for him? Would a white man and the son of a Captain-sahib sacrifice and shame such a woman for the sake of his own advancement? Was his white skin to weigh against her love and devotion?

In the long hours of that day the boy grew into a man, and by eventide he had mastered many things which, as a boy, had eluded him. Among others the true meaning of the words "human sacrifice" had been made known to him. Life was a sacrifice. For him Mootima had sacrificed herself and her *butcha*. He had only—himself.

Returning, he sought her, and knelt at her feet. All day she had been steeling herself to the inevitable.

"When goest thou, O my son?" she asked despairingly.

"Thinkest thou I would leave thee?" said he with a deep tenderness. "Thou

art my father and my mother. By thy goodness was my life preserved. As it has been so shall it always be. I have spoken."

Mootima folded him in her arms. And the peace of God — which is the same whether it be the peace of Allah, Christ or Buddha — enveloped her soul. For though the Lord had taken away, the Lord had given.

Once only was their joint secret in danger. It came to pass that Yaseen fell ill of a fever. So ill was he that Mootima was compelled to seek the aid of a European doctor. He cured the boy, but on his last visit he could not refrain from remarking on the fairness of his patient's skin.

"How is it," he asked, "that though thy mother is dark thou art so light in color that thou mightest pass as——"

Yaseen started to his feet. His hands were clenched, and his eyes flashed.

"*Chuprao!* (Silence!)" he ejaculated with intense fierceness.

And the doctor of the white-people, thinking that the boy's intention was to vindicate his mother's honor, went his way.

SEPTEMBER

Unstirred by wind, the leaves are still;
Upon the lawn the crickets shrill;
The lingering harvest moon glows red,
From smoke of far fires, forest-fed;
Upon the lawn, like fairy sprites,
The glow-worms flash their signal lights;
Nearby, a ripened apple falls;
A bird awakened, softly calls;
Somewhere among the wooded hills,
An owl's impish laughter trills.

Across the mist-veiled meadow white,
A cottage casement frames a light.
Half-heard, half-dreamed, there comes from far,
A voice entwined with a guitar—
A sweet contralto floating by,
Sings "When the swallows homeward fly."

Dewey Austin Cobb.

THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

The Right Use of Leisure

A FEW months ago there appeared an article, "Wanted: Leisure," by

Temple Scott, which attracted considerable attention. Now the same writer has attacked the subject from a different angle, asking the question, "How shall we make the most of leisure?" His article appears in *The Forum*. There are two ways of making the most of leisure. First, by getting health and keeping it; and, second, by getting a mind and using it. "Give a man health and a course to steer," says Bernard Shaw, "and he'll never stop to trouble whether he's happy or not." We all know what health means; and by getting a mind I mean making up one's mind to where one wants to go and finding the right way to go to it. To use the mind is "to get there."

There are many ways by which to get health: doctors are telling us of these ways every day; but the best way to get health is to keep healthy, and to keep the body healthy requires a healthy mind. One reason why we are in the distressful state of to-day is that there are so few healthy minds in the community, although our colleges are gymnasiums for athletics and the nurseries of sports. A healthy mind will compel the body to be free from sickness and disease; for half our sicknesses are due to our sick minds—minds that are unable to will, and powerless to command; minds made anxious and worried and distressed by the fear of poverty and the fear of disgraceful death. A healthy mind is a sane mind; an honest plumber and an honest sanitary inspector are more

desirable to it than a famous physician. It believes in the prevention of disease rather than in its pathology. It makes for courage and exalted willingness in momentous enterprises, especially in the great enterprise of bearing children. It will see that the body is healthy before it permits it the high adventure of founding a home; and it will act thus according to the dictates of its own high sense of nobility. It is the ignoble fathers and unwilling mothers who are responsible for the moral bastards, the spawn of sensuality that scatter disease and death, and that complicate our problems to the point of pessimism. No, we need have little anxiety about the health of our bodies if we first make certain that our minds are healthy.

How, then, are we to get healthy minds? Well, one sign of mental health and sanity was getting Leisure. In getting this we prepared, so to speak, the soil of the mind for the planting of fertile seeds. With Leisure the mind has the time in which to recuperate itself. But there is still another process, a refining process, through which this soil must pass, in order that the life-giving air of freedom may reach its every particle. This process I call emotionalizing the intellect and intellectualizing the emotions. We must think with emotion and feel with discretion, as Mr. Charles Ferguson would say. The mind functions as Intellect and Emotion. Pure emotion is passion let loose; it is an intuitive, a seeing, and not a constructive force. Pure intellect

is power let loose; it is a constructive force, but it is a blind force, for it sees with the outward eye only. When the emotions are rationalized, they are guided; when the intellect is emotionalized, it is saved. A pure enthusiasm and a pure power will thus have had imparted to them the fine qualities of each other. In the individual the resultant force invents machines, paints masterpieces of art, writes inspiring poems, builds splendid cathedrals, converts people to new faiths and heartens them with new aspirations, and reveals new ideals and brings up strong-bodied, noble-minded citizens. In a people this resultant force is known as Civilization. A civilized people is thus in itself a creating force. It demonstrates this by realizing ideals; by making real the dreams of its poets; utilizing for communal purposes the machines of its inventors; embodying in its political and social life the systems of its statesmen and the organizations of its industrial leaders, translating the hopes of fathers and mothers into happy homes. Its church is the church of pragmatic truth, and its religion the worship of the practical ideal. It does all these things by subduing the natural self-seeking tendencies of its individual members for the purpose of social well-being, for the healthy organic growth of a community in which the individual serves it and it him.

Stated broadly, the right use of Leisure is to fit ourselves so that we always have the power to enjoy it. In other words, the right use of Leisure is to maintain our ability to use it. The ability to use anything is measured by the results of the use; if the results are useful, work well, they are desirable, and our right to the use of Leisure will be justified and may not be alienated from us. Leisure, therefore, is our opportunity to demonstrate our ability. No individual and no nation, in the history of man, ever yet maintained a right to anything without the power to use the right. Even a mechanic may not work at his trade unless he proves himself able; he will be discharged, deprived of his right, so to speak, if he is unable. Leisure is given us in which to cultivate ability; to learn how to be able. Once we are able, questions of economic freedom, communal welfare and human happiness will meet

their answers; for our might will be right in the only sense that counts.

Now what do we find existing in this country to-day, among the so-called "idle rich" and "laboring poor"? The former have the right to Leisure, but they have lost the power to use it. Indeed, as the phrase goes, they have no use for it. The right means nothing to them, for they do not know what to do with it. They are able to live at all only by the power stored-up in their wealth, and even this power they are so abusing that it also is being threatened. What an opportunity for these men and women, did they but have the ability to use Leisure! What a mighty influence for good might not these become in the community! And they are unable to make a change because they, too, have lost heart, and are without hope. The "laboring poor" have the right to the vote, but not knowing how to use it they have lost the right. They sold it for a mess of pottage to capitalists and political "bosses." The result is they have no power in the community and no right to the right. Nay, they have no right even to complain of their condition. What is left of their right is the mere record of its acquisition; a witness to their shameful incapacity and futility.

Leisure is now given us as the time in which both "idle rich" and "laboring poor" alike may take thought. The former, that they may rise up from the "mattress grave" of their innui; the latter that they may cease complaining and open their eyes to what they have done to themselves, and to what they can do to redeem themselves.

What, after all, is the one thing in which every man fulfils himself and takes most delight in doing? It is realizing his success by placing there, outside of him, his own creation for all to enjoy; it is "making good." This is what I mean by realizing ideals—it is man's evolution, by means of creation. To plant gardens where before there were deserts; to build cities on lonely prairies; to make highways of bridges from peak to peak; to embody hope-giving visions in poems and paintings; to rear true-hearted sons and daughters; these are the incarnations of his soul that stand for him and point to him as the maker of worlds. Thus is he the Master of Change, the filler of space

with the stuff of Reality; thus he immortalizes himself, and thus he endures. He also can then look upon the work of his hands and say, "It is good." He can say it, because he has "made good." "Making good" is the free man's part—it is his happiness.

The "idle rich" are wretched, because they are not "making good." The "laboring poor" are unhappy, because they have not "made good." The "idle rich" are not "making good" because they do not use their time for creative ends. The "laboring poor" have not "made good" because they have not had the leisure in which to learn how to create. Yes, this "making good" is the only happiness, for it is consciousness of life itself. It is not experienced by the "idle rich" because they squander their life, and are, therefore, never conscious of life. It is not experienced by the "laboring poor" because they are not permitted to use their life; it is bought and sold for others' uses. They also are thus never conscious of what it is to live. This abuse of time is at the root of all human sorrow; life is then but a mere current of existence in which we are either drowned or made to serve as the planks of a raft on which others float.

If we ask now what we shall do with Leisure, I answer: Build hopes in it; grow ideas of beautiful things to be done by us in our hours of work; dream dreams of joyful homes for us to establish in our waking days of freedom; plan living methods for schoolmasters and educators of the young; plant playgrounds in the centres of our cities and play there with the children and only with children, so that we may keep young; wander by rip-

pling brooks and under blue skies over "grassy vested greens," that we may learn to love nature and feel her response. We cannot hope and work at the same time, so we must have leisure which shall be the breeding-time of hope. If we are looking for immediate subject-matters for hope, I point to the condition of the poor, the condition of the laborer, the condition of women in our social life. But, more definitely, I point to the education of the children. It is too late now to hope much from those who have become moulded in the forms of custom, habit and cramping dogmas. All that we can do with them is to rouse them out of their dogmatic slumbers, and, if possible, move them by an appeal to their instinct of love for their children. It may be they will respond, if but out of fear for the future welfare of those of their own who are to live after them. With the young, however, it is otherwise. Here we have the very material for hope to work with. How to love them; how to grow them; how to inspire them with new hopes, and how to endow them with the gift of creative power; these are questions which Leisure will help us to answer. And all the Leisure of a generation to come will not be too long in which to find the right answers. We shall have done much if we but find the line of direction, the tendency of the right method. But let us first see to it that we are ourselves free to look for it; that we are not manacled by established convention, nor chained to the rock of condemning habit. When we are thus free our faith will rise up in us, our hope will impel us, and both faith and hope will ride buoyant on the life current of love.

How To See The Signs of Greatness

COMMENTING on a recent book entitled "Great Men," by Professor Wilhelm Ostwald, of Leipzig University, Sir William Ramsay has some interesting things to say in the *Pall Mall Magazine* about how greatness may be discerned in youth.

Professor Ostwald became convinced that the students who had passed through

his hands and who had subsequently made a mark in the scientific world—they are pretty numerous—were those who were difficult to induce to follow definite courses of instruction. I agree with him in this. But, after all, such an opinion is not based on much more than a mental impression; hence Professor Ostwald made a study of the subject, and by analysing

the life-history of six men, whom he and the scientific world would call "great," he has tried to find out what are the common characteristics of these men, and how they can be recognized.

But, first of all, what class of men is to be called great? Are we to take a Caesar, a Shakespeare, a Newton, and a Beethoven? Names like these will undoubtedly occur to us. From the point of view of selecting men who shall be useful to the State, they could hardly be surpassed. Caesar gave Roman civilization and law to barbarian races; Shakespeare's work covered all aspects of life, and has given infinite pleasure to generations of men; Newton did much to lay the foundations of modern physics; and Beethoven, again, has ministered in an incomparable manner to the æsthetic side of men's nature.

We are apt to think, however—though we may be wrong—that future Cæsars, Shakespeares, Newtons, and Beethovens must be left to chance; that what is in them "will out;" but it may be that we do not give a chance to boys of genius who might develop, if rightly nurtured. Genius, like some hot-house plants, is of a tender growth; it is apt to wither, unless tended under favorable conditions.

As the question before us is a practical one—namely, how can boys likely to be useful to the State be recognized and placed under favorable conditions for development, and as "useful to the State" is taken to mean inventive, capable of improving facilities for endeavor, it will be assumed that it is desired to choose persons who will increase the material prosperity of the State.

Now, everything done involves effort. We are, individually considered, machines; we take in fuel, and we convert it into heat, and into energy, principally of the kind that results in moving objects from one place to another. Think of it—all the great buildings, canals, railways, engines, as well as all our agricultural work, are the result of moving things in a sensible way, that involves thought; and, in practice, thought is the outcome of a sound brain. This brain, too, has been kept in action by food. We call this conversion of the power of work contained in food or fuel into heat and work, the conversion of one kind of energy into another. Now

it is a law of Nature that, although it is possible to convert quantitatively one kind of energy into another, such a conversion is never accomplished without the "degradation" of some of the energy—that is, its conversion into a form not available for a useful purpose.

Take as an instance an ordinary steam engine—there is friction in the cranks, in the cylinder, on the valves; this friction results in heat. And just in as much as heat is developed, so effective work is lost.

Again, the fuel may be said to constitute a store of energy. By burning it below the boiler, steam is raised; much of the heat, however, goes up the chimney as hot air and gases of combustion and serves no useful purpose in raising steam. Again, not all the heat in the steam is convertible into work in the engine; in fact, an engine is considered as excellent if it converts 15 per cent. of the energy in the coal into work.

Put into mathematical symbols, if A is the energy which it is proposed to convert, B the form of useful energy into which it is to be converted, and C the useless energy produced at the same time, then

$$A=B+C,$$

and the object of the inventor is to make C as small as possible.

Now, a man may be regarded as a machine; an apparatus for transforming energy. Some will be usefully transformed, some converted into a secondary form, and that man is most serviceable whose useless output of energy is least. Perhaps the word "useless" should not be employed; it is impossible to avoid the degradation of energy; and in order that an animal may work, it must be kept warm; but the heat lost in this way is hardly "useless"; yet a man would be, from the point of view of a machine, a more perfect one if none of the energy of his food were expended in keeping him warm.

It is possible to regard the power of producing—the originality—of a man from the same standpoint. During his life he has to dispose of a certain quantity of energy, which enters his system as food. Only a fraction—a very small fraction—may be so utilized that he improves

the condition of the world; the rest is expended unavoidably in other directions.

The ratio of the B to the C of our equation may be called the economic coefficient. If that is high, then the man's life is effective; if low, then he is less worthy of help from the State. Again, he may dispose of that useful energy slowly or quickly. It may be spread over a long life or it may be concentrated into a few weeks or months.

In this connection Professor Poincare, the brilliant French mathematician, has given a most interesting description of how his discoveries have been made. Power of mathematical thought is, though not very rare, confined to very few men in its highest and most intricate branches. Let us suppose that a certain problem presents itself as interesting; it is required to find a solution. M. Poincare tells us that a great deal of spade work has to be done; he tries and tries one plan after another for months, meeting apparently with no success. Then, in an instant, while his mind is dealing with quite other things—he may be talking casually to a friend; in the act of stepping into an omnibus; drilling his men, whole performing his duty as lieutenant of the reserve—the solution flashes upon him.

It is not necessary to attend to it at the time; he merely notes mentally that the line of thought is in such and such a direction, and at his leisure he applies his discovery. This has happened to him not once, but many times.

I can corroborate his experiences, and I have asked literary and artistic friends, and they all agree that their best work has been done in somewhat the same fashion. Such mental flashes of inspiration do not come unless much effort has previously been expended in attuning the mind to the character of thought required: it is necessary to plough and sow before the harvest. But the actual discovery is instantaneous; it is as if a barrier had been broken down between two tight compartments; the connection is made, and success is achieved.

There is such a thing as unconscious cerebration—thinking without knowing that you are thinking, and that prepares the way for the sudden burst of useful thought. Have my readers not frequent-

ly found that, after meditating over a course of action and having been unable to come to a decision, the whole situation becomes clear after "sleeping on it"?

There can be no doubt that while we lie unconscious the brain goes on doing its work, just as do the lungs and the digestive organs. But the brain will not do anything which has not already been the subject of conscious action; the mental food must be given before it can be digested.

In a poet, or a musician, the result of such "unconscious thought" is called *inspiration*. We are loath to believe that it comes from "ourselves"; it appears to come from outside. But it is the essential feature of what we term "genius."

Such a faculty is more highly developed in some minds than in others. Like music or mathematics, it appears at an early age. Think of Mozart, who performed in public at the age of eight, and who composed some of his immortal work at a not much later age; of Lord Kelvin, whose first paper—one which contained ideas on which his mind dwelt during his whole long life—was published before he was eighteen; of Schiller, whose "Robbers" was given to the public before he was twenty-three; of Goethe, who charmed the literary world by "The Sorrows of Werther" before the age of twenty-five. In fact, most men of genius have developed early.

But, as a rule, they have not done well at school. The fact is that those whose minds are exceptionally formed refuse to keep to the beaten track. The formality of the classical grammar repels them; they will not accept statements on authority. Great classicists develop into respectable imitators; they rarely, or never, become great poets or authors. It is true that the great authors are said to have often been enraptured over the beauties of classical writers; but they have rarely been great scholars.

If we restrict our definition of greatness to a capacity for enlarging the bounds of science, it is certain that none of our great scientific men have displayed any marked aptitude for classical or literary studies. It may be said that the introduction of the teaching of science into schools is such a modern innovation that there has not

been time to find out whether scientific genius will be developed by its help; but I strongly suspect that it will have little influence.

A third characteristic of men of genius which may serve to distinguish them at an early age appears to be that they are extreme in their temperaments. The ancient division of temperament into sanguine or emotional, and phlegmatic, is a just one. Some men, by their vitality, by their impulsiveness, by their refusal to be daunted by obstacles, achieve success. Others attain distinction by their persistence, by their conscientiousness, and by their self-criticism, which refuses to make public work other than what they consider to be the best. All of us possess these qualities, some more of one, some of the other.

Viewing the human being as a system in which a succession of chemical changes takes place, in obedience to external stimulation, the first class may be termed "reactive"—they respond quickly to stimu-

lus; the second class are more slowly receptive, but the machine, once set in motion, works well.

Now it is to be noticed that while most of us are neither very sanguine nor very phlegmatic, men of genius are characterized by an excess of one or other of these temperaments.

The sanguine man, as his name implies, sees no difficulties in his way, or if he does regard them, it is only to ignore them; his imagination pictures the results to be attained as of such importance that they are certain to be realized, let the difficulties be what they may. It is by such men that great discoveries are made, which catch the attention of the public. The phlegmatic man, on the other hand, though more conscious of difficulties, possesses patience enough to overcome them; his discoveries are more of the order of the solution of set problems of measurements than of brilliant efforts of imagination.

The King as a Time Saver

KING GEORGE has adopted all the up-to-date time-saving methods for getting through his business which were introduced at Buckingham Palace by King Edward, says a writer in the *Business World*. Often before breakfast a secretary will read the morning's telegrams. To save reading through lengthy despatches a special summary of current news is daily prepared by a staff of clerks. Files and cross-references enable any wanted fact to be at hand in a moment.

Another body of clerks, under the King's Private Secretary, open all letters except those which, bearing a distinctive private mark, are "personal" to the King. Classified in labelled boxes, the bulk of the correspondence goes then before King George, and usually a reply is sent out the same night. The royal typewriting department keeps a copy of every letter sent out. A separate copy is actually typed. No letter goes out bearing signs of having been placed in a copying press.

Private telephone and telegraph services put the King directly into touch with all public departments. All documents are kept on loose files alphabetically, and special sizes of paper used for different series.

The card index system is utilized by King George in many different ways. Points against, as well as for, people of the day are carefully recorded—a black list of people who, for one reason or another, will never be able to elude the vigilance of the card index and appear at Court.

People presented to King George are always very much astonished and no less flattered to find that he knows all about them, their family, and their achievements. He puts some kindly question that shows intimate knowledge.

The explanation lies in the card index.

A perfect record of all the people his Majesty meets is kept in card indexes. The cards contain a memorandum of the man,

what was said on each occasion, and notes his individual career diligently kept up to date. Nobody has access to the King without an appointment or an invitation,

so that his Majesty has always time to consult the card index and to know precisely what the person he is going to meet has done.

The Upkeep Bugaboo in Automobiling

WHEN I first determined to get an automobile, writes Stanley Snow, in *Country Life in America*, the upkeep bugaboo loomed up on my horizon. Of course, I didn't know it was a bugaboo. And being no mechanic, I was deprived of much of the pleasure I should have had in making the purchase. I hadn't figured on spending my "fishing money" and my "camera money" and the few shekels I always had contrived to scrape up to squander on my duck-shooting trips, together with what other loose change I might have, to keep the automobile running. I wasn't willing, either, to give up all my other recreations. But, from all I was told, I began to fear that was just what I was going to have to do. However, I was determined to have the car, and thought that by taking the pains to learn all there was to know about it, and using good judgment in running it, perhaps it wouldn't be such an expense after all.

So I bought the car. And right at the start, I learned the one big lesson that every man of moderate means should learn, if he takes up automobiling. I had one experience that impressed me most vividly. Like anyone else, I thought to get my car and then gradually learn all about it, and so be able to meet any difficulties as they might arise. But my first car was not a new one, and I didn't have any time to prepare to meet those difficulties. They met me, right on the doorstep, as it were.

I was told my car had been thoroughly overhauled. It had—on the outside. I started out with it (I had learned to drive through the kindness of a neighbor who had a car), to drive it to my home town, thirty miles away, and the engine heated up badly before I had gone five miles. I had not been interested in automobiles for

several years for nothing, and so I understood what the trouble was. But the remedy was beyond me. I decided the car needed some adjustment—perhaps the oiler was not feeding enough oil, or the water circulating system might be at fault. I knew in a general way that it must be one of these two things. However, while stopped by the roadside, wondering what to do, I was approached by another car, with a single occupant. This man kindly stopped and got out of his machine and offered to help me out. He was a chauffeur, and I felt sure now I would be fixed up in a jiffy. But, after spending some fifteen minutes tinkering with the ignition and the carbureter, after which the engine refused to start at all, my friend advised me to go to a near-by farmhouse and 'phone for the agent of that particular make of car to send a man out and get my machine and take it into the shop and put it in running order. He said that a machine bought second-hand was almost sure to need adjustment by someone familiar with that particular make of car. I thought this was good advice, so did as he advised, and went home by trolley—much disappointed, you may be sure.

I do not say that the agent for my car did not honestly believe it had been put in proper shape for me. My instructions to him were to adjust it; not to tear it down unless absolutely necessary. His men renewed the primary wiring of the ignition system, soldered a leaky connection in the gasoline lead, put on a bracket for the generator for the gas lamps (as requested), greased up all 'round and filled the tanks—they had been full when I started out in the first place—and the bill was \$25.18!

That made me mad! I felt sure that bill had been padded on four sides at least. But I didn't say anything—just forked out my total of \$26.00, accepted my

eighty-two cents change, and drove away. I had my fill of repair shops—at least of that kind. It seemed to me the bill might have been all right enough for a man with a long pocketbook, who might not know or care how much labor there was about such a job, but I wasn't in that class, and I resented being played for a big fish when the agent knew very well I was a financial minnow; otherwise I'd have bought a new car from him.

My anxiety in starting out on that thirty-mile run with only eighty-two cents in my pocket soon overshadowed my wrath at the repair-shop men. Suppose I should get stuck again! But the car hummed along nicely, I drove with elaborate care, and we limped in the last mile on the second gear, with the engine once more hot.

Now I had the car home. And you may be sure I lost no time getting well acquainted with it. I had previously procured the manufacturer's instruction book for that particular model, and as well his catalogue of parts. And I put in my spare time going all over the power plant (outside, or without stripping it down), and after making sure the trouble could be nowhere else, I found it was due to defective lubrication. This I discovered by taking out the spark plugs, inserting my finger in the different cylinders and feeling. The third cylinder was dry as a bone, whilst the others were greasy. Removing the mechanical oiler and taking it apart, I found one of the plungers was not doing its duty, on account of a loose lock-nut inside the tank and stripped threads on the shank of the plunger yoke. The only reason I was able to get home had been because the repairmen had turned on so much more oil for the other cylinders that some of the excess had splashed over into the base of the one that was not getting any in the regular way. The tinsmith soldered a leaky corner of the lubricator tank for fifteen cents, the manufacturer supplied a new plunger yoke complete for seventy cents, and it was another evening's work for me to put the car in running order.

That was the last of my trouble for that season. I did not try to see how much mileage I could run up. I had bought the car for recreation for myself and family, and ran it very conservatively. Luckily,

in the five hundred and odd miles I ran I never once had a tire trouble. My only upkeep expense was for gasoline, oil, grease, brass cleaning preparations and carbide. And we had a deal of pleasure, everything considered—although I admit it was not until the next spring that I could take the car out without any anxiety as to what might happen to it. I was dead set against ever taking it to a repair-shop again. This anxiety is something a man must overcome, before he can really enjoy his car. He must not be on the *qui vive* all the time he is driving, anticipating a mis-firing cylinder or a tire blow-out or a cranky carbureter or some other difficulty. If he knows a little about his car, but not enough, he is as badly off as if he knew nothing. Oddly enough, I have found that a great many motorists are in just that foolish position, of having only half learned to know their cars. Professional chauffeurs and repairmen are, as a general rule, little better off. And it all comes from the general practice of meeting troubles only when they arise. I have been told by men who have had much experience with automobiles, that "it is a mistake to tinker with a car all the time." Perhaps it is, if you don't know what you are doing. But if you do know your car, you will not "tinker" unnecessarily or unwisely. What would you say of a locomotive engineer whom you never saw puttering around his engine with monkey-wrench and oil-can? No, an automobile should be kept properly adjusted, the same as any other machine. And to the average American who has the good sense to learn how, by himself taking entire charge of his car, this adjusting, oiling, greasing, cleaning and polishing is a pleasure. It is a change from his more serious work, perhaps; and after all it is only an elaboration of the "tinkering" every man likes to do. It is by no means the difficult and intricate task so many foolishly believe. A typewriter is ten times—yes, I would almost say twenty times—as intricate as any automobile. I ought to know, for as a writer I use a typewriter every day, and I have completely and successfully overhauled two different automobiles. The actual work with the hands is simple; the most difficult job I have tackled has been soldering terminals on cables. Mechanical expertness is not necessary; one needs only

a good average pair of hands and a little gumption.

In order to preserve the tires as well as possible, I always jacked the car up in the barn when I knew I was going to let it stand a few days. And after every run I washed off the tires with gasoline, to remove the oil (from the oiled roads) and to expose any cuts or holes in the rubber. These latter I filled up with a preparation called "gum-gum," which served to keep the water and sand from working in and ruining the fabric of the tire. All together, I think I have not used a dime's worth.

When I laid the car up for the winter, I drew off the gasoline from the tank and gave the barn a good airing. Then I set up a little pot-stove, and after the shooting season was well over and I found my spare time hanging rather heavily upon me, I fired up the little stove and started in to strip down the car. (First, however, I made sure that the differential and the transmission needed no overhauling). Briefly, I took the engine right out and tore it down completely. And one of the most interesting things I found was that the man who sold me the car had lied when he said new piston rings had just been put on the pistons. (He declared he had put them in himself). I had found that the second and third cylinders did

not "kick" as hard as the other two (learned by holding down the vibrators on the coil), but I now saw the whole four of them should give much better service. I made a thoroughly good job of removing all carbon from cylinders, pistons, etc.; a better job than I could ever expect from a repair-shop, because I was working for myself. I put in new piston rings, a couple of new connecting-rod bushings, new cylinder gaskets, tightened things up carefully and put the engine together again. I put three more new plunger yokes in the mechanical oiler, with new packing for all of them, and a new lead to one of the cylinders, the old one having worn through to a leak, from contact with the vibrating engine base. I installed a complete new set of valve springs and washers and ground in the valves. I dis-assembled the carbureter and cleaned it carefully, and put in new packing in all the suction pipe connections. I renewed a couple of drive-shaft pin bushings, overhauled all the ignition, replacing some terminals and insulators, and I re-painted the rims of the road wheels under the tires. Everything necessary or anywhere near necessary to put the car in first-class shape, with the exception of painting, and refinishing the top, was done. It was all accomplished during spare time, and the cost was just \$7.85.

Laying Out The Day's Work

A CAREFULLY thought out article, emphasizing the great importance of planning ahead in business work, is contributed to *Business and the Book-keeper* Magazine by Charles O'Malley.

Both man and business can not afford not to plan. The fruits of lack of planning may estrange partner from partner in a small business; it may lose a big customer in a large one. But the greatest argument that can be brought against work slightly laid out, or not at all, is that it wastes.

"A day's work rightly laid out is often worth a dozen which 'just happen,'" says the supervisor of a metropolitan printing plant. "We have been able to

get approximately three-fifths more work done—merely by planning for each day. Work is apportioned every morning; past work records show what we can expect to do—and we do it. 'A good plan is an extra man' on most jobs."

Perhaps one of the best systems for planning the day's work is that in use by a large manufacturing company.

First of all the general plans are passed down from overhead by the Board of Control. These plans are not specific, except in unusual cases. Particularly for the new employe who joins the organization, they may be made specific for a while, but at the earliest opportunity he is thrown on his own resources.

The head of each department, for the beginning of each day's work, is required to draw up a schedule of what he intends to put through himself and have his subordinates put through that day. If the work requires more than the day, he makes tentative plans for as many days ahead as the work will require.

The day's plans, as noted or dictated by the manager, are made out in triplicate. The original is forwarded to the general manager. The first duplicate is kept for immediate reference for himself, the second duplicate is filed.

As a usual thing, all department heads are down early to lay out their day's work, while their mind is fresh, and before the arrival of the general manager. On the arrival of the general manager, therefore, he finds that complete plans for the day's work of the organization are made, and these plans, in writing, are on his desk ready for a quick check-up. This check-up determines the general plan of the manager's work and of the men under him, for the day. Usually it is not necessary to make any material changes; the men are experienced and are on their mettle to do their very best, and as a result the morning plans usually stand.

But commonly—it has been the experience of this general manager—it is necessary to see one or two personally in order to talk over the work as it has been planned. In some cases it is best to get two or three men together and go over the work in detail. Again, it may be found that a department head is starting out to duplicate work that has been done or that has been planned by another. In this case interference is automatically taken care of, as the two men are brought together to talk over the work and see which can care for it to the best advantage.

It is found that often in the morning-plan sheets—as these reports are called—are suggestions that are of large value. In one case a suggestion of the manager of the buying department was so pertinent that the policies of the house were entirely changed. He was called in to meet the board of managers and his plan for car lot buying was adopted. This was a suggestion that the ordinary "suggestion-box" would never have reached.

There now remains the third copy of the original day's plan, in the files of each

department head. Each manager goes through these duplicates from time to time and sees how his plans have worked out in comparison with the ones he originally had in mind. He sees that in one place he has gone counter to the general instructions of men higher up; in another case some trifling suggestion which was not thought of as of any great value by him has been utilized by his superiors to the fullest advantage, benefiting both him and the business. He is able, by checking up his results, to see exactly how accurate his plans are and how they work out.

This method of systematically planning the day's work, passing the plan on to the general manager for his supervision and actual or tentative O.K. or his corrections and suggestions, is one that develops the man as well as the business.

Various organizations find that it is possible to make the ordinary operations of business the means around which the day's work is planned and grouped. One engineering works handling mainly large orders for complicated machine tools finds it possible to make the drafting room the basis for planning the day's work. This was brought about by the fact that at one time a drafting room mistake was responsible for the loss of a \$15,000 contract. When it came to placing the responsibility for the error it was impossible to find any one who could be held. To prevent a future recurrence of a similar mistake, the manager brought the department heads together at 10 o'clock the next morning to go over in detail all plans for a week's work ahead. It was found that this required a great deal of time, and the men were not at their best in a long session of four or five hours every week. So the session was made into a morning meeting of department heads in the drafting room, where the day's work was planned. The responsibility for mistakes now lies beyond the draftsman—it is placed collectively upon the shoulders of the men who attend the meeting. It has been found that this meeting, in twenty or thirty minutes, can take care of the plans for the day. Each man goes back to his work not only knowing what is ahead of him, but enthused with the business—brought into a state of mind where he works at the highest efficiency point. And

he can pass his enthusiasm on to the workers under him.

"To me there is nothing that has the inspiration that leads a man to dig into work so much as the orders that come in," says the supervisor of work of a Chicago manufacturing house, and once a salesman on the road.

"For a long while I studied whether there was not some plan by which this enthusiasm could be communicated to the department heads. Finally I got together the men, let them study over the orders; tried to place the responsibility for them as much as possible, and drilled every man relentlessly from the standpoint that the bunch of orders before them was the actual result of what we all had been doing for the last few years. I impressed upon them that it was not what we meant to do, or had tried to do, but what had actually come in that counted.

"By taking up each individual order and studying it from two standpoints, it was possible to get my men to plan their work systematically and to handle it to good advantage. I was able to make them see that not only was the bulk of orders as they came in the result of our work, but also to get them to arrange their departments so that these orders would be taken care of to the best advantage. Around incoming orders I have been able to group a system of planning the day's work which takes care of the business as I believe it ought to be taken care of."

The manager of an electrical engineering works making a wide range of electric specialties uses a morning mail reading meeting as a means of laying out the day's work. He groups the day's plans about incoming mail.

The department heads gather each morning in the manager's office. The mail is opened—read—commented on—allotted to the man who can best handle it. Policies are settled as well as the day's details. The interchange of information giving each man an exact and authoritative knowledge of what the others are doing has made it possible to eliminate the waste plans which are a regular part of the day's work of so many institutions.

A further advantage of the morning mail reading as a means for planning

what can be done to best advantage during the day is the fact that the cost is so light. There is no expensive system to install; no complicated records have to be kept, for a simple memorandum on the corner of a letter may be the specifications for the day's work for a department.

"We have found it possible to group plans for the day's work about the correspondence department," says the manager of a Chicago mail order house. "One of the hardest things in taking on a new department head is to get him to plan systematically for what is ahead. He is willing, once a thing is done, to submit it to any amount of scrutiny. But before work is finished, usually he does not like to submit his plans to his manager. This we have found, in all cases, comes because he is not sure of his plans. His work he is sure of; his plans—particularly in skeleton form and without his personality—he fears will not make a good impression.

"In order to train the men—especially department heads taken on from other businesses—in the quickest possible time, the carbons of the previous day's letters are read before them. This list of letters does not include all the letters of all the departments, as many are of routine interest only. But each department head is requested to turn in to the manager the carbons of such letters as would prove instructive to the men who are to hear them. Such letters are those touching booked orders which call for special work in other departments. Filled orders which call for special work also may be of some interest. Adjustments found necessary and made are of great importance, as they show how faults have occurred in the past and warn the new worker how to avoid them.

"We also have a modification of this method, by which a second copy of letters which will be of assistance to department heads is sent from the correspondence department to the appropriate men. Boys who come early in the morning assist in the opening of the mail and distribute all copies of previous day's letters to the heads of the departments, as specified by notations. When the department head arrives he finds on his desk duplicates of all letters necessary to a complete planning of the work that is just ahead."

One of the large mail order houses of Chicago uses a "work ahead" schedule as an aid to planning the day's work.

On opening the mail it is noted, for instance, that the orders throw extra work upon certain departments. A morning's mail may call for extra help to fill the inflow of orders on schedule time. Or the packing department may need to know that there will be an unusual run on "Size A" boxes. The "work ahead" advice enables the department manager to plan his work effectively and not be taken by surprise.

This method has been adopted by a number of small businesses; the general manager notifies his subordinates as early as possible what work is ahead. Small manufacturing plants especially are using this method of helping the department head to make an accurate plan for the day.

The mind side of planning for others is one that is being considered more and more. The mechanics of work can be determined by figures; it takes close and accurate observation to learn how the mind influences the handling of work.

"I find that planning the day's work for shorthand help is a matter of systematically handling the 'overload,'" says the

manager of the large stenographic department of one of the large Chicago plants. "Our force is of all classes; for instance, we have workers who have special training and must be kept on even when there is no paying work for them. Then we may have a day a week when ten of our hundred workers could easily care for what is in hand. Work for the force then becomes an important problem. Once it comes to their mind that there is a time when they can 'slack up,' this tends to demoralize the working efficiency of the entire force. As a consequence, it is necessary to keep work ahead so as to keep the force moving at a fair rate all of the time. This I provide by means of an 'overload'—work held back for these emergencies.

"It is important that this work must be 'new.' The employe must not know that there is constantly hanging over him what he calls an 'old job.' Old jobs and leftovers are bugbears to workers. What he must know is that a few minutes before his desk is clear other similar work, no harder or no easier, will be provided. The important thing, therefore, in planning the day's work for any routine employe is that of keeping ahead of him a fair amount of work of the same quality as he is doing."

"A Fossil, A Freak and A Fanatic"

THE world lost three remarkable teachers during the year 1910. It may seem strange to group the names of Professor Goldwin Smith, Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy and Count Lyoff Tolstoi, for three persons whose characters, aims and methods were more dissimilar could not well be brought together, and a cynic might dismiss them curtly as a fossil, a freak and a fanatic. But at least all of them were notable as interpreters of tendencies of thought in the civilized world, and to that may be added another minor point of resemblance. It was not the philosophy or religious teaching of any one of them which formed the principal foundation for fame, and it is even possible that Goldwin

Smith, Mrs. Eddy and Tolstoi might never have been known outside of a small circle, but for other gifts which won for them the attention of Christendom.

If Professor Goldwin Smith had not ranked among the most brilliant essayists of the century, his unobtrusive personality would never have wielded an influence in public life, but he was fitted to become the mouthpiece of a type of man which, though some regard it as existing merely to disturb the complacency of the multitude, nevertheless exerts an influence on the country as a whole. The nobility of the enthusiasms of Goldwin Smith can never be assailed, even by those who considered him misguided. He puzzled men who could only think

nationally, for his first concern was with humanity in the large and he made himself a servant of truth, freedom and justice. In his effort to do away with prejudices and similar handicaps of different races, the sage of the Grange frequently took an unpopular stand, and even while people admired the man they execrated his views. Because he could not make them see down to the bed-rock of righteousness on which he sought to build, they considered him merely negative and destructive. Yet they knew him to be a man who had devoted his gifts and his riches to the service of mankind when he might have lived a life of idle ease.

The religious position taken by Professor Goldwin Smith was as difficult for most persons to understand as his consistent championship of unpopular political views, and he seemed always to be arguing against the cheering. It must be borne in mind that his religious views were formed in the days when literalists had command of the situation, and he never completely cleared his mind of the impression that to admit a flaw was the same thing as admitting that the whole of the religion of Western civilization was wrong. The theology of the churches seemed to him to be embalmed in tradition, but he recognized that as organizations they stood for the essential things in both public and private life. Philosophically his religious stand may have been negative, but the important part of the life of Goldwin Smith as a teacher is that practically it was positive.

For many years Professor Goldwin Smith attended a little church near his historic home, and there was a touch of pathos and nobility about the old man worshipping out into the darkness of his uncertainty while hundreds of pulpits in the land thundered against things which he had written. This position was not the result of intellectual insincerity, but showed that one of the greatest humanitarians of the century endorsed the work being done by the Christian Church as an organization. It is also a significant indication of the expansiveness of modern religious life, when not dominated by religious hierarchies, for surely the church ought to be the first to recognize that

man's chief test lies in his character and his sincerity. The value of Goldwin Smith as a teacher doubtless lay largely in his example. During his lifetime, theologians found that the destructive work of critical minds had to be done so that the constructive work might be commenced on firm foundations which had never ceased to exist. The battles which accompany the blending of theology, science and social economy may well puzzle and dismay many a lay mind, but the Goldwin Smiths of recent generations have at least tried to preserve their grip on that central truth for which, when all is said and done, the churches stood—that fundamental thing which the prophets called righteousness. Is there a congregation in Christendom which does not contain some members whose theology is hazy, but whose characters are staunch? Such a condition of things is sure to exist in an age of development and fortunately such men as Professor Goldwin Smith have shown that such a stand may be sincere.

It may seem at first glance a mistake to class Mrs. Eddy as a person who was not primarily a religious teacher, but a very brief study of her philosophy and life makes the reason for doing so quite apparent. It was not "Christian Science" that made her one of the greatest women of the century, in fact one of the most remarkable of the world's daughters, for without her splendid ability as an organizer, she might have remained as little known as Quimby. She gave the greatest practical demonstration ever presented of the value of the centralization of power, and she showed her genius in realizing things of which other ambitious persons have only been able to dream. Other popes have made their infallibility a dogma, but Mrs. Eddy's became a fact. She left no loop-hole through which heresy could creep, for she and "Science and Health" were supreme, the only voices and the only authorities in the church. If any of her followers desired a new deity, Mrs. Eddy was willing to assume that role as well, but above all she asserted her position as the sole guardian of truth, which in her case was synonymous with cash. Even the wealth of the sect was so centralized that the church at Bos-

ton has become possibly the most powerful single organization on the continent. There are those who see in it a political menace in the future, but the danger hardly seems imminent in a country where the bitter sentiment against trusts, either political or religious, is steadily growing. A contemplation of the church must indicate that Mrs. Eddy is great chiefly in her ability to acquire and manipulate power.

As a woman she does not inspire the world at large with a desire to worship or even admire her. In the first place the man on the street doubts her sincerity, and everyone who takes an unprejudiced stand retains a slight suspicion that her 'discovery' was stolen from her former friend Quimby. She may have taken the manuscript or she may have only carried off the idea—in which case she apparently secured assistance in the use of it, for anyone who reads the shallow pretentious writings of Mrs. Eddy such as her letters and autobiography will doubt that she penned the stately English of "Science and Health," Mark Twain has proved this conclusively in his literary analysis of her work. The controversy over the question 'Where did the idea come from?' may rage for generations without either side being convinced, but Mrs. Eddy's claims to inspiration are discredited by her own acts. She stands alone in history as a prophet who copyrighted the divine message and sold it at a margin of five hundred per cent. Her followers regard such reflections upon her sincerity as blasphemy, but these are just a few of the reasons why the 'Mother Mary' of the Christian Scientist does not win respect from the average passer-by. Her talents were not the kind which conquer the human heart.

Yet the truth which lay at the root of her success and which she garbled and twisted in her teaching is bound to have a far reaching effect during the present century. Miracles have been wrought by the bones of saints, by sacred pools, by witch doctors and by faith healers for centuries, and in all these cases the same power was exercised as Mrs. Eddy used in her science. The workers of the miracles accounted for them to the best of their ability, but there can be no doubt that

the success of Christian Science hastened the discovery of the wonders which can be accomplished by mental suggestion. The men behind the Emanuel Movement are making use of it, and it is being given scientific application in other quarters. If half of the illness of the world results from imagination and morbid mental conditions, then it stands to reason that physicians will accomplish much by toning up the mind. In Mrs. Eddy's teaching there was one important factor which the miracle workers who preceded her had overlooked. Christian Science demanded an optimism which was carried to the edge of the ridiculous, but this compulsory cheerfulness played an important part in the permanency of the success of the cures. When people moved from shadow into sunlight—real or imaginary—and thereafter refuse to recognize the existence of anything but brightness, it is not surprising that they will consent to worship the woman who led them. It is this healthy outlook that the men who are using mental suggestion desire to attain. It will mean a great deal to the world, but the progress towards it must be slow, for mankind yields obedience less readily to a science than to a religion.

Count Lyoff Tolstoi resembled Professor Goldwin Smith in his splendid sincerity and he also possessed Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy's power of arresting attention. These two characteristics hardly seem combinable, but in the case of the Russian philosopher his actions were not calculated for effect, but it so happened that the logical outcome of his beliefs were acts which appealed to the imagination. The greatest indication of his sincerity is the reverence which the whole world felt for him.

It has been declared that Tolstoi can only claim immortality as a literary artist. Such critics as Edmund Gosse and Matthew Arnold marvelled at the wonderful accuracy of his realism, and accurate realism is, oh, so rare. Arnold described 'Anna Karenina' as a 'piece of life' and Gosse said of the writer, "There is no other author whose name I can recall who gives anything like his presentment of all that moves beneath the scope of heaven." Still it is just possible that the

literary artist may be almost forgotten in days when his theories of conduct will be attracting general attention.

Although he waged a war against the Orthodox Greek Church, Tolstoi believed devoutly in Christ, but he wanted to expound the Nazarene anew for the benefit of the world. He had faith in the spiritual insight of Jesus and wanted to apply the precepts which He taught to modern conditions. Even the most ardent admirers of Tolstoi find it difficult to follow him through the maze of his philosophic wanderings, but the industrious W. T. Stead attempted to formulate the creed of the great Russian and found that it was based on a conception of Christ embodied in five commandments. First, "Live in peace with all men; treat no one as contemptible and beneath you. Not only allow yourself no anger, but do not rest until you have dissipated anger in others against yourself.

Second. No libertinage and no divorce; let every man have one wife and every woman one husband.

Third. Never on any pretext take an oath of service of any kind; all such oaths are imposed for a bad purpose.

Fourth. Never employ force against an evil-doer; bear whatever wrong is done to you without opposing the wrong-doer or seeking to have him punished.

Fifth. Renounce all distinction of nationality; do not admit that men of another nation may ever be treated by you as enemies; love all men alike as alike near to you; do good to all alike.

Even though this summary may be incomplete, it serves to indicate that Tolstoi was what most of us would call a dreamer, but dreamers are often in reality the men who see farther than the next step to be taken towards the perfecting of civilization. Theories which appear Uto-

pian to-day may have a very wide application a century hence. The five commandments of the Russian mystic strike the reader at once as idealistic but impracticable, and though a few individuals might advocate them, not even the nations which count themselves to be the most advanced would attempt to inculcate such ideas in the youth of the land. There are prominent public men in Canada who could be counted upon to fight them as imbecile and suicidal. Imagine Colonel G. T. Denison turned loose among his theories of universal peace. But when all is said and done, Tolstoi merely advocated a more complete application of principles which Christendom has acknowledged for a long time to be fundamental. Is it, therefore, very daring or optimistic to prophecy that time will find the world following Tolstoi? Not perhaps in his entirety, but much that he has taught will be found so practical that future generations will wonder why he was ever considered a lone voice crying in the wilderness.

These teachers, representing three widely different types, with widely different aims, passed out of their activity at a ripe old age and two of them lived to see much of the fruit of their work. Professor Goldwin Smith might be described as a man of the past, whose influence was needed in an age of reconstruction which seemed to the world to be an age of destruction. Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy served her purpose as a teacher in the present by calling attention to useful little truths which were being overlooked and having done that, she ceased to be important save as a founder of a wonderful organization. Tolstoi holds the mind longer for he is not yet fully understood and in him one may be admiring a great prophet of the future.

Queen Mary, the Old-Fashioned Wife and Mother

A NUMBER of sidelights on the character of Queen Mary have been collected by the editor of *Current Literature*, under the above heading, all tend-

ing to show the present Queen of England as pious, Puritanical and impeccable. The relaxation of manners and even of morals which characterized the British

aristocracy in the reign of the late King Edward will not be tolerated in the present period of respectability. Women who invade the divorce court, wives who live apart from their husbands and peeresses who tend to be "fast" will receive short shrift at court. The Queen is understood to have set about a drastic purification of the tone of English society, and those who perceive the extent to which she has gained sway over the mind of the King do not doubt her ability to enforce her policy of of strict correctness. Primarily, as the *London World* says, Queen Mary is a wife and mother and she is determined that society shall be governed from the standpoint of the wife and mother. It will be correct in households that model their ways to accord with those of the court to have family prayers, to attend church regularly and to manifest a decent respect for the conventions. It was thought that Her Majesty might not be so rigorous in her ideas after a brief period on the throne. On the contrary she is more straight-laced than ever. The royal family is to be, it seems, a pattern and an example of respectability to the entire Anglo-Saxon world.

Queen Mary in truth is deeply religious, retaining the evangelical faith in which she was brought up, writes Mr. W. T. Stead in the *London Review of Reviews*. Her religion is more concerned with morals than with imagination, with conduct more than with belief. She is a regular church-goer and communicant, who is extremely tolerant in her views, but very punctual in reading her Bible every day; no matter how much work she has to do, she always reads her chapter. She is not attracted either by high Ritual or by low Church; she loves the music of the organ and the singing of a well-trained choir. She is very fond of singing, and her voice, although not strong or of great volume, is sweet and sympathetic. For the modern love song, even in her teens, the Queen had no fancy, but preferred words more in keeping with her every-day thoughts. "The Lost Chord" and "The Convent Gate" used to be among her favorite songs.

Her Majesty has much interested herself in the servant problem. She has stated that to her mind the real root of of the unsatisfactory state of things is that mistresses are too little concerned

about the comfort of those whom they employ. They ought, she says, to do everything they can to make the leisure hours of their servants as agreeable as possible, and Her Majesty has practised what she has preached. Both the King and Queen loathe gambling. The Queen dislikes cards. The King plays bridge sometimes, and for small points, but without any enthusiasm. The King is interested in athletics, but the Queen cares little or nothing for sport of any kind. She is a keen walker and an enthusiastic needlewoman. The Queen is always the mother first and everything else afterwards. When she was compelled to part from her children in order to accompany her husband in his tour around the world she had a a cinematograph fixed in the royal yacht, so that she might be able, whenever she chose, to see a living and moving presentment of her little ones playing and working.

The education of the children has always been of very great moment to the Queen, says Mr. Stead further; she was anxious that they should each be thoroughly taught all that others can teach them and therefore personally arranged the system she desired should be followed. Favoring the kindergarten for the very young—which amuses while it instructs—the Queen adopted this method for each one at the outset, often herself explaining the use and manipulation of the objects employed. Her Majesty, it seems, has never made the mistake of allowing or encouraging her children to have very long lessons, and here she is in agreement with the most advanced thinkers of our time, who have become aware that very serious injury may be done by overtasking young brains.

The Princess's own *gouvernante* and companion, Madame Bricka, had charge of the elder children when they were young, and the tutors to the young Princes were Mr. Hua and Mr. Hansell, under whose charge they have been taken to see many of the historic and show places of London. They have paid their first visits to the Tower of London and to the Zoological Gardens with the fresh natural enthusiasm of a country cousin. They are dressed plainly, live plainly, and have good, serviceable toys which are not easily destroyed. No pleas-

anter picture of an English mother amongst her bairns could be seen than that afforded by the Princess of Wales when living quietly at York Cottage. All the children, even to the youngest, came to their mother's room for tea, and when there was a baby it was brought down and laid on the couch so that the circle might be complete. No more devoted mother ever existed, and in former days to see one of the family at Sandringham has been generally to see them all. Mother and children would ride or ramble in the park, the father often completing the happy group.

Prince Edward becomes Prince of Wales, and bonny Princess Mary the Princess Royal. The remaining four boys, Prince Albert, Prince Henry, Prince George, and Prince John will, all being well, figure in the distant future as Royal dukes. The education and upbringing of the Royal children has been on eminently modern lines, writes Mrs. Sarah A. Tooley in the *London Chronicle*. At York Cottage, Sandringham, they have passed much of their time in healthy outdoor exercise, and have been very gradually initiated into book learning. They have been trained to use their eyes and their hands, and to acquire knowledge by observation. At the Technical Schools, Sandringham, they practice needlework and wood-carving. The young princes can compete with their sister in cross-stitch and wool crochet, and each year they send some of their handiwork to the Needlework Guild, of which their mother is president.

At Sandringham, too, they have been brought up in friendly association with the rural people. The Princes play cricket and football on the recreation grounds with the village boys, and practice at the gymnasium, which King Edward provided for the youth of the district. At Christmas they help to entertain the school-children, and join in their merry-making.

At Frogmore House, in Windsor Park, the Royal children have delightful recreations. There is a new cricket ground for them, where the young Princes captain teams of boys from Eton College and St. George's, and where Princess Mary also tries her skill at a game. During the Diablo craze the Royal children played

with the keenest zest, and the young French boy Marcel Meunier gave a display of his skill for them at Marlborough House. From Frogmore, 'oo, they go on delightful picnics to Virginia Water, where the brig "King Edward VII." lies moored on the lake.

This smart little craft was provided by "grandpa," and on it Prince Edward and Prince Albert took their first lessons in seamanship before they went to Osborne College, and now it serves as a training craft for the younger Princes. It is at Frogmore also that the Royal children practice riding and driving, under the tuition of Mr. Stratton, who has been groom to their father for many years. They have two pairs of driving ponies, one dark and the other the beautiful cream-colored ponies given to them by Mr. George Sanger. The Windsor home farm and dairy, close to Frogmore House, afford the children endless diversion, and have somewhat eclipsed their old love, the Sandringham Dairy. In the hay-making season they have glorious times in Windsor Great Park.

All the Royal children have cameras, and receive instruction from Mr. Hua, one of their tutors and a skilled photographer. They vie with each other in filling photographic albums with snapshots, and may possibly have some sympathy with the Pressmen who are not permitted to snapshot them. They have also their postcard albums, which contain quite a wonderful collection of views sent by their parents from the Colonies and India, and many cards signed "From grandpa." Those from Biarritz have a sad significance now.

Prince Edward, who is known in the family circle as "David," played the role of elder brother, even in his earliest years. The newcomers were "the children," for whom his protecting and admonitory care were quite necessary. There were times, however, when the "new boy," as Prince Albert was called, showed signs of rebellion against the nursery sway of his elder brother, and one day their mother was deeply shocked to find them disputing the possession of the rocking-horse with blows. But their father said, "Let them have it out; they will be better friends afterwards."

SMOKING ROOM STORIES

Mrs. Peck: "Henry, what would you do if burglars broke into our house some night?"

Mr. Peck (*valiantly*): "Humph! I should keep perfectly cool, my dear."

And when, a few nights later, burglars *did* break in, Henry kept his promise: he hid in the ice-box.—*Lippincott's*.

* * *

There is living in Illinois a solemn man who is often funny without meaning to be. At the time of his wedding, he lived in a town some distance from the home of the bride. The wedding was to be at her house. On the eventful day the solemn man started for the station, but on the way met the village grocer, who talked so entertainingly that the bridegroom missed his train.

Naturally he was in a "state." Something must be done, and done quickly. So he sent the following telegram:

"Don't marry till I come.—Henry."
—*Lippincott's*.

* * *

A well-known New York contractor went into the tailor's, donned his new suit, and left his old one for repairs. Then he sought a cafe and refreshed the inner man; but as he reached in his pocket for the money to settle his check, he realized that he had neglected to transfer both purse and watch when he left his suit. As he hesitated, somewhat embarrassed, he saw a bill on the floor at his feet. Seizing it thankfully, he stepped to the cashier's desk and presented both check and money.

"That was a two-dollar bill," he explained when he counted his change.

"I know it," the cashier replied, with a toss of her blonde head. "I'm dividing with you. I saw it first."—*Lippincott's*.

The late Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia was a diplomat of the first order, and was possessed of a full share of Celtic wit and kindly humor.

Before the *Catholic Standard* and the *Catholic Times* were combined to form one publication, there was keen rivalry and much controversy between their proprietors and readers as to which was the more truly representative Roman Catholic organ in Philadelphia. Each sought eagerly to gain the official endorsement of the Archbishop. On one occasion a prominent layman tried to trap him into a statement as to which of the two publications he preferred.

"Well, I will give you my opinion," said the Archbishop deliberately; "it is certain that the *Standard* is far ahead of the times, and it is equally certain that the *Times* is much above the standard. Therefore I prefer to regard as most worthy the one which is thus proved to be superior."—*The Housekeeper*.

* * *

Rastus was on trial, charged with stealing seven dollars and eighty-five cents. He pleaded not guilty, and, as he was unable to hire an attorney, the judge appointed Lawyer Clearem as counsel. Clearem put up a strong plea in defense, and Rastus was acquitted.

Counsel and client met a few minutes later outside the court room.

"Now, Rastus," said Clearem, "you know the court allows the counsel very little for defending this kind of a case. I worked hard for you and got you clear. I'm entitled to much more pay than I'm getting for my valuable services, and you should dig up a good-sized fee. Have you got any money?"

"Yes, Boss," replied Rastus, "I still done got dat seben dollahs and eighty-five cents."—*Everybody's*.

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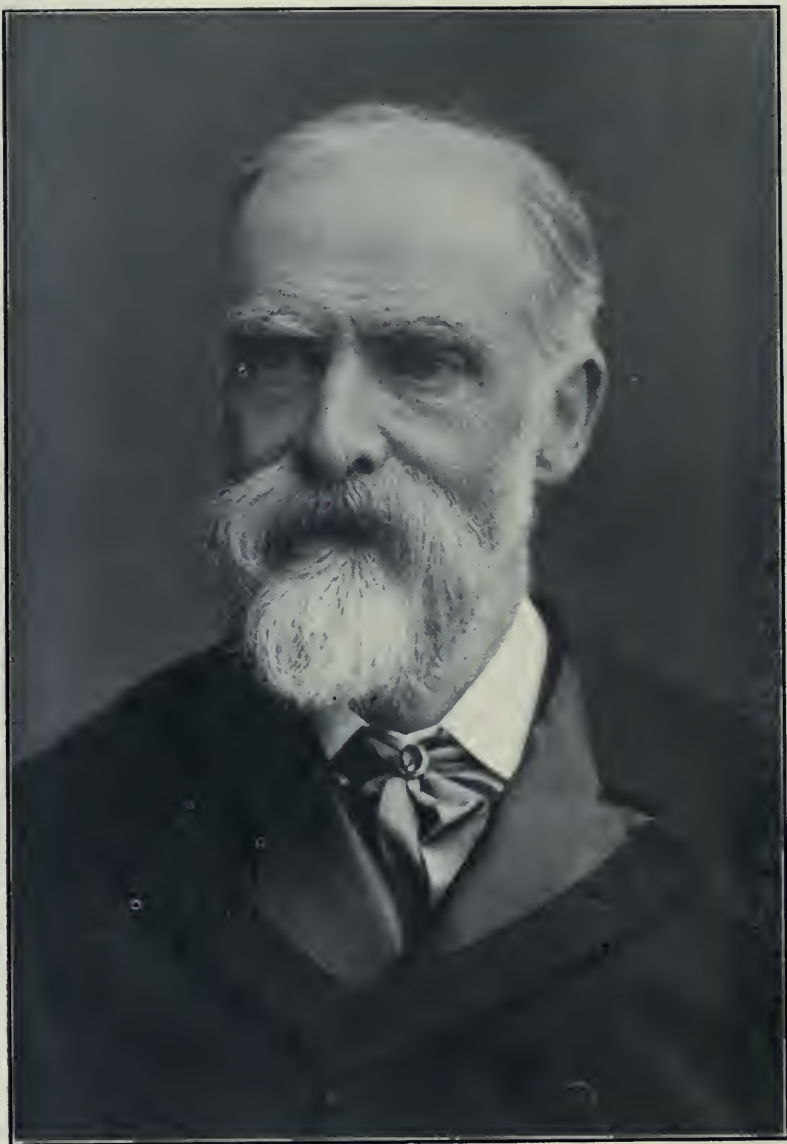
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See "The King's Man at Washington,"
by M. O. Hammond, page 187.

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The New Host at Rideau Hall

By

Frederick Greyson

THE men who hold high places in the social and governmental system of the British Empire are so often credited with the virtues of paragons and the abilities of Napoleons that the general public seldom learns their real worth; and, instead, comes to regard almost all of them as over-rated gentlemen traveling through the world on the credit of their ancestors and their social position. This is especially true of Canada, where the average man has the Missourian's yearning for visual demonstration, and where, it must be confessed, tradition and precedent are not conceded perhaps all the respect they merit. In the case of a new Governor-General coming to Canada, Canadians welcome him because he is His Majesty's choice, and they have faith in the wisdom of the Throne; but there is a general inclination to regard the Monarchical Proxy in Canada as a mere figure-head, with little or no real influence on the affairs of the Dominion; and when, as in the immediate instances of Earl Grey, who is just about to leave Rideau Hall, and the Duke of Connaught, who is just about to succeed His Excellency there, there are real qualities to be considered and appreciated, the Canadian's instinct is to look with mild skepticism on the written or

spoken eulogy. He knows that many an honest democratic writer is liable to lose some of his critical faculties in the presence of a gold-tipped aristocrat. He leaves it for Time and the newspaper report to inform him at some later date as to just how much of the praise which was given the distinguished gentlemen, was merited and how much was not.

In the case of Earl Grey the things which were said and written about him before his arrival have been "revised upwards." He leaves Canada with more virtues than were attributed to him by even the most sanguine of writers upon his arrival. Canadians have found enough error in him to convince them that after all he was really human, which is a much greater virtue than perfection.

Now, however, comes His Royal Highness, the King's uncle, the late King's brother—the Duke of Connaught. One must revise one's standards of measurement. One must choose carefully one's adjectives; not because he is of royal blood, nor because he will make what is to be practically a court at Ottawa, but because he is the brother of a remarkable man who had remarkable qualities, and if Connaught possesses the same qualities, and exercises the same strange influence in his sphere as the

late King Edward did in his, then Canada will do well to observe His Royal Highness carefully.

At five o'clock in the morning, when the sun was pushing his head up through a slot in the eastern horizon, when the dawn swept with a quick, light movement over the Mediterranean, until it smote the black sides of Gibraltar itself, a young officer, scarcely twenty-six years of age, used to be seen emerging from his quarters, bright-eyed, erect of bearing, quick in his movements and with his brightly-polished sword sending back flashes of acknowledgement to the rising sun, as he strode out of the enclosure which contained the officers' quarters. Every dawn saw the same sight. Every early-toiling bird saw the same flawless uniform, the same alert young officer starting out on his morning's work.

This work was the inspection of the batteries of the great fortress. It might have been accepted as a perfunctory affair and gone through with as a matter of form. But the young officer had a family *failing* for taking an interest in everything. He went through gallery after gallery with the same interest as when he visited the first battery. The uniforms of the men, the care of the guns, the condition of the surroundings, each claimed his attention. He had not been stationed long in Gibraltar. Upon his first arrival he set out to learn Spanish. This mastered, he studied the fortress itself. But until he knew it thoroughly, he said little or nothing in his early morning rounds. When he had learned and observed, he made use of his knowledge, not in the irritating manner of a brevet, but with the good nature and tact which was another family characteristic. Thus the Duke of Connaught at twenty-six years of age became one of the idols of Gibraltar. He did not go there as a royal prince of England, to be made a hero of. Indeed, the special instructions from her late Majesty Queen Victoria, which preceded Connaught to his post, stated very specifically that he was to become an efficient officer and to have no more privileges, nor any less work than his fellows of the same military rank in the army.

A distinguished Portuguese gentleman who was crossing from Liverpool to Montreal, stated recently that he had never

seen a young man so popular as was Connaught in those days.

"Why," he said, "everywhere he went he was cheered. If he passed through a street the cheering would commence at the point where he was first seen and would be taken up and carried on, all the way down the street as far as he went. The young men in the clubs would lift the windows and lean out to cheer him."

"And what would the Prince do?" asked a listener.

"The Prince! Ah! There again was his charm. He was at first greatly embarrassed, one could see. And even when he became as it were accustomed to his popularity, he still would blush when the crowd recognized him with shouting—he was only twenty-six, and he had an English complexion. After a time he seemed to think it was just a pleasant little compliment the people were paying the country he belonged to, and so he would wave his hand and hurry along. But it was no empty compliment. It was appreciation for an admirable young man."

"But what explained it?" asked another passenger. "How did they come to know his good qualities?"

"How! Oh, quite easily, *Mosieu*. He mixed well with the people. He was everywhere, and everywhere he went he was a perfect gentleman. He was not—what you call dissipated, but wherever he went he had a word for the shy or the timid, and a greeting for the others. At the theatre he would come out into the foyer and talk with the others with such grace, such vivacity, and yet such quiet dignity that everybody loved him, and the way he treated the little wives and daughters, and even the old mothers, of Gibraltar, was like an old cavalier, like a real Prince."

The Duke of Connaught is white-headed now, but he has retained the same qualities which make the French call him "The Amiable." He is a small man, somewhat larger than "Bobs," and, as a matter of fact, of about the same height as the late King, but unlike King Edward, he is of a lean build, more elastic in his movements, and nervous. He has a white moustache and white hair—though it is a little thin now. His face is not fat, nor yet is it thin: it is inclined to be round. The two things which, in his conversation distinguish him, are his eyes and his man-



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS— "THE AMIABLE"

ner of conducting a conversation. The eyes are blue, vivacious, kind, inquiring, curious, smiling. They show a lively interest in everything that passes. They look upon everything with a quick sympathy which turns into a really humorous smile, full of twinkles, or into an expression of kindness which has made many a forgotten plebian feel the kinship of humanity.

In his conversation he has the accomplishments of more than a mere diplomat. Names, faces, details of every kind, are of course, always safe in his memory: he rarely forgets anything. But in addition to this he has the faculty of drawing out the shy person, of making the timid feel at ease. He does not wait for them to break the ice of a first conversation. It is he who commences. He asks questions. He wants to *know*. He is interested. He is appreciative. He remembers.

One should remember, in forming one's impression of His Royal Highness, that he is the son of remarkable parents, and more than that, that he is the *remarkable* son of remarkable parents, just as Edward was. Considering the Prince Consort and the late Queen Victoria, many persons have wondered how so much "humaneness" ever appeared in the children, how they ever escaped with the sense of humor which marked King Edward and which marks the Duke, his brother. For the parents were, we are told, of a most serious turn of mind, and given to taking every detail of life with deadly earnestness. But it is in this very matter that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were evidently not always given the credit they deserved. Recent researches made in the archives of the Royal Family, have brought to light, with the permission of His Majesty, King George, the care with which the formation of King Edward's character was surrounded, the same care which undoubtedly was given to the other children, including, of course, the Duke of Connaught. The most careful tutors were selected by the Queen and the Consort. The greatest pains was taken to see that the companions of the children were proper companions, of a sort that would make the Royal children, especially the Prince of Wales, better equipped to meet world society later on.

In some of their plans for the training of the children, the Queen and her husband are said to have failed. For instance, they planned exhaustive studies for the late King Edward, and his tutors were always compelled to report that he learned scarcely anything from books, while, on the other hand, in his intercourse with his fellow students and masters, he learned by his acute powers of observation, things in human nature which another man might never have mastered.

The same was apparently true, though perhaps not to the same extent, of the younger prince. He had the faculty which is called Tact. He knew, as if by instinct, what things to say and what things not to say, to certain men, or in certain circumstances. Like Edward, when a deputation of Spanish people secured an unexpected audience with him and when, to their bewilderment, the King showed a detailed and accurate knowledge of local facts and conditions in their country,—Connaught is never caught napping. Having once seen, he learns; having learned, he remembers.

There was at least one difference, however, between the brothers. Connaught is less active in prosecuting plans for his own amusement. Without in the least abating one's admiration for the late King Edward as a monarch, one can recall a story which they tell of him amongst the English and Americans in Paris, which will serve to show a difference between the brothers.

A party of French students who eked out art and a few sous together in a little club heard cheering in the streets one evening. They raised their windows to look out and beheld President Loubert driving King Edward the Seventh through the streets, preparatory, evidently, to showing him the sights of the city.

"Ah!" cried one of the students, "is it not pleasant to see M. Loubert the countryman showing M'sieu' the King of England, who is a *Parisian*—Paris!"

Edward was a true Parisian, in the most complimentary sense of the word. The Duke of Connaught is rather a *visitor* in Paris, like M. Loubert himself. Connaught is said to be very much devoted to his home. Those English people who have the honor of knowing the house-

hold pay it the compliment of saying: "They always were a *nice* family. The mother and the daughters are *really* lovely." The very simplicity of such a statement guarantees its worth.

The late King recognized his brother's statesmanlike abilities. The two men co-operated, the one as King and the other as the King's personal deputy. On the surface Connaught may appear to have done little more than ceremonial work for his Royal brother, but in the confidential relations between them there is little doubt that the Duke often made use of his powers of diplomacy in matters of state. It will not be belittling the dignity and honor of the Governor-General elect for Canada to say that he was, so to speak, a warming pan for the Imperial Throne. There is a difference between saying that he served the Throne direct and saying that he served the English Government direct. For in the latter expression it might fairly be inferred that he was the agent of England's local ambitions, which was not true. He served to stimulate cordial feelings on behalf of men, or nations, or states, toward the Throne of the British Empire. If Edward the Seventh was the Peace-maker, the Duke of Connaught was perhaps the strongest implement in the hands of the Peace-maker. He was "the warming pan." Sent here, or there, to a foreign country or to a charity bazaar, he won friends for the Throne of his brother.

Despite the many rumors which are continually going the rounds to the effect that *this* party and *that* influence were the means of securing the Duke's appointment to Canada, it is stated upon excellent authority that it was the late King's own personal wish that his brother should succeed Earl Grey. The idea originated with King Edward, and by his instructions is being carried out. The Duke of Connaught comes to Canada as an interpreter; he comes to interpret England to Canada and Canada to England. The Separatists and the ultra autonomists may be seized with a silly panic and think that this means interference and unasked advice, but in this they overlook the very qualities which have made Connaught so great a favorite and such a success. It will not be by interference, nor by any overt action that he will render service to the Imperial Crown and to Canada. But by the exer-

cise of his personal qualities he will show Canadians the real attitude of the real English toward the Empire; he will show that it is not for the selfish glory of England, nor her own aggrandizement that she wishes to maintain the British Empire intact; but that the British Crown is as much Canada's as London's, as much Australia's as Windsor's; as closely in sympathy with Colonial ministers of the Crown as with the ministers in the Mother of Parliaments. On the other hand, he will, it is said, inform the English Government of the spirit of the Canadian people and see that it cannot, through ignorance at all events, do anything that would cause a misunderstanding between the *Imperial Crown* and *this Dominion*.

A young English squire who had won a medal or two in the South African war, returned to England and commenced again the round of social activities which he had left when the war broke out. Since the close of the war he had been away from England, shooting in Central Africa, in India and in the northern part of Vancouver Island.

At a ball one night he met His Royal Highness, whom he thought had long since forgotten him.

"Ah, B——," the Duke said, "so you've come back. Tell me, were you in the Punjab?"

The officer replied that he had been there and had some very good shooting. Whereupon Connaught asked all manner of questions about the country, for he too was and is interested in big game shooting, and has made records in India.

Suddenly he broke the conversation.

"Where is your medal?" he asked.

"My medal, your Royal Highness!"—the young officer was inclined to be shy—"I left it off, sir."

"You should never do that," replied the Duke. "I expect you to wear it."

The young squire, while he was no weakling, had that instinct for effacing himself and his deeds, which makes so many Englishmen such delightful men. He made his promise to the Duke, but forgot about it until quite unexpectedly he found himself once more being entertained in the same house with Royalty.

The medal was in his pocket. He excused himself from his companions and, disappearing behind a friendly door, he



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT

pinned it hurriedly on his dress tunic. Emerging, he faced Connaught, who was surrounded by a group. Connaught beckoned to him with his eyes, and when the group had thinned, the great officer lifted the medal and laughed into the younger man's eyes.

"Dear B——," he said, "when a man has won an honor he ought to know how to wear it." And with deft fingers he undid the fastening and placed the medal in a proper position on the left breast.

It will behoove the officers at Ottawa to see that their uniforms are correct. It is one of the little things that his Royal Highness is more thoroughly posted on than any other man in the army. He knows what is correct and what is incorrect in uniform. He knows what should be worn when, and what should be worn

with what. He is not a "crank" in this regard, for in everything he has a sense of humor, but he retains the fastidious instincts which his Royal mother and father instilled into him and his brother.

He rides every day. He is a good shot. He motors moderately and has a mild interest in golf. The Americans will flock to Ottawa more than ever, now that they are not so cordially welcomed in London, and Connaught will treat them all with the old courtesy of Edward the Seventh. The Duchess is neither extravagant nor prudish in matters of dress. The court will be gay but not giddy. But these are very minor matters when one considers that the British Throne has sent its *best* to Canada.

The man who was right hand to Edward the Peace-maker will not live in Canada for nothing.

Colonel Copp's Finesse

By

Frank E. Verney

COLONEL COPP was a little man with a benevolent head of white hair, a red cherubic countenance, and one of the astutest minds in the city. The dinners which he was in the habit of giving at the Hotel Cecil, where he had a superb suite, were absolute epochs in lavish hospitality and gastronomic excellence. In fact, they made of the little American Colonel's name a synonym for magnificence; and in every place where a newspaper was read "Copp" became a household word. It was not so well known that one of Colonel Copp's mottoes was, "A good appearance covers a multitude of deficiencies," and the few who were aware of it did not appear to recognize the significant applicability of the maxim to the splendor of the Colonel's entertainments. This seeming obtuseness was probably due largely to the American's personality, which radiated confidence and respect. He was the sort of man that appeared born to be a trustee and custodian of other people's purses. Therefore, it can easily be understood that with such assets the Colonel had many opportunities of making money which the ordinary man had not.

One morning, while all the clubs were busy talking of a wonderful "aeroplane dinner" which Colonel Copp had given the previous evening in the courtyard of the Cecil, the Colonel himself was seated in an easy-chair in one of his rooms, smoking a cigar and examining his pass-book. The aroma of the leaf was excellent, and, so far as one could judge from the placid expression of the Colonel's face, the contents of the book might have been equally satisfactory.

As a mater of fact, the Colonel's current account was in a condition best des-

cribed as delicate. All the money he could get together of his own and his friends' he was putting in a great Canadian railway scheme for tapping a big section of the wheat belt, the development of which had hitherto been held up for want of adequate means of transport. This railway was destined to make fabulous profits, and, incidentally, a multimillionaire of its chairman and chief shareholder. The money which Colonel Copp did not put into this railway he put into his famous repasts, which gave him a renown above bankers' references, and a circle of moneyed acquaintances able, and even anxious, to share in the financial operations of a man in obvious possession of the touch of Midas.

So on the morning following the renowned banquet the Colonel found himself facing a difficulty. It was only the third of the month, two more dinners were arranged for, and the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds only was in hand. The Colonel decided that it was up to him to make some money quickly in a way which would not interfere with other interests.

After a few moments' silent thought the Colonel rose, put his pass-book into a despatch box, which he carefully locked and carried to his safe. As he shut the safe he uttered audibly the conclusion of his train of thought. "Yes," he said, in the tone of a man who thinks he has an answer to a puzzle: "I think I will take a country place."

Half an hour later the Colonel, immaculately groomed as usual, got down from a taxi at the office of Messrs. Right, Hank & Futley, the eminent estate agents.

The clerk to whom he handed his card escorted him immediately to the private office of the senior partner.

Mr. Right greeted the Colonel as a man who gave dinners at twenty guineas a head should be greeted.

"We received your message, sir," he went on, "from the Hotel Cecil, and I think we have exactly the house to suit you."

"I believe you have," replied the Colonel. "As a matter of fact, it is your advertisement of the Duke of Belsire's place that caused me to call."

"It is the finest mansion in England," began the agent, with professional glibness and more than professional warmth. "Early Norman, perfect preservation, magnif——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the Colonel. "May I trouble you to show me the plans?"

"Certainly, sir; no trouble."

Mr. Right rang the bell.

"Bring me the Belsire Abbey drawings, please," said he to the clerk who answered the summons.

The Colonel turned to the agent. "By the way," he remarked, "I gather that this is the first time the Abbey has been let."

"Yes. The Duke is much attached to the place, and spends most of his time there. The country is a first-class sporting one, you know. Now he has medical orders to spend the next three years in a semi-tropical zone, with the alternative of the family vault."

"Really!" said the Colonel. "I had no idea he was so ill. He is a wealthy man, isn't he?"

The agent smiled. "Well, sir, I don't know whether you would consider him wealthy, but his rent-roll is reputed at fifty thousand a year."

The clerk knocked and entered.

"Here are the plans, sir."

"I wonder at the Duke's letting the place," said Colonel Copp, as he bent over the drawings.

"He is doing so, really," replied Right, "because he feels, reasonably enough, that with a tenant in residence the place inside and out would suffer less than if closed up and left to servants."

"Now, Mr. Right," said the Colonel, "I take it that I could have immediate possession?"

"Certainly. There is nothing to prevent that."

"Very well. Then will you kindly arrange for some responsible person to take me over the place to-morrow? I do not like wasting time, and if the place suits me, I'd like to fix things right away."

"Yes," said Right, with business-like propititude; "the Duke's private agent, who is, as it happens, a sort of cousin of his Grace, will be there."

"My secretary will inform you in the morning of the train I shall travel by," concluded the Colonel, as he took up his hat.

When Mr. Right returned from seeing the Colonel into his cab he called to one of his staff:

"Wilson, ring up the hotel where Mr. Bellairs is staying and ask him to come and see me at once."

"Very good, sir."

In about twenty minutes the Duke of Belsire's agent arrived and was taken into the private office.

"Ah! How do you do, Mr. Bellairs? I was fortunate in catching you before you left your hotel."

"The Abbey, I suppose?" queried Bellairs, as he took the indicated seat.

"Yes. I believe I've found a tenant."

"What! Already? I'd no idea house-hunting Cræsuses were so common."

"They're not—although the prospective occupant of the Abbey belongs to that genus. His name is Colonel Copp."

"Really *the* Colonel Copp?" said Bellairs interestedly.

Right nodded assent.

"That's something like! He'll make an excellent tenant—unless he should want to give an aquatic banquet in the picture gallery," said Bellairs rather irresponsibly.

"In my opinion," said Mr. Right, "Colonel Copp is one of the very few parvenus who really could be trusted with the Abbey. Now as to the point. The Colonel wishes to be shown over the place to-morrow. I will telegraph to your office in Belsire the time of the Colonel's arrival. You will perhaps have one of the Abbey broughams to meet him. I will have the agreement and copy drawn up and post it to you to-night. You will then be able to clinch the bargain. Americans like hustling methods, and we must not let the Colonel slip through our fingers."

"He'll have all the agents in the country after him when it is known that he is looking for a place," remarked Bellairs.

"Exactly. In the agreement I shall leave the price open. You can fill it in when agreed on."

"Eight thousand per annum," stated Bellairs, "is the Duke's figure."

"I think," said Mr. Right, "that if the Colonel fancies the Abbey, he will not question ten thousand. You understand."

"I see," said Bellairs, with a sentimental smile.

The next morning at 11.35 Colonel Copp stepped out of a first-class carriage onto the small platform of Belsire station.

He was the only passenger, and Bellairs, who was waiting at the ticket gate, walked forward and introduced himself.

"Messrs. Right, Hank & Futley wired that you were coming on this train, sir. I have one of the Abbey carriages to take us up."

"It is very kind of you," said the Colonel.

"It will take," said Bellairs, as they seated themselves in the brougham, "several hours to look over the place thoroughly; and the stables and shooting——"

"I am afraid we must get it done quicker than that," said the Colonel. "I am a very busy man, Mr. Bellairs. Two hours is all I can spare. I guess you can describe things on the way up."

The drive, which lay chiefly through the estate, occupied half an hour. Bellairs was fluent on fish, fur, and feather, and the Colonel an intelligent listener. Listening was a virtue he cultivated. It paid.

When they had passed through the lodge gates the Colonel remarked on the shaven sward beneath the spreading park trees.

"Yes," answered Bellairs; "the Duke thinks as much of his place as he would of a wife—more perhaps. It is on record that the nearest his Grace ever came to the dock of a criminal court was when he discovered one of the house-party guests playing on the tennis lawns in spiked cricket boots."

"Here we are," said Bellairs at length, as the carriage rounded a magnificent Italian fountain and drew up in front of the chief entrance hall of the Abbey.

"There is only one thing," said the Colonel, as he and his *cierone* stood in the great hall after their round of inspection: "to suit me, the place would require another room, which the Abbey has not got."

"But," began Bellairs, "you will pardon me. Surely there is enough——"

"As you were going to observe, Mr. Bellairs, there is plenty of room in the Abbey for any one, but my requirements are peculiar. I want a very large apartment as a special banqueting-chamber."

Bellairs smiled reminiscently.

"Now, the hall in which we are standing would not well lend itself to any other guise. For instance, the dinner I gave the other day——"

"I understand, sir," said Bellairs, smilingly. "An aeroplane scene in a Norman hall would be like a fairy pantomime on a torpedo boat. But could not one of the state drawing-rooms be used?"

"I am afraid not; for the same reason. Now, the billiard-room, which you tell me has just been added, is the most likely, but that will be required for its original purpose."

"Well, sir," said Bellairs, anxious to lose no chance, "have you any other suggestion?"

"What I propose," said the Colonel, "is to build the room."

Bellairs's face showed that he was rather startled at the idea.

"I should," the Colonel went on, "make the addition entirely at my own expense—it would not cost the Duke a dollar. The plans, of course, would be made by a leading architect."

Bellairs realized that the suggestion was reasonable enough. It was no extraordinary thing for a tenant to make an addition to a place. Many landlords would jump at an opportunity of getting a wing added gratuitously.

The Colonel offered his cigar-case. "If you are a connoisseur of Havanas, you will like these. I bought the whole crop."

Bellairs took one, and thought of Right's warning, "We must not let him slip through our fingers." Looking at his watch, he said: "If there is nothing else you wish to see, Colonel Copp, and you are agreeable, we will drive back into Belsire, and I will get on the telephone to Mr. Right, and put your suggestion to him. I

believe he has discretionary powers. He could quickly communicate with the Duke if necessary. He is staying at Claridge's, preparing for his journey."

"Very well," said the Colonel. "We had better waste no time. The point must be settled at once, for I have several agents coming to see me in the morning."

They departed immediately.

When Bellairs' office was reached, he told his clerk to get a call through to London. As soon as the Colonel was comfortably seated, the agent produced the agreement.

"Yes," said the Colonel, after a perusal; "that seems quite in order. The matter of the addition is the essential point. It may be that I shall take some other way out of the difficulty, but I must have permission to erect the room if I think it desirable."

It was not long before the clerk opened the door, with the information that London was "through."

"Will you be good enough to excuse me a moment, Colonel Copp? Mr. Right, I expect, is on."

Bellairs went to the room where was the telephone.

"Is that Mr. Right? . . . Good! Colonel Copp is in the office at the present moment. I've shown him over the Abbey, and he is very pleased with it, but he thinks he may require to build on another room. . . . Yes? . . . Yes, that is what I said to him. He wants it chiefly for freak dinners, and that sort of thing. . . . No, it must be settled now. If not, we shall lose him."

At the other end of the wire, Right was thinking rapidly. The Colonel was actually waiting to sign the agreement. He wanted to add to the Abbey. The addition would be an asset to the landlord. In most cases, he would not have hesitated. He decided quickly.

"Tell him," he said along the wire, "yes. Fill in the top price, and get the agreement signed. I will see if I can interview the Duke and inform him what I have done. If he should object—which is unlikely—we can explain to the Colonel. He seems a very good sort, and we can work him all right."

"Very good," answered Bellairs. "I'll bring the agreement up to town this evening."

Bellairs went back to the Colonel "Mr. Right agrees to your wishes, sir, in the matter of the addition."

The Colonel nodded, and said briskly, "Very well. All that remains is the agreement."

Bellairs brought the documents to the table and rapidly filled in the figures.

The Colonel made no comment on the amount. He did not appear to consider it worth notice.

Bellairs inwardly congratulated himself upon his deal.

"You had better add," said the Colonel, as he took up a pen, "The tenant to be at full liberty to add a room to his own purpose and convenience, if he so desires."

Bellairs inserted the clause on each of the agreements. The signatures were then attached and duly witnessed by the clerk, and the Colonel became the tenant of Bel-sire Abbey.

The business concluded, the Colonel pocketed his agreement and rose. "I shall just be in time for my train," he said, leading the way out of the office.

When Colonel Copp reached Paddington he took a cab and drove straight to the chambers of Macter, the famous architect.

He found that eminent man in and disengaged. "How can I be of service to you, Colonel Copp?" he said, as he fingered the American's card.

"I want," stated Copp, "within two or three days, a plan and design for a banquetting-hall which I wish to build onto a country-place of mine."

"Two or three days," repeated the architect.

"I shall, of course, pay for any inconvenience."

"It will be advisable," said the architect, "for me or one of my staff to see the original building: you probably have the plans of it."

"I have the plans, certainly, but you can dispense with the view," said the Colonel. "I want something Eastern—of the Taj Mahal style."

"Taj Mahal!" ejaculated Macter.

The Colonel continued, "I will send you round a plan of the wall from which it is to abut."

The architect picked up a pencil. "Will you tell me the ideas you wish carried out, and the size, etc.?"

The Colonel gave the necessary details, and then took his departure.

Macter walked across his room to a side-board and drew out a decanter and a syphon. "Well, I'm——!" was his toast. "Minarets in an English park! However," he reflected, "he's got the gold to gild 'em."

On the fourth day following the Colonel's call on the architect, Mr. Bellairs was in the office of Messrs. Right, Hank & Futley, discussing with Mr. Right the new tenant of the Abbey.

"I think," Bellairs was saying, "That the sharpness of the American financier is much over-rated. They are really very easily managed."

"If," smugly said Right, looking up from his correspondence, "we had a few clients like the Colonel every day, there would be something in estate agency."

"And not much trouble either," laughed Bellairs.

"Come in," called Right, as a knock came at the door.

"Colonel Copp's secretary to see you, sir," said the clerk.

"Show him in."

"Speak of the devil and his minion appears," said Bellairs.

The secretary was ushered in.

"Take a seat," said Right, pleasantly.

"I have come from Colonel Copp," commenced the secretary, "with the plans of the intended addition to Belsire Abbey."

Right took the envelope.

"My chief," the secretary continued, "is sending down the workmen to-morrow, as he wishes the place prepared without delay."

Mr. Right was smoothing out the tracings on the table. His companions saw his face suddenly stiffen into an incredulous stare.

"Wha—at?" he burst out, knocking over a pile of books in his excitement. "What on earth—— Do you mean to

say—— Is this a practical joke?" he demanded quickly, with a glare at the unfortunate secretary.

"I am afraid I do not understand you," said that gentleman, with some astonishment.

Bellairs looked from one to the other, an expression of uneasy curiosity on his countenance.

"Understand!" shouted Right. He pulled himself up sharply. "This drawing," he continued in a tone of forced quietness—"has it come direct from Colonel Copp? Has he seen it?"

"My chief sealed it himself," answered the secretary.

Right rose from his table.

"I will call and see Colonel Copp," he said. "I need not detain you."

The secretary bowed and withdrew.

"Look at that," said Right.

Bellairs took the sheet in his hand. He saw a beautifully-colored perspective drawing of an "Arabian Nights" sort of edifice, with a lofty gilt dome and six delicate spires.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Do?" answered Right, who was thrusting on his coat. "I am going to tell the old idiot that he can't put a place like that against a Norman Abbey."

A quarter of an hour later he was being shown into Colonel Copp's business-room at the Cecil.

"How do you do, Mr. Right?" said the Colonel cheerfully. "You are just in time to join me in a little *aperitif*."

Right was not in the frame of mind for courtesies. "I have called sir," he began impetuously, "about the plan——"

"Cocktails," continued the Colonel, "are excellent before dinner, but at lunch-time a mixed French and Italian Vermouth is the proposition I recommend."

The entrance of a waiter probably saved Right from consigning *aperitifs* to a place where they are presumably not customary. So he smiled in a futile way and said he would take whatever his host took.

When the glasses were on the table the Colonel opened:

"Now, Mr. Right, regarding the plan. I think Macter has made an excellent design."

"Are you referring to this?" answered Right, thrusting the perspective sketch in front of Copp.

"That is it."

"Why, my dear sir," burst out Right, "it is ridiculous—unthinkable—absolutely out of the question! It would make the Abbey into a freak, and the Duke the laughing-stock of the country."

"You astonish me," remarked the Colonel.

"Astonish! Excuse me, sir, but can't you see the utter incongruity of it? Why, it is scarcely possible to imagine a man of Macter's architectural standing submitting it."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I am sorry you do not like it. I may say at once that the design was made specially to suit my requirements, and operations will commence to-morrow."

Right was staggered. In the face of this decisive statement he did not know what to say.

"My dear sir," he at last jerked out, "it is impossible. I cannot permit it. The Duke would not allow it."

The Colonel crossed to his despatch-box, from which he took the Abbey agreement.

"As I have said before, Mr. Right, I am a busy man, and it will perhaps save time if I remind you of this clause." He read it out: "The tenant to be at full liberty to add a room to his own purpose and convenience, if he so desires."

"But," Right gasped, "it was never expected that your addition would be a monstrosity. The natural inference was that you would make your addition in the original style. You said you would give it to a leading architect. The assumption was that he would have the usual free hand."

"For the inferences," said the Colonel, "I am not responsible. For the rest," he continued, "it is the only type of building which suits my purpose and convenience. Without it, the Abbey is not suitable for me, and without the clause which gives me a right to do as I please in the matter, I should not have taken the place, as you know. Come, come, Mr. Right, you are a business man. You can see that the matter is solely at my discretion. I

have made up my mind, and I can afford to support it."

"It is impossible," said Right, doggedly.

"Well, Mr. Right," said the Colonel, looking at his watch, "my lunch is waiting for me."

Right had been surveying the situation with swift thought. He was not without common sense, and he could see that Colonel Copp held the control.

"Will you," he said, "suspend matters for forty-eight hours?"

"I really do not see how I can. My instructions have been given, specifications sent out, etc., and the workmen will arrive at Belsire to-morrow morning. Further, I do not see the object of it."

Right got up from his chair as the Colonel walked towards the door. "Will you be in the hotel this afternoon?" he said.

"I shall be disengaged about six o'clock," replied the Colonel.

The Colonel went down to the grill room, and the agent left the hotel. Right drove back to his office as quickly as a taxi could take him.

As soon as he got inside the doors he inquired the whereabouts of his partners. They were out at lunch.

"I am going to look for them," he said to the clerk. "If either Mr. Hank or Mr. Futley should return while I am away, ask him to stay in, as I wish to see them on important business."

At the first telegraph office he stopped the cab, went in, and sent a lengthy telegram to the Duke of Belsire, Paris.

That afternoon the partners of Messrs. Right, Hank & Futley, estate agents, were inaccessible to the public.

By five o'clock it had been decided that the agreement with the Colonel must be cancelled at any cost.

A furiously-worded telegram from his grace of Belsire was on the table.

"I do not suppose for one moment," said Futley, an old man with much experience and a well-balanced mind, "that the Duke will do other than disclaim all responsibility. The onus is legally with us. The clause in the agreement should at least have stipulated for our approval of

plans. We've worried it out from every aspect, and the only thing to do is to make an offer for cancellation. Whoever loses, it must be done, and at any cost."

At six o'clock Mr. Right drove to keep his appointment with the Colonel.

At seven o'clock he drove away, plus the cancelled agreement and an invitation to a banquet, of which he did not avail himself, and—minus a check for ten thousand pounds.

When he had gone, the Colonel rang for his secretary. "Harris," he said, "I have decided, after all, that a country house is unnecessary for me." As he spoke,

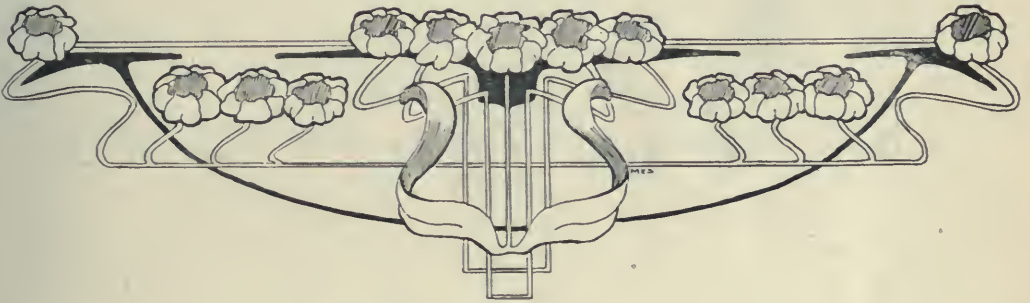
he sealed a long envelope into which had gone a pink slip and a small book. "Give that into the bank in the morning immediately it opens; and take down this letter to Mr. Macter:

"My Dear Mr. Macter:

"I have pleasure in enclosing a check for one hundred guineas in payment for sketch and plans submitted yesterday. I have decided not to proceed with the erection at present.

"Yours truly,

JOE H. COPP.



We pigmies of emotion saw no strife—
 His was a calm untouched by sign of pain.
 We dreamed not that the making of his life
 Had seen dark hours wherein the combat strain
 Had almost torn his mighty soul in twain.

—Fred Jacob



Feeding the Sheaves Into the Old-time Thresher

The Annual Tide In Canada

By

B. B. Cooke

Illustrations by C. W. Jefferys

TWO thousand miles away the grain starts to ripen, and He starts to come.

At first it is only a restlessness, then an uneasiness, then discontent. And finally, when he goes to the village with the big mare to get the mail and swap a bit of conversation with the other fellows loafing outside the post office, he sees the big yellow posters which the railway company has posted all over the village, inviting him to come, telling him how cheap the fare is and how much money he will earn in the Western harvest fields.

He goes home and looks over the home farm—the pleasant green of the Ontario farm. It has a few trees on it, a bit of untouched bush at the back and a good bank barn. But it displeases him. The

discontent is in his blood. He recalls the highly painted pictures of prairie and wheat which he has seen somewhere. Up under the mattress is the money he has saved. Before he takes his heavy boots off that night he fishes out the old wallet and counts the money. Each bill is sweat-stained, reminiscent of ploughing, milking, cutting and raking, and the harvest.

Then, one bright morning, Bill Brown from the next farm drops across and leans over the boundary fence. Ordinarily, Bill has little enough to say, and there is really no need for him to start a conversation on a late summer morning like this, but Bill has something on his mind and so has the other.

"'J see how low them rates are?" says Bill.

"They are pretty low." assents the other.

They change the subject, as if by mutual consent, lest the real gist of the matter should be proposed too rudely.

"Pretty dry, ain't it." Bill remarks.

"Yes. Bad for ploughing."

"Gee yes! I was forgettin' the ploughing. Fact is, j' know Henry I've a mind not to be here for the ploughing. I've got a notion ——"

"What ——"

"To go out on one of these here harvesters' excursion things."

"Have y'? I don't know but I might go m'self. I was thinking—I needed a change."

"So do I. When were you thinkin' of going?"

"Week from to-morrow."

"I'll do it with y'. Is't a go?"

"Sure thing."

And so another pair of Ontario farm laborers make their pilgrimage to the western plains.

* * *

From all over Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, indeed even from Prince Edward Island, the ripening wheat summons the farm laborer, the farmer's son, the city loafer, the college student and the farmer himself. As they gather in the great centres of eastern Canada, in Montreal or Toronto, as they sit around on their grotesque bundles of luggage waiting for the departure of their trains; and finally as they clamber into the long bare cars, they are a strange conglomeration. They are the crude mass out of which great sons, great leaders, poets and statesmen are yet to be delivered to Canada. They are the material for more Canadians and better Canadians.

This annual tide of harvesters is one of the factors in the making of Canada. It flows once and ebbs once, every year. The flow is always greater than the ebb; and every year the Tide brings more citizens to the Western prairies and leaves less in the East. The farmer in the western prairie would admit to you that he could not get along unless he was supplied with harvesters in this way every fall. The Canadian Pacific Railway would—if it were telling you its business—tell you

that it is a considerable factor in the earnings of the road every summer. The banks would tell you that unless these men went West, or at all events unless some means were found to harvest the crops in time for marketing, and especially in time to get the grain to the head of the lakes before navigation closes, it would be a serious thing for the business of the country. In short, the Harvesters' Excursion which is advertised every few days for a certain period during the summer touches the whole economic fabric of the Dominion, and touches every household directly or indirectly.

And it has even a greater effect.

* * *

Here is a wholesome figure—the harvester. He is a man of sweat and clayed boots. His hands are strong and his chest is broad. But in the harvesters' excursions they are not all real farm laborers. All sorts of men go to make up the passenger list of the groaning trains.

There, in the corner of the car sit four young fellows in city clothes. One is a college student, a man who has been studying for Medicine; another is studying engineering at Queen's; the third is the son of a Middlesex farmer who has persistently and consistently told his father that he never would consent to work on a mere farm since he had had a taste of higher education, but circumstances arose during the summer which made him change his mind,—“the other fellows” thought it would be a great thing to do, to go farming for the summer and come back to University with a roll of bills and a memorable experience, so he had joined the party, the only real farmer of the four; the fourth man was a clerk in a city warehouse who happened to be boarding in the same house with the others when the western fever had taken them; he was a thin fellow, ænemic and inclined to be peevish.

Not far from them in the car sat an old figure in corduroys. He had a long beard in which there were still signs of bay rum and oil. Amidst all the uproar in the still unsettled car, he was sitting quietly reading a shabby little book.

“Hello, Dad!” shouted a roysterer, “What you going West f'r? Goin' t' get a job of knittin'? Or are y' hirin' out as a nurse girl?”



A View in the Harvesters' Special.

The old man looked up, with a pair of beady black eyes, darting malicious glances at his tormentor.

"Knittin'!" he exclaimed, laying down

his book for moment, "Nursin'! If anybody needs nursing it's you, Mister Boy! Where's your nurse. Did she feed y' before she let y' out?"

The laugh was turned. The old man resumed his book, glancing up now and again just to make sure that the lesson had taken effect.

"Knittin'!" he muttered, as I dropped into a seat beside him. "Impudence of 'em! Why—" relinquishing his book once more and turning to tell his story to a sympathetic listener, "Why I be'n farmin' for fifty years. I know more about farmin' in one day than them there young whelps ever will know. Knittin'!"

There was a pause, and then:

"Hev you be'n out here before?"

"Once or twice."

"D—d' ye think—think maybe they'd hire an oldish fellow like me?"

"I don't see what difference that makes so long as you can do what they want."

"Well—" and his story began, "Y' see I've be'n to home for m' whole life, back in Wellington county. The most I ever traveled was to the Winter Fair at Guelph one time. There's always be'n work t' do at home. We got a' hundred acres cleared. Nothin' to pay off at all. But it never just seemed to pay enough to afford a hired man. So we be'n workin' it—me and me brother Tom—ever since the old man died.

"Well, the other day—the other day, my brother Tom—Tom he died. He was older than me and he'd got rheumatism pretty bad. He used to wear so much flannel wrapped round his legs that he could scarcely get the boots on. Anyway, he—he died six weeks ago. So a month after he was buried I just begun to see that it was no use tryin'. It was no good of me tryin' to run the farm alone, and there was no good tryin' to hire any help f'r y' see it's sandy soil. Anyways, I got discontent and sort of lonesome and I just rented the farm and bought some clothes and a 'scursion ticket. Don't know exactly what'll happen. But *anyways* I won't die without havin' seen a bit of country bigger 'n Wellington County."

* * *

The train lurched and rolled past Parry Sound and Sudbury, along the North Shore of the big lake, beyond the Twin Cities and out toward Winnipeg. Our section was going through to Regina. At some stations farmers were lined up on

the platforms calling to those within the cars to come out and bargain for work. Some went and some contented themselves with staying inside and mocking those without. Some of those that answered the solicitations of the farmers did so only as a joke. After negotiating, after haggling over the wages and asking all sorts of ridiculous questions as to the board and the accommodation they would jump on the steps of the train as it commenced to move out, and wave their hands at the chagrined farmers.

"I guess I c'n fill the job for ye," said one youth, addressing one of these anxious farmers. "I can read and write and recite poetry. I c'n sew on buttons and with a little experience I guess I could make butter."

"But—but—" protested the farmer, driven to distraction by the thought that he was wasting time while his wheat was demanding attention. "But are you willing to work in the fields—in the fields at —"

"Oh!" mocked the youth, "Oh you merely want a day laborer. I thought you wanted a lady's maid. Here Bill. Here's a guy wants somebody to help his wife with the washing." Then he ran before the farmer's boot touched him.

Most of the men wished to go as far West as they could get before accepting work. It costs them no more and on the other hand they were seeing more of the country. The four college students wanted to get up to Prince Albert. The old man, who by this time had entered into the spirit of the adventurers and had even managed to contribute an old fashioned song to the programme for one evening, calculated to get off at Regina. He disappeared from the car, the four students, a lame boy who wanted to study for the ministry and hoped to earn money toward that end by working in the harvest, a score of regular farm laborers—all melted away, until finally one night, the car was empty and I had reached the end of my journey.

* * *

There was a woman on one of these excursions once, a tall woman with a cadaverous face and bird-like black eyes. She boarded one of the Harvesters' Specials at the Union Station in Toronto.



The Farmers at Way-side Stations tried to Strike Bargains with the Men.

Conductors came through and asked her if she was sure she knew which train she wanted to go on. She replied, with asperity, that the said conductors could wager their lives that she did. They hinted that the car would be full of men and that she might not find it very pleasant. But she would say no more, only piled her luggage around her like a barricade, folded her hands—on which she wore lace affairs with no ends in the fingers—and closed her eyes preparatory to sleep.

There was considerable astonishment among the other passengers when they heard that this woman intended accompanying them on their journey. Some complained to the conductor, but the conductor was a good-natured man and refused to say anything, partly because he had seen expression in the woman's face which led him to believe that interference would be indiscreet and that, on the other hand, the fair person was quite capable of taking care of herself.

All the other cars on that train were noisy from the first. At night the crowd held pillow fights and raced up and down the long aisle exchanging harmless blows and shouting. The more favored—or less favored car—did nothing of the kind. There was a subdued air about it. The men whispered over their cards or the dominoes. Many a round oath died in the making. There ruled an air of abashment and discontent.

Finally the discontent came to a head and a deputation was selected, after a prolonged meeting on the platform, to approach the fair intruder.

They drew near her corner of the car. The spokesman had to be prodded repeatedly in order to keep him up to the mark.

The woman bristled as they drew near and formed a shuffling semi-circle around her.

"Well!" she demanded, pulling on her mitts.

"If you please, Lady—"

"Don't *lady* me. What do you want?"

"We'd like if—we'd like, if you was agreeable, to have the honor of payin' your fare by a regular train, seein' as this one is sort of over-crowded with men—"

"You'd what, Sir?"

But before they could answer, setting forth their case again, she had hailed the conductor, who happened to be passing.

"Mister!" she said, "These here men are suggestin' that a lone female oughtn't to be travelin' on a train with a parcel of hounds of men. I just want to ask you this much. Did I—"

"Yes," assented the conductor precipitately.

"Wait till I finish. Did I pay my fare? Did I not get on board this train before these lazy hounds came on it? Didn't I mind my own business and keep to myself?"

"You did, lady."

"And ain't I within my rights?"

"You are, lady."

"Then—beat it!" she cried, waving a newspaper in the faces of the other men, "Get out of my way. I'll report you for insultin' a lone woman if you don't."

The crowd thinned. It was their last opportunity to protest. They traveled through to the Western plains, a sad and a wise crowd. When they wanted *fun* they went to the other cars. When they returned, late in the night, they trod softly past the section wherein the traveling virgin reclined.

* * *

A group were sitting in the end of a car playing cards. It consisted of a French-Canadian, an Arcadian, two Ontario farm laborers and a college student. Over their shoulders peered a mixed crowd. The crowd had become acquainted, Ba'tis'e had expounded on the virtues of Old Quebec to the Ontario men. The college man had learned something of farmers and their good heartedness. And all of them had overcome old prejudices. The Ontario men had set out upon the trip with the idea that *they* were British and that the French-Canadians were an inferior race, a race of traders. The French-Canadians had come with the idea that the Ontario men were all boors and ruffians. But with the mixing of the two, and the general companionship of the little French-Canadian padre, who was accompanying these sons of his parish, the barriers were removed and a better understanding commenced between the two different kinds of Canadians.

The tide flows right out to the feet of the very Mountains. It brings men of one part of the Dominion in contact with men of other parts. It breaks down provincialism. It spreads knowledge. It is a wonderful institution.



Is There a Peril in Foreign Education ?

By

C. B. Bertrand

MOST of those who have attained success of any kind, have been able to speak the language of the country wherein their energies were put forth. Most men, planning for the future of their children, believe in teaching the said children the language of the country in which they are to live. Of course, the language of a country does not refer to the mere succession of standardized sounds and signs which serve in the interchange of ideas, but to the thousand habits of thought, standards of judgment, and methods of business which characterize different countries and which distinguish one from another. To be a business success in China a man must know more than the Chinese language, in the ordinary sense of that word; more than the Chinese laws and business usages: he must understand the Oriental attitude of mind, and if he tries to apply purely English methods he fails: for he must adapt himself to the "language" of China.

There is as much difference between Americanism (using that word in its application to the continent of North America) and Continentalism as there is between the mental processes of a London merchant and a trader in the bazaar in an Eastern city. There is as much difference between the "language" of the New World and the language of the Old World as there is between a Roman Catholic Priest and a Unitarian lecturer. The difference lies in the fundamental viewpoints of life held by the two men: and the difference between America and the Old World is of an origin just as deep. "Continentalism," and "Englishism" are based upon views of life and standards of judg-

ment which are foreign to "Americanism" and "Canadianism."

This article refers especially to the education of Canadian and American children abroad. In Paris, Ulm, Vienna, Florence, Berlin and London, the visitor is constantly meeting young people from the towns or cities of Canada and the United States. They are usually the children of wealthy Canadians and Americans. In many cases they are obtaining finishing instructions in music, painting, or the other arts, which they could not obtain in Canada. To the latter, this article does not refer. Immersed in the atmosphere of art, genius and starvation which Europe and only Europe can supply, these students are to a great extent isolated from the dangers (as one might almost call them) to which this article refers. But the other students, those that are being given the Paris finish or the English University finish, are, we submit, in considerable danger, the danger of being taught the "language" of the Old World to the prejudice, if not the exclusion, of a proper knowledge of the New World from which they came and to which they must, in most cases, return.

I met, in London, two Canadian "children" who had been in Paris four years and who had seen nothing of their own country in that time. They were curious little women, exquisitely tinted with that ineffable coloring which is called "Paris!" They spoke and moved after the manner of Parisians, which was indeed very pretty and very desirable. But there was a deeper characteristic which this same "Paris!" had endowed them with. Their whole outlook on life was blase. It would

have required a miracle to have stirred their real enthusiasm for anything. They had come to that unhappy state where they believed that the sum of beauty had already been totalled and that Life was but a silken thread, of a certain length, to be unravelled as fast as possible and spent with conformity to fashion.

You may say that these two children were *really* only children, and that, had they possessed a livelier sense of humor, and more common sense, they might have been different. You may insist that the majority of children, and your own particularly, would never have turned out so, or you may assert that maturity would have tempered their ideas with the beautiful commonplace. I think not, however. I venture the opinion that Canadian girls, sent to Paris to be finished, are all apt to turn out much in the same manner. And it is *wrong*. Canada needs strong men, and men who possess, above all things, Imagination and Enthusiasm. A little of Paris is very well. We can well afford to import a few graces into the New World but we cannot afford to wean Canadians of the Canadian language and maintain in their place, transplanted Continentals, who pine for the rare things of Paris and the charming indolence of the wealthy European.

So much applies to women: There remain—Oxford, or rather, the University Life of England.

I need state but once that I admit all that is claimed for Oxford and even more; that it is a rare privilege to have been educated there: and that it is usually a pleasure merely to meet an Oxford or a Cambridge man, even though he may have no other quality to recommend him than the little "air" which a true son of either University carries. And yet there is an objection to Oxford and Cambridge from the stand-point of Canadians: that is to say, these Universities are not always good in their effect upon the Canadian who goes there for the completion of his studies.

I must first make an exception, and that is in the case of Canadians who intend to devote their lives to academic work, men who intend to return to Canada as professors in our Canadian Universities. In these cases, Oxford and Cambridge are enabled to exert their greatest and best influence in Canada. In other cases they

are apt to fail, very apt. Canada cannot fail to benefit by the importation of the best things, best influences from abroad, just as she is benefited by the imported graces from the girls' schools and drawing rooms of the Old World. But in the case of the Canadian son, educated at an English University, there is a danger that not only is the embryo Canadian spoiled for participation in the active, every-day affairs of Canada, but a re-action is caused in the mind of the stay-at-home Canadian against such very things as Oxford culture.

We may need the spirit of Oxford and Cambridge in our Universities: but in daily life we do not need it, in fact, *we cannot afford to have it* unless it has been transmitted and filtered into our national life through our Universities. For Oxford and Cambridge have a way of looking on life which is not Canadian. They teach Canadian sons the language of Old World Scholarship and Old World refinement to the detriment of Canadianism. There is a saying in London that even an English Oxford man requires several months of "breaking in" to make a success even in that city. It is admitted that these young men require to have "their corners knocked off." In short, they must be taught to adjust their Oxford learning to the needs and exigencies of every-day-life. In England, the process is not as difficult as in Canada because England is leavened with "Oxfordism." But in Canada, the distance between practical Canadian life with all its crudities and rule-o'-thumb necessities, and "Oxford!" is enormous. The Oxford graduate, returning to Canada, finds himself in a country which is—and why should we deny it—very crude, very new. He has not lingered long enough in England to have even that much "reducing" process. He arrives in his native city conscious that he has had advantages which few of his compatriots have had, and it is just a question whether he becomes a useful Canadian citizen, exerting a good influence upon the community, or—an unhappy exile, a man who has been fed on the oats at Oxford and cannot find satisfaction in the plain meadow grass at home.

Had Eastern Canada been peopled with Oxford or Cambridge graduates, in the beginning of her history; had her sons been

men of erudition and urbanity—there would have been no C.P.R. through the Mountains, no G.T.P. to Prince Rupert, no turbines under Niagara Falls. I do not mean that men of this type are not as clever as other men, nor that they have not a place, and an honorable place in the order of any nation. But men of this type are the ultimate product of old civilizations. New countries develop men of imagination and enthusiasm. Men who do not possess these qualities cannot live for long in young communities. On the other hand, growing old, the same community, produces—Oxfords. Oxford has the poise, the philosophic-bearing, the qualities of an old community. She is a stranger to youth, enthusiasm and imagination.

The University life of England holds many things which, if they could but be translated into the language of Canadianism, would enoble our nation. But these things require interpretation and the medium through which this may be done, is the Canadian University. Operating through McGill, Queen's, Laval, the Universities of Toronto, Winnipeg or Saskatchewan—the Old Country may put a new, and an excellent flavor into our existence. But Oxford, as a treatment for an active Canadian is, I submit, almost fatal. An Englishman from Oxford is far more useful in Canada than a Canadian from Oxford. For the former finds the appeal of novelty in the new country and, if he is at all of a good sort, he is

willing to adjust his Oxfordism to Canada. But the Canadian, unless he be a rare man, returns to a land which claims him for its own son, it's crudities he recognizes as the same things which, before he attended Oxford, he accepted as matters of course. He has no means to gratify the taste which has been cultivated in him. Abstinence emphasizes the desirability, and the discontent. Instead of adapting Oxford to Canada, he feels indignant that he cannot remodel Canada to the standard of the Old World. He fails and is bitter, or withdraws from real participation in the affairs of the community. The community, conscious of its own deficiencies, sees him fail and considers that it "serves him right."

Canada may need "Oxford" but her sons are more important to her. As University professors, Oxfordized Canadians may do excellent work, but in the outdoor work of Canada Oxford has as yet no place. The same applies to the importation of Continentalism. There is nothing so necessary to Canada as Canadians. There are far too many French-Canadian Nationalists, too many over-ardent Imperialists, too many Scotch, Irish, English and Americans. The man who does Canada the favor of educating his son at Oxford or his daughter in Paris, might just do well to remember that in so doing, he may be divorcing them from the country that needs them. Educate them at home, with a finish—but *only* a finish—abroad. There is too great a risk in this foreign education.



Sir Maxwell Aitken

By

James Grant

THIS is the story of a man—half boy and half man—who set out to build himself a great castle, and when he had pulled great stones together ready for the raising of the walls and the towers of the building, and when he had even raised some of the walls to a height which showed how great a castle it was to be—he suddenly left off at his castle-building and went away with men who told him that there was a greater work to be done; who told him of a land of dragons, and who said that it would be much better work to go in for killing the dragons than for finishing the walls of the castle. For the castle, they said, would be but a selfish work, whereas to rid the country of a pest would be a work done for the whole people and would make the world remember him always as a man who had done it a great service.

This refers to young Sir Maxwell Aitken who set out to become master of the financial situation in Canada, which is equivalent to the building of the castle aforementioned; but who has been turned aside to champion the cause of the Unionist Party and the Imperialists of England who seek to destroy the dragon of Liberalism and Imperial indifference. A large number of people in Canada have overlooked the most interesting fact about Sir Maxwell Aitken. They have been arguing as to whether he made his millions out of watered stock or whether he merely took opportunities which they were too slow to see. They have, I submit, missed the point. It does not matter whether Sir Maxwell Aitken made his money by stock manipulation or by saving up the interest on a postoffice deposit; in the procession of great men who walk down the main

street of the earth every day, he is a curious figure—a strange figure, and the only question is, will that figure grow greater or will it dwindle? Is he in the ascent or at the zenith? If he is in the zenith there is nothing more for Canadians to care about. In England a public man may have a mellow sunset; in Canada and the United States a great man's sun sets at the zenith. It dare not decline.

Of course, there is also the question of Sir Max Aitken's courage. He knew he was a good castle-builder. He knows, and fair-minded Canadians know, too, that if he had remained in Canada he would have been probably one of the greatest financial forces in the Dominion. But he has quit Finance for Politics and Imperialism. Has he the courage to keep on, or will he go back and complete his career as a financier? Or—will he stand by his fate as a politician, whether it be to die as a back-bencher, or to lead a nation—more than a nation—an empire.

Before forty the New World grudges a man serious publicity. It reads accounts of boy prodigies who play pianos or violins or sing sacred solos in church choirs; or, in athletics, it is glad enough to hear of champion bowlers, pitchers, runners or lacrosse players who developed at an early age; but in the realm of Politics and Finance men of thirty-five are children—to be seen and not heard. Therefore, although Max Aitken at twenty-three had merged two banks, although before he was thirty he had bought and redeemed a dying trust company, although he had exploited railways and power companies in tropical latitudes—little was heard of him in Canada. His own generation was jeal-

ous, the older generation was suspicious. He himself chose to work quietly. His influence was underneath the surface-showing of older merchants and financiers, and it is to be feared, undid the foundations of many of them who were too proud and too slow to match their wit against a youngster's. Even since he formed the greatest mergers in Canada, the cement trust and the car trust, he had been little known among the general public until the Canadian Associated Press in London cabled to Canada last December that "Mr. W. M. Aitken" was creating almost a sensation in his election campaign in one of the Manchesters.

Canadians in eastern Canada, where Aitken was born, said: "Max Aitken! Max Aitken, running for member of Parliament in England! Who is he? What Max Aitken is it?" And then they remembered.

"Oh, that little fellow who used to be old man Stair's secretary! Well! well! We thought he was dead when Stairs died. Isn't that odd! Member of Parliament in England!"

Other Canadians, except for a few business men who had not taken Max seriously enough in time and who rubbed their noses reflectively, knew even less about him, and asked for further information. Upon which they were told that Max Aitken was a young man who had done well in Canada and who was now *buying* his way into popularity in the Old Country—of course, they said "buying." It is only recently, when Sir Sandford Fleming in the Canadian Senate attacked him for alleged stock-jobbing in connection with the forming of the Canadian cement merger, and later, when it was announced that King George, at his coronation, had been pleased to make him "Sir" Max Aitken, that Canadians really began seriously to consider him. For, as I said before, we begrudge distinction to mere youths of thirty who may happen to be worth a few million pounds sterling.

One should, of course, begin with a story of Sir Maxwell's early struggles, but this element in the usual history of a successful man was left out in Sir Maxwell's case. His father was a Presbyterian minister in a small town in New Brunswick. "Max" was educated at Dalhousie College, and after leaving there read law in (then

Governor) Tweedie's office. He read more of it in R. B. Bennett's office in Calgary. But these facts throw little light on his career. He earned his living for a time by short-hand and insurance. Even today, when he wishes to dispose of a letter quickly, he writes a memo in Pitman's system on the the bottom of it for his secretary.

Between his twentieth and his twenty-fifth year he was a considerable figure in Maritime Province finance. He became secretary, but afterward partner, of John S. Stair, a leading business man of Halifax. The lean-faced secretary soon wielded as much business influence in Halifax as the average successful man wields at fifty. At twenty-three he brought about the consolidation of the Union Bank of Halifax and the Commercial Bank of Windsor. At twenty-five he was building railways and lighting plants in Cuba. Then he bought three-quarters of the stock of the Montreal Trust Company, and, changing his residence to Montreal, took charge of that institution, so that it recovered its health and thrived, despite the panic of 1907. In 1909 he was listed as one of Montreal's millionaires. That year he bought the Rhodes-Curry Car Company, and, associated with Mr. N. Curry, formed the Canadian Car & Foundry Company. A year or two ago, with Rodolphe Forget and E. R. Wood, he formed the Canadian Cement Company. Meanwhile, his enterprises continue to do well, while he has become an English M.P. and a Knight.

His history is singularly disappointing in failures. He had so few that he might have been merely mediocre. At all events, those that he did have he managed to handle in such a way that few people ever knew of them and nobody has the chance to make anecdotes of them for the delectation of funny-column readers. When Stairs died the Halifax people said, or whispered: "Little Max Aitken is dead, too." But he wasn't. He went on, until now he stands where it behooves him to say: "How now shall I turn?" And in his own answer to his own question lie fathoms of human interest.

I interviewed him at his home in Worpleston, Surrey, the other day. I will not say that he was difficult to interview, nor easy. You could tell that he had not been interviewed very often before, and that he



SIR WILLIAM MAXWELL AITKEN, Kt., M.P.

did not view with any pleasure, nor with any displeasure, the prospect of his being "written up."

I will not say that he was a distinguished-looking man, for he was not. I will not admit that you would have picked him out from other men as being a genius, for it would, I submit, be untrue. He was of medium height and sallow complexion. He allowed his shoulders to droop. He had eyes of a light shade, which he opened wide, and with which he looked at you clearly and sharply. But they betrayed no signs of anything extraordinary until after you had seen the man and talked to him several times. Then you understood them. But on first impression he appeared to be a man of light build, with little color and thin hair, nervous hands, and a voice that sounded as though he was recovering from a cold. He looked like a thousand other respectable men of intelligence, but he looked also—over-worked.

This thin hair was tousled on the top of his head as though he had been lying down and reading. It was the color of wet sand.

"Come in," he said, extending a long, flexible hand.

He glanced just once into the visitor's face. It was a quick glance that appraised nothing but essentials. The eyes were of that kind which cannot touch another pair of eyes for long without saying something. They had not the accomplishment of an impersonal gaze. They seemed to be trained in efficiency. They were the sort of eyes that are employed by orderly brains to glean information for the Blind Man who lies behind the walls of the skull, examining the world by proxy of ear and eye, nose and touch, and analyzing everything as a blind man would feel out the fibres of a rope, sort them and classify them. Sir Max Aitken's eyes had not, however, the faculty of pulling down the mental blinds and hiding the fact that his brain was thinking, unless he dropped the lids.

There were some questions to be asked:

"Do you believe that trusts are bad things?"

"No. I believe in 'consolidations.' They are more efficient. They give better service to the consumer. In a large country such as Canada, they reduce the distribu-

tion costs. They are good for the consumer."

"You admit that they centralize power and that they offer opportunities for unscrupulous men?"

"Of course. So does a police force."

Presently a nurse brought a baby in and he kissed it good-night. It could talk, and it had a message to deliver to its father concerning an important adventure with a hair brush. The maker of Trusts and the small person arrived at a final and confidential decision, whereupon some curls returned to their place upon the nurse's shoulder and Sir Max resumed his discussion of the responsibilities of wealth.

The ivy falls in a million green ripples from the eaves of his house to the paths which encircle it. There is a lawn and a little lake, trees and flowers, paths that are always inviting you to explore the shade behind a certain tree but which, being in England, and knowing their proper place as paths, know perfectly well that they need not expect you to use them except when you have nothing better to do; their duty being to invite you and accept your snub, if you don't choose to come. This is part of the charm of England.

In this house one had found him. All around him were the things which would have taken an ordinary man a life-time to collect.

We were in the library. Out there, through the deep windows, the lawn ran away and hid under the skirts of the oaks and behind the clouds of rhododendrons which stood high on rising ground against the sky-line like blooming nursemaids accepting the attentions of scores of policemen in the shape of bees. A swaggering wind insulted the roses which climbed modestly over the condescending bows of an oak, and bullied the rushes in the little lake who took his beating with averted faces, and whispered together like cowed things. In the house itself was every necessity and every luxury, was order, was good taste, was the savor of a gentler presence somewhere, and the presence of children. There, in a deep chair, was the master of these things, this boy, Sir Max Aitkin.

"Humph!" he said, moving uneasily. "We need rain. We need it badly."

Rain was all that one could see him needing. Everything else was there that the ordinary Englishman could want. An ordinary Englishman of wealth would have been content and would even have left it for the rector to wish for rain. Having the things Max Aitken had, and has, he would have been planning a grizzly shoot in the north of Vancouver Island, or some other thing of little moment, but much fun. Instead, lay Max Aitken, burning up with ambition, not like most men who contain a modicum of petrol and use it slowly; but like—like a car with the valve wide open, the spark shoved up, spurning the road and leaping toward the receding horizon.

That is a foolish metaphor, because Max Aitken's horizon does not recede. He knows enough to chalk the spot he is aiming at. He aimed first at financial mastery in Canada. He was on the way when he came to England.

Before Max Aitken left Canada he was selling more than thirteen million dollars' worth of bonds every year. In other words, he was an importer of money, just as Sir William Mackenzie is. Mackenzie imported and still imports an amount considerably greater than Max Aitken imported. But Sir William is an old experienced borrower, and Sir Maxwell is scarcely out of his twenties. In the early part of last year, having already formed the cement merger and the Canada Car Company, and having been the prime mover in a score of industrial concerns all over the Dominion, from the manufacture of enamelled iron ware in the east to the development of electrical power at Calgary, he bought the Montreal Rolling Mills Company for four million dollars. In July he sold it to the Steel Company of Canada.

That month he went to England. His health had given out.

It was here that he met the men who caused him to change the direction of his ambitions. It is said that the two chief influences toward this end were Rudyard Kipling and Bonar Law. Kipling and Aitken had met years before, just after Kipling had been given an honorary degree by McGill University. The author of *Mulvaney* and *Kim* and *Puck of Paak's Hill*, was then riding on a fifteen-cent excursion steamer on the River Mirimachi, in the east. Aitken was a fellow passen-

ger, and it was there that the friendship had started. Mr. Bonar Law had played with Max Aitken when the two lived in the vicinity of Newcastle in their juvenile days. Law's father was a clergyman, as was also Aitken's. Their interests in those days had been more or less in common.

Two years ago, had you asked Max Aitken what his ambition was, he would probably have laughed at you, or recommended you to leave curiosity for women. Or, if you had been able to read his mind, you might have seen that he was planning the conquest of the financial world of Canada. To-day, he has a new ambition; one which explains his relation to the Unionist Party in England. Sir Maxwell Aitken, the manipulator of stocks and bonds, has forsworn the old art to learn the new art of politics.

He was bitten in England, as many another Canadian has been bitten, by the germ of Imperialism. Men talked to him of the needs of the Empire, of the work that is to be done to make the Mother Country and the Colonies realize the meaning of the word Empire. With millions already in his possession, he turned his back upon his plans for financial conquests and enlisted under Mr. Balfour.

A woman novelist would say that this was the "tragedy" of Sir Maxwell Aitken, that with all the things he has done and all the things he has accomplished for himself, he is not satisfied. Of course, he is not satisfied! Would any man, worthy of the name, be content to have finished the game at quarter-time? His has been a curious adventure with life. He set out twelve years ago to conquer something that any man might have thought was worth conquering. The world of finance was the world he had learned to know. The citadel, wherein the Chiefs of the Legions were ensconced, lay before him like a walled city, bristling with pride, ponderous, looking down on him with grey indifference. The years—scarcely eight of them—leapt from the Future into the Past, over his head, and left him—standing within the walled city, a young caliph.

That there were still greater caliphs he knew: Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann were still his seniors; but he had attained that height where the Economic Machine became his servant, in-

stead of his master; where a dollar became, instead of the comptroller of his commissary department, his messenger, his minion. Then he left that arena and went out with Kipling and Bonar Law to conquer the new one of which they painted pictures.

It is an old story now how Sir Maxwell went into the election last December and how, although the seat was rated as a difficult one for a Unionist to win, he won it by a substantial majority. At that time the great London dailies devoted great space to his campaign. He was discussed pro and con by all the papers. Bonar Law, in an election address, described Aitken as "the most capable young man I know." The *Toronto Globe*, having made sure just who he was, contributed a fatherly editorial in which it admonished him to be as successful in his new line of life as in his old, the penalty, it hinted, being greater obscurity than if he had been only an ordinary man and failed. But Max Aitken was in no position to pay any attention to the people who had ignored him before he went to England, and who were compelled to recognize him after the people of England had "discovered" his abilities. He retired to his new home in England, a sick man. There followed a time when he was scarcely expected to recover, so much strength had he expended in his first political battle. But he had won it.

The question is: How much ability has Sir Maxwell Aitken? And what kind of ability is it? If one could answer these with certainty, then one might be able to guess how far Sir Maxwell will travel in the new sphere which he has chosen. The attacks which have been made upon him in connection with his career in Canada, and the things which have been insinuated against his knighthood, have little bearing upon the case. It is well known in financial circles that a certain Senator who opened the attack on the Canadian Cement Company had a personal reason for his move against Sir Maxwell. It is known that Sir Maxwell succeeded in purchasing control in a company which the older financier tried to keep him out of; it is known that there has been a grudge of long standing. As for the knighthood, it is well to recall the story of a certain very prominent Canadian, and one who had rendered his country invaluable ser-

vice, who, when certain friendly authorities offered him a knighthood, said: "Knighthood! Don't you think I want to have one friend left in Canada? Why, man, if they knighted me there'd be jealousy all over the country, just as there is when anybody is knighted. They would say that he bought it, that he stole it, that he connived and schemed to get it. No, thank you! I'll have no knighthood."

What was true in those earlier Canadian days is quite true now. The public press in Canada has learned to be graceful to new knights and baronets in Canada, but when Sir Maxwell Aitken was honored he was far enough away, and little enough known in Canada, to endure criticism. Some few papers wanted to know why certain other Canadians had not been honored in Sir Maxwell's place, forgetting that the honor was not given to Sir Maxwell as to a Canadian, but as to a valued citizen of the British Empire, living in England. His ability as a man of business has not been proven to be any less by the attacks upon him. His knighthood was undoubtedly a recognition not only of his own worth as a citizen of England, but of the high family with which Sir Maxwell is connected.

Now, these are some of his qualities, as one might read them in looking over the facts of his career and in meeting him. He has ambition, determination, tenacity of purpose, keenness of insight, alertness, quickness of decision, and quickness in action. He works very hard. He rises early and goes through his mail. He sees business callers and gives business directions, during the day. In the evening he enjoys the same relaxations as other men, but when they have gone to bed, when the lights downstairs have been put out, Sir Maxwell lies in bed and reads into the early hours of the next day. He reads quickly and digests the information. He is one of the best-informed men of the day.

"What is your theory of the Empire?" we asked. "What do you stand for?"

"I stand," he said, "for a greater Empire, as closely knitted together as the German States."

Then came reciprocity, which is another matter.

Sir Max Aitken has a great deal of the primitive man about him. Perhaps this

is why Kipling is said to admire him so. Perhaps it will help him in politics; perhaps not. In his instinct for retaliation he is like a boy. If he is hurt *a little*, he will say nothing; if he is hurt to the quick his impulse is to strike straight back, without a cry, without warning—but to Strike! He is a man with the highest moral sensitiveness, but I would guess him to be ruthless in the heat of the game. He would not willingly hurt anyone, but when he is running he sees nothing but the goal. He bends all his energies toward it. He has an appetite for work and an instinct for success. These qualities have probably assisted him in his career as a financier.

Finance, however, is a primitive game, calling out the primitive instincts. Politics is less a matter of "I will." Politics is more subtle. Although a statesman may be self-seeking and an opportunist, he must disguise it. He cannot succeed mere-

ly by overcoming his enemies, he must make his enemies overcome themselves so that their defeat looks, in the eyes of the people, more like the hand of Providence than the hand of a political general. Sir Maxwell Aitken may possess these subtler qualities. At all events, he has the wit to find out for himself the rules of the new Game and adapt himself to them, rather than force the new Game with old methods.

He stands with three courses before him: If he leaves politics in time he has yet the key to the financial; if he remains in politics he may succeed, he may become a great name throughout the whole Empire; or he may become only one of the House of Commons of England—an honorable enough post, but in Max Aitken's place it would be tragedy, and time for someone to write another psychological novel.

IN SUNSHINE

Sunshine is the land where blossoms blow,
Nodding their graceful bonnets to and fro;
Where buttercups and sweet white daisies grow,
Slender and green.
Sunshine is the land where butterflies,
Through the scented gardens, dip and rise,
And o'er the streamlet flutter, as it lies
In the silver sheen.
Sunshine is the land where smiles are sown,
Where thoughts of kindness and sweet words are
grown;
When, by the gardener down the buds are mown,
They fly away.
To comfort those who are within the shade,
The gloomy shadows that misfortune made.
Where hide the violets, timid and afraid,
Of its face grey.
Sunshine is the land of light and song,
Where birds from other countries gaily throng,
And play among the branches all day long
The world of nests.
Sunshine is the land where breezes meet
The wanderer, who finds that place so sweet,
And with a soothing whisper gladly greet
Him, as he rests.

—Margaret Osborne.

For Pity's Sake

By

Mary Stuart Boyd

HIS name was Clamour—Cyril Clamour—and he was a Man.

If Mr. Clamour was specially proud of anything, it was of being a man. In his secret soul he spelled the word with a capital letter. Yet it may be confessed that, judged by masculine standpoints, he fell short. His morals were irreproachable, his ideas admirably stereotyped, his manners beautiful. Had Nature so decreed it, Mr. Clamour would have made an excellently conventional British matron. As matters were he proved but the shadow of a man.

Mr. Clamour, who was blessed with a competency, was an orphan. His only surviving relation was an aunt in Edinburgh, from whom, with but small reason, he flattered himself he had expectations. Towards her his behavior was painstakingly and, to the recipient of his nepotic attentions, provokingly dutiful. Every Tuesday he dispatched a pictorial post card calculated to keep alight her interest in the sender. And once a year he made a pilgrimage to her shrine, when what she called his "pernickitty" ways nearly drove the good lady distracted. A certain amount of awe—as of one who held the powers of good and of evil—tempered Mr. Clamour's regard for his relative. Once in a moment of extreme darning he referred to her as "my fat aunt," and for weeks after suffered spasms of nervous apprehension lest the carelessly-spoken—but quite accurate—description should by some mischance reach her ears.

Pending her demise, his annual income of two hundred pounds supplied enough for a placid and even modestly-luxurious existence. Half of the sum secured him board and lodging in the most select

boarding-house in Budcombe. Mr. Clamour did not smoke, he had no head for liquor, and the social life of the little south-coast town made no severe demands on the pockets of a bachelor; so the remaining hundred amply sufficed for dress, travel and amusements.

At 8.45 on this brilliant summer morning, Mr. Clamour was confronted by the first serious mental effort of his day—that of choosing a suitable neck-tie. His ways were all orderly. The left-hand top drawer of his duchesse toilet-table held pocket-handkerchiefs, and that on the right, collars—the middle division being devoted to ties.

The drawer opened, they lay before him in delicate shades of the newest colors—purples, greens, blues, browns. Having mentally reviewed the events of the coming day, Mr. Clamour selected a tie of knitted silk in a shade of *tabac* brown that would accord perfectly with the suit of summer tweeds he wore. Then, having slipped on his coat, and given a final twist to the waxed ends of his slender moustache, he descended to breakfast.

Mrs. Durrant, the landlady, who was already seated behind the tea and coffee urns, purred pleasantly at his approach. Mr. Clamour was the prize boarder—I beg both their pardons—*paying guest* of her establishment. A three years' residence had made Mr. Clamour a person to be considered at "Mon Repos," as the double-fronted villa at the east end of the esplanade at Budcombe was named. His room was the large one with the sea-view, and his likes and dislikes influenced the menus more frequently than the other guests realized. The minor creature comforts which his body craved—the hot-water bag,

the early-morning cup of tea—were never forgotten.

In strict justice to Mr. Clamour, it must be acknowledged that he never failed to confer upon his hostess those little courtesies for which men of more active lives rarely have leisure. At Christmas he invariably supplemented the joint-offering of Mrs. Durrant's guests with an elaborate Christmas card, designed and carried out in water-color and gold paint by himself. And on her most recent birthday his floral tribute had been accompanied by a laudatory poem of his own composition.

Mr. Clamour's correspondence was rarely of an important character. This morning a solitary pamphlet lay by his plate awaiting his attention. Picking it up, he opened it with interest.

"This is a catalogue of the sale that's to be held at the Manor House. I wrote to the auctioneer for it," he remarked to the company in general.

"Sure, an' you're not thinking of furnishing, are ye?" Mrs. Moreen, a genial Irish lady, rallied him. "It's the nice, kind husband yourself'll make."

"Fie! fie! You naughty lady. I really am surprised at you!" said Mr. Clamour, wriggling delightfully as he shook a reproving finger. "When you know what a confirmed old bachelor I am. No, speaking seriously, I saw that the conservatory plants were to be sold, and I thought a lady friend might like to know the particulars. She's frightfully interested in gardening."

"Then it's not marryin' you're thinkin' of? Well, you bachelors ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Great strong fellows like you, leaving us poor, weak women to protect ourselves!"

Highly gratified, Mr. Clamour protested coyly. The insidious flattery of Mrs. Moreen's badinage gave him a wholly delightful feeling of self-importance. Forgetting—if he had ever discerned, which is doubtful—that he was undersized and not particularly robust, he glowed to know himself a lord of creation.

It was with a sense of added inches that, breakfast over, he put on a straw hat whose multi-hued ribbon gave a decided suggestion of millinery, and taking his gloves and carefully-rolled umbrella, went out in pursuit of his regular morning exercise.

The expedition began with a visit to the Club, where he glanced at the newspapers, and gossiped with other congenial idlers; and ended with a constitutional along the miniature esplanade before returning to "Mon Repos" to luncheon.

A period of what Mr. Clamour referred to in conversation as "quiet reflection" invariably followed the mid-day meal. Returning to his room, he exchanged his walking shoes for bedroom slippers of pink quilted silk, and seating himself in a softly-cushioned easy-chair, drifted gently into slumber before he had read more than half-a-dozen lines of the book he held; to awaken an hour later with a sensation of profound amazement at the unexpected somnolence that had overtaken him.

Having consulted his engagement-book and learned—what he knew without looking—that no afternoon "At-homes" or croquet party claimed his attendance, he decided to call upon Miss Fillans, the lady on whose behalf he had procured the sale catalogue.

As Mr. Clamour, stepping delicately in patent leather shoes and purple socks adorned with a self-colored clock, mounted the slope leading to her house, a cheery voice from behind hailed him. Turning, he found Miss Fillans overtaking him. She was a tall, energetic-looking woman. A plain cloth hat shaded the grey eyes that were the one fine feature of her sensible face. Her tweed skirt was cut conveniently short, and she carried a stout stick.

"Were you on your way to call on me?" she asked. "That's right! I'm glad we didn't miss each other. I've just been down to the postoffice. Did you come up High Street? You must have passed while I was inside. Here we are. Come in."

They had entered by the rustic gate, and were walking up under the pergola over which the Dorothy Perkins roses were rioting in profusion, before Mr. Clamour recovered the breath of which the steep ascent had robbed him. And they had reached the jasmine-covered porch before he was ready to utter the succession of platitudes that were his idea of polite conversation.

"How nice!" (Mr. Clamour had a favorite adjective and a favorite adverb, and

worked them hard). "How frightfully nice of you to be at home, and on such a sweet day!"

"Nice? Not a bit of it," retorted Miss Fillans briskly. "You're pretty certain to find me at home at this time of year. In the cold, wet months, when gardening is an impossibility, I pay all my duty calls; then, when the bright weather comes, I've earned my leisure and am free to enjoy my garden."

"I brought you this catalogue of the Manor House sale. Indeed, I may say, I wrote to the auctioneer for it. I thought it might interest you. They had some frightfully nice things in the conservatories, and I saw that the executors were selling off the pot plants."

Miss Fillans nodded appreciatively.

"That was really very thoughtful of you. I'm glad to have it. You'll stay to tea?"

"Oh, it's really too good of you. I know I really shouldn't—"

"No, I won't take a denial. You, surely, can't refuse to take pity on my loneliness?"

"But it's really frightfully kind of you," Mr. Clamour continued protesting, even when a cup of tea, weakened and sweetened to his taste, was on a small table at his elbow, and he was in the act of selecting his first piece of buttered tea-cake.

The meal in the wide, flower-scented sitting-room was a pleasant one. Both Miss Fillans and her guest enjoyed it, though he took his tea weak to puerility, and accepted plum-cake, protesting that he knew he would regret it; while his hostess drank three cups of strong tea, and revealed the healthy appetite of one who leads an out-of-door life.

Miss Fillans was a woman of wide sympathies, and of a generous nature. Lesser minds always called forth her compassion. She led her visitor to prattle of himself, expressed—and felt—an interest when he related the stereotyped routine of his days, and listened attentively to his criticism of the novel he had just read: a work which he considered "frightfully affecting," and which he confessed had made him feel "quite weepy."

When tea was over, she showed him round the acre of ground whose boundary enclosed the leading interest of her spinster life, and introduced him to the shel-

tered patch at the sunny end of the kitchen garden, where, with the aid of a row of frames, a score or two of bell-glasses and sundry lengths of rye matting, she was experimenting in the French system of fruit and vegetable culture for her own use.

Mr. Clamour's knowledge of horticulture was *nil*, and his vocabulary was limited; but after having listened attentively to her description of the "intensive" method of cultivation, he declared that the cantaloup melons looked frightfully nice, and that the idea of having fresh-cut salad all winter struck him as being frightfully clever. And as even unintelligent appreciation of our hobbies is gratifying, Miss Fillans was not ill-pleased with her visitor.

When he left, she accompanied him to the gate, and sped their parting with a cordial invitation to dinner on the following Thursday, when she was entertaining a few friends.

"He is a well-intentioned little soul," she thought, as, taking up the sale catalogue, she settled herself in her special cosy chair for a quiet read; "but Heavens! what an empty life to lead!"

On the way homewards Clamour, highly pleased by his reception, found himself thinking sympathetically of Miss Fillans. How graciously she had welcomed him! And then her prompt invitation to dinner—how flattering her expressed desire for his speedy return!

Dinner invitations were rare in Budcombe, which was lavish in afternoon-teas. He knew he would enjoy the party, though it meant braving the night air. He had not thought of that when he accepted the invitation. He would much rather it had been for luncheon, although there was a certain amount of satisfaction in having his fellow-boarders see him go forth arrayed for a banquet to which they had not been invited. Still, it would not do to disappoint Miss Fillans. It was his duty to give her the benefit of male society. He would dodge the night air by engaging the Angel Hotel fly to fetch him.

As he tripped lightly downhill, feeling at peace with all his world, the banter of the lively Irish widow, Mrs. Moreen, occurred disquietingly to him. And the thought of the enormous number of un-



Drawn by J. H. THORPE

"Mr. Clamour sat on the edge of a couch, desperately clutching his bouquet."

married women in Britain rushed in upon his complacency with an overwhelming sense of unfulfilled obligation.

Mr. Clamour shared the prevalent masculine delusion that the women who remain unwed are those who have lacked the opportunity of changing their state. And it pained him to think of all these poor unhappy females living their incomplete lives because no man had found them attractive. It was with keen self-reproach that he realized that he, a Man, had failed in his duty towards the weaker sex.

As he pondered the matter his torpid spirit of chivalry sprang into more virile existence, and he resolved to remove the offence so far as he was concerned and to lose no time in proving himself worthy his birth. Here was a single woman, leading a lonely life. He had always admired Miss Fillans. He would rescue her from her forlorn condition by making her his wife, and at the earliest possible opportunity.

In justice to Mr. Clamour, it must be admitted that his knowledge of Miss Fillans' independent circumstances did not unduly influence his choice. Naturally, he fully realized that it would be impossible for him to offer his hand to one whose income did not at least equal his own, which, while amply sufficient for his own wants, left no margin for indulgence in excessive acts of charity, such as, in his estimation, the espousal of a penniless bride would have been.

The sudden prospect of so sweeping a change in his manner of life was too exciting for one of Mr. Clamour's meagre physique. He ate little dinner, though there was roast duckling, and Mrs. Durrant had provided his favorite steamed apricot pudding.

Having retired early, he lay long awake, rallying his faltering courage by recalling all the occasions on which Miss Fillans might be said to have given him encouragement. Even that day she had said pointedly that *any* afternoon he would be certain to find her at home. What could that mean but that she would stay at home on the chance of his calling? Poor Miss Fillans! It almost made him sad to think that up till now she had been forced to exist without the support of a Man's superior judgment.

It was with sincere admiration for his own heroism that, just as the night-light flickered out, Mr. Clamour fell asleep on the resolution to sacrifice himself, and rescue Miss Fillans from the chill atmosphere of spinsterhood.

The morning proved wet—unpleasantly so; but Mr. Clamour, having braced himself to the commission of a magnanimous act, dared not risk delay. Finding that the weather showed no sign of clearing, he sent for the "Angel" fly, and drove off, pausing on the way to purchase a bunch of white flowers and several yards of white satin ribbon, which with femininely deft fingers he tied in a graceful bow about the stems.

When the news of his arrival reached her, the object of his solicitude, clad in a sou'-wester, an old waterproof coat and thick-soled boots, was in her French garden examining her traps of orange-skins and cabbage-leaves for the slugs that threatened to devastate her seedling plants.

"Bother the creature!" she thought, reluctantly abandoning the quest. "He was here yesterday, and he's coming on Thursday. What's brought him back to-day? Well—I can't be rude to anybody in my own house. So I suppose I must go in and be 'frightfully nice' to him!"

Mr. Clamour, in something like a panic now that the moment of his declaration had come, sat on the edge of a couch desperately clutching his bouquet. The consciousness that, owing to the moisture of the air, one end of his slender moustache had lost its stiffness and limply drooped, added to his secret perturbation.

"Well, Mr. Clamour! I thought you were afraid of the damp? What's brought you out on such a wet morning?" Miss Fillans asked genially. Then, struck by a comical suggestion of a belated wedding-guest in his appearance, she added: "Are you on your way from a wedding?"

The chance question supplied the opening her intending suitor lacked.

"No—not a wedding. Not *to-day*, that is, but perhaps—shortly. I came—I know it's frightfully bold of me—but I came—indeed, I may say I came especially—to ask if you would marry me?"

For a moment Miss Fillans believed her visitor to be indulging in a sorry attempt at a jest; then his obvious discomfiture proclaimed his serious intention.

"Tush! man; don't be silly," she said good-humoredly. "Whatever put such a ridiculous notion into your head?"

"You did!" Mr. Clamour protested. No male being can endure to be flouted without offering instant justification. "You have always been so frightfully nice to me. And you invited me to dinner on Thursday. And yesterday you told me you'd be at home any afternoon I called. And—and I thought you'd be happier if you had a man to take care of you!"

Sitting down—wet waterproof and all—on a satin-covered chair Miss Fillans laughed outright.

"Well! To think of that," she gasped. "And so you were sorry for me? And you thought I was trying to allure you. Why, don't you understand that I welcomed you here simply because I felt sorry for *you*, because you seemed to have such an empty, aimless existence. And so you want to take pity on my forlorn condition? Bless your heart! Can a man not realize that an unmarried woman may show him a little hospitality without pining to marry him? I don't want to marry you—or any other man, for that matter. Can't you understand that I might have been married over and over again if I had liked?"

There was something so definite in Miss Fillans' tone, such an air of finality in her manner of rising to her feet, that Clamour, as though drawn by invisible cords, rose too. He found it impossible to realize

that within so few minutes of his entering the house his future had been decided.

"Then is that all you can say?" he faltered. Now that he knew Miss Fillans' point of view, his mental attitude had completely changed. He no longer thought of himself as the benefactor. "Will it be any use for me to hope?" "Not a scrap of use."

Miss Fillans had spoken decisively, but as from the drawing-room window she watched her rejected suitor—still clinging to the festive-looking bouquet that he had lacked the courage to present—pass out through the rain to the fly that was provisionally waiting, a swift compassion smote her, ousting any feeling of resentment that might have lingered. Running out, she reached the gate just as the cab moved cumbrously off.

"Wait a moment!" she cried.

At the sound of her voice, Mr. Clamour's woe-begone face appeared at the window he was preparing to pull up.

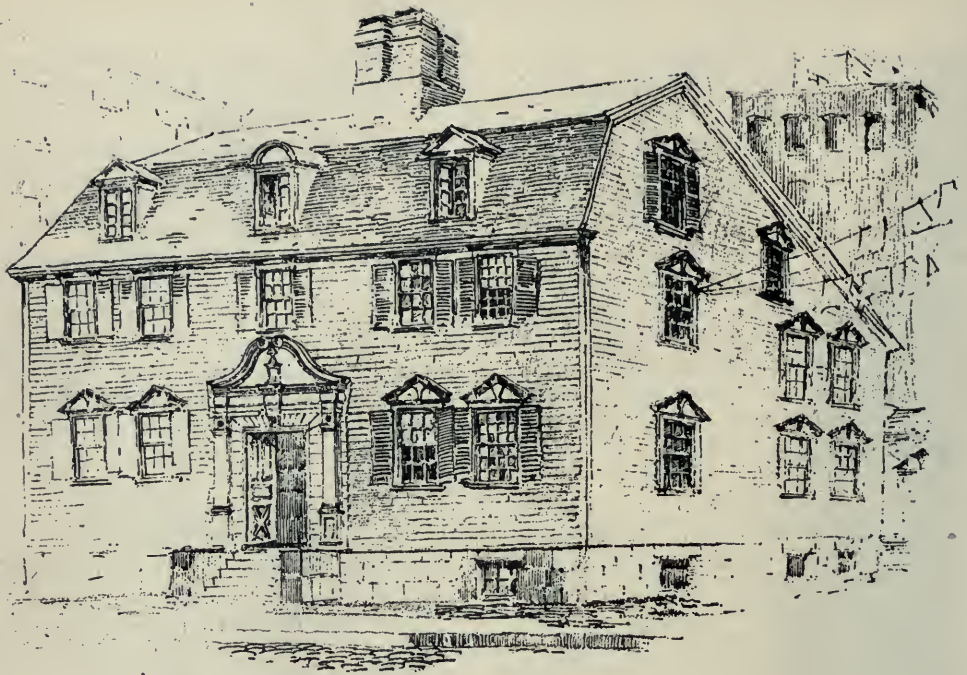
"I only wanted to say that we'll agree to forget this foolishness—won't we?" she asked kindly. "That's right. And I'll expect you to dinner at eight on Thursday, all the same, remember."

"To want to marry me—the idea! Did mortal ever know anything so absurd?" she thought as she resumed the interrupted slug-hunt. "And yet, I must confess I don't dislike the creature!"

LIFE IS TOO SHORT

Life is too short that we should walk apart,
 Who've walked together o'er familiar ways.
 I cannot still your music in my heart—
 I cannot banish dear, remembered days!
 Life is too short that we should waste our hours
 In silent grieving, striving to be brave,—
 In piling high, with sadly faded flowers
 The place within our hearts we call a grave.
 Dreams never die, but grow in soul-like beauty,
 Awaiting just some tender, touching hand,
 Then mock them not by chanting of our duty—
 Our duty this—to love, and understand!

—Amy E. Campbell.



The Eye of the House

By

Hamilton Adams

HOW important a part windows play in human life is evident from the constant references to it to be found in the literatures of all ages. It was from a window in the ark that Noah sent forth the raven and the dove and his family beheld the waters recede from the face of the earth. It was from a window in the palace in Samaria that Queen Jezabel was thrown to the dogs. From a window overhanging the wall of Damascus; St. Paul was lowered in a basket and escaped from his enemies. Visitors to the Castle of Edinburgh are shown the little window from which Mary Queen of Scots smuggled the infant Prince James, so that he might be taken to Stirling for baptism. Through a casement window Juliet conversed with her Romeo. Such examples might be multiplied to an almost limitless extent.

The literature of romance presents usually as its most thrilling episode the escape of the imprisoned fair one by means of a rope ladder attached to the sill of her chamber window by the hand of some ardent lover. The literature of tragedy loves to deal with turret chambers into which the light filters through narrow windows pierced through the thickness of masonry or else to dwell on the horrors of dungeons, emphasizing their blackness and desolation by invariably explaining that they have no windows. History records horrid death scenes where the victims of the block step to the scaffold through palace windows. Science preaches the gospel of the open casement, if humanity is to escape disease and untimely dissolution.

It is a poetic fancy that has long been cherished to liken a window to the human

eye. To the inhabitants of a house it fulfills in a degree the functions of an eye, admitting light and enabling one and all to look forth upon the outside world. To those in the street it provides some notion, vague it may often be, of the character of the house and those who dwell within its walls. That this is no idle fancy can easily be proved by recalling mentally, or visiting, certain streets or neighborhoods and there pausing to consider the influence exerted by the different houses. Where there are long rows of windows staring vacantly out on the

to be attributed to the variety and individuality of the windows. Perhaps more than anything else the windows contribute to the general impression of novelty and charm. A little of the character of the people of the country peeps through their panes. They reflect the soul of the inhabitants. It is almost redundant to say that the windows of a Japanese house are Japanese or the casements of a Venetian palace are Venetian,—the two mean so much the same. But the characteristics of the people are reflected in the way they look out on the world.



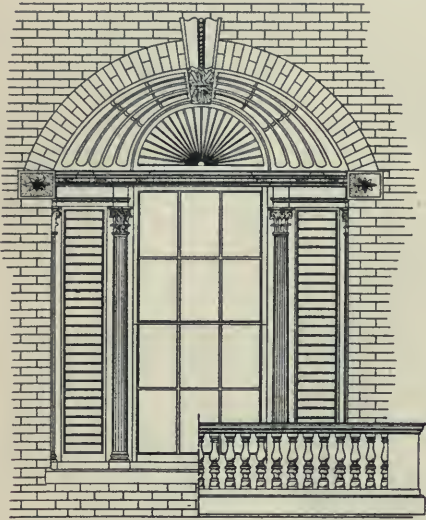
"Furnish Your House With Sunbeams."

street, even if the architecture of the building is attractive, a certain degree of gloom settles on the mind; but when the windows are varied in shape and style, there is relief and consequent pleasure in their contemplation. A bright and sparkling eye attracts; a dull and morose eye repels, and this is quite as true of the windows of a house as it is of the more wonderful windows of the soul.

In visiting a foreign land, where the styles of houses are so markedly different from those at home, much of the delight they engender in the visitor's mind is

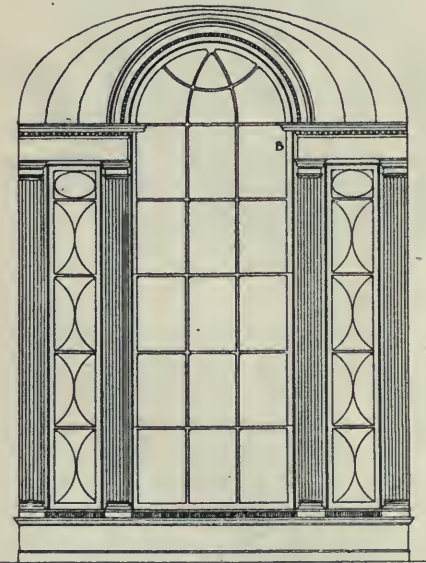
Suggestive names have been given to different styles of windows,—names that conjure up all sorts of romantic notions. There is, for instance, the dormer window, so varied in its shapes, peeping out from lofty roofs and at once giving the idea of pleasant slumber. There is the eyelet window, the small opening which seems forever to be winking. The bow window pushing its rounded form out into the street or garden. The oriel window with its suggestion of a gilded room within. All these and more are to be found in the family of windows.

Granted then that the windows are the eyes of the house and that they convey a definite impression to the passer-by of the character of the house and its occu-



Windows will Admit of Artistic Treatment.

pants, how important it is that that impression should be a pleasing one. It is not enough to say that it is no business of the passer-by whether your windows

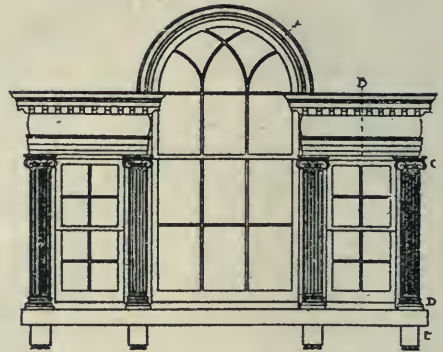


There is Dignity in a Window Such as This.

please him or not. If all the world were to act on this principle, what a wretched place it would be. The expression of your house is quite as much a matter of

concern to your fellow-being as the expression of your face. If it is a duty each man owes to his neighbor to be civil and courteous, to smile and look cheerful, it is just as important that his dwelling should not offend, and unless you build a wall as high as Haman's gallows around it, you can't stop the public from looking at your house.

For one thing, we might often have far more windows than we do have. It has been pointed out that in modelling houses after styles prevalent in southern and more tropical climes, people have neglected to remember that, whereas in the south the number of windows has been reduced to a minimum to keep out the heat, in the north there should be a maximum of windows to admit light during the long months of winter.



The Best Taste Favors the Old-fashioned, Small Window Pane.

Then again windows will admit of more artistic treatment than they have usually been accustomed to receive. Placed for utility, utility has often usurped what might well have been given to aesthetic considerations. When the door has been impressively treated, the poor windows are set in their prescribed places without much attention to their artistic appearance. That there is a great chance here for true decoration is obvious, and both aesthetic satisfaction and practical comfort are to be derived from lavishing a little care on their ornamentation. A bit of carving here or terra cotta decoration there will relieve the plainness.

Is it not the case that people planning a house, especially those who are doing it for the first time, will spend days and weeks in laying out the rooms and in de-

ciding on the materials to be used in construction, and will then dismiss the subject of windows in a breath. To their minds there are only two kinds of windows, casement and sliding sash, and it is an easy matter to decide between the two. But as to the picturesque value to the exterior of the house, not to mention convenience indoors, of the proper location and ornamentation of windows, nothing is said. Often these considerations are never remembered until the house is finished.

One easy way to get variety in windows is to introduce a few bow windows here and there. Ruskin, the artist, was an enthusiast on bow windows. He once wrote, "You surely must all of you feel and admit the delightfulness of a bow window. I hardly fancy a room can be perfect without one. Now you have nothing to do but to resolve that every one of your principal rooms shall have a bow window, either large or small. Sustain it on a bracket, crown it above with a little peaked roof, and give a massy piece of stone sculpture to the pointed arch in

each of its casements and you will have as inexhaustible a source of quaint richness in your street architecture as of additional comfort and delight in the interior of your rooms.

The best taste favors the old-fashioned small window panes. Apart from the natural inclination of cultured people towards older styles, there is a pleasantness in the use of small panes in contrast to those large plate glass expanses so common nowadays. One architect explains this by pointing out that the lines made by the small frames give the eye a gauge for measuring the sizes and distances of objects outside. They cut out from the landscape little pictures, framing them and separating them one from the other to the relief of the eye.

Furnish your house with sunbeams, says Leigh Hunt. To be able to do this, one must have plenty of windows. And if there must be windows, why not have them as artistic, both architecturally and in their inside decoration, as it is possible to make them?

THE STRANGER

While wandering in a dream-filled space,
Where ghosts from dead old years pass by,
And in the midst from whence they came
Are swallowed up, nor leave a name,
We met—this haunting form and I—
And paused a moment, face to face.

The stirring depths of memory
Held such a man. I felt the thrill
Of one who finds a friend, and yet
It carried too a feeling of regret
For youthful ardors, long grown chill,
It stirred strange, fearful thoughts in me.

"Your name?" the question leapt from me;
For my emotions bade me stay
This half-known stranger ere his flight
Lost us forever in the night;
Then with a sigh I heard him say
"I am the man you hoped to be."

F. J.

The Trail of '98

By

Robert W. Service

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BOOK IV

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CHAPTER X.

The dogs! The dogs were closing in. Nearer and nearer they drew, headed by a fierce Mackenzie river bitch. They wondered why their master did not wake; they wondered why the little tent was so still; why no plume of smoke rose from the slim stovepipe. All was oddly quiet and lifeless. No curses greeted them; no whip-lash cut into them; no strong arm jerked them over the harness. Perhaps it was a primordial instinct that drew them on, that made them strangely bold. Perhaps it was only the despair of their hunger, the ache of empty bellies. Closer and closer they crept to the silent tent.

Locasto opened his eyes. Within a foot of his face were the fangs of a malamute. At his slight movement it drew back with a snarl, and retreated to the door. Locasto could see the other dogs crouching and eyeing him fixedly. What could be the matter? What had gotten into the brutes? Where was the Worm? Where were the provisions? Why was the tent flap open and the stove stone-cold? Then with a dawning comprehension that he had been deserted, Locasto uttered a curse and tried to rise.

At first he thought he was stiff with cold, but a downward glance showed him his condition. He was helpless. He grew sick at the pit of his stomach, and glared at the dogs. They were drawing in on him. They seemed to bulk suddenly, to

grow huge and menacing. Their gleaming teeth snapped in his face. He could fancy these teeth stripping the flesh from his body, gnawing at his bones with drooling jaws. Violently he shuddered. He must try to free himself, so that at least he could fight.

Grimly the Worm had done his work, but he had hardly reckoned on the strength of this man. With a vast throe of fear Locasto tried to free himself. Tenser, tenser grew the thongs; they strained, they bit into his flesh, but they would not break. Yet as he relaxed it seemed to him they were less tight. Then he rested for another effort.

Once again the gaunt, grey bitch was crawling up. He remembered how often he had starved it, clubbed it until it could barely stand. Now it was going to get even. It would snap at his throat, rip out his windpipe, bury its fangs in his bleeding flesh. He cursed it in the old way. With a spring it backed out again and stood with the others. He made another giant effort. Once again he felt the thongs strain and strain; then, when he ceased, he imagined they were still looser.

The dogs seemed to have lost all fear. They stood in a circle within a few feet of him, regarding him intently. They smelled the blood on his head, and a slaver ran from their jaws. Again he cursed them, but this time they did not move. They seemed to realize he could not harm them. With their evilly-slanted

eyes they watched his struggles. Strange, wise, uncanny brutes, they were biding their time, waiting to rush in on him, to rend him.

Again he tried to get free. Now he fancied he could move his arm a little. He must hurry, for every instant the malamutes were growing bolder. Another strain and a wrench. Ha! he was able to squeeze his right arm from under the rawhide.

He felt the foul breath of the dogs on his face, and quickly he struck at them. They jumped back, then, as if at a signal, they sprang in again. There was no time to lose. They were attacking him in earnest. Quickly he wrenched out his other arm. He was just in time, for the dogs were upon him.

He struggled to his knees and shielded his head with his arms. Wildly he swung at the nearest dog. Full on the face he struck it, and it shot back as if hit by a bullet. But the others were on him. They had him down, snarling and ripping, a mad ferment of fury. Two of them were making for his face. As he lay on his back he gripped each by the throat. His hands were torn and bleeding, but he had them fast. In his grip of steel they struggled to free themselves in vain. They backed, they writhed, they twisted in a bow. With his huge hands he was choking them, choking them to death, using them as a shield against the other three. Then slowly he worked himself into a sitting position. He hurled one of the dogs to the tent door. He swung bludgeon blows at the others. They fled yelping and howling. He still held the Mackenzie river bitch. Getting his knee on her body, he bent her almost into a circle, bent her till her back broke with a snap.

Then he rose and freed himself from the remaining thongs. He was torn and cut and bleeding, but he had triumphed. "Oh, the devil!" he growled, grinding his teeth. "He would have me chewed to rags by malamutes."

He stared around.

"He's taken everything, the scum! left me to starve. Ha! one thing he's forgotten—the matches. At least I can keep warm."

He picked up the canister of matches and relit the stove.

"I'll kill him for this," he muttered. "Night and day I'll follow him. I'll camp on his trail till I find him. Then—I'll torture him; I'll strip him and leave him naked in the snow."

He slipped into his snowshoes, gave a last look around to see that no food had been left, and with a final growl of fury he started in pursuit.

* * * * *

Ahead of him, ploughing their way through the virgin snow, he could see the dragging track of the long snowshoes. He examined it, and noted that it was sharp and crisp at the edges.

"He's got a good five hours' start of me! Traveling fast, too, by the length of the track."

He had a thought of capturing the dogs and hitching them up; but, thoroughly terrified, they had retreated into the woods. To overtake this man, to glut his lust for revenge, he must depend on his own strength and endurance.

"Now, Jack Locasto," he told himself grimly, "you've got a fight on your hands, such a fight as you never had before. Get right down to it."

So, with head bowed and shoulders sloping forward, he darted on the track of the Worm.

"He's got to break trail, the viper! and that's where I score. I can make twice the time. Oh, just wait, you little devil! just wait!"

He ground his teeth vindictively, and put an inch more onto his stride. He was descending a long, open valley that seemed from its trackless snows to have been immemorially life-shunned and accursed. Black, witch-like pines sentinelled its flanks, and accentuated its desolation. And over all there was the silence of the Wild, that double-strong solution of silence from which all other silences are distilled, and spread out. Yet, as he gazed around him in this everlasting solitude, there was no fear in his heart.

"I can fight this accursed land and beat it out every time," he exulted. "It can't get any the better of me."

It was cold, so cold that it was difficult to imagine it could ever be warm again. To expose flesh was to feel instantly the sharp sting that heralds frostbite. As he ran, the sharp intake of icy air made his lungs seem to contract. His eyes smarted

and tingled. The lashes froze closely. Ice formed in his nostrils and his nose began to bleed. He pulled up a moment.

"Curse this infernal country!"

He had not eaten and the icy air begot a ravenous hunger. He dreamed of food, but chiefly of bacon, fat, greasy bacon. How glorious it would be just to eat of it, raw, tallow bacon! He had nothing to eat. He would have nothing till he had overtaken the Worm. On! On!

He came to where the Worm had made a camp. There were the ashes of a fire.

"Curse him; he's got some matches after all," he said with bitter chagrin. Eagerly he searched all around in the snow to see if he could not find even a crumb of food. There was nothing. He pushed on. Night fell and he was forced to make camp.

Oh, he was hungry! The night was vastly resplendent, a spendthrift night scattering everywhere its largess of stars. The cold had a crystalline quality and the trees detonated strangely in the silence. He built a huge fire; that at least he could have, and through eighteen hours of darkness he crouched by it, afraid to sleep for fear of freezing.

"If I only had a tin to boil water in," he muttered; "there's lots of reindeer moss, and I could stew some of my mucklucks. Ah! I'll try and roast a bit of them."

He cut a strip from the Indian boots he was wearing, and held it over the fire. The hair singed away and the corners crisped and charred. He put it in his mouth. It was pleasantly warm, but even his strong teeth refused to meet in it. However, he tore it into smaller pieces, and bolted them.

At last the dawn came, that evil, sneaking, corpse-like dawn, and Locasto flung himself once more on the trail. He was not feeling so fit now. Hunger and loss of blood had weakened him so that his stride insensibly shortened, and his step had lost its spring. However, he plodded on doggedly, an incarnation of vengeance and hate. Again he examined the snowshoe trail ever stretching in front, and noticed how crisped and hard was its edge. He was not making the time he had reckoned on. The Worm must be a long way ahead.

Still he did not despair. The little man might rest a day, or oversleep, or strain a sinew, then— Locasto pictured with

gloating joy the terror of the Worm as he awoke to find himself overtaken. Oh, the snake! the vermin! On! On!

Beyond a doubt he was growing weaker. Once or twice he stumbled, and the last time he lay a few moments before rising. He wanted to rest badly. The cold was keener than ever; it was merciless; it was excruciating. He no longer had the vitality to withstand it. It stabbed and stung him whenever he exposed bare flesh. He pulled the parka hood very close, so that only his eyes peered out. So he moved through the desolation of the Arctic Wild, a dark, muffled figure, a demon of vengeance, fierce and menacing.

He stood on a vast, still plateau. The sky was like a great grotto of ice. The land lay in a wan apathy of suffering, dumb, hopeless, drear. Icy land and icy sky met in a trap, a trap that held him fast; and over all, vast, titanic, terrible, the Spirit of the Wild seemed to brood. It laughed at him, a laugh of derision, of mockery, of callous gloating triumph. Locasto shuddered. Then night came and he built another giant fire.

Again he bolted down some roasted muckluck. Overhead the stars glittered vindictively. They were green and blue and red, and they had spiny rays like starfish on which they danced. This night he had to make tremendous efforts to keep from sleeping. Several times he drowsed forward, and almost fell into the fire. As he crouched there his beard was singeing and his face scorched, but his back seemed as if it was cased in ice. Often he would turn and warm it at the fire, but not for long. He hated to face the terror of the silence and the dark, the shadow where waited Death. Better the crackling cheer of the spruce flame.

At dawn the sky was leaden and the cold less despotic. Stretching interminably ahead was that lonely snowshoe trail. Locasto was puzzled.

"Where in creation is the little devil going to, anyway?" he said, knitting his brows. "I figured he'd make direct for Dawson, but he's either changed his mind or got a wrong steer. By Heavens, that's it—the little varmint's lost his way."

Locasto had an Indian's unerring sense of location.

"I guess I can't afford to follow him any more," he reflected. "I've gone too

far already. I'm all petered out. I'll have to let him go. In the meantime, it's save yourself, Jack Locasto, while there's yet time. Me for Dawson."

He struck off almost at right angles to the trail he had been following, over a low range of hills. It was evil going, and as he broke through the snowcrust mile after wearing mile, he felt himself grow weaker and weaker. "Buck up, old man," he adjured himself fiercely. "You've got to fight, fight."

There was a strange stillness in the air, not the natural stillness of the Wild, but an unhealthy one, as of a suspension of something, of a vacuum, of bated breath. It was curiously full of terror. More and more he felt like a trapped animal, caught in a vast cage. The sky to the north was glooming ominously. Every second the horizon grew blacker, more bodeful, and Locasto stared at it, with a sudden quake at his heart.

"Blizzard, by thunder!" he gasped.

Was that a breath of wind that stung his cheek? Was it a snowflake that drifted along with it? Denser and denser grew the gloom, and now there was a roaring as of a great wind. King Blizzard was come.

"I guess I'm done for," he hissed through clenched teeth. "But I'll fight to the finish. I'll die game."

CHAPTER XI

It was on him now with a swoop and a roar. He was in the thick of a mud-grey darkness, a bitter, blank darkness full of whirling wind-eddies and vast flurries of snow. He could not see more than a few feet before him. The stinging flakes blinded him; the coal-black night engulfed him. In that seething turmoil of the elements he was as helpless as a child.

"I guess you're on your last trail, Jack Locasto," he muttered grimly.

Nevertheless he lowered his head and butted desperately into the heart of the storm. He was very faint from lack of food, but despair had given him a new strength, and he plunged through drift and flurry with the fury of a goaded bull.

The night had fallen black as the pit. He was in an immensity of darkness, a darkness that packed close up to him, and hugged him, and enfolded him like a blanket. And in the black void winds

were raging with an insane fury, whirling aloft mountains of snow and hurling them along plain and valley. The forests shrieked in fear; the creatures of the Wild cowered in their lairs, but the solitary man stumbled on and on. As if by magic barriers of snow piled up before him, and almost to his shoulders he floundered through them. The wind had a hatchet edge that pierced his clothes and hacked him viciously. He knew his only plan was to keep moving, to stumble, stagger on. It was a fight for life.

He had forgotten his hunger. Those wild visions of gluttony had gone from him. He had forgotten his thirst for revenge, forgotten everything but his own dire peril.

"Keep moving, keep moving for God's sake," he urged himself hoarsely. "You'll freeze if you let up a moment. Don't let up, don't!"

But oh, how hard it was not to rest! Every muscle in his body seemed to beg and pray for rest, yet the spirit in him drove them to work anew. He was making a certain mad headway, traveling, always traveling. He doubted not he was doomed, but instinct made him fight on as long as an atom of strength remained.

He floundered to his armpits in a snow-drift. He struggled out and staggered on once more. In the mad buffonery of that cutting wind he scarce could stand upright. His parka was frozen stiff as a board. He could feel his hands grow numb in his mits. From his fingers the icy cold crept up and up. Long since he had lost all sensation in his feet. From the ankles down they were like wooden clogs. He had an idea they were frozen. He lifted them, and watched them sink and disappear in the clinging snow. He beat his numb hands against his breast. It was of no use—he could not get back the feeling in them. A craving to lie down in the snow assailed him.

Life was so sweet. He had visions of cities, of banquets, of theatres, of glittering triumphs, of glorious excitements, of women he had loved, conquered and thrown aside. Never again would he see that world. He would die here, and they would find him rigid and brittle, frozen so hard they would have to thaw him out before they buried him. He fancied he saw himself frozen in a grotesque posi-

tion. There would be ice-crystals in the very centre of his heart, that heart that had glowed so fiercely with the lust of life. Yes, life was sweet. A vast self-pity surged over him. Well, he had done his best; he could struggle no more.

But struggle he did, another hour, two hours, three hours. Where was he going? Maybe round in a circle. He was like an automaton now. He did not think any more, he just kept moving. His feet clumped up and down. He lifted himself out of the snowpits; he staggered a few steps, fell, crawled on all fours in the darkness, then in a lull of the furious wind rose once more to his feet. The night was abysmal; closer and closer it hugged him. The wind was charging him from all points, baffling him like a merry monster, beating him down. The snow whirled around him in a narrow eddy, and he tried to grope out of it and failed. Oh, he was tired, tired!

He must give up. It was too bad. He was so strong, and capable of so much for good or bad. Alas! it had been all for bad. Oh, if he had but another chance he might make his life tell a different tale! Well, he wasn't going to whine or cower. He would die game.

His feet were frozen; his arms were frozen. Here he would lie down and—quit. It would soon be over, and it was a pleasant death, they said. One more look he gave through the writhing horror of the darkness; one more look before he closed his eyes to the horror of the Greater Darkness. . . .

Ha! what was that? He fancied he saw a dim glow just ahead. It could not be. It was one of those cheating dreams that came to a dying man, an illusion, a mockery. He closed his eyes. Then he opened them again—the glow was still there.

Surely it must be real! It was steady. As he fell forward it seemed to grow more bright. On hands and knees he crawled to it. Brighter and brighter it grew. It was but a few feet away. Oh, God! could it be?

Then there was a lull in the storm, and with a final plunge Locasto fell forward, fell towards a lamp lighted in a window, fell against the closed door of a little cabin.

* * * * *

The Worm suffered acutely from the intense cold. He cursed it in his prolific and exhaustive way. He cursed the leaden weight of his snowshoes, and the thongs that chafed his feet. He cursed the pack he carried on his back, which momentarily grew heavier. He cursed the country; then, after a general debauch of obscenity, he decided it was time to feed.

He gathered some dry twigs and built a fire on the snow. He hurried, for the freezing process was going on in his carcase, and he was afraid. It was all ready. Now to light it—the matches.

Where in hell were the matches? Surely he could not have left them at the camp. With feverish haste he overturned his pack. No, they were not there. Could he have dropped them on the trail? He had a wild idea of going back. Then he thought of Locasto lying in the tent. He could never face that. But he must have a fire. He was freezing to death—right now. Already his fingers were tingling and stiffening.

Huh! maybe he had some matches in his pockets. No—yes, he had—one, two, three, four, five, that was all. Five slim sulphur matches, part of a block, and jammed in a corner of his waistcoat pocket. Eagerly he lit one. The twigs caught. The flame leapt up. Oh it was good! He had a fire, a fire.

He made tea, and ate some bread and meat. Then he felt his strength and courage return. He had four matches left. Four matches meant four fires. That would mean four days' travel. By that time he would have reached the Dawson country.

That night he made a huge blaze, chopping down several trees and setting them alight. There, lying in his sleeping-bag, he rested well. In the early dawn he was afoot once more.

Was there ever such an atrocious soul-freezing cold! He cursed it with every breath he drew. At noon he felt a vast temptation to make another fire, but he refrained. Then that night he had bad luck, for one of his precious matches proved little more than a sliver tipped with the shadow of pink. In spite of his efforts it was abortive, and he was compelled to use another. He was down to his last match.

Well, he must travel extra hard. So next day in a panic of fear he covered a vast stretch of country. He must be getting near to one of the gold creeks. As he surmounted the crest of every ridge he expected to see the blue smoke of cabin fires, yet always was there the same empty desolation. Then night came and he prepared to camp.

Once more he chopped down some trees and piled them in a heap. He was very hungry, very cold, very tired. What a glorious blaze he would soon have! How gallantly the flames would leap and soar! He collected some dry moss and twigs. Never had he felt the cold so bitter. It was growing dusk. Above him the sky had a corpse-like glimmer, and on the snow strange bale-fires glinted. It was a weird, sardonic light that waited, keeping tryst with darkness.

He shuddered and his fingers trembled. Then ever so carefully he drew forth that most precious of things, the last match.

He must hurry; his fingers were tingling, freezing, stiffening fast. He would lie down on the snow, and strike it quickly. . . . "O God!"

From his numb fingers the slim little match had dropped. There it lay on the snow. Gingerly he picked it up, with a wild hope that it would be all right. He struck it, but it doubled up. Again he struck it: the head came off—he was lost.

He fell forward on his face. His hands were numb, dead. He lay supported by his elbows, his eyes gazing blankly at the unlit fire. Five minutes passed; he did not rise. He seemed dazed, stupid, terror-stricken. Five more minutes passed. He did not move. He seemed to stiffen, to grow rigid, and the darkness gathered around him.

A thought came to his mind that he would straighten out, so that when they found him he would be in good shape to fit in a coffin. He did not want them to break his legs and arms. Yes, he would straighten them out. He tried—but he could not, so he let it go at that.

Over him the Wild seemed to laugh, a laugh of scorn, of mockery, of exquisite malice.

And there in fifteen minutes the cold slew him. When they found him he lay resting on his elbows and gazing with blank eyes of horror at his unlit fire.

CHAPTER XII

"It's a beast of a night," said the Halfbreed.

He and I were paying a visit to Jim in the cabin he had built on Ophir. Jim was busy making ready for his hydraulic work of the coming Spring, and once in a while we took a run up to see him. I was much worried about the old man. He was no longer the cheerful, optimistic Jim of the trail. He had taken to living alone. He had become grim and taciturn. He cared only for his work, and, while he read his Bible more than ever, it was with a growing fondness for the stern old prophets. There was no doubt the North was affecting him strangely.

"Lord! don't it blow? Seems as if the wind had a spite against us, wanted to put us out of business. It minds me of the blizzards we have in the Northwest, only it seems ten times worse."

The Halfbreed went on to tell us of snowstorms he had known, while huddled round the stove we listened to the monstrous uproar of the gale.

"Why don't you chink your cabin better, Jim?" I asked; "the snow's sifting through in spots."

He shoved more wood into the stove, till it glowed to a dull red, starred with little sparks that came and went.

"Snow with that wind would sift through a concrete wall," he said. "It's part an' parcel of the awful land. I tell you there's a curse on this country. Long, long ago, godless people have lived in it, lived an' sinned an' perished. An' for its wickedness in the past the Lord has put His everlasting curse on it."

Sharply I looked at him. His eyes were staring. His face was drawn into a knot of despair. He sat down and fell into a mood of gloomy silence.

How the storm was howling! The Halfbreed smoked his cigarette stolidly, while I listened and shuddered, mightily thankful that I was safe and warm.

"Say, I wonder if there's any one out in this bedlam of a night?"

"If there is, God help him," said the Halfbreed. "He'll last about as long as a snowball in hell."

"Yes, fancy wandering round out there, dazed and desperate; fancy the wind knocking you down and heaping the snow

on you; fancy going on and on in the darkness till you freeze stiff. Ugh!"

Again I shuddered. Then, as the other two sat in silence, my mind strayed to other things. Chiefly I thought of Berna, all alone in Dawson. I longed to be back with her again. I thought of Locasto. Where in his wild wanderings had he got to? I thought of Glengyle and Garry. How had he fared after Mother died? Why did he not marry? Once a week I got a letter from him, full of affection and always urging me to come home. In my letters I had never mentioned Berna. There was time enough for that.

Lord! a terrific gust of wind shook the cabin. It howled and screamed insanely through the heaving night. Then there came a lull, a strange, deep lull, deathlike after the mighty blast. And in the sudden quiet it seemed to me I heard a hollow cry.

"Hist! What was that?" whispered the Halfbreed.

Jim, too, was listening intently.

"Seems to me I heard a moan."

"Sounded like the cry of an outcast soul. Maybe it's the spirit of some poor devil that's lost away out in the night. I hate to open the door for nothing. It will make the place like an ice-house."

Once more we listened intently, holding our breath. There it was again, a low, faint moan.

"It's some one outside," gasped the Halfbreed. Horror-stricken, we stared at each other, then he rushed to the door. A great gust of wind came in on us.

"Hurry up, you fellows," he cried; "lend a hand. I think it's a man."

Frantically we pulled it in, an unconscious form that struck a strange chill to our hearts. Anxiously we bent over it.

"He's not dead," said the Halfbreed, "only badly frozen, hands and feet and face. Don't take him near the fire."

He had been peering inside the parka hood and suddenly he turned to me.

"Well, I'm darned—it's Locasto."

Locasto! I shrank back and stood there staring blankly. Locasto! all the old hate resurged into my heart. Many a time had I wished him dead; and even dying, never could I have forgiven him. As I would have shrank from a reptile, I drew back.

"No, no," I said hoarsely, "I won't touch him. Curse him! Curse him! He can die."

"Come on there," said Jim fiercely. "You wouldn't let a man die would you? There's the brand of a dog on you if you do. You'll be little better than a murderer. It don't matter what wrong he's done you, it's your duty as a man to help him. He's only a human soul, an' he's like to die anyway. Come on. Get these mits off his hands."

Mechancially I obeyed him. I was dazed. It was as if I was impelled by a stronger will than my own. I began pulling off the mits. The man's hands were white as putty. I slit the sleeves and saw that the awful whiteness went clear up the arm. It was horrible.

Jim and the Halfbreed had cut open his muck-lucks and taken off his socks, and there stretched out were two naked limbs, clay-white almost to the knees. Never did I see anything so ghastly. Tearing off his clothing we laid him on the bed, and forced some brandy between his lips.

At last heat was beginning to come back to the frozen frame. He moaned, and opened his eyes in a wild gaze. He did not know us. He was still fighting the blizzard. He raised himself up.

"Keep a-going, keep a-going," he panted.

"Keep that bucket a-going," said the Halfbreed. "Thank God, we've got plenty of ice-water. We've got to thaw him out."

Then for this man began a night of agony, such as few have endured. We lifted him onto a chair and put one of those clay-cold feet into the water. At the contact he screamed, and I could see ice crystallize on the edge of the bucket. I had forgotten my hatred of the man. I only thought of those frozen hands and feet, and how to get life into them once more. Our struggle began.

"The blood's beginning to circulate back," said the Halfbreed. "I guess that water feels scalding hot to him right now. We'll have to hold him down presently. Ugh—hold on, boys, for all you're worth."

He had not warned us any too soon. In a terrible spasm of agony Locasto threw us off quickly. We grasped him again. Now we were struggling with him. He fought like a demon. He was cursing us, praying us to leave him alone, raving,

shrieking. Grimly we held on, yet, all three, it was as much as we could do to keep him down.

"One would think we were murdering him," said the Halfbreed. "Keep his foot in the bucket there. I wish we'd some kind of dope to give him. There's boiling lead running through his veins right now. Keep him down, boys; keep him down."

It was hard, but keep him down we did; though his cries of anguish deafened us through that awful night, and our muscles knotted as we gripped. Hour after hour we held him, plunging now a hand, now a foot in the ice-water, and holding it there. How long he fought! How strong he was! But the time came when he could fight no more. He was like a child in our hands.

There, at last it was done. We wrapped the tender flesh in pieces of blanket. We laid him moaning on the bed. Then, tired out with our long struggle, we threw ourselves down and slept like logs.

Next morning he was still unconscious. He suffered intense pain, so that Jim or the Halfbreed had to be ever by him. I, for my part, refused to go near. Indeed, I watched with a growing hatred his slow recovery. I was sorry, sorry. I wished he had died.

At last he opened his eyes, and feebly he asked where he was. After the Halfbreed had told him, he lay silent awhile.

"I've had a close call," he groaned. Then he went on triumphantly: "I guess the Wild hasn't got the bulge on me yet. I can give it another round."

He began to pick up rapidly, and there in that narrow cabin I sat within a few feet of him, and beheld him grow strong again. I suppose my face must have showed my bitter hate, for often I saw him watching me through half-closed eyes, as if he realized my feelings. Then a sneering smile would curve his lips, a smile of satanic mockery. Again and again I thought of Berna. Fear and loathing convulsed me, and at times a great rage burned in me, so that I was like to kill him.

"Seems to me everything's healing up but that hand," said the Halfbreed. "I guess it's too far gone. Gangrene's setting in. Say, Locasto, looks like you'll have to lose it."

Locasto had been favoring me with a particularly sardonic look, but at these words the sneer was wiped out, and horror crowded into his eyes.

"Lose my hand—don't tell me that! Kill me at once! I don't want to be maimed. Lose my hand! Oh, that's terrible! terrible!"

He gazed at the discolored flesh. Already the stench of him was making us sick, but this hand with its putrid tissues was disgusting to a degree.

"Yes," said the Halfbreed, "there's the line of the gangrene, and it's spreading. Soon mortification will extend all up your arm, then you'll die of blood poison. Locasto, better let me take off that hand. I've done jobs like that before. I'm a handy man, I am. Come, let me take it off."

"Heavens! you're a cold-blooded butcher. You're going to kill me, between you all. You're in a plot, leagued against me, and that long-faced fool over there's at the bottom of it. Damn you, then, go on and do what you want."

"You're not very grateful," said the Halfbreed. "All right, lie there and rot."

At his words Locasto changed his tune. He became alarmed to the point of terror. He knew the hand was doomed. He lay staring at it, staring, staring. Then he sighed, and thrust its loathsomeness into our faces.

"Come on," he growled. "Do something for me, you devils, or I'll do it myself."

* * * * *

The hour of the operation was at hand. The Halfbreed got his jack-knife ready. He had filed the edge till it was like a rough saw. He cut the skin of the wrist just above the gangrene line, and raised it up an inch or so. It was here Locasto showed wonderful nerve. He took a large bite of tobacco and chewed steadily, while his keen black eyes watched every move of the knife.

"Hurry up and get the cursed thing off," he snarled.

The Halfbreed nicked the flesh down to the bone, then with the ragged jack-knife he began to saw. I could not bear to look. It made me deathly sick. I heard the grit, grit of the jagged blade. I will remember the sound to my dying day.

How long it seemed to take! No man could stand such torture. A groan burst from Locasto's lips. He fell back on the bed. His jaws no longer worked, and a thin stream of brown saliva trickled down his chin. He had fainted.

Quickly the Halfbreed finished his work. The hand dropped on the floor. He pulled down the flaps of skin and sewed them together.

"How's that for home-made surgery?" he chuckled. He was vastly proud of his achievement. He took the severed hand upon a shovel and, going to the door, he threw it far out into the darkness.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Why don't you go outside?" I asked of the Jam-wagon.

I had rescued him from one of his periodical plunges into the cesspool of debauch, and he was peaked, pallid, penitent. Listlessly he stared at me a long moment, the dull, hollow-eyed stare of the recently regenerate.

"Well," he said at last, "I think I stay for the same reason many another man stays—pride. I feel that the Yukon owes me one of two things, a stake or a grave—and she's going to pay."

"Seems to me, the way you're shaping you're more liable to get the latter."

"Yes—well, that'll be all right."

"Look here," I remonstrated, "don't be a rotter. You're a man, a splendid one. You might do anything, be anything. For Heaven's sake stop slipping cogs, and get into the game."

His thin, handsome face hardened bitterly.

"I don't know. Sometimes I think I'm not fit to play the game; sometimes I wonder if it's all worth while; sometimes I'm half inclined to end it."

"Oh, don't talk nonsense."

"I'm not; I mean it, every word. I don't often speak of myself. It doesn't matter who I am, or what I've been. I've gone through a lot—more than most men. For years I've been a sort of human derelict, drifting from port to port of the seven seas. I've sprawled in their mire; I've eaten of their filth; I've wallowed in their moist, barbaric slime. Time and time again I've gone to the mat, but somehow

I would never take the count. Something's always saved me at the last."

"Your guardian angel."

"Maybe. Somehow I wouldn't be utterly downed. I'm a bit of a fighter, and every day's been a battle with me. Oh, you don't know, you can't believe how I suffer! Often I pray, and my prayer always is: 'O, dear God, don't allow me to *think*. Lash me with Thy wrath; heap burdens on me, but don't let me *think*.' They say there's a hell hereafter. They lie; it's here, now."

I was astonished at his vehemence. His face was wrrenched with pain, and his eyes full of remorseful misery.

"What about your friends?"

"Oh, them—I died long ago, died in the early '80's. In a little French graveyard there's a tombstone that bears my name, my real name, the name of the 'me' that was. Heart, soul and body, I died. My sisters mourned me, my friends muttered, 'Poor devil.' A few women cried, and a girl—well, I mustn't speak of that. It's all over long ago; but I must eternally do something, fight, drink, work like the devil—anything but think. I mustn't *think*."

"What about your guardian angel?"

"Yes, sometimes I think he's going to give me another chance. This is no life for a man like me, slaving in the drift, burning myself up in the dissipation of the town. A great, glad fight with a good sweet woman to fight for—that would save me. Oh, to get away from it all; get a clean start!"

"Well, I believe in you. I'm sure you'll be all right. Let me lend you the money."

"Thank you, a thousand thanks; but I cannot take it. There it is again—my pride. Maybe I'm all wrong. Maybe I'm a lost soul, and my goal's the potter's field. No; thanks! In a day or two I'll be fighting-fit again. I wouldn't have bored you with this talk, but I'm weak, and my nerve's gone."

"How much money have you got?" I asked.

He pulled a poor piece of silver from his pocket.

"Enough to do me till I join the pick-and-shovel gang."

"What are those tickets in your hand?"

He laughed carelessly.

"Chances in the ice pools. Funny thing, I don't remember buying them. Must have been drunk."

"Yes, and you seem to have had a 'hunch.' You've got the same time on all three: seven seconds, seven minutes past one, on the ninth—that's to-day. It's noon now. That old ice will have to hurry up if you're going to win. Fancy, if you did! You'd clean up over three thousand dollars. There would be your new start."

"Yes, fancy," he echoed mockingly. "Over five thousand betting, and the guesses as close as peas in a pod."

"Well, the ice may go out any moment. It's awful rotten."

With a curious fascination, we gazed down at the mighty river. Around us was a glow of spring sunshine, above us the renaissance of blue skies. Rags of snow still glimmered on the hills, and the brown earth, as if ashamed of its nakedness, was bursting greenly forth. On the slope overlooking the Klondike, girls in white dresses were gathering the wild crocus. All was warmth, color, awakening life.

Surely the river ice could not hold much longer. It was patchy, netted with cracks, heaved up in ridges, mottled with slushy pools, corroded to the bottom. Decidedly it was rotten, rotten. Still it held stubbornly. The Klondike hammered it with mighty bergs, black and heavy as a house. Down the swift current they sped, crashing, grinding, roaring, to batter into the unbroken armor of the Yukon. And along its banks, watching even as we watched, were thousands of others. On every lip was the question—"The ice—when will it go out?" For to these exiles of the North, after eight months of isolation, the sight of open water would be like Heaven. It would mean boats, freedom, friendly faces, and a step nearer to that "outside" of their dreams.

Towards the centre of the vast mass of ice that belted in the city was a post, and on this lonely post thousands of eyes were constantly turning. For an electric wire connected it with the town, so that when it moved down a certain distance a clock would register the exact moment. Thus, thousands gazing at that solitary post thought of the bets they had made, and wondered if this year they would be the lucky ones. It is a unique incident in

Dawson life, this gambling on the ice. There are dozens of pools, large and small, and both men and women take part in the betting, with an eagerness and excitement that is almost childish.

I sat on a bench on the N. C. trail overlooking the town, and watched the Jam-wagon crawl down the hill to his cabin. Poor fellow! How drawn and white was his face, and his long, clean frame—how gaunt and weary! I felt sorry for him. What would become of him? He was a splendid "misfit." If he only had another chance! Somehow I believed in him, and fervently I hoped he would have that good clean start again.

Up in the cold remoteness of the North are many of his kind—the black sheep, the undesirables, the discards of the pack. Their lips are sealed; their eyes are cold as glaciers, and often they drink deep. Oh, they are a mighty company, the men you don't enquire about; but it is the code of the North to take them as you find them, so they go their way unregarded.

How clear the air was! It was like looking through a crystal lens—every leaf seemed to stand out vividly. Sounds came up to me with marvellous distinctness. Summer was coming, and with it the assurance of a new peace. Down there I could see our home, and on its verandah, hammock-swung, the white figure of Berna. How precious she was to me. How anxiously I watched over her! A look, a word meant more to me than volumes. If she was happy I was full of joy; if she was sad the sunshine paled, the flowers drooped, there was no gladness in the day. Often as she slept I watched her, marveling at the fine perfection of her face. Always was she an object of wonder to me—something to be adored, to demand all that was fine and high in me.

Yet sometimes it was the very intensity of my love that made me fear; so that in the ecstasy of a moment I would catch my breath and wonder if it all could last. And always the memory of Locasto was a sinister shadow. He had gone "outside," terribly broken in health, gone cursing me hoarsely and vowing he would return. Would he?

Who that knows the North can ever deny its lure? Wherever you be, it will call and call to you. In the sluggish South you will hear it, will long for the

keen tingle of its silver days, the vaster glory of its star-strewn nights. In the city's heart it will come to you till you hunger for its big, clean spaces, its racing rivers, its purple tundras. In the homes of the rich its voice will seek you out, and you will ache for your lonely camp-fire, a sunset splendoring to golden death, the night where the silence clutches and the heavens vomit forth white fire. Yes, you will hear it, and hear it, till a madness comes over you, till you leave the crawling men of the sticky pavements to seek it out once more, the sapphire of its lustrous lakes, the white yearning of its peaks to the myriad stars. Then, as a child comes home, will you come home. And I knew that some day to the land wherein he had reigned a conqueror, Lccasto, too, would return.

As I looked down on the grey town, the wonder of its growth came over me. How changed from the muddle of tents and cabins, the boat-lined river, the swarming hordes of the Argonauts! Where was the niggerhead swamp, the mud, the unrest, the mad fever of '98? I looked for these things and saw in their stead fine residences, trim gardens, well-kept streets. I almost rubbed my eyes as I realized the magic of the transformation.

And great as was the city's outward change, its change of spirit was still greater. The day of dance-hall domination was over. Vice walked very circumspectly. No longer was it possible on the street to speak to a lady of easy virtue without causing comment.

The demireps of the deadline had been banished over the Klondike, where, in a colony reached by a crazy rope bridge, their red lights gleamed like semaphores of sin. The dance-halls were still running, but the picturesque impunity of the old muckluck days was gone forever. You looked in vain for the crude scenes where the wilder passions were unleashed, and human nature revealed itself in primal nakedness. Heroism, brutality, splendid achievement, unbridled license, the North seems to bring out all that is best and worst in a man. It breeds an exuberant vitality, a madness for action, whether it be for good or evil.

In the town, too, life was becoming a thing of more sober hues. Sick of slipshod morality, men were sending for their

wives and children. The old ideals of home and love and social purity were triumphing. With the advent of the good woman, the dance-hall girl was doomed. The city was finding itself. Society divided into sets. The more pretentious were called Ping-pongs, while a majority rejoiced in the name of Rough-necks. The post office abuses were remedied, the grafters ousted from the government offices. Rapidly the gold camp was becoming modernized.

Yes, its spectacular days were over. No more would the "live one" disport himself in his wild and woolly glory. The delirium of '98 was fast becoming a memory. The leading actors in that fateful drama—where were they? Dead: some by their own hands; down and out many, drivelling sottishly of by-gone days; poor prospectors a few, dreaming of a new gold strike.

And, as I think of it, it comes over me that the thing is vastly tragic. Where are they now, these Klondike Kings, these givers of champagne baths, these plungers of the gold camp? How many of those that stood out in the limelight of '98 can tell the tale to-day? Ladue is dead, leaving little behind. Big Alec MacDonald, after lavishing a dozen fortunes on his friends, dies at last, almost friendless and alone. Nigger Jim and Stillwater Willie—in what back slough of vicissitude do they languish to-day? Dick Low lies in a drunkard's grave. Skookum Jim would fain qualify for one. Dawson Charlie, reeling home from a debauch, drowns in the river. In impecunious despair, Harry Waugh hangs himself. Charlie Anderson, after squandering a fortune on a thankless wife, works for a laborer's hire.

So I might go on and on. Their stories would fill volumes. And as I sat on the quiet hillside, listening to the drowsy hum of the bees, the inner meaning of it all came home to me. Once again the great lone land was sifting out and choosing its own. Far-reaching was its vengeance, and it worked in divers ways. It fell on them, even as it had fallen on their brethren of the trail. In the guise of fortune it dealt their ruin. From the austere silence of its snows it was mocking them, beguiling them to their doom. Again it was the Land of the Strong. Before all it demanded strength, moral and physical

strength. I was minded of the words of old Jim, "Where one wins ninety and nine will fail"; and time had proved him true. The great, grim land was weeding out the unfit, was rewarding those who could understand it, the faithful brotherhood of the high North.

Full of such thoughts as these, I raised my eyes and looked down the river towards the Moosehide Bluffs. Hullo! There, just below the town, was a great sheet of water, and even as I watched I saw it spread and spread. People were shouting, running from their houses, speeding to the beach. I was conscious of a thrill of excitement. Ever widening was the water, and now it stretched from bank to bank. It crept forward to the solitary post. Now it was almost there. Suddenly the post started to move. The vast ice-field was sliding forward. Slowly, serenely it went on, on.

Then, all at once, the steam whistles shrilled out, the bells pealed, and from the black mob of people that lined the banks there went up an exultant cheer, "The ice is going out—the ice is going out!"

I looked at my watch. Could I believe my eyes? Seven seconds, seven minutes past one—his "hunch" was right; his guardian angel had intervened; the Jam-wagon had been given his chance to make a new start.

CHAPTER XIV.

The waters were wild with joy. From the mountain snows the sun had set them free. Down hill and dale they sparkled, trickling from boulders, dripping from mossy crannies, rioting in narrow runlets. Then, leaping and laughing in a mad ecstasy of freedom, they dashed into the dam.

Here was something they did not understand, some contrivance of the tyrant Man to curb them, to harness them, to make them his slaves. The waters were angry. They gloomed fearsomely. As they swelled higher in the broad basin their wrath grew apace. They chafed against their prison walls, they licked and lapped at the stolid bank. Higher and higher they mounted, growing stronger with every leap. More and more bitterly they fretted at their durance. Behind them other waters were pressing, just as eager to

escape as they. They lashed and writhed in savage spite. Not much longer could these patient walls withstand their anger. Something must happen.

The "something" was a man. He raised the floodgate, and there at last was a way of escape. How joyously the eager waters rushed at it! They tumbled and tossed in their mad hurry to get out. They surged and swept and roared about the narrow opening.

But what was this? They had come on a wooden box that streaked down the slope as straight as an arrow from the bow. It was some other scheme of the tyrant Man. Nevertheless, they jostled and jammed to get into it. On its brink they poised a moment, then down, down they dashed.

Like a cataract they rushed, ever and ever growing faster. Ho! this was motion now, this was action, strength, power. As they shot down that steep hill they shrieked for very joy. Freedom, freedom at last! No more trickling feebly from snow-banks; no more boring devious channels in oozy clay, no more stagnating in sullen dams. They were alive, alive, swift, intense, terrific. They gloried in their might. They roared the raucous song of freedom, and faster and faster they charged. Like a stampede of maddened horses they thundered on. What power on earth could stop them? "We must be free! We must be free!" they cried.

Suddenly they saw ahead the black hole of a great pipe, a hollow shard of steel. Prison-like it looked, again some contrivance of the tyrant Man. They would fain have overleapt it, but it was too late. Countless other waters were behind them, forcing them forward with irresistible power. And, faster and faster still, they crashed into the shard of steel.

They were trapped, atrociously trapped, cabined, confined, rammed forward by a vast and remorseless pressure. Yet there was escape just ahead. It was a tiny point of light, an outlet. They must squeeze through it. They were crushed and pinioned in that prison of steel, and mightily they tried to burst it. No! there was only that orifice; they must pass through it. Then with that great force behind them, tortured, maddened, desperate, the waters crashed through the shard of steel, to serve the will of Man.

The man stood by his water-gun and from its nozzle the gleaming terror leapt. At first it was only a slim volley of light, compact and solid as a shaft of steel. To pierce it would have splintered to pieces the sharpest sword. It was a core of water, round, glistening and smooth, yet in its mighty power it was a monster of destruction.

The man was directing it here and there on the face of the hill. It flew like an arrow from the bow, and wherever he aimed it the hillside seemed to reel and shudder at the shock. Great cataracts of gravel shot out, avalanches of clay toppled over; vast boulders were hurled into the air like heaps of fleecy wool.

Yes, the waters were mad. They were like an angry bull that goaded the hillside. It seemed to melt and dissolve before them. Nothing could withstand that assault. In a few minutes they would reduce the stoutest stronghold to a heap of pitiful ruins.

There, where the waters shot forth in their fury, stood their conqueror. He was one man, yet he was doing the work of a hundred. As he battered at that bank of clay he exulted in his power. A little turn of the wrist and a huge mass of gravel crumbled into nothingness. He bored deep holes in the frozen muck, he hammered his way down to bed rock, he swept it clean as a floor. There, with the solid force of a battering-ram, he pounded at the heart of the hill.

The roar deafened him. He heard the crash of falling rock, but he was so intent on his work he did not hear another man approach. Suddenly he looked up and saw.

He gave a mighty start, then at once he was calm again. This was the meeting he had dreaded, longed for, fought against, desired. Primordial emotions surged within him, but outwardly he gave no sign. Almost savagely, and with a curious blaze in his eyes he redirected the little giant.

He waved his hand to the other man.

"Go away!" he shouted.

Mosher refused to budge. The generous living of Dawson had made him puffy, almost porcine. His pig eyes glittered, and he took off his hat to wipe some beads of sweat from the monumental baldness of his forehead. He caressed his coal-

black beard with a podgy hand on which a large diamond sparkled. His manner was arrogance personified. He seemed to say, "I'll make this man dance to my music."

His rich, penetrating voice pierced through the roar of the "giant."

"Here, turn off your water. I want to speak to you. Got a business proposition to make."

Still Jim was dumb.

Mosher came close to him and shouted into his ear. The two men were very calm.

"Say, your wife's in town. Been there for the last year. Didn't you know it?"

Jim shook his head. He was particularly interested in his work just then. There was a great saddle of clay, and he scooped it up magically.

"Yes, she's in town—living respectable."

Jim redirected his giant with a savage swish.

"Say, I'm a sort of a philanthropic guy," went on Mosher, "an' there's nothing I like better than doing the erring wife restitution act. I think I could induce that little woman of yours to come back to you."

Jim gave him a swift glance, but the man went on.

"To tell the truth, she's a bit stuck on me. Not my fault, of course. Can't help it if a girl gets daffy on me. But say, I think I could get her switched on to you if you made it worth my while. It's a business proposition."

He was sneering now, frankly villainous. Jim gave no sign.

"What d'ye say? This is a likely bit of ground—give me a half-share in this ground, an' I'll guarantee to deliver that little piece of goods to you. There's an offer."

Again that smug look of generosity beamed on the man's face. Once more Jim motioned him to go, but Mosher did not heed. He thought the gesture was a refusal. His face grew threatening. "All right, if you won't," he snarled, "look out! I know you love her still. Let me tell you, I own that woman, body and soul, and I'll make life hell for her. I'll torture you through her. Yes, I've got a cinch. You'd better change your mind."

He had stepped back as if to go. Then, whether it was an accident or not no one

will ever know—but the little giant swung round till it bore on him.

It lifted him up in the air. It shot him forward like a stone from a catapult. It landed him on the bank fifty feet away with a sickening crash. Then, as he lay, it pounded and battered him out of all semblance of a man.

The waters were having their revenge.

CHAPTER XV.

"There's something the matter with Jim," the Prodigal 'phoned to me from the Forks; "he's gone off and left the cabin on Ophir, taken to the hills. Some prospectors have just come in and say they met him heading for the White Snake Valley. Seemed kind of queer, they say. Wouldn't talk much. They thought he was in a fair way to go crazy."

"He's never been right since the accident," I answered; "we'll have to go after him."

"All right. Come up at once. I'll get McCrimmon. He's a good man in the woods. We'll be ready to start as soon as you arrive."

So the following day found the three of us on the trail to Ophir. We traveled lightly, carrying very little food, for we thought to find game in the woods. On the evening of the following day we reached the cabin.

Jim must have gone very suddenly. There were the remains of a meal on the table, and his Bible was gone from its place. There was nothing for it but to follow and find him.

"By going to the headquarters of Ophir Creek," said the Halfbreed, "we can cross a divide into the valley of the White Snake and there we'll corral him, I guess."

So we left the trail and plunged into the virgin Wild. Oh, but it was hard traveling! Often we would keep straight up the creek-bed, plunging through pools that were knee-deep, and walking over shingly bars. Then, to avoid a big bend of the stream, we would strike off through the bush. Every yard seemed to have its obstacle. There were windfalls and tangled growths of bush that defied our uttermost efforts to penetrate them. There were viscid sloughs, from whose black depths bubbles arose wearily, with grey tree-roots like the legs of spiders clutching

the slimy mud of their banks. There were oozy bottoms, rankly speared with rush-grass. There were leprous marshes spotted with unsightly niggerheads. Dripping with sweat, we fought our way under the hot sun. Thorny boughs tore at us detainingly. Fallen trees delighted to bar our way. Without let or cease we toiled, yet at the day's end our progress was but a meagre one.

Our greatest bane was the mosquitoes. Night and day they never ceased to nag us. We wore veils and had gloves on our hands, so that under our armour we were able to grin defiance at them. But on the other side of that netting they buzzed in an angry grey cloud. To raise our veils and take a drink was to be assaulted ferociously. As we walked we could feel them resisting our progress, and it seemed as if we were forcing our way through solid banks of them. If we rested, they alighted in such myriads that soon we appeared literally sheathed in tiny atoms of insect life, vainly trying to pierce the mesh of our clothing. To bare a hand was to have it covered with blood in a moment, and the thought of being at their mercy was an exquisitely horrible one. Night and day their voices blended in a vast drone, so that we ate, drank and slept under our veils.

In that rankly growing wilderness we saw no sign of life, not even a rabbit. It was all desolate and God-forsaken. By nightfall our packs seemed very heavy, our limbs very tired. Three days, four days, five days passed. The creek was attenuated and hesitating, so we left it and struck off over the mountains. Soon we climbed to where the timber growth was less obstructive. The hillside was steep, almost vertical in places, and was covered with a strange, deep growth of moss. Down in it we sank, in places to our knees, and beneath it we could feel the points of sharp boulders. As we climbed we plunged our hands deep into the cool cushion of the moss, and half dragged ourselves upward. It was like an Oriental rug covering the stony ribs of the hill, a rug of bizarre coloring, strangely patterned in crimson and amber, in emerald and ivory. Birch-trees of slim, silvery beauty arose in it, and aided us as we climbed.

So we came at last, after a weary journey, to a bleak, boulder-studded plateau

It was above timber-line, and carpeted with moss of great depth and gaudy hue. Suddenly we saw two vast pillars of stone upstanding on the aching barren. I think they must have been two hundred feet high, and, like monstrous sentinels in their lonely isolation, they overlooked that vast tundra. They startled us. We wondered by what strange freak of nature they were stationed there.

Then we dropped down into a vast, hush-filled valley, a valley that looked as if it had been undisturbed since the beginning of time. Like a spirit-haunted place it was, so strange and still. It was loneliness made visible. It was stillness written in wood and stone. I would have been afraid to enter it alone, and even as we sank in its death-haunted dusk I shuddered with a horror of the place.

The Indians feared and shunned this valley. They said, of old, strange things had happened there; it had been full of noise and fire and steam; the earth had opened up, belching forth great dragons that destroyed the people. And indeed it was all like the vast crater of an extinct volcano, for hot springs bubbled forth and a grey ash cropped up through the shallow soil.

There was no game in the valley. In its centre was a solitary lake, black and bottomless, and haunted by a giant white water-snake, sluggish, blind and very old. Stray prospectors swore they had seen it, just at dusk, and its sightless, staring eyes were too terrible ever to forget.

And into this still, cobweb-hued hollow we dropped—dropped almost straight down over the flanks of those lean, lank mountains that fringed it so forlornly. Here, ringed all around by desolate heights, we were as remote from the world as if we were in some sallow solitude of the moon. Sometimes the valley was like a gaping mouth, and the lips of it were livid grey. Sometimes it was like a cup into which the sunset poured a golden wine and filled it quivering to the brim. Sometimes it was like a grey grave full of silence. And here in this place of shadows, where the lichen strangled the trees, and under-foot the moss hushed the tread, where we spoke in whispers, and mirth seemed a mockery, where every stick and stone seemed eloquent of dischantment

and despair, here in this valley of Dead Things we found Jim.

He was sitting by a dying camp-fire, all huddled up, his arms embracing his knees, his eyes on the fading embers. As we drew near he did not move, did not show any surprise, did not even raise his head. His face was very pale and drawn into a pucker of pain. It was the queerest look I ever saw on a man's face. It made me creep.

His eyes followed us furtively. Silently we squatted in a ring round his camp-fire. For a while we said no word, then at last the Prodigal spoke:

"Jim, you're coming back with us, aren't you?"

Jim looked at him.

"Hush!" says he, "don't speak so loud. You'll waken all them dead fellows."

"What d'ye mean?"

"Them dead fellows. The woods is full of them, them that can't rest. They're all around, ghosts. At night, when I'm a-sittin' over the fire, they crawl out of the darkness, an' they get close to me, closer, closer, an' they whisper things. Then I get scared an' I shoo them away."

"What do they whisper, Jim?"

"Oh say! they tell me all kinds of things, them fellows in the woods. They tell me of the times they used to have here in the valley; an' how they was a great people, an' had women an' slaves; how they fought an' sang an' got drunk, an' how their kingdom was here, right here where it's all death an' desolation. An' how they conquered all the other folks around an' killed the men an' captured the women. Oh, it was long, long ago, long before the flood!"

"Well, Jim, never mind them. Get your pack ready. We're going home right now."

"Goin' home?—I've no home any more. I'm a fugitive an' a vagabond in the earth. The blood of my brother crieth unto me from the ground. From the face of the Lord shall I be hid an' every one that findeth me shall slay me. I have no home but the wilderness. Unto it I go with prayer an' fastin'. I have killed, I have killed!"

"Nonsense, Jim; it was an accident."

"Was it? Was it? God only knows. I don't. Only I know the thought of murder was black in my heart. It was

there for ever an' ever so long. How I fought against it! Then, just at that moment, everything seemed to come to a head. I don't know that I meant what I did, but I thought it."

"Come home, Jim, and forget it."

"When the rivers start to run up them mountain peaks I'll forget it. No, they won't let me forget it, them ghosts. They whisper to me all the time. Hist! don't you hear 'em? They're whispering to me now. 'You're a murderer, Jim, a murderer,' they say. 'The brand of Cain is on you, Jim, the brand of Cain.' Then the little leaves of the trees take up the whisper, an' the waters murmur it, an' the very stones cry out ag'in me, an' I can't shut out the sound. I can't, I can't."

"Hush, Jim!"

"No, no, the devil's a-hoein' out a place in the embers for me. I can't turn no more to the Lord. He's cast me out, an' the light of His countenance is darkened to me. Never again; oh, never again!"

"Oh come, Jim, for the sake of your old partners, come home."

"Well, boys, I'll come. But it's no good. I'm down an' out."

Wearily we gathered together his few belongings. He had been living on bread, and but little remained. Had we not reached him, he would have starved. He came like a child, but seemed a prey to acute melancholy.

It was indeed a sad party that trailed down that sad, dead valley. The trees were hung with a dreary drapery of grey, and the ashen moss muffled our foot-falls. I think it was the *deadest* place I ever saw. The very air seemed dead and stale, as if it were eternally still, unstirred by any wind. Spiders and strange creeping things possessed the trees, and at every step, like white gauze, a mist of mos-

quitoes was thrown up. And the way seemed endless.

A great weariness weighed upon our spirits. Our feet flagged and our shoulders were bowed. As we looked into each other's faces we saw there a strange lassitude, a chill, grey despair. Our voices sounded hollow and queer, and we seldom spoke. It was as if the place was a vampire that was sucking the life and health from our veins.

"I'm afraid the old man's going to play out on us," whispered the Prodigal.

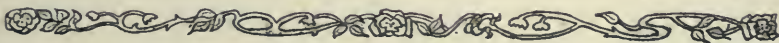
Jim lagged forlornly behind, and it was very anxiously we watched him. He seemed to know that he was keeping us back. His efforts to keep up were pitiful. We feigned an equal weariness, not to distress him, and our progress was slow, slow.

"Looks as if we'll have to go on half-rations," said the Halfbreed. "It's taking longer to get out of this valley than I figured on."

And indeed it was like a vast prison, and those peaks that brindled in the sunset glow were like bars to hold us in. Every day the old man's step was growing slower, so that at last we were barely crawling along. We were ascending the western slope of the valley, climbing a few miles a day, and every step we rose from that sump-hole of the gods was like the lifting of a weight. We were tired, tired, and in the wan light that filtered through the leaden clouds our faces were white and strained.

"I guess we'll have to go on quarter-rations from now," said the Half-breed, a few days later. He ranged far and wide, looking for game, but never a sign did he see. Once, indeed, we heard a shot. Eagerly we waited his return, but all he had got was a great, grey owl, which we cooked and ate ravenously.

(To be continued.)





The Railroad Pass and the Deadhead

By

W. Arnot Craick

TO be able to ride free on a railroad train is one of those blissful sensations which is probably more enjoyed in imagination by people who do not have passes than it is in reality by those who do. It is such a commonplace to the man with a pocketful of annuals to travel around for nothing, that he soon ceases to enjoy the experience. But, notwithstanding this inevitable result, there is an undoubted glamor about railroad passes that makes them objects of interest and desire.

By all established precedents in entering on such a subject as the present, one should first define just what a railroad pass is. To do this in an illuminative way, it is only necessary to refer once again to the story so often told of the farmer away back in the early days of the railroad, when typewriters were unknown, who wrote a letter to the president of an American railway demanding redress for the death of some pigs, killed by a locomotive. The president took the trouble to write in

reply a personal note to the farmer on the official paper of the railroad company, but, on account of his poor writing, only the signature was legible. The farmer could not decipher the letter, nor could his family or friends. Presently somebody suggested that it might mean that the president wanted the farmer to come and see him. Judging this to be the case, the farmer boarded the next train for the city and when the conductor came for his ticket, produced the letter, explaining that the president had sent for him. The conductor, seeing the signature, concluded that this was the case and allowed the farmer to travel free. Arrived at the city, the latter went to the president's office and explained to the great man's secretary that he had come to seek compensation for the death of his pigs. The president was away and so he was sent to the claims agent who adjusted the matter to his satisfaction. After that, whenever the wily farmer wanted to travel on the railroad, he took along the president's letter and, show-

ing it to the conductor, claimed a free ride. For twenty years he never had to pay a fare. The president's signature was sufficient to enable him to dispense with a ticket, and while the letter was really an invitation for the farmer to betake himself to a warmer region, he was always prepared to interpret it otherwise and travel as the guest of the road. This story will probably serve without further explanation to define a railroad pass.

It was by no means an uncommon thing in the early days for the higher officials of railroads to scribble off an order for free transportation on any slip of paper that came to hand and their signatures were always honored. Veterans like Mr.

in 1871. But those halcyon days are over. Issuing passes has become a regular business now and even presidents and general managers must conform to the rules and get the transportation they require through the proper channels and in the regulation form.

Generally speaking there are, or have been, three kinds of passes: The life pass, a delightful affair, which, alas! is no longer honored; the annual pass, the cherished possession of officials and members of Parliament; and the trip pass, the commonest form of all, which vanishes into thin air with the using thereof.

To an antiquarian the old "life passes" possess considerable interest. They were



Edmund Wragge, of Toronto, who was General Manager of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce many years ago, can recall the time when a few words from his pen were sufficient to secure anyone a free ride over that road. The same gentleman treasures an old, soiled and torn piece of paper on which Jay Gould had written in his own hand an order to the conductors of the Erie Railroad to pass Mr. Wragge from Suspension Bridge to New York. The old financier had been about to add, by force of habit, doubtless, "and return," and had written down the "and" when he remembered that it was not required. A rub of the thumb across the word served to obliterate it, partially at least. On such make-shift passes as these men travelled

usually issued in metal or ivory, intended to be hung as charms on the watch chains of the railway magnates of the earlier days, and were to be honored during the life time of the privileged possessors. Only a limited number were made and in consequence only a very small number of them have been preserved down to the present day.

The late George Laidlaw, who was connected with several of the local roads in Ontario, which have subsequently lost their identity in either the Grand Trunk or C.P.R., had probably more of these life passes than any other person. The Laidlaw family cherish no fewer than five of them.

The shareholders of the Credit Valley Railway Company, by resolution of October, 28, 1880, conferred a life pass on Mr. Laidlaw, including each member of his family. It took the form of a gold medallion, one and three-quarter inches in diameter. On the obverse is a coat of arms surmounted by a beaver. The shield is divided into four quarters; the right hand top corner containing square and compass; the left hand the Union Jack over three maple leaves; the right hand lower corner, a sheaf of wheat; and the left hand a locomotive. The coat of arms is surrounded by scroll work, with the words "Credit Valley Company" on the

land Taylor, Secretary-Treasurer"; on the right, there is an inscription passed at a meeting of the shareholders of the company held on the 13th day of September, 1871.

The Victoria Railway pass is a silver card three and one-quarter inches long and one and seven-eighths inches wide, with embossed screw heads at the corners, inscription "Life pass to George Laidlaw and his family" on one side and resolution of the shareholders on the other. The Toronto and Nipissing pass is also a plain silver card with inscription and resolution.

The Grand Trunk Railway issued a number of life passes in the early days,

Canadian Government Railways.	
INTERCOLONIAL DIVISION.	GOOD FOR ONE TRIP ONLY. P. E. ISLAND DIVISION.
MONTGOMERY, N.B., July 13th 1911	
PASS	
SUBJECT TO THE CONDITIONS ENDORSED HEREON.	
FROM	Montreal To Halifax
WHY GRANTED	Press Account
VOID AFTER	August 31st 11
NOT GOOD UNLESS COUNTERSIGNED BY A MEMBER OF THE MANAGING BOARD, OR T. EVANS	
B. NO.	59555
 CHAIRMAN, MANAGING BOARD.	

COUNTERSIGNED. (vertical text on left)

NOT TRANSFERABLE. (vertical text on right)

outside. On the reverse side is an inscription conferring the pass on Mr. Laidlaw.

By resolution of the shareholders of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway, September 13, 1871, a life pass over this old road was granted Mr. Laidlaw. It is a bloodstone locket, one and one-half inches long and seven-eighths of an inch wide, with a bloodstone set in gold. On one side is the family crest, which consists of a hand, heart and dagger, with the words on a belt surrounding, "Fides probata coronat." On the other side is a monogram reversed, T. G. & B. Ry. Inside on the left is inscribed, "Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway. Pass Mr. George Laidlaw at all times free over this Railway, signed by Jno. G——, President, and W. Suther-

which are still treasured by the descendants of those on whom they were conferred. The one illustrated is in the possession of Dr. H. B. Yates of Montreal, and was granted to his father, at one time chief engineer of the railway. It is made of ivory and originally had a nickel rim. On one side the inscription reads "Grand Trunk Railway of Canada—Free Pass," and on the other, "Grand Trunk Railway of Canada—Chief Engineer." It was worn as a watch charm and a very useful charm it used to be.

The passing of the Interstate Commerce Act in the United States and the Dominion Railway Act in Canada have very considerably altered the conditions under which passes may be issued. Restrictions

of a drastic character prevent the wholesale dispensing of free transportation as in the olden days. In the United States the regulations are even more strict than they are in Canada, and such a circumstance as Mr. William Wainwright recorded the other day would be impossible. In the year 1871 he issued a G.T.R. pass to a gentleman reading from Montreal to the terminus of the road at Rouse's Point. On the back of the pass he wrote in his own handwriting, "Connecting roads to New York please honor," and signed his name. This pass actually carried the man right through to New York, an altogether incredible feat at the present day.

The Dominion Railway Act provides that free carriage may be given by railroad companies to their own officers and employees, or to members of legislatures or of the press or to such other persons as the Board of Railway Commissioners may approve. Railroad employees of humbler rank than those lucky officials who are furnished with annuals frequently ask for transportation and it is indeed ludicrous to read the letters which some of them write when preferring their requests. That they are the most benevolent people on earth is soon apparent, for not only do they usually support wives and large families, but in many cases they also provide food, shelter and clothing for fathers-in-law, mothers-in-law, sisters, cousins and aunts. So deserving are they that their requests are nearly always granted.

The C.P.R. officials never tire of telling the story of the section foreman at Grand Valley who wrote, "Please issue pass favor of my wife, Grand Valley to Toronto and return, but do not make it good for longer than three days." The motive which prompted him to ask for such a short time limit is unknown—it will admit of several interpretations.

An employee of the same railroad in British Columbia was discharged. He asked the superintendent at Vancouver to furnish him with a pass to Ontario. The latter did not wish to do this and wired to Montreal inquiring if he should issue one. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, to whom the matter was referred, telegraphed back, what purported to be "Don't let him

walk." On the strength of this the superintendent gave the man a pass and he came east. Sir Thomas heard of the way of his coming and was wroth. Investigation followed and it was discovered that, by the omission of a period in transmission, the president's message had been altered from a prohibition, to what sounded like a very charitable expression of opinion.

Some years ago there was a station agent at Teeswater, Crabbe by name, who was transferred to Merrickville. In writing for transportation, he said, "Kindly send me a pass favor myself and wife and eleven little Crabbes." For the sake of the little Crabbes, no doubt he was furnished with the necessary paper.

Members of Parliament, by virtue of their office, are entitled to travel free on every railroad in the Dominion. It is said that an attempt was once made to keep them off the Grand Trunk's crack train, the International Limited, on which passes, as a rule, are not honored and to which private cars are never attached, but the M.P.'s are superior to any little railway by-law and they travel when and where they like. They are not given passes by the railroads, but the Clerk of the House issues cards which certify that they are members and as such are entitled by the Railway Act to ride on any railroad train in the Dominion. These cards are made in the same style as railroad passes and have the advantage of combining in one all the privileges that would otherwise require several dozen cards to express. The cards are numbered and a book is issued to the railroads giving a list of the members with the respective numbers of their passes. This serves as a check should any member be so foolishly sinful as to lend his pass to anyone else. Before the Railway Act made it legal for M.P.'s to ride free on the railroads, the latter were accustomed to issue annual passes to them. It is said that there were only three members who would not accept the compliments—the late Dalton McCarthy, Sir William Mulock and W. F. MacLean. If there were others, their names are forgotten.

The enforcement of the Dominion Railway Act has undoubtedly tended to reduce the number of passes issued and the rail-

way companies themselves have not been the last to welcome the relief. Officials used to be plagued by all sorts of persons advancing all sorts of arguments for free transportation and generally speaking, they had to produce the pass. Now they have the law of the land to back them up and can refuse requests with good reason. Some of them even go to the extent of quoting scripture, referring applicants to Numbers 20, verse 18, "Thou shalt not pass," and to Nahum I., verse 15, "The wicked shall no more pass," ending up with a reference to Jonah I., verse 3, "So he paid the fare and went."

On the Intercolonial Railway, prior to the days of the Commission, it was reputed to be positively scandalous the way passes were issued. Every politician in Canada had a claim on the management and used his authority to secure transportation for his friends and his constituents. A traveler once told the writer that on one occasion when he was going from Montreal to Halifax, the conductor informed him that the entire passenger list in the sleeping car in which he travelled, with but two or three exceptions, was made up of "dead-heads." Those were great days for the grafters, great and small, and that circumstance accounts in a large degree for the deficits that annually confronted the people.

In the United States, as has already been pointed out, the change made by the Interstate Commerce Act has been even more drastic. An action bearing on this subject has recently taken place in the American courts, which will illustrate the severity of the law. In 1871, a man named Motley and his wife agreed that, if the Louisville & Nashville Railway Co. would issue to them annual passes for the rest of their lives, they would not prosecute a suit for damages on account of personal injuries received in an accident. After the passing of the Act prohibiting the issuance of free transportation, the railway company discontinued providing Mr. and Mrs. Motley with their annuals. The couple were naturally aggrieved and took action in the Kentucky courts to compel the railroad to live up to its agreement. They were successful in their suit, but the defendants carried the case to the Supreme Court at Washington, which overruled the decision of the Kentucky court, hold-

ing that the performance of private contracts could not be urged as an excuse for violating a statute. In a subsequent case, the Monon Railway which was penalized by the Circuit Court of Northern Illinois for issuing passes in payment for advertising matter in a magazine, appealed to the Supreme Court but failed to secure a reversal of judgement of the state court.

This wholesale cancellation of time-honored privileges recalls the case of Bill Nye, the humorist, who, among others, was compelled to give up his annual pass on the Santa Fe Railway in 1887, when the original Interstate Commerce Act made it illegal for railroad companies to issue free transportation for certain purposes. Bill Nye was a great friend of the late W. F. White, general passenger agent of the Santa Fe, and he wrote that gentleman a playfully pathetic letter on the occasion. The document is so amusing that a few extracts from it may not come amiss.

"Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith annual pass No. Q035 for self and family, over your justly celebrated road for the year 1887.

"I also return your photograph and letters you have written me during the past five years. Will you kindly return mine?

"And so this brief and beautiful experience is to end and each of us must go his own way after this.

"Alas!

"To you this may be easy but it brings a pang to my heart which your gentle letter of the first instant cannot wholly alleviate.

* * *

"It is well enough for you to talk about going your several ways. You have every facility for doing so, but with me it is different. Several years ago a large north-western cyclone and myself tried to pass each other on the same track. When the wrecking crew found me I was in the crotch of a butternut tree, with a broken leg. Since that time I have walked with great difficulty, and to go my several ways has been a very serious matter with me.

"But I do not want you to think that I am murmuring. I accept my

doom calmly, yet with a slight tinge of unavailing regret.

"Sometimes perhaps, in the middle of the dark and angry night, when the cold blasts wail through the telegraph wires and the crushing sleet rushes with wild and impetuous fury against the windows of your special car, as you lie warmly ensconced in your voluptuous berth and hear the pitiless winds with hoarse and croupy moans chase each other around the Kansas hay-stacks or shriek wildly away as they light out for their cheerless home in the Bad Lands, will you not think of me as I grope on blindly through the keen and pitiless blasts, stumbling over cattle guards, falling into culverts and beating out my rare young brains against your rough right of way? Will you not think of me? I do not ask much of you, but I do ask this as we separate forever.

"As you whiz by me do not treat me with contumely, or throw crackers at me when I have turned out to let your haughty old train go by. I have spoken of you always in the highest terms, and I hope you will do the same by me. Life is short at the best, and it is especially so for those who have to walk. Walking has already shortened my life a great deal, and I wouldn't be surprised if the exposure and bunions of the year 1887 carried me off, leaving a gap in American literature that will look like a new cellar.

"Should any one of your engineers or trackmen find me frozen in a cut next winter, when the grass gets short and the nights get long, will you kindly ask them to report the brand to your auditor and instruct him to allow my family what he thinks would be right?

"I hate to write to you in this dejected manner but you cannot understand how heavy my heart is to-day as I pen these lines.

* * *

"Can I do your road any good, either at home or abroad? Can I be of service to you over your right of

way by collecting nuts, bolts, old iron or other bric-a-brac?

"I would be glad to influence immigration or pull weeds between the tracks if you would be willing to regard me as an employee.

"I will now take a last look at the fair, young features of your pass before sealing this letter. How sad to see an annual pass cut down in life's young morning, ere one-fourth of its race has been run. How touching to part from it forever. What a sad year this has been so far. Earthquakes, fires, storms, railway disaster and death in every form have visited our country, and now, like the biting blasts from Siberia or the nipping frosts from Manitoba, comes the congressional cut-worm, cutting off the early crop of flowering annuals just as they had budded to bloom into beauty and usefulness.

"I will now close this sad letter to go over into the vacant lot behind the high board fence, where I can sob in an unfettered way without shaking the glass out of my casement."

The interchange of annual passes between the officials of various railroads is a species of courtesy that calls for no comment. In the case of certain dignitaries, the shower of these dainty little pasteboards which descends on their heads at the New Year is positively embarrassing. In they come—all styles, all shapes and all colors—entitling the happy recipients to take their pick of accommodation on all the roads of America.

On one occasion, the president of a little railroad in New Brunswick, a few miles long, sent an annual to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy of the C.P.R., with the request that the president of the big transcontinental line would reciprocate. Sir Thomas wrote back, pointing out how unreasonable it would be to expect an exchange of privileges when the C.P.R. was so very much longer than the little New Brunswick road. To this the easterner replied, "I am quite ready to admit that your road is longer than mine, but I would respectfully point out that mine is just as broad as yours." Needless to say, this clever answer brought him the desired pass.

Sometimes, however, there are railroad officials who are more gullible than Sir Thomas. The story is told that a prominent contractor on the G.T.P., who is also interested in a big lumber mill back of Fort William, was very anxious to get a pass for himself and his car over the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. It happened that the company operating the lumber mill owned a small stretch of track, six miles long, connecting their mill with the Fort William branch of the G.T.P. The contractor gave this six-mile section a fancy name and issued a number of elaborate annual passes. One of these he sent to the T. & N. O. asking for a return of the courtesy. Some official of the latter road wrote back

a very polite letter, enclosing the desired pass and thanking him profusely for his kindness, adding that "I have never travelled on your road before, but I hope to be able to get over part of it at least this summer."

A small number of passes are issued by the Pullman Company, but the C. P. R. which operate their own sleeping cars do not issue any. It used to be the custom of both the Wagners and the Pullmans to provide officials with books of coupons entitling them to free berths in their cars, but this has been done away with.

In fact, it is becoming every day, more difficult to obtain free transportation, and railway companies, in addition to the restrictions of the law, are asking a quid pro quo for every pass they issue.

A VAGRANT'S SONG

Light loves and lighter laughter,
Let kisses break the song—
Though sorrow follow after
We while the world along.

We never deal with Reason,
Nor speak the tongue of Trade;
To barter were a treason
For us, the unafraid.

All cheerful in disaster,
We smile at every fate.
Greet The Great Tragicaster
With reckless hours elate.

We never met a spectre
Our bumpers could not drown,
New life is in the tankard,
Come, drink the tankard down.

In fellowship with gladness
We laugh our lives away,
In Joy's own blessed madness,
Disciples of To-day.

This life's a ragged garment,
Tho gay and warm of weave,
Lord send, we drop it gaily,
When comes our time to leave.

James P. Haverson.

The King's Man at Washington

By

M. O. Hammond

BETWEEN the world of politics and the atmosphere of diplomacy a wide gulf seems fixed. The one is a reality and obvious to the common man, because in the political world the common man has a voice. It is a game he understands and it is to a great extent played in the open: the politician seeks the platform where all the world may hear him and acclaim his genius. But the diplomat works in the quiet of the chancellery. He shrouds his movements with mystery. He never tells all he knows. He transacts business with his superiors by telegraph in a mystifying code. He seeks, not the glare of the platform but the select company of a dinner party of official or social standing, and attends receptions late at night, where he lingers under the spell of pretty women and the fragrance of a thousand flowers. He believes in the dictum of Talleyrand that the dinner table is the best place for the transaction of public business.

In a word, the distinction between politics and diplomacy is that the one is national and the other international, but he would be rash who would say they are entirely separate and distinct. Politicians have direct relations each with the other in their own country. But when one nation has business with another it is through the circuitous route of diplomacy. And the diplomacy concerned in these few lines is that represented by the British Embassy at Washington, presided over at present by Right Hon. James Bryce, who recently has been negotiating a treaty of general arbitration with the United States on behalf of great Britain.

It is only on the occasion of such an accomplishment as this that the people of

a nation realize the importance of masterly service by the men who represent them at foreign seats of government. The record of diplomacy is scarred by many failures, but usually they are covered by no worse a punishment than the recall of the Minister by his Home Government. Should he score a triumph, he never has the worship that falls to the victor on a battle-field. For many years Great Britain paid comparatively slight attention to her appointments to Washington, and Canadians have made bitter complaints of what they thought were sacrifices of their interests by the representatives of Downing Street. One needs only to mention the award in the Maine Boundary and the reported willingness to hand over this country to the United States bodily after the Civil War and the "Alabama" claims case. Better days have dawned and recent treaty-making has been conducted by members of the Canadian Government themselves.

The step which now seems certain of accomplishment in the making of a general treaty of arbitration between the two great English-speaking countries is the culmination of a movement that has been growing for more than a decade. It is not long since the Irish dominated the politics of the United States to such an extent that, carrying to this side of the ocean the hatred of England generated at home, they made cordial relations impossible. Now, Ireland is being pacified by concessions and the prospect of Home Rule, while the present Ambassador to the United States is of Irish birth and has a long and satisfactory record of administration for the Irish people.

The parties to the negotiations of 1911 have been fully alive to the delicacy of their task, for a formal alliance was impossible, from the jealousies that it would create with other nations, and the conflict it would cause with existing understandings and alliances. Long before Mr. Bryce was thought of as an ambassador, in 1899, he expressed these sentiments:

"That cordial friendship with the United States which we all desire and should all prize most highly, will be retarded, not promoted, by talk about formal alliance. The suggestion of such an alliance creates disquiet and suspicion abroad. The establishment of permanently friendly relations with the United States will make for peace not only between England and America, but also between England and the rest of the world."

These words came from a busy onlooker after Lord Pauncefoot, then British Minister to Washington, had paved the way for the present accomplishment as part of the brilliant record of service which he left behind him. But of that, more anon.

The initial establishment of diplomatic relations by Great Britain at Washington

must have been a matter of some delicacy. Here was a hot-headed young nation, fresh from the victories of a long war in which they had forever thrown off the yoke of the mother country and set out on what they believed to be the only true path of freedom. One cannot imagine the news of the arrival of George Hammond, the first envoy, in 1791, causing any great purr of satisfaction in the heart of George Washington. It is doubtful if he sent any silk stockinged aide to the wharf to invite him up, and to say that dinner was already on the table. The intercourse between them was doubtless confined to the severe formalities that customarily veil international hatreds in diplomatic circles.

In those days Washington was no place for a white man, anyway, doubtless most of them thought; for, hounded by the exotic blacks, surrounded by pestilential swamps, and separated by many miles from any decent society, the diplomatic assignment must have been far from attractive. British Envoys came and went, however, and the list if scanned to-day has an occasional glimmer of adventure.



FORMER BRITISH EMBASSY ON LAFAYETTE SQUARE



THE PRESENT BRITISH EMBASSY AT CONNECTICUT AVENUE AND N. STREET

George Hammond's term ended in 1795. Then came Robert Liston, 1796 to 1800; Anthony Merry, 1803 to 1806; Hon. David M. Erskine, 1806 to 1809, and after him came trouble.

The record of Francis James Jackson, who arrived in 1809, is that he was recalled at the request of the United States Government in the same year. Augustus John Foster presented his credentials as successor on July 2, 1811, but the record shows that his "services terminated June 21, 1811, by declaration of war against Great Britain." Ah! those were stirring days. An envoy has ceased to be an envoy before he really becomes one. The days of the cable and the wireless were yet to come. Mr. Foster retraced his steps in haste in consequence of the unjust war that the young republic waged on the mother country in the hour of England's greatest struggle with Napoleon. If he sought any revenge, he must have had it in the advance of the British troops and the burning of Washington as one of the acts of retributive justice.

After these diversions the position of the British envoy settled down to peaceful lines. Hon. Charles Bagot took up the thread in 1816 and served to 1819; Right Hon. Sir Stratford Canning from 1820 to 1823; Right Hon. Charles Richard Vaughan from 1825 to 1833; Henry Stephen

Fox from 1836 to 1844; Lord Ashburton came on a special mission in 1842; Rt. Hon. Richard Pakenham from 1844 to 1847; and Rt. Hon Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer from 1849 to 1851.

The term of Lord Lytton is one of the bright spots in the early history of the embassy. He was a literary man of reputation, and as "Owen Meredith" he is remembered with delight by thousands of readers all over the world. The Embassy in those days was in what is now known as the old Corcoran House, a massive brick structure at the corner of Pennsylvania and Connecticut Avenues, facing Lafayette Square, around which the best of Washington society then hovered. A high brick wall surrounded the garden, much of which yet remains, and in this seclusion, amid a profusion of blossoming magnolia and tulip trees, the Envoy Extraordinary forgot the cares of State and wrote his cherished "Lucile." On a nearby corner of the same Square is the Decatur House, where lived Commodore Stephen Decatur, who fought the Pirates of Tripoli after the Revolution when the United States flag was not yet known or respected in the Barbary States, whose adventurous inhabitants made havoc on the commerce of the new Republic.

Following the Lytton regime, came John Frennes Twistleton Crampton, but

the United States Government broke off diplomatic intercourse with him in May, 1856. His successor was Lord Napier, who served from 1857 to 1859. His departure was on a hint from the United States Government, based it is said on a belief that he was neglecting his duty, having failed to acquaint the President of an important action by the British Government affecting the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. This, period, however, was the edge of the Civil War crisis, and another account credits Lord Napier with a too great fondness for an attractive Southern widow.

Lord Lyons, who was Minister from 1859 to 1864, had the immensely difficult role to play of neutrality during the greater part of the War, when the North was constantly jealous of the friendship of the British nation for the South. A less tactful man might have brought the two countries to war when everyone's nerves were on edge. One useful incident in allaying feeling was the visit to Washington in 1860 of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward, at the time of his tour of Canada. The young Prince was received at the White House, and the whole affair and the relation of Queen Victoria to it did much to quiet northern hostility to England.

Sir Frederick Bruce, who served from 1865 to 1867, was a younger brother of Lord Elgin, who had visited Washington to negotiate the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 during his term as Governor of Canada. Sir Frederick was born in 1814, entered the diplomatic service in 1842 and died, while still Minister to Washington, in Boston in 1867.

A long term by Sir Edward Thornton followed, which brings us down to the more momentous and interesting regimes of the last generation.

The first of these is that of Hon. L. S. S. West, afterwards Lord Sackville, who came in 1881. His family relations were not thought to be of the best, and he was given a frigid welcome in Washington Society. However, he braved it through until October, 1888, when an incident occurred which gave him long notoriety and disturbed the relations between Britain and the United States for a considerable time. A Presidential election campaign was in progress and in the heat of it a man in California named Morey wrote to Lord

Sackville and, pretending to be a friend of Great Britain, asked the Minister which party he ought to support in the best interests of relations with the mother country. The Envoy replied in a letter marked private, unmindful of the fact as afterwards shown, that it was a trap, advising Morey to support the Democratic party. This, of course, was injudicious, for a diplomat should not take sides in an election in a country to which he is accredited. The letter was at once published, and it created no end of a storm. The Republicans were naturally incensed, while the democrats were scarcely less so, for it brought down on them a cloud of hatred from the Irish in the country.

On the 27th of October the United States Government demanded the recall of Lord Sackville, and on the 30th of the same month he was informed by the U. S. Secretary of State that for reasons already known to him the President was convinced that his continuance at Washington in the official capacity of Her Majesty's Minister was no longer acceptable, and would be consequently detrimental to the relations between the two Governments, and that his passports were therefore sent to him. "Lord Sackville accordingly left Washington," says the official chronicle, briefly.

The effect of this disturbance on the diplomatic waters was felt for a considerable time, and it was all the more regrettable for the influence it reflected from the unsatisfactory condition of the Irish question across the sea. The result would have been much worse had it not been for the brilliant efficiency of the Minister from Great Britain who followed. This was Sir Julian, afterwards Lord Pauncefote, whose term of nearly 14 years will ever be a bright page in the annals of Britain's diplomacy. Although he came to Washington without previous diplomatic experience, having been legal adviser to the Foreign office, he was not long in his post before he had demonstrated remarkable capacity and initiative for his task.

The likenesses of Lord Pauncefote suggest a stern old English gentleman possessing something of the dignity and unbending quality attributed to John Bull himself. While he had the dignity and the zeal of his cause, he yet was intense-

ly human, and was not only Dean of the Diplomatic Corps while he was in Washington, but was personally very popular. Lady Pauncefote and her four daughters were keenly interested in the work of diplomacy, and they lightened his burdens and promoted his cause at the various inevitable social functions.

Lord Pauncefote was fond of the common people and often strolled off by himself in the poorer sections of the city. He had a tremendous admiration for the ability, of its kind, of the average street fakir, and was often seen edging into a greasy crowd around a man selling liniment or glue for mending china, or some such trifle. The amiable Ambassador—for he was the first at Washington to be given that rank—used to say he visited the realm of the fakir for the sake of hearing him talk, and that many men in Parliament had much less forensic ability than the spell-binders of the street corners.

On one occasion Sir Julian was the guest of the Gridiron Club, Washington's famous organization of newspaper correspondents. He had a pleasant time, of course, and met the hosts as fellow men, not as correspondents. A short time afterwards, when the arbitration treaty was a prominent public topic, Sir Julian met on a street car, the correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, who spoke to the Ambassador, recalled the pleasure his visit had afforded the Gridiron Club, and proceeded to ask him about the treaty then under consideration. To his astonishment Sir Julian spoke freely about it and gave him what in journalistic parlance is called "a good story." It was properly displayed in the Baltimore paper, telegraphed and cabled all over the world and created a great stir in diplomatic circles. The Ambassador was asked to disavow the interview, and he replied that he could disavow it, but truth compelled him to say that he "had had the conversation with an amiable person on a tramcar."

Lord Pauncefote brought with him to Washington all the Englishman's love of outdoor exercise. He not only was fond of athletics himself, but he encouraged it in his staff. One day this came in useful, for a mad dog seen tearing down the street in front of the Embassy caused two of the staff to vault the fence, bear down

on the dog and kill it before it could do anyone any harm.

Sometimes Lord Pauncefote's dignity got the better of his judgment. Thus for a long time he held that his position entitled him to precedence over everybody except the President, and it was only after the venerable diplomat had received a special hint from the Foreign Office at London that he consented to call on the Vice-President.

Apart from the charm of his personality, which after all unfortunately was appreciated by but a limited circle, Lord Pauncefote earned his title to fame by lasting work in the field of diplomacy. Coming to the United States at a time when relations were seriously strained by the blunder of Lord Sackville, he set about the cultixation of friendly feelings between the two countries. Soon after his arrival he undertook to put an end to the vexed Alaska seal question, and negotiated with Mr. Blaine the treaty which established the Paris tribunal. This was something to achieve with a statesman of the Blaine type, for his diplomacy was never what would be termed of the pacific type, and the Behring sea fisheries had strained the relations of the two countries almost to the breaking point.

Soon after this, in 1895, came the crisis precipitated by President Cleveland's belligerent message on the Venezuelan boundary, which brought the two countries nearer to war than they had been since 1812. This was indeed a trying hour for the British Ambassador. The United States Minister in London essayed to smooth matters over, but with little success. Lord Pauncefote then tried his hand, but even he was handicapped by lack of sympathy with his pacific methods on the part of members of his Embassy staff. Finally, through his tact, patience and wisdom, the dispute was left to arbitration, war was averted, and the Ambassador had earned the gratitude of the entire Anglo-Saxon race.

Later, Lord Pauncefote and Secretary Olney negotiated the general arbitration treaty, which up to a few weeks ago held the record in the advance of the principle of arbitration in modern times. It was hailed with delight by every friend of peace and civilization in the world. It was, however, never ratified by the United



LORD PAUNCEFOTE

Who came to the United States when British-American relations were strained, and who promoted a good understanding.

States Senate and remains in the pigeon-hole of the Senate Executive Clerk, covered with dust and buried under amendments. Such a treaty was but a few years ahead of its time, and the cause has been merely that much delayed. Having failed to secure the adoption of this treaty, Lord Pauncefote became an eager advocate of the Czar's plan for an international meeting in behalf of universal peace, and wisely dominated the Conference at The Hague.

His final claim to popularity in the United States was his conduct of a delicate situation during the period of the Spanish-American war. During this crucial time he truly represented the sentiment of his country in the friendship he manifested for the cause of the United States when practically the rest of the world was either hostile or indifferent. He was literally the only friend of the United States among the representatives of the great powers at Washington at that time. Coupled with this is his service in adjusting the relations with Great Britain at the time that the United States wanted to own and carry on the Isthmian Canal.

When Lord Pauncefote died in May, 1902, he was still in office, his term having been twice extended beyond the age limit, because of his excellent services.

He was everywhere praised for the soundness, safeness and sanity of his judgment, and Secretary Hay said of him: "His Majesty's Government has lost a most able and faithful servant and this country a valued friend."

When it was announced that the successor to Lord Pauncefote was to be Hon. M. H., afterwards Rt. Hon. Sir Michael, Herbert there were high hopes of a continuation of the recent good record. Herbert had married an American wife and was in close intimacy with society in the Eastern cities. The Ambassador, however, was in poor health, in fact already the hand of death was upon him, and he died in office in September, 1903, without any special record of achievement.

Although Sir Michael Herbert left behind him the reputation of being "a most accomplished dinner giver," and a friendship with President Roosevelt enjoyed by few other diplomats, Sir Mortimer Durand, his successor, a much abler man, was to suffer by his deficiencies in social relations with the President. Sir Mortimer came to Washington after a long residence in the Orient, his father having been prominent in the India Civil Service for 40 years. The younger Durand got his start there, accompanied Lord Roberts on his Afghan campaign in 1879, as political secretary, and in 1893 he undertook a special mission to the wily Ameer of Afghanistan.



SIR MORTIMER DURAND

been done to show that the hopes of 1907 have not been disappointed. He was famed as a statesman, the first Ambassador from Britain to Washington of Cabinet rank; a scholar, for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had declared him "the best all-round, the most accomplished man in the House of Commons;" a writer, and indeed the author of the best book ever published on the United States Government, namely, "The American Commonwealth;" a man who knew the Republic from end to end by personal contact, as well as nearly all the rest of the world; and was the first white man to stand on the top of Mount Ararat; an Irishman by birth and a beloved administrator of the country that had sent so many Anglo-manics to the United States; a friend of the British colonies and dominions and possessing a wide knowledge of them through travel and personal acquaintance. Finally, a man of whom the British Premier, "C.B." already quoted, had said: "Bryce had been everywhere, he has read almost everything and he knows everybody."

Mr. Bryce had behind him a long career in the public service, having entered Parliament in 1880 as member for Tower Hamlets in London, where if the rude East Enders did not follow him in his academic thought, they at least respected him. For years he represented Aberdeen, a constituency that makes the proud boast that it had not one illiterate voter. He was President of the Board of Trade from 1892 to 1895, and for a time was Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He had the courage to oppose the South African War, but cannot be accused of lack of interest in the over-seas dominions, for he was one of the founders of the Imperial Federation League. In 1905 he became Chief Secretary for Ireland, and that unhappy Island never had a more painstaking Secretary, nor one on such good terms with the Nationalists.

It was from this task that he was called to Washington, and everyone agreed that the choice was logical and inevitable. To his task at Washington he has brought the same qualities of intensive cultivation of the mind, the same alertness of thought, speech and action, the same keenness of observation, and the same happy manner of meeting the world's best

during his service as Under Foreign Secretary. Subsequently he was Minister to Persia and to Spain. With such a record and such a temperament he was scarcely the man to "catch on" with President Roosevelt.

The situation in Washington was complicated by the inroads that the German Ambassador, Speck von Sternberg, had made in the Roosevelt confidences. The very day "Speck" reached the country he hastened to Oyster Bay and was soon engrossed with the President in the enthusiasms of rifle shooting. He soon, of course, got into the "tennis Cabinet," was constantly in the company of the President, and naturally had some influence with him. On the other hand, President Roosevelt saw little of the British Ambassador. This was bad enough, in the feverish state of Anglo-German opinion. To add to the complications, there was an "eternal feminine" in the person of Lady Susan Townley, wife of the Embassy Counsellor, an ambitious woman who was accused of setting up a court of her own and of writing letters home to England containing slighting references to the Durands.

Friends of the Durands, on the other hand, after his return to England, claimed that the Ambassador made himself unpopular in Washington by too great insistence on the rights of his Home Government in his relations with the United States authorities. One of the affronts with which he was charged was that he refused to bring pressure to bear on Japan, Britain's ally, at the time of the Portsmouth Peace conference. Whatever the cause—and personally he was declared to be a man of dignified, simple, straight-forward diplomacy and of great personal charm—Sir Mortimer Durand's term suddenly terminated by his resignation, equivalent to a recall, about the first of the year 1907.

This brings our chronicle down to the term of the present Ambassador at Washington, Rt. Hon. James Bryce, who took office in April of that year. Never has an envoy from Great Britain come to Washington hailed with so much satisfaction by the people among whom he was to mingle and to labor. Here was a man that seemed to possess all the qualifications, and though it is too early yet to estimate his achievements, enough has

men that carried him to the front in his native land. The result is seen in the conspicuous place he holds in the social and political world of the United States. He is constantly in demand as a speaker. He goes about the country as a man of forty or fifty instead of 73. Yesterday he addressed a peace society, to-day a meeting of a thousand men in a colored Y.M.C.A., to-morrow we hear of him at a Canadian Club in Ottawa, or Toronto, next week he is in Boston before a literary organization talking of some phase of English literature. To such a man, although Nature, already prodigal enough, has denied him the supreme gifts of the orator, speaking comes easily. His mind is saturated with information on a hun-

Great Britain, and President Taft for the Republic, who in this treaty seeks to implement suggestions which originated with him and found an immediate response in the country to which they were directed.

We have spoken thus far chiefly of the political side of the British Embassy. The social side is more prominent in the daily life of the Capital.

Here, in the city of Washington, is one large centre in the United States where the people who are rich and *nothing else* have trouble in obtaining recognition. The new congressman comes to town with all the glow of a political triumph, and his wife expects to take society by storm. Alas, for her confidence! There are several thousand



EARL GREY AND AMBASSADOR BRYCE
Driving from the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa

dred topics, and given time and strength, he can do much in the diffusion of information and the inspiration for right thinking.

Mr. Bryce has been constantly active in the various branches of his diplomatic work. He had to do with the adjudication of the long-standing fisheries dispute between the United States and Canada and Newfoundland, which reached a happy conclusion at The Hague last year and at Washington in the supplementary conferences in January. His greatest effort, however, has been in forwarding the general treaty of arbitration between Britain and the United States, which, at the moment of writing, seems probable of realization during the present year. Such an achievement is only possible through the efforts of sane humanitarian statesmen like Mr. Bryce and Sir Edward Grey for

ahead of her, just as important, and she has to wait her turn.

The home of the embassy is a large brick building at the corner of Connecticut avenue and N street, Washington. Large high-ceiled rooms, decorated by men sent specially from England, a spacious hall and grand staircase, looking up to a painting of Queen Victoria in her coronation robes, give character and solidity suggesting the country here represented. One room with a desk in the centre, littered with papers and books, at once locates the working place of the literary worker, the man of the world, who reigns here as ambassador, and who from human sympathy and intellectual understanding has his fingers on the pulse of the United States, of the Empire he represents, and indeed of the whole world.

LITTLE TALES

FOR SUMMER WEATHER

The Ingrate

By William Hugo Pabke

"**T**HIRTEEN, black, odd and second dozen!" The group gathered around the black and red painted table broke into a nervous laugh at the sound of the number condemned by usage as unlucky.

"I can't buck thirteen! She's a repeater to-night."

A jovial, red-faced drummer counted a few five and ten-cent pieces, all that was left of his pile, and laughingly made his way toward the door. The croupier ordered a milk and Vichy and suspended the play while he drank solemnly. It was a welcome respite for the winners, but a hard ordeal for those who were losing—this waiting for the little ivory ball to go whirring again over the wheel and rattling across the brasses.

Wallace Grant wondered vaguely how these men could have laughed. He tried to remember when he had last felt in the mood for laughter and the thought came to him with sickening insistence that he would never have cause to feel glad again.

Thirteen! and he, with a gambler's curious superstition had been hammering twenty-four, the present date, all the evening. He left his place and paced nervously the length of the room, stopping near a green-covered, crescent-shaped table where the heavy sports were playing stud. He lighted a cigarette with hands that shook pitifully and stood watching the play.

"The gentleman raises a hundred," cried the dealer crisply. "Does anybody like the looks of it? No? It's all yours, sir," and he pushed a huge pile of blue chips and yellow notes toward a stolid, heavy-faced man who apparently awoke from a sound sleep to reach for them.

Wallace gazed at the puffy-eyed man hungrily. A fierce envy leavened by personal hope arose in him at the sight of the gambler's success. He drew a gasping breath, but the hot, smoke-laden air choked him and he turned again toward the roulette table.

"Once again, gentlemen," the croupier was saying, "'Round and 'round she goes; where she'll stop nobody knows."

The ball started with a harsh whirr which lessened little by little as the ivory dropped towards the boxes. Then came the clickety-click-click of the last moment of supreme suspense before the little sphere, the soulless bearer of a world of wild hopes and bitter disappointments dropped, satisfied, into its bucket.

Wallace pushed his way again toward the wheel. He glanced around the room as he went, noting the familiar details calmly. It would be the last time, anyway, no matter what happened.

He noticed the little Italian who frequented the place nightly, perched on his stool at the far end of the board. So things were going badly with Giovanni too, thought Wallace. It was easy to see

how luck went with the excitable little foreigner. On evenings when he won, his face beamed with happiness and he made a nuisance of himself by his noisy mirth. But when the numbers ran adversely, as now, his distress was tragic. Heretofore, Wallace had been able to see the amusing side of the scene, but to-night the tragedy stood out gaunt and bare, a skeleton stripped of all the graces of jest and humor.

He asked for chips in a dispirited, hopeless manner. Kaleidoscopic glimpses of his recent life passed like flashes through his mind while he screwed up his courage to resume his play. In the early Montreal spring he had been drawn by new companions into a gayer, faster life than was his wont. His habits became more expensive than he could afford. Then came debt, a new element in his hitherto well-regulated existence and one with which his inexperience found it difficult to cope. He remembered how he had confided his troubles to the reckless leader of the little set which had welcomed him to its midst after a first chance meeting.

"Try Donahue's," had been the careless answer. Clarendon was going there himself that evening for a flier and would introduce him.

He had won that first night! Oh yes, he had won! Not enough to relieve his difficulties—Fate, with her usual irony, had seen to that—but enough so that he had been able to be a prince of good fellows during a wild revel in the small hours. The next night had found him again watching the ball spin. And then memories crowded thick and fast, hurting him.

He came out of his reverie with a start and found himself standing beside Giovanni. The Italian's luck had turned and he was chattering gaily to his neighbors, to the croupier, to anyone who would listen while he placed his bets.

Wallace realized that he had to play.

He began by betting small amounts on number twenty-four, loth to relinquish his superstition. Time and again his money covered the small circle that seemed to fascinate him and time and again it was swept away. He knew what he would do if he lost! There was nothing that he could do to avert it. He groaned and went very white. Trembling he hedged

on a color bet—and lost. His hand sought his pocket and found a crumpled note. With a convulsive movement he crushed the note back into his pocket and turned as though to go. Then he laughed to himself harshly. Flee from what? Where to? No! he must stay until the game was played out and then—well—the end.

He shoved his all across the board, placing it on his favorite number, twenty-four. Then he turned his back to the table.

The ball spun. Wallace heard the whirr through ages of agonized waiting—then the click on the brasses—and he wanted to cry out that he couldn't bear it. The croupier's voice began sleepily, "Twenty"—Wallace felt a thrill from head to foot—"three, red, odd and second dozen," it continued mercilessly. Wallace uttered a low cry and his knees weakened under him. He staggered blindly from the table and heard someone behind him say contemptuously, "You take it pretty hard, Sport!"

The cruelty of it! Hard! Of course he took it hard. He looked up and saw the proprietor, watching him from the door of the faro room. A thought struck him and with it came another rush of hope. Donahue was a fat, good-natured Irishman who seemed to take it seriously to heart when his customers dropped their money in his place and who congratulated them with beaming heartiness upon their successes.

* * *

"Donahue," he said in a choked whisper, "I'm up against it!"

"Hov' ye losht ag'in, Misther Grant?" The genial gambler was commiseration personified.

"Yes—I—I've lost again." Wallace whispered as he drew his companion out of earshot of the group around the faro layout.

"Now—now, thot's too bad," Donahue's face wore an expression of deepest gloom.

Wallace stood biting his nails and wondering how sincere was the sorrow apparently expressed with such vividness in the other's countenance. "Donahue," he began shakily, "Could you—that is—w-will you lend me some money to carry me through? I—I'm up against it."

"Now—now, ain't thot too bad, Misther Grant? I feel just like if me own brother had told me thot." Donahue shook his head dolefully. "Just as if you was me brother," he said slowly. Then he braced himself as for an effort and hurried through the rest of his speech. "an' if it was me brother, Misther Grant, I couldn't do a t'ing fer him—not a dom t'ing. Fer why? Well, I don't lind to no wan."

Wallace drew his breath with a quick intake and a look of sudden resolution came into his shifting eyes.

"Donahue," he said, his voice hardening to a more forceful note, "I must have this money—two hundred I need. If you don't come up with it quick you'll be sorry." His hand shot into his pocket and drew out a pistol. He held it concealed from all except the proprietor.

"Look!" he cried.

An amused twinkle played in the Irishman's eyes as he glanced at it. "So ye're goin' to hold me up fer two hund'ed bones right in me own place—eh? An' if I don't come up ye're goin' to assassinate me with thot?" He pointed contemptuously at the shining thing. "Now—now ain't it funny!"

"Shoot *you*? Not by a d——m sight," Wallace said tensely. He covered the pistol with his handkerchief and held it to his breast. "That's where the bullet will go in just one minute if you don't loosen. Where will your pretty, gilt hell be then—and your hundred thousand dollar income—after the police have butted in?"

The gambler gazed for a long minute coldly into the eyes of the man who threatened him. "Ye do seem to be in throuble, an' thot's a fact," he said slowly. "Now suppose ye tell me all about it."

Wallace wilted and slipping his revolver into his coat pocket, said hoarsely, "My God, Donahue, I—I'm short at the bank!"

"Why didn't ye say so in the firrst place?" cried Donahue fiercely. "I may run a gamblin' j'int but I don't want the reon of anny mon on me conscience. An' wan t'ing more—don't think yer bluff scared me—fer it didn't. Now will two hund'ed fix ye up?"

"Yes," faltered Wallace. He lied when he said it, but he thought it was all he could get.

"Here," said Donahue, not unkindly. He handed Wallace a roll of bills, walked over to the faro layout and became absorbed in watching the deal.

Wallace stood irresolute for a moment on the threshold looking first at his benefactor and then longingly at the roulette wheel in the other room. With a sudden jesture of relief he stole furtively back to his old place.

Sitting down, he drew Donahue's money from his pocket and gazed at it earnestly as it lay in his hand, shadowed by the edge of the table. Here was enough certainly to make good the check that he had recklessly drawn and cashed that afternoon but it was not enough to cover the forced loans of which he had previously been guilty. The bank that employed him was merciless in matters of this kind.

"Ten bets of twenty dollars each on a thirty-five to one shot," he murmured, "One of them *must* make good and then I'd be square—*square*." He turned to a neighbor and asked, "How have the numbers been running? Never mind colors."

"Low—a whole bunch of first dozens and the O and double O every other trip, pretty near," said the man, plastering the numbers from one to ten as he spoke.

Wallace laid a bill on number one and awaited results.

"Number ten, black, even and first dozen," sang the new croupier cheerily after the ball had stopped. Wallace was not dismayed—he had plenty of ammunition. He played the O four times only to hear one, two, six called, and then double O.

He began to get worried and changed his bet to the latter number. As the ball fell the croupier called, "Single O." Hot tears of rage and helplessness sprang into Wallace's eyes at this last blow of Fate. Could he not win? Was it an impossibility? There were now only four bets left him.

His mind became chaotic—he played in a panic, an insane light raging in his eyes. Once—he lost—twice—and only two bets left. Now the third was gone. And after the next? There was no loophole now. If he lost—he drew a long shuddering breath at the thought—the game would be over—The game! He laughed bitterly at the misnomer.

He placed his last bet on O, a mist clouding his brain. He was conscious of no feeling of suspense. A great peace encompassed him. Poor human endurance had reached its limit and he would rest. After the drop of the ball came a voice from a great distance, calling and mocking him with, "Thirty-six, red, even and third dozen."

His hand sought his coat pocket. A

flash—a sharp report—and Donahue came tearing through the press of panic-stricken men who were trying to escape from the place of danger. He bent over the prostrate form for a moment. Then he straightened himself and wiped the sweat from his brow.

"The ongrateful cur!" he said, with a deep-toned curse, the passion of which shook his frame.

The Poet and the Peasant*

By O. Henry

THE other day a poet friend of mine, who had lived in close communication with nature all his life, wrote a poem and took it to an editor.

It was a living pastoral, full of the genuine breath of the fields, the song of birds, and the pleasant chatter of trickling streams.

When the poet called again to see about it, with hopes of a beefsteak dinner in his heart, it was handed back to him with the comment:

"Too artificial."

Several of us met over spaghetti and Dutchess County chianti, and swallowed indignation with the slippery forkfuls.

And there we dug a pit for the editor. With us was Conant, a well-arrived writer of fiction—a man who had trod on asphalt all his life, and who had never looked upon bucolic scenes except with sensations of disgust from the windows of express trains.

Conant wrote a poem and called it "The Doe and the Brook." It was a fine specimen of the kind of work you would expect from a poet who had strayed with Amaryllis only as far as the florist's windows, and whose sole ornithological discussion had been carried on with a waiter. Conant signed this poem, and we sent it to the same editor.

But this has very little to do with the story.

Just as the editor was reading the first line of the poem, on the next morning, a being stumbled off the West Shore ferry-

boat, and loped slowly up Forty-second Street.

The invader was a young man with light blue eyes, a hanging lip and hair the exact color of the little orphan's (afterward discovered to be the earl's daughter) in one of Mr. Blaney's plays. His trousers were corduroy, his coat short-sleeved, with buttons in the middle of his back. One bootleg was outside the corduroys. You looked expectantly, though in vain, at his straw hat for ear holes, its shape inaugurating the suspicion that it had been ravaged from a former equine possessor. In his hand was a valise—description of it is an impossible task; a Boston man would not have carried his lunch and law books to his office in it. And above one ear, in his hair, was a wisp of hay—the rustic's letter of credit, his badge of innocence, the last clinging touch of the Garden of Eden lingering to shame the gold-brick man.

Knowingly, smilingly, the city crowds passed him by. They saw the raw stranger stand in the gutter and stretch his neck at the tall buildings. At this they ceased to smile, and even to look at him. It had been done so often. A few glanced at the antique valise to see what Coney "attraction" or brand of chewing gum he might be thus dinning into his memory. But for the most part he was ignored. Even the newsboys looked bored when he scampered like a circus clown out of the way of cabs and street cars.

At Eighth Avenue stood "Bunco Harry," with his dyed mustache and shiny, good-natured eyes. Harry was too good an artist not to be pained at the sight of an actor overdoing his part. He edged up to the countryman, who had stopped to open his mouth at a jewelry store window, and shook his head.

"Too thick, pal," he said, critically—"too thick by a couple of inches. I don't know what your lay is; but you've got the properties on too thick. That hay, now—why, they don't even allow that on Proctor's circuit any more."

"I don't understand you, mister," said the green one. "I'm not lookin' for any circus. I've just run down from Ulster County to look at the town, bein' that the hayin's over with. Gosh! but it's a whopper. I thought Poughkeepsie was some pumpkins; but this here town is five times as big."

"Oh, well," said "Bunco Harry," raising his eyebrows, "I didn't mean to butt in. You don't have to tell. I thought you ought to tone down a little, so I tried to put you wise. Wish you success at your graft, whatever it is. Come and have a drink, anyhow."

"I wouldn't mind having a glass of lager beer," acknowledged the other.

They went to a cafe frequented by men with smooth faces and shifty eyes, and sat at their drinks.

"I'm glad I come across you, mister," said Haylocks. "How'd you like to play a game or two of seven-up? I've got the keards."

He fished them out of Noah's valise—a rare, inimitable deck, greasy with bacon suppers and grimy with the soil of corn-fields.

"Bunco Harry" laughed loud and briefly.

"Not for me, sport," he said, firmly. "I don't go against that make-up of yours for a cent. But I still say you've overdone it. The Reubs haven't dressed like that since '79. I doubt if you could work Brooklyn for a key-winding watch with that layout."

"Oh, you needn't think I ain't got the money," boasted Haylocks. He drew forth a tightly rolled mass of bills as large as a teacup, and laid it on the table.

"Got that for my share of grand-mother's farm," he announced. "There's

\$950 in that roll. Thought I'd come to the city and look around for a likely business to go into."

"Bunco Harry" took up the roll of money and looked at it with almost respect in his smiling eyes.

"I've seen worse," he said, critically. "But you'll never do it in them clothes. You want to get light tan shoes and a black suit, and a straw hat with a colored band, and talk a good deal about Pittsburg and freight differentials, and drink sherry for breakfast in order to work off phony stuff like that."

"What's his line?" asked two or three shifty-eyed men of "Bunco Harry" after Haylocks had gathered up his impugned money and departed.

"The queer, I guess," said Harry. "Or else he's one of Jerome's men. Or some guy with a new graft. He's too much hayseed. Maybe that his—I wonder now—oh, no, it couldn't have been real money."

Haylocks wandered on. Thirst probably assailed him again, for he dived into a dark groggery on a side street and bought beer. Several sinister fellows hung upon one end of the bar. At first sight of him their eyes brightened; but when his insistent and exaggerated rusticity became apparent their expressions changed to wary suspicion.

Haylocks swung his valise across the bar.

"Keep that a while for me, mister," he said, chewing at the end of a virulent claybank cigar. "I'll be back after I knock around a spell. And keep your eye on it, for there's \$950 inside of it, though maybe you wouldn't think so to look at me."

Somewhere outside a phonograph struck up a band piece, and Haylocks was off for it, his coat-tail buttons flopping in the middle of his back.

"Divvy, Mike," said the men hanging upon the bar, winking openly at one another.

"Honest, now," said the bartender, kicking the valise to one side. "You don't think I'd fall to that, do you? Anybody can see he ain't no jay. One of McAdoo's come-on squad, I guess. He's a shine if he made himself up. There ain't no parts of the country now where they dress like that since they run rural free

delivery to Providence, Rhode Island. If he's got nine-fifty in that valise it's a ninety-eight cent Waterbury that's stopped at ten minutes to ten."

When Haylocks had exhausted the resources of Mr. Edison to amuse he returned for his valise. And then down Broadway he gallivanted, culling the sights with his eager blue eyes. But still and evermore Broadway rejected him with curt glances and sardonic smiles. He was the oldest of the "gags" that the city must endure. He was so flagrantly impossible so ultra rustic, so exaggerated beyond the most freakish products of the barnyard, the hayfield and the vaudeville stage, that he excited only weariness and suspicion. And the wisp of hay in his hair was so genuine, so fresh and redolent of the meadows, so clamorously rural that even a shell-game man would have put up his peas and folded his table at the sight of it.

Haylocks seated himself upon a flight of stone steps and once more exhumed his roll of yellow-backs from the valise. The cuter one, a twenty, he shucked off and beckoned to a newsboy.

"Son," said he, "run somewhere and get this changed for me. I'm mighty nigh out of chicken feed. I guess you'll get a nickel if you'll hurry up."

A hurt look appeared through the dirt on the newsy's face.

"Aw' watchert'ink! G'wan and get yer funny bill changed yerself. Dey ain't no farm clothes yer got on. G'wan wit yer stage money."

On a corner lounged a keen-eyed steerer for a gambling-house. He saw Haylocks, and his expression suddenly grew cold and virtuous.

"Mister," said the rural one. "I've heard of places in this here town where a fellow could have a good game of old sledge or peg a card at keno. I got \$950 in this valise, and I come down from old Ulster to see the sights. Know where a fellow could get action on about \$9 or \$10? I'm goin' to have some sport, and then maybe I'll buy out a business of some kind."

The steerer looked pained, and investigated a white speck on his left forefinger nail.

"Cheese it, old man," he murmured, reproachfully. "The Central Office must be

bughouse to send you out looking like such a gillie. You couldn't get within two blocks of a sidewalk crap game in them Tony Pastor props. The recent Mr. Scotty from Death Valley has got you beat a crosstown block in the way of Elizabethan scenery and mechanical accessories. Let it be skiddoo for yours. Nay, I know of no gilded halls where one may bet a patrol wagon on the ace."

Rebuffed again by the great city that is so swift to detect artificialities, Haylocks sat upon the curb and presented his thoughts to hold a conference.

"It's my clothes," said he; "durned if it ain't. They think I'm a hayseed and won't have nothin' to do with me. Nobody never made fun of this hat in Ulster County. I guess if you want folks to notice you in New York you must dress up like they do."

So Haylocks went shopping in the bazaars where men spoke through their noses and rubbed their hands and ran the tape line ecstatically over the bulge in his inside pocket where reposed a red nubbin of corn with an even number of rows. And messengers bearing parcels and boxes streamed to his hotel on Broadway within the lights of Long Acre.

At 9 o'clock in the evening one descended to the sidewalk whom Ulster County would have foresworn. Bright tan were his shoes; his hat the latest block. His light gray trousers were deeply creased; a gay blue silk handkerchief flapped from the breast pocket of his elegant English walking coat. His collar might have graced a laundry window; his blonde hair was trimmed close; the wisp of hay was gone.

For an instant he stood, resplendent, with the leisurely air of a boulevardier concocting in his mind the route for his evening pleasures. And then he turned down the gay, bright street with the easy and graceful tread of a millionaire.

But in the instant that he had paused the wisest and keenest eyes in the city had enveloped him in their field of vision. A stout man with gray eyes picked two of his friends with a lift of his eyebrows from the row of loungers in front of the hotel.

"The juiciest jay I've seen in six months," said the man with gray eyes. "Come along."

It was half-past eleven when a man galloped into the West Forty-seventh Street Police Station with the story of his wrongs.

"Nine hundred and fifty dollars," he gasped, "all my share of grandmother's farm."

The desk sergeant wrung from him the name Jabez Bulltongue, of Locust Valley farm, Ulster County, and then began to take descriptions of the strong-arm gentlemen.

When Conant went to see the editor about the fate of his poem, he was received over the head of the office boy into the inner office that is decorated with the statuettes by Rodin and J. G. Brown.

"When I read the first line of 'The Doe and the Brook,'" said the editor, "I knew it to be the work of one whose life has been heart to heart with Nature. The finished art of the line did not blind me to that fact. To use a somewhat homely comparison, it was as if a wild, free child of the woods and fields were to don the garb of fashion and walk down Broadway. Beneath the apparel the man would show."

"Thanks," said Conant. "I suppose the check will be round on Thursday, as usual."

The morals of this story have somehow gotten mixed. You can take your choice of "Stay on the Farm" or "Don't Write Poetry."

A Trial by Golf.

By W. Hastings Webling

"THE trouble with you, Morley, is you're not keen!"

"In what particular, dear Betty?" queried the young man with the respectful gravity in which he usually accepted her occasional lectures.

"Well, you never seem to consider anything worth while."

"Yes, I do, fair cousin," he protested gently, "I think you decidedly worth while, and take golf—"

"Very well," she interrupted somewhat scathingly, "We'll take golf. Everyone knows you are an awfully good player, but you never win anything!"

"Visitor's Cup last winter in Balm Beach," he reminded her, diffidently.

"Pshaw! any Pot-hunter can win things like that—I mean something worth winning. The Club Challenge Cup, for instance."

"Been in the semi-finals two years running and finals this year," he pleaded, a propitiating smile on his clean-cut face.

"I don't think I would mention that, if I were you," she said slowly, "after letting that little red-headed Sammy Smithers beat you, and this only his second season."

"O, say, Betty," he exclaimed, stirred by her sarcastic tone, "you know how that happened. Sam is such a joke I couldn't take him seriously—why I was five up at the turn."

"But he beat you on the last hole!"

"Sort of thing might occur to any fellow. I let up on him, the little brute suddenly developed phenomenal form and made the last six holes in two under bogey. A thing he never did before or never likely to do again. Of course, I admit it was largely carelessness on my part."

"That's precisely what I say, you're not keen enough!" she proclaimed, with finality, "no one should let up in competition of any kind, until the game is won. It's fatal, and exactly where you fall down."

"Well, I wouldn't be so beastly hard on a chap, just because he doesn't collect a whole lot of useless junk. The last time you rowed me about lacking business ambition and that sort of thing. I went right out next day and took a flutter on the stock market. Result!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, "I cleared over three thousand dollars in one month!"

"Yes, and lost it all, with more beside, last week. O! I heard all about it!"

"Who in the name of mischief told you that?"

"Never you mind who told me—you can't deny it?"

"Well, never mind," she said, rising from her chair and depositing some frothy looking fancy work in a bag. "I have several calls to make and mustn't keep mother waiting. But Morley, don't forget this, you play off to-morrow, with Mr. Lanesborough for the President's medal."

"Yes, we play in the finals. What are your wishes, fair cousin of mine?"

"I want you to 'buck up' as the boys say, and beat him—do you understand?"

"Sure thing! I'll do my best, but I don't mind telling you, Lanesborough is some player, when he's on his game."

"Yes, yes, I know, but so are you, if you'll only buck up. O! Morley, I do so want you to win that medal," she pleaded earnestly.

Morley Vansittart rose to the full height of his five feet ten of physical fitness and looked curiously into the eager eyes before him. "Betty," said he, half jokingly, "why this abnormal and surprising interest in a mere golf match? Anything up?"

Her pretty oval face flushed deliciously, as she hesitated a minute, then she said, "Morley, if Mr. Lanesborough beats you to-morrow, he is going to give me the medal for a brooch—if I promise to wear it. You—you know what that means?"

Before he could reply, she had escaped his relaxed grip, and made a sudden exit through the portiers, leaving the young man staring vacantly.

"Well, what d'ye know about that!" he gasped in unaffected astonishment. "Bertie Lanesborough, by all that's ridiculous—why, I didn't think that blamed Britisher *knew enough!*"

"Is that you, Morley? exclaimed a surprised voice behind him. "I thought you had gone hours ago. Where's Betty?"

"Just vanished into space, Aunt Emilie," said he, turning to greet a tall handsomely gowned lady, who stood busily buttoning her gloves. "Aunt Emily," he blurted out, "what's the matter with Betty? Are they—is there anything between Lanesborough and her?"

"Why—what do you mean, Morley? They are very good friends, I believe."

"I guess there is more in it than that!

Fact is Betty just as much as told me there was—What a blighted fool, I've been!"

"Really, Morley," observed Mrs. Willis Vansittart, quietly fastening the final button, "I don't quite see the cause of all this excitement. You must have noticed his growing attention to your cousin lately. I think it would be an excellent match."

"Why, how can you say that, Aunt Emilie," said the deeply perturbed youth, "you know Betty and I have been sweethearts, ever since we were kiddies. I've always taken that for granted. She isn't going to marry him, is she?"

Her understanding eyes noted his troubled expression, and she had mercy. "I don't know about that, but she certainly isn't engaged—yet! But, Morley, let me recommend one fact to your serious consideration. Never take anything, that is worth anything, for granted. Especially a woman."

"You bet I won't after this," exclaimed her relieved nephew. "Good-bye, Aunt Emilie, I'm off to the links for a good work out."

The door slammed and Morley jumped into his car and was soon racing out to the Links.

The club house was vacant when he arrived, so quickly changing his clothes, he engaged a caddy and started out to get in form for the momentous match on the morrow. He practised steadily for over an hour. His approaching was excellent, his drives far and sure, while his putting, though not perfect, was well up to his average.

"I think that kind of game will about hold Mr. Bertie Lanesborough," he muttered, as he returned his clubs and bag to the caddy, and strolled towards the Club house. "Keen is it! I'll show her what I can do when I once start! I'll sweep the greens with that blooming Englishman to-morrow, by Jove, or swallow my niblick, hang me if I don't."

Ascending the steps to the Club house, he saw Lanesborough. Morley was in no mood for conversation, so he attempted to pass with a casual nod.

That worthy, however, was not to be avoided.

"I say, old chap," he exclaimed with an attractive smile which lighted up an other-

wise rather plain, heavy, but good-natured face, "where the deuce are you off to? Been waiting nearly an hour for you."

"May I ask why?" inquired Morley, frigidly.

"What's up, Van?" said the Englishman, gazing with surprise into the frowning face before him. "You look like a man attending his own funeral. Nothing wrong is there?"

"Not the slightest."

"Sit down then and have a drink. I have very important matters to discuss with you."

Drinks were ordered, and Morley dropped reluctantly into a chair and waited for Lanesborough to proceed.

The Englishman leisurely refilled his pipe and gazed at Morley plaintively out of his deep set eyes. "In the words of your classic diction," he said at last, "I'm up against it!"

"Up against what?" said Morley, somewhat puzzled but strictly on his guard.

"Fact is," continued Lanesborough, solemnly, "Your uncle and my father have just put their heads together and decided nolens volens that I shall marry your Cousin Betty."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" fired Morley who's flushed face and blazing eyes signalled a gathering storm.

"D—d if I know, old chap. Splendid idea from their point of view. Amalgamate two very important international interests, besides cementing two particularly friendly families by the hallowed ties of matrimony."

"Well, what's to prevent you signing the contract and settling the deal?" inquired Morley ironically.

"That's where the rub comes in," replied the self-centred young Englishman. "I like Miss Vansittart no end. She's a jolly ripping good little sort, but you see, I'm rather booked in another quarter. To be frank with you, I'm awfully gone on a little lady in London. Connie Carlton, of the Gaiety—ever heard of her? My word! old chap, she's a regular Queen, what?"

"Why in thunder don't you marry her then?"

"Wish I could, but you don't know my Guv'nor. He's awfully down on the stage. Fact is we nearly came to a bally old row over Connie. He thinks all actresses are engaged by his satanic majesty, to com-

plete the downfall of unsophisticated young fellows like myself—what? But Connie's so *different*. But the Guv'nor wouldn't have her at any price, and so he shipped me over to America, to try and gain sense, as he put it, and accumulate experience in your uncle's office. Next thing he meets your cousin last summer in England, and made up his obstinate old mind then and there, we were simply created for one another, and the match was Heaven ordained."

"I reckon your 'Gov'nor's' got another guess coming," interrupted Morley, bitterly.

"Right—to! but that doesn't prevent him making my young life miserably unhappy. I feel like cutting the whole thing! But what good would that do, Connie needs a lot of keeping up and if I married her there'd be 'nothing doing' with the Guv'nor, you can gamble on that!"

"I'm sorry for you," observed Morley, unbending slightly, "but hanged if I can see how I can help you."

"But you can!" replied the Englishman energetically. "Win the medal to-morrow!"

"What in the name of mischief are you giving me?" cried Morley, half inclined to think his companion was losing his mind.

"Steady on!" said Lanesborough, bending forward and putting his hand impressively on Morley's knee. "I've tried to put the Guv'nor off by saying I was ready and willing, but Miss Vansittart herself was the obstacle. Pardon, old chap, but I took the liberty of suggesting she preferred you. Awful rot, but the best I could do at the moment."

"I don't quite see where the awful rot comes in," returned Morley, tartly, once more on his dignity. "I don't mind telling you, that possibly you have accidentally stumbled on the truth for a change."

"Ha, ha!" roared Lanesborough, suddenly exploding with loud laughter. "O, very funny! Very funny, indeed! Why, I thought you were too much engaged in yourself to think of becoming engaged to anyone else. Fact, I think I once expressed this sentiment to your cousin and she said you were rather a nice boy, badly fozzled by a generous Providence and bunkered in a

sand-trap of self-indulgence—or words to that effect! However, we're drifting from the subject. My Guv'nor evidently wrote your Guv'nor on this point and his reply must have been very conclusive, and not entirely flattering to you—I should say. His next letter was followed by a cable, threatened to have nothing more to do with me, cut my allowance and all that sort of thing, if I didn't get busy on the lines I have mentioned. And, by Jove, he'd do it too. You don't know my Guv'nor!"

"Regular old rip-tailed, isn't he?" remarked Morley, who was expected to say something.

"Yes. Well, the other night after dinner at your uncle's house I was left entirely alone with Miss Vansittart, and I must say she looked topping. Well, there was no escape, so I did it!"

"Did what," said Morley in fiery accent.

"Proposed to her, dear boy, swore I couldn't live without her and all that sort of thing. Don't know how I ever did it, and by Jove, I did it rather well—considering."

"What happened next," said Morley with studied self-control, "did she express gratitude for the unusual honor and fall fluttering into your arms?"

"Not exactly, old chap," replied the practical Englishman, "she said, however, that she would give the subject serious consideration. When might I hope for her answer? She looked into my face rather funnily, I thought, and said after you win the President's medal. I expressed my gratitude, and promised to do myself the honor of pinning the emblem over her heart or something of that sort and made rather an effective exit. No sooner, however, did I get outside in the fresh air," continued Lanesborough, seriously, "than I came to—realized that I'd not been quite playing the game. Went home but couldn't sleep. Felt awfully cut up next morning. Feel awfully, now. Hang all interfering fathers, I say!"

"Sorry for you," said Morley, "but what are you going to do about it?"

"Perhaps—I don't—*intend* to win. Twig?"

"Hallo!" exclaimed a high-pitched nasal voice. "What are you two conspir-

ators up to—not squaring the match, are you?"

Both men turned guiltily, to see Samuel J. Smithers approaching.

"Say, you fellows ought to have been at the Club this afternoon—great fun! The boys were all betting on the match tomorrow, and you'd think it was for the heavy-weight championship of the world. One fellow said you couldn't come back. Van—that started it! Your uncle took it up, and he bet Colonel Wilds a level hundred you'd win. Others followed, and by Jimminy Christmas, they were soon all at it. I backed Bertie for a "tenner" with Dr. Quinby"—continued the little man proudly noting the effect he had made. "Beat Van myself, once, you remember, but Bertie can give me half a stroke a hole and lick me any day he wants to, so guess I'm in right, at least that's how I dope it out."

Morley's face darkened. He rose from his seat.

"Look here, Lanesborough," he said, "I'll bet you a hundred I beat you. This match is going to be fought to a finish. Understand!"

"To a finish!" echoed the Englishman.

The following morning broke clear and cool, and conditions generally were mostly favorable for the game. The match was for thirty-six holes, eighteen to be played in the morning and eighteen in the afternoon. At the close of the morning round, Lanesborough who had been playing superbly, was three holes up, and to judge by the consensus of opinion during luncheon which followed, the eventual outcome of the game seemed a foregone conclusion.

The game of Golf is not, however, decided round a dining room table, neither is it played by arm-chair critics. The latter received a jar when Morley started off in the afternoon round by winning the first three holes. After that, it was a battle royal.

Many ladies had now joined the gallery, and were just as keenly interested as anyone. Morley noticed his Aunt and Betty among the crowd and from the latter, he received a wireless message, which was easy to decipher. It had the desired effect. He played as he never played before, and in spite of the Englishman's really brilliant game, Morley had the match all square at the thirty-fifth hole.

The two contestants walked side by side to play the last hole.

"Bet you another fifty I win," said the Englishman, whose sporting blood was all aflame.

"Done!" replied Morley, as he teed up his ball for the final drive.

Whether from over anxiety or over confidence no one knew, but he topped it badly, while Lanesborough followed with a "bird" straight down the course, about two hundred and fifteen yards.

Morley elected to use his "brassy" and got a "screamer," but unfortunately it hit the projecting branch of a tree to the right of the green and fell flop into the bunker.

Lanesborough took his favorite cleek and got a long, low ball against the wind, but a little too low, for it struck the top of the same bunker and rolled back into the sand.

He was still away and the useful niblick, that faithful friend of the unfortunate golfer, was called into requisition. He got a little too much under the ball, and it failed to clear. Once more he tried and this time he made a magnificent recovery, landing the sphere, within three feet of the flag.

It was Morley's turn; he also had to rely on his niblick. After very careful examination of the ground, and the line he had to negotiate, he took a sharp half-swing and landed well over the bunker, the ball falling, unfortunately, into a somewhat cuppy lie, a few yards from the green.

Thus came the critical point of the game. Should he try to lay his ball

"dead" for the hole and go down in his next shot, which, providing Lanesborough made his "putt" would make them all square on the match, or should he try to put down in "one" by a venturesome running-up shot. He hesitated to take the final plunge. His eyes briefly scanned the throng of excited faces that eagerly waited his next move. The graceful form of the white clad Betty instantly caught his glance, and to her he looked for inspiration. The blue eyes seemed to literally blaze with strange compelling force. That settled him. "Putting cleek, caddy!" he called.

Once more he took his distance, and with a careful, cool, well-considered shot, he sent his ball deliberately towards its waiting goal. On it rolled, straight as a string, gradually becoming slower and slower, till it reached the hole, there, it hesitated for one brief second, which to the straining onlookers seemed almost an eternity, and then rolled quietly in.

The match was over, and Lanesborough quickly grasped the hand of his conqueror, and half wrung it off. "Thank God, old chap, you beat me fairly and squarely and we played the game!"

"Thanks," replied Morley—"You gave me the best match I ever had in my life."

* * *

And afterward, he pinned the medal on Betty's waist.

"Would you really have let Lanesborough do it?" he asked.

She colored and then gave him her eyes. "No," she said.

How Waterfront Got Even

By H. E. Taylor

WATERFRONT swore vengeance with a flow of language that would have done credit to a mule-skinner, then begged the makings. As he rapidly twisted the tobacco into a cigarette I noticed the marks of recent dissipation but made no comment. Slowly he inhaled while I awaited the story.

Waterfront had been rolled and rolled badly and was feeling mighty sore, hav-

ing lost a winter's work in a few short hours. His claim on Black Hill Gulch had turned out good pay and his poke from the first clean-up was heavy with gold dust. He had hit the Town with the best intentions, but the lure of saloon and dance-hall had proved too strong after months of loneliness and hard work on his claim. At first it had been only one small drink, but how could one refuse

a treat. Then more drinks, then drinks for the bunch, a few dances and a few more drinks, then oblivion; and he had awakened in the alley behind Pete's saloon cleaned out, very sick, very sore, and *dangerous*.

I mildly suggested the police.

"Ah hell!" he said. "What's the use? I'm no squealer. Besides a fellow doesn't want every one in this burg to know what a fool he is, and I'll get back at that bunch yet and have the laugh on those four-flushers. What do they take me for, a cheechako?"

"Well," I said, seeing that he was talked out, "anyone who goes up against a game like that deserves all he gets. So I guess it's you for the Black Hills again. Waterfront, your dogs are at the cabin, and a grubstake, if you're broke. My advice is to hit the trail as soon as you can and clear out."

Waterfront and I were old pals, having mushed in over the ice in '99. We had dock-walloped for a stake at Bennett, at Canyon City, below the White Horse Rapids, and finally at Dawson. He had picked up the name "Waterfront" at the time of the rush to Sixty Mile, and "Waterfront" he was to all his friends. We had been on every stampede together since we struck the camp, and had both made a strike about the same time, he on Black Hill Gulch and I on Eighty Pup above on Hunker.

Knowing that if there was any chance to make his threat good that he would overlook no bets, I was anxious to get him out of town. After a little persuasion he went. I was mighty glad to see him take the trail for Bear Creek.

* * *

The summer passed, and that winter I went outside, got the solder and tin cans boiled out of my system and touched a few of the high spots down the coast as far as Monterey and came in over the ice in March. I had received a few short letters from old Waterfront bemoaning his hard luck at having to stay on the Gulch and vowing vengeance against Pete and all connected with his saloon.

The spring opened with the rush to the Tanana, and things were booming when we struck Dawson. Every day boat loads of old Sour-doughs, still trusting in

their luck and following the lure of the gold, dropped down the river and disappeared into the North. The second night Waterfront mushed in. He was very subdued for one who was usually first to stampede, but would give no explanation.

"What's biting you, old pard," I said. "Haven't you got that old grouch off your chest yet?"

"No chance," he growled, "and what's more I've sold out to Kelly on 7 above, for a good figure and expect to strike for Fairbanks in a few days. From all accounts it's a hummer. Are you on?"

This was a surprise, and I could not help envying him his luck. I was tied up on the Pup with water, and saw no chance of getting out, and the stampede fever was on me, too.

"Well, here's luck," I said, as he went down the trail. "Write when you stake, and use that power of attorney of mine if it's any good, and cut out the hootch this trip."

"No fear this time," he yelled back, "and I will sure stake for you."

That night a report spread that a live one had struck Pete's and I dropped over to see what was doing. I had felt an uneasiness all day on account of Waterfront, and on entering the dance hall my fears were amply justified. There he was, tearing drunk and whooping it up with a peroxide fairy for all he was worth.

"Who's for the next long, juicy two-step! Come on, boys!" he yelled, as he held up a poke half a yard long.

Presently there was a wild cheer as he opened the bag and threw dust and nuggets far and wide over the floor. Pete was there with the big smile and watchful eye as the floor-master swept the gold into a heap in the corner.

"Everybody dance! Drinks for the crowd! All they want! I own the layout to-night!" Waterfront bawled.

I might as well have tried to stop the ice going out as stop that madman. The mob sure whooped it up, the bars, pool rooms, faro joints, were deserted. For hours the bunch went to it, danced, drank and ate their fill. Every old bum in the place was there; the uproar was tremendous. It looked like Hell broke loose as they fought, drank and sang. But Waterfront had disappeared: his poke empty, none knew where, and none cared. I

hunted all night for him but gave up in disgust and went up to the cabin. I was through with Waterfront.

* * *

The day dawned on the biggest drunk that the oldest Sourdough could remember, but that night the whole camp knew how Waterfront had evened up his score.

True there had been some gold dust and a few nuggets in that poke, but the rest was made up of brass filings and some copper and lead nicely washed. Waterfront had spent his winter evenings on that fake stuff and worked up the game

on Pete. Nerve! He sure had delivered the goods.

Three weeks later I received a letter from him explaining the plot. While the revelry was at its height he had quietly stolen away and had dropped down the river into Alaska very sober and very happy, and was then in the Tanana.

"Come north at once," his letter ran. "Your power of attorney is good and I have staked for you on Iron Creek fourteen feet to bedrock and a pay streak to suit the sourest of old sourdoughs. Kind regards to rete and his outfit. Yours,

"Waterfront."

On the Seventeenth Page

By Fred Jacob

FROM the front verandah of the summer boarding house the scene was just varied enough to avoid being exciting. On the stretch of sand, ladies with extensive hats and white parasols coquetted with the sun, but dodged its tan. Figures in bathing suits rolled about on the beach, or occasionally caused a flutter of interest by taking a dip in the lake, only to crawl out and lie prone where the sun could dry them and scorch blisters on their arms. Dozens of children were running about, starting to go nowhere and then hurrying back again, greatly to their own glee.

How better could a lazy man enjoy his holiday than gazing for hours at these young people between momentary efforts to read? I was at the seventeenth page in my book, which would almost fly open at that spot, so long had it been spread out, for as I became more familiar with the actors in the pantomime on the sand I lost interest in my story.

Yet there came an hour on that hot summer afternoon when I felt that I would be forced to read it in self-defence. Mrs. Carlton-Heward liked the verandah as well as I did, but not as a spot where one could lounge and smoke. Mrs. Carlton-Heward wanted always—to talk. It was less than a week since we first met,

and I already knew more of her family history than would have been required by her biographer. Still I found that her home affairs were as a bottomless mine.

Mrs. Carlton-Heward was pink and white and fifty, but she intended to blossom into a second youth. She had been telling me about it all afternoon. Mr. Carlton-Heward and she had made their minds up about this point years ago. They took life seriously and planned things out—it was the best way. When you marry—this to me at fifty—be resolved to settle down and become domestic while the children are growing up. Then when the last one goes—wedded, she meant, not dead—enjoy a second honeymoon. Be as frivolous as when in your teens.

The working out of this splendid scheme had almost been upset in the case of the Carlton-Heward by Miriam, their youngest daughter. I had heard the story five times already, but could not say so. It was not lack of suitors—oh, dear no—Miriam had them lined up at the door like the fans at the ball game,—but she was an extraordinary child. She possessed most astonishing notions of duty, just like her father. Any characteristic that Mrs. Carlton-Heward looked upon as peculiar, but praiseworthy, she ascribed to

her husband. Miriam's idea of duty was that she should stay at home and smooth the path of parental old age, and it almost required brute force to turn her from her purpose.

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Carlton-Heward, "I cannot now be giddy without setting a bad example."

"I hope, my dear madam, that *we* are not carrying on a flirtation," I said, with an attempt at sarcasm.

"Oh, dear no," she chirruped gaily, "a man who does not know whether or not he is flirting may feel sure that he is safe. No, I want to be a chaperone and keep the nice boys around me. I can tell you all this because I feel sure that you were always old."

This nettled me. There was a girl—I recall her stiffly combed hair still—whom I could have wooed with perfect confidence. She comforted my vanity many times, but why should I tell Mrs. Carlton-Heward? Nevertheless, her remark made me feel rude so I replied, "Well, when there is so much in the world to read, why should one take time to get married?"

"You are hinting that I am keeping you from your novel!" she exclaimed.

Mrs. Carlton-Heward was amiability itself and I felt half inclined to call her back and sacrifice myself to her conversational gifts for the afternoon.

I had just picked up my book again with the intention of reading at least one paragraph when Sidney Herbert came up the walk, spotless and immaculate as usual. I covered up my annoyance as well as possible while I offered him a chair. He was a callow creature, who affected a candid superiority towards everyone. He always described me as an unsympathetic listener, and yet I had truly heard all that I desired to hear of his vanities and vaporings during the few months since our acquaintance had commenced in a business transaction.

"I did not know you were staying here," he said as he lighted his cigar and stretched out so that a glimpse of dainty sock showed above his trim shoes.

"No!" I said, indifferent.

"I haven't been here for years," he went on. "I thought I'd run down and renew old acquaintances. I am at the hotel, in the very room I used years ago

during one glorious holiday. But strange to say, this house is the place I best remember."

There was no need to ask why. I knew perfectly well what he would reply.

"There was a girl spending the summer here, a charming little creature, so pink and white, like a great wax doll," he said, "Mamie Bright, that was her name. It just suited her."

"That is one I have never heard you speak about," I remarked.

"Perhaps not. Yet I had not forgotten her. All the fellows talked about her, but I said nothing, sly dog that I was, though I intended that they should all play second fiddle," said Herbert.

"You succeeded?"

"Succeeded!" My partner leaned forward and slowly knocked the first accumulation of ash from his cigar. "I just studied her and played my cards to suit. She was a sentimental little creature; so I merely talked. Oh, but I had the gift. I should have lived in the days of romance. When we sat on the beach we did not hear the waves; it was the sight of the craving hearts in the city out of whom toil had crushed the power to love. I marvel now at the way I used to be able to talk, but Mamie was like the rest. She revelled in it."

"Did you spend a whole summer talking that way?" I inquired.

"Oh no, we discussed our own personalities," he replied, "at least Mamie thought we did, but in reality we only discussed hers. Of course she was misunderstood by those who should have known her best. She liked to talk about the way they wounded her, and, of course, I drew her out. There was a seat beneath a tree near the beach. Let me see. No, it is gone. We would sit there for hours and talk about feelings. And the other fellows! Well, first they were annoyed and then they contented themselves with freckle-faced summer girls." Herbert threw himself back in silent laughter at the recollection.

"I suppose you both got tired of it," I ventured.

"Tired of it, why Mamie lost her fluttering little heart completely. They told me she had been like a little butterfly. Well, she began to take things seriously."

"How did you know?"

"Oh, well, I had a little vanity. I suppose it was natural. A fellow soon gets to know his powers. I liked to watch her flutter, so to speak. In the evening I used to stand down there in the darkness under the trees just to see her come out again and again to peer up the road anxiously for my coming."

"Then you engaged yourself, and both went home and that was the end of it," I remarked, as cynically as I could.

"I am not the cad you appear to think, my friend," said Herbert, cheerfully, "I saw it was serious with Mamie. Why, I could have taken her in my hand and crushed her like a flower, but at least I was a gentleman. I let her know casually that I could not marry till my education was completed. That was my way of letting her down easily."

"What became of her?" I inquired.

"I did not come back here next year. That was the summer I became engaged to Alice Martin, you have heard of her, but I really had not the heart to ask about Mamie. She was the sort of girl who never forgets, so I feared the impression might have been too deep." Then Herbert added, in his patronizing way, "You do not understand that, do you? Well, that is why you have always lived such a humdrum existence. You are the sort of fellow who would have gone back and after seeing the desolation caused, it is probable that you might have had a long and troublesome time with your conscience."

"Perhaps," I said, without feeling that he had been very uncomplimentary.

Our conversation died because my partner lacked fuel. He was satisfied to sit back with smiling recollections of his own irresistible youth chasing one another through his mind. I devoted my time to wondering how long he intended to stay and how many visits he would pay me before returning to the city. The rustle of Mrs. Carlton-Heward's skirt came as a welcome relief. She had a habit of appearing by accident whenever some one came to the house who looked worth knowing. There was a little drama in which we had to take part—it was customary on such occasions. Mrs. Carlton-Heward pretended to beat a retreat, but

not too quickly. I rose hurriedly, though, of course, I might have taken my time, and urged her to meet my friend. I did not tell her my thoughts, but it seemed to me a great opportunity for the new-found freedom to be exercised, and I felt sure that Sydney Herbert would be a willing victim.

Herbert did not take the introduction formally. He started forward with great effusion. "Why," he exclaimed, "I think Mrs. Carlton-Heward and I are old friends."

The lady looked blank.

"Were you not Mamie Bright?" he asked. "Surely I am not mistaken."

"Yes," she exclaimed, brightening, "you are right."

"Of course, it is some years since we met," he went on, with what seemed to me great audacity, "but by a strange coincidence we—we—have just been talking about you."

"Really, you will have to pardon me," said Mrs. Carlton-Heward, "but is your name Mr. Herbert. I am trying to place you. I have such a wretched memory for names and faces.

"I met you here one summer—" suggested Herbert, as though his statement would settle the matter.

"But I came here every summer until I was married," replied the lady, laughing.

"I was staying at the hotel—"

"Oh," she went on. "Oh, yes. Of course. There were always such nice boys at the hotel. Nicer every year, I think, for they culminated in my husband," she paused. "I really must seem awfully stupid, but when I come across old friends I do want to place them. Let us talk over old times and then, perhaps, I shall be able to remember the summer and who all were down here that year. I suppose that you can recollect some of our doings."

I climbed out of my reclining position to get an extra chair.

"Oh, yes," I said, "Mr. Herbert can tell you a great deal that happened that summer. I am sure he will be delighted to freshen your memory."

The remark was spiteful, but I could not resist it. I began again on the seventeenth page.

Knowledge

*Ah, ye who know, but do not know,
 Who see, but do not see,
 Come where the faded roses blow;
 Here, at last, you may see and know,
 Here, at the grave of mem'ry, lo!
 You may find the golden key.*

A wistful violet or two,
 of books a score or so—
 Then spake the soul of the Man who Knew,
 As he plucked the petals, wet with the dew,
 "Thus doth the flower grow,
 Thus do the blossoms go;
 Thus and thus," said the Man who Knew,
 "There be few," quoth he, "who know."
 But the poet said, "In the violet's eyes
 I drink of the wine of Paradise."

An engine and a bolt or two,
 Steel wires, a silken wing—
 Then spake the soul of the Man who Knew,
 As he felt the pulse-beat steady and true,
 "Thus doth an airship sing,
 Thus to the gale we swing;
 Thus and thus," said the Man who Knew,
 "To the clouds," quoth he, "we spring."
 But the poet said, "As you sped away,
 I flew with your ship to Yesterday."

A faded rose, a leaf, a few
 Dried petals, frail, forlorn—
 Then shook the souls of the Men who Knew,
 Of the airman, poet, scientist, too,
 Nor any word was born,
 For every heart was torn;
 Slow of speech were the Men who Knew,
 That ev'ry rose has a thorn.

But the poet said, "What man but may
 Fly back with a rose to Yesterday?"

*And ye who know, but do not know,
 Who see, but do not see,
 Even you, where the roses blow,
 Find, at last, you may see and know.
 Here, at the grave of mem'ry, lo!
 Is the poet's golden key.*

—G. H. Maitland.

Wrecks and Fishermen

By

Peter Denvit

I REMEMBER now that I was tired that night and slept heavily. I had been out with the dories and we had just come home in the morning from the banks, so that, being a city-bred man from inland, and unaccustomed to the ways of the fishing fleets, I went into my room in Jack Loubet's house early after supper, and, blowing out my lamp, went asleep.

Had I been in the city, with electric light in the room, or even gas, I might have done differently, but as it was, even in the times that I did wake and hear the sounds outside, I was too indifferent, too oppressed with sleep, to fumble for the matches, lift the glass and find the wick of the lamp. So it was morning before I knew what happened.

Martha, the evening before, had remarked to me that the glass was falling. Jack, her husband, had bought one of the most costly barometers that ever rode out of London. He had saved money toward that end for years, in order that he, and his wife when he was away, might have the most accurate information possible concerning the weather. So Martha, as she rubbed the heavy white china plate before setting it before me, made the observation and added that she was glad the fleet had just returned, instead of just preparing for the banks again.

The windows of Loubet's house were square-paned. On all sides but one they contained rows of blooming geraniums; but on that one side, the side facing down across the stones and boulders of the shore to the harbor, there were no plants, nor even curtains. Martha would have nothing to obstruct her view of the bay when

the fleet was coming in. As I looked out and across the bay I observed the sky—common enough in the eyes of a landsman, but ill-omened to the fisher folk.

There were squalls beating about the eaves as I turned the wick of the lamp down. Before I slept I noted that the surf was running high and pounding on the shore with a sickening sound. Twice I waked. Once it was the scream of the wind that had penetrated my dreams, and as I lay, trying to identify the room—for in my sleep I thought I was back in a certain city—I thought I heard the boom of a gun. But the clamor of the wind and the whining of a loosened shingle disturbed my certainty and I slept again.

The second time I woke, a light was gleaming through a crack in the door which opened from my ground-floor bedroom into the general living room, dining room and parlor. I heard Martha run across the floor and open the outside door. I heard Jack Loubet call something back to her from outside, and then his footsteps retreating—I slept again.

In the morning everything was over. The wind still shouted and the surf still cast itself madly down on the rocks on the shore. But looking out over the bay I beheld the wreck of a great ship, and betwixt the wreck and the shore a small boat rose and fell upon the green seas, now high in sight, now hidden in the hollow behind a sweeping crest.

Martha hurried up the path as I opened the door. Her face was covered with salt spray. Her hair hung in lank locks around her face. The salt was encrusted. Her eyes were hollow and her lips blue.



MARTHA'S WINDOW LOOKED DOWN ACROSS THE ROCKS TO THE HARBOR

"They're all off but him," she said, in a tired, heavy voice. "Jack and the preacher's gone for him now."

"Who's left?"

"Captain. He was asleep below in his cabin. It was the mate's fault, but that don't help the captain any. They've gone to try and take him off."

Turning in the path she pointed for a moment toward the small boat which by this time was nearer the wreck.

"How many'd you get ashore?" I asked.

"Bout two hundred."

"What boat?"

"God knows. We haven't her name—she's a big tramp—everybody's too done out to say. The mate mistook his light. It's all done now," and she added, glancing down the path as she entered the doorway. "Here they come."

Then I saw them, or rather, forty-three of them that were allotted to Martha's house.

There was only one hero in the crowd, the others were abject. The hero one could pick out at a glance by the way he carried himself. The forty-two others looked as though they had seen the sickle of Death poised, ready to descend upon them. One expected that their faces

would be haggard, their eyes hollow, their lips blue. One could see nothing to laugh at in the blankets and shawls in which the crowd were clothed. Their teeth were chattering. Some staggered. Men were trying, feebly, to assist women up the path. In one case a woman was assisting a man. And in the rear of the dreary procession came the hero—the fat man.

Martha and I settled some of them in the kitchen and in the living room. The women, Martha put to bed as best she could. The men crouched around the roaring wood stove or stretched on the floor in their scant covering, and slept.

But the fat man was attending to the children. He removed their garments and substituted those that the neighbors had by this time brought to the house. He lifted some of the little ones and carried them to various places where they could rest. Finally, everything having been attended to, he sat down on the floor and the heavy face relaxed into lines of weariness.

"Have a drink?" I whispered, as he nodded toward the stove. "Take a nip and I'll find you a place to lie down."

"Thanks," he said, "God, but that's good!"



THE SCHOONER WHICH COLLIDED WITH THE ILL-STARRED "BURGOYNE."



Three days after the wreck, the vessel had settled on her side, and the swells, rushing through her port-holes, made a weird picture.

He was a real estate man from Alberta and had been in England selling certain townsites. His venture was probably of a doubtful character; that is to say, he, no doubt, painted prettier pictures of these townsites than Truth himself would have painted, and it was probable that the investors in these particular sites were tying up their money for years to come. On the vessel, so I heard afterward, he had been rated as a "bounder" by the saloon passengers, the reason for this being the fact that he ate with evident pleasure, talked noisily, and wore coats, waistcoats, trousers, neckties and overcoats that "shouted," so gay were they. But when, in the gale, the ship struck, and when fear-ridden men and women rushed to the decks and threatened to overcome the discipline of the ship—the fat man loomed up like a policeman in the fog, took charge of whole groups of hysterical passengers, controlled them, comforted them and directed his end of the rescue work. The two hundred had been taken off in boats. He had been, next to the captain, the last to leave.

In a day or two the last traces of the ill-starred passengers were gone. The steamship company had sent a special

train and special officers to attend to them. The last two figures we saw, Jack Loubet, Martha and I, were those of the Fat Man and one other—the master of the ship. Loubet and the preacher had taken him off the bridge of the breaking-up liner by force. When he reached the shore he was a crumpled-up figure—a ruined man.

The eastern coast of Canada is one of the worst coasts. There is a constant turmoil there. The sea and the rocks are still in their strife only when the wind is away. The wind is the evil spirit of the coast, who hides in the bays and in the shadows along even the smoothest of beaches. For days he plays but a gentle part, wafting the schooners off the shore, bringing them in with the dawn; fanning the hot kitchens ashore and making the shadows of the fish-houses wells of luxurious coolness. But in a night and a day he throws off the disguise of peace, drops the soft mantle of the zephyr. He abets the aggression of the sea; urges its fury, strokes it into madness. And on the shore he makes the crannies in the rocks shriek with defiance, so that the quarrel may be the more noisy, and the better to his taste. Were he absent, the coast would live at peace with the sea, but where he is, is



Some of the Village men Were Out in Small Boats Looking for Wreckage, or Missing Bodies.

strife. And the ship that comes between the sea and the land is a ship no longer.

The wrecks of the Nova Scotia coast are too many to be listed. There have been famous collisions, as when the *Burgoyne* was sunk. There have been great liners wrecked, or even the huge freight carriers plying between Canada and the Old Country. There are the wrecks of which the public of Canada hears; there are others of which little is said. A fleet sails out of a harbor and is gone for weeks and weeks at a time. Meantime there are gales, and still no word of the fleet, until, of a peaceful morning when the dawn wells up in the sky like a breath of white smoke under a bowl, when the dawn wind, trailing lightly over the breathing sea, makes a black ripple, when the birds stir ashore, and the children sleeping over the fish-houses, begin to stretch their puny limbs—a single sail appears. Nearer it comes with the strengthening wind. One can see the rigging and guess at the color of the hull. And the women come down to the shore or stand as I have seen Martha stand, looking out the windows, their faces hard set, or weakly relaxed in hopelessness, their hands on their hips or their

arms folded, man-like, on their bosoms.

Thus they peer out to sea.

"There's to' gallants on that ship," says one woman finally. She turns and walks slowly, dry-eyed, up the shore. The others standing staring.

"Ah!" with a sigh, "It's a red main-sail. It's not Jim's sail," says another, and she, too, turns back to her house.

One by one they recognize different points of identification, and realize that it is not the ship they are looking for. The others, one or two, or even a dozen—wait.

There is no excitement, no wild joy nor tumultuous grief among the fisherwomen when they know that it is *his* ship or not his ship. Only brides weep, or women who are expecting. The others have learned the easiest way of bearing things; they apparently assume, after a certain absence, that the "man" is dead, until he puts in an appearance. Sometime, sooner or later, the man gets caught. It is a question of time, unless he has unusual luck, and in that case, perhaps he quits the calling and turns store-keeper, or becomes a lobster canner. The old philosophy of the fisherman's wife remains with her to the



At Times You Might See Parts of the Wrecked Vessel's Sides Above Low-tide.

very end. Even when "her man" lies dying decently in his bed, she is not sure that she will not even yet owe her widowhood to the sea. To weep would be to honor the sea by a display of one's impotence. To be glad when the man returns, is brazen the sea. They are stolid.

I was in Martha's house five years after the great wreck. She had had a post card from the Fat Man, for the Fat Man always remembered Jack and his wife.

"There's your old room still there," she said, inviting me to spend another season with herself and her husband. "I'm expecting Jack in to-day."

"How long has he been gone?"

"Two months."

"Two months!" I said.

Among the neighbors I went. The men were in the village preparing to depart the next day for the banks. They were mending nets and boats.

"Oh Basil!" I called to a man who was hammering something to the deck of his schooner. "What's up? What're y' doing?"

"Fixin' a new cleat," he said. "How are y'?"

"Fine. How long's Jack Loubet been away?"

"Who?"

"Jack Loubet."

"Oh, *him!*" pausing to straighten his back. "He's been about two months. We got caught in a 'white' (squall). He was off in a dory with Pete Lapre. Why?"

"Martha is expecting him home to-day."

"Is she!" he exclaimed, his expression changing. "*Is she!*"

He gazed abstractedly out to sea, and whistled softly. Then turning to me:

"He'll be here, then." He spoke with simple conviction.

"You don't believe it, do you, Basil?"

"Believe it. O' course I do. When Martha Loubet says a thing like that—it's true. *She knows.*"

As I passed from fish-house to fish-house and boat to boat, I found that the news had suddenly spread. The women whispered of it, from one to the other: "Martha's man is coming home." The only authority they had for the belief was that Martha had said so and Martha *knew*. By this I took it that she had a super-sense.

Apparently she had.



JACK AND THE PREACHER PULLED THE BOAT ASHORE

That night, having spent the afternoon in a neighboring harbor, I returned to the village. I met Basil on the outskirts.

"Jack Loubet's back," he said.

"When?"

"Two hours after you left. Came by the train from Montreal. He got picked up by a tramp. Took him t' New York. Don't know the rest."

Martha was busy over the kitchen stove. She was alone, as quiet and even-voiced as ever.

"Jack's back," she said.

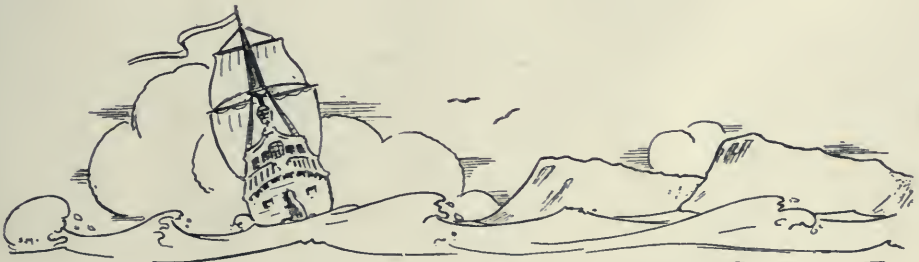
"Where?"

"Down by the boat. They're goin' out again in the morning."

It was as she said. He was there, as-

sisting in the equipment of Tom Foster's two-master. We shook hands solemnly.

The east coast of Canada is full of legends and history, intensely covered with beautiful things, with rivers, hills, bays, crags and beaches. The sea, of a summer night, lies softly in the lap of the land and dreams, with its face to the stars. The rocks stand like sentinels, around them the shadows creep. But the wind, running swiftly down from inland or arriving, panting, from the open sea, disturbs the peace of things, and sets the sea and the land quarreling, so that ships, passing, or men in small boats venturing out, are destroyed and go to swell the number of the wrecks of that coast.



Your Habits and Your Health

By

A. W. Anderson

THAT poetic old doctrine of hell-fire which is so much ridiculed nowadays had in it at least one praiseworthy element. It taught men to model their every-day lives on considerations of future weal or woe. Without carrying this idea into the speculative region of future existence, a striking counterpart is to be found in the physical, and incidentally the mental and moral, life of the present generation. It has been axiomatic ever since the days of Solomon that a man must suffer in this life, if not in the next, for any persistent disregard of the great laws of health and morality.

Despite the warnings of philisophers and the advice of physicians, mankind in general continues to ignore the relation of the present to the future. It will persist in dealing only with the things of today, forgetting that what is done now must have an inevitable influence on what is done in years to come. This is a sermon which has been dinned into the ears of people from the days of Epictetus down to the latest writer on the right way to live, and yet it seems to fall fresh on the ears of listeners still. It is Hammerton who brings home in a lucid way the brevity of time and the need for rounding out each day's existence so that the whole of life may be harmonious. He takes his illustration from the field of reading. Many a man in his view is postponing his acquaintance with the great books of the world until a more convenient season. Perhaps he is accumulating a library which he fondly hopes to study when business cares begin to let up. To such a one Hammerton would say, of what avail will the knowledge of these books be when you have retired from the active work of

life and how many of them do you suppose you will be able to read anyway? It will be quite easy for anyone to figure out just how many books he can reasonably expect to read before death comes to terminate his opportunity, and it will be found that the sum-total is very small. How foolish then to forego even the petty chance we now have of adding daily to our store of knowledge.

But it is not of reading or of other mental accomplishments that it is so necessary to speak. These are of only limited appeal. Where everyone is affected is in the department of health. Here the lesson of making one's life all square every day is very needful. It is reasonable for a man to assume that the psalmist's three score years and ten will be his, if he but observe the ordinary rules of health. He is entitled to that share of life at any rate. Why then should he not aim to have his years run their course evenly and placidly?

In the latter years of the eighteenth century there attended school in London, two boys who were destined to make names for themselves in the days to come. One youth spent all his spare time poring over books and gorging his mind on all sorts of bookish learning. The other spurned books and roamed the country whenever opportunity offered. The first overbalanced his physical strength; the second apportioned his time more evenly to study and to bodily exercise. The results of the two kinds of life soon made themselves apparent. The first youth became a man subject to all manner of distressing bodily ailments and died at a comparatively early age. The second developed into a robust

manhood and lived to a ripe old age. The two were Coleridge and Wordsworth.

A business man will often say, "I must put this matter through this week; the whole success of my business depends on it." He will work nights; he will gulp down his meals and in general will run himself to the verge of a nervous breakdown. Such examples are not far to seek; they are to be met with every day. But what's the good of it? True, there are necessarily cases demanding expedition and these must be excepted, but taken all in all, most of these rush jobs, which oftentimes become chronic, are unnecessary when viewed from the proper standpoint. What does it avail a man if, in order to accomplish one petty little undertaking, he permanently injures his health and reduces his life—the years when he might enjoy living—thereby? It is suicidal.

It is just because practically everybody forgets this, that there are so many books of warning written and the subject is never allowed to grow cold. Arnold Bennett has been saying the same thing in a recent book but in a new way which is decidedly impressive. He points out that in the matter of time everybody, be he rich in worldly goods or not, has been served with precisely the same amount. Each and all of us has been given twenty-four hours of it a day and it is ours to do with it as we please. This precious possession is too often thoughtlessly frittered away. It is not conserved as a wise man saves his money, apportioning it for present use and future needs. It is not paid out with that regard to economy which characterizes most monetary transactions. In fact, it is not handled as carefully as it should be.

The idea that many people now act on, that the present only is ours and that we should take the best out of it, is only half the truth. If it is followed without any relation to the future, it is liable to lead one into trouble. A man may get into all sorts of harmful excesses through it. But where there is the added influence supplied by the thought that the proper use of the present is going to make for well-being in the future, then it is indeed a safe course to pursue.

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A well-rounded day is therefore what everybody should aim at, the kind of day of which may be said when it is over, "I rose with hope and cheerfulness, I worked with thoroughness and enjoyment, I ate my meals with good appetite, I took my recreation with zest, I did a kindness when I could and I learned a few useful things." That is the way to live a life which will ensure an even course and a happy one down to old age.

A first essential then is to get the right perspective at the very beginning of the day. The waking hour is an important one. That it should be a reasonably early one is the opinion of most writers on the subject. Sloth in rising will exercise a bad influence all through the day. Think to yourself how much good time you will rescue from the realm of unconsciousness by rising one or two hours earlier each day for the next year. If you get up at seven instead of eight, or at six instead of seven, you will save 365 hours or fifteen full days. If you determine to do still better and recover two hours a day, you will be creating for yourself thirty new days, and what cannot a man accomplish in thirty days? One wonders why more people do not go in for time-saving in this way. Of course, it is not intended to advise any serious curtailment of the hours of sleep and a man must preserve a minimum at least for this purpose.

One must learn to control the mind at the moment of waking else it may run riot, and if the subject be dyspeptic, he may begin to harbor all sorts of injurious thoughts and impressions. This tendency can be obviated by fixing on some helpful idea before going to sleep the night before and seizing on it at the moment of coming back to consciousness. Keep the mind firmly fixed on this idea until its full meaning sinks in and then you will be able to rise with good resolutions for the day and a right understanding of your relation to life.

Then in working, learn the lesson that a few hours of good hard concentrated work is far better than many hours of worrying, dragging work. Better to work for only three hours a day earnestly and well, than to stick to your desk for eight or ten hours, driving an unwilling brain against its will. Here is where everybody

nearly makes a mistake. Because work is an essential to existence, a man is liable to consider it *the* essential, but it is no more an essential than sleep, food or exercise. It should not necessarily take the first place in the system of life, but should be made to conform with the general plan of living. By emphasizing it too strongly, one is liable to kill off by slow degrees those other faculties for improvement and enjoyment which are so needful for a well-rounded life. How many men of thirty or thirty-five are beginning to notice that they no longer take any delight in those pursuits that interested them when younger? They have simply allowed their work to step in and usurp the time which they might have given to recreation, and gradually the habit has grown on them until they are not only careless about other matters but powerless to enjoy them. There must be a daily cultivation of these other matters if they are to become a factor in one's life.

Rules for eating properly to harmonize the digestive functions with the general scheme of living have been discussed so often and in such varied ways that it seems almost superfluous to dwell upon them here. Suffice it to get this viewpoint—that it is not only expedient to observe those rules for the sake of present advantage, but much more because of their influence on the future. An excess to-day may be rectified to-morrow, but only temporarily, for it will have an undoubted bearing on one's future health. It is all

very well for the careless man to say that he will let future take care of itself but, unless he is a very extraordinary person, he will bitterly repent that decision when he begins to reap the harvest of his foolishness. Hurried eating may save ten or fifteen minutes to-day, but, if made a habit, it will extort days and perhaps years of efficient life later on. Is it not better then to eat and drink each day bearing this in mind, than to borrow from the future unnecessarily for present expediency?

In the rounding out of daily life for the advantage of future years, recreation must play a leading part. It is as essential to the well-being of all the component parts of man as is food to the body. Everyone must admit that exercise is necessary, if we would have our system toned up to the proper key to-day. How plain it must be then that it is quite as needful if the body is to remain efficient throughout the term of its years. It may be neglected without apparent ill effects for months and years but in the long run the man who ignores its claims on him will pay dearly for his folly.

In many other directions does this principle apply. Remembering that faculties which are not used become atrophied just as much as physical organs, a man will take heed to his daily habits and observe whether or not he is persistently neglecting those pursuits which are needful if he would have his life run a full and steady course to the end.



THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

The Losing Fight Against Fire

A NOTABLE article on this subject has been contributed by Ex-Chief Croker, of the New York Fire Department to the *World's Work*. He summarizes his experience at the outset.

In the twenty-seven years of my service the number of men and the equipment of New York City's force of fire fighters was increased more than 500 per cent. In 1884 there were 52 companies with 866 men on the rolls. Now there are 258 companies with nearly 4,500 men on the rolls, and with 1,600 horses. In 1884 the department was equipped with apparatus that was antiquated and insufficient even for that early day. Since then this has been changed. Progress has been made constantly, until now the equipment is the most scientific and complete in the world. As a whole, the fire department of Greater New York is greater than the combined departments of the next five largest cities—and in spite of this the fire losses in life and property, and the dangers of frightful holocausts in New York are steadily-increasing. The battle against flames has been a losing fight, all things considered.

This fact had been growing upon me for a long time. For twenty-seven years I had practically lived among New York's fires, viewing them first as a private, and for the last twelve years as chief of the department. In that time I had seen millions of dollars and scores of lives go up in smoke. At least fifty per cent. of this vast loss in property and human lives was directly due to inexcusable carelessness.

The development of fire fighting in this period had easily kept pace with the de-

velopment of complications in fires, which increase as buildings become higher and industrial development becomes more complex. The improvement in apparatus and equipment for fighting fires compares well with the increased efficiency in other fields. But, in spite of this, it became obvious to me that we were not making any progress in the unceasing battle against flames. Although we could put out any fire that might break out, just so surely fires would continue to break out and the inevitable losses would follow.

The Washington Place fire was the final blow. I forwarded my resignation as fire-chief to Mayor Gaynor and quit the game of fighting fires after they had started, for the less spectacular but more progressive one of diminishing the number necessary to fight.

Fire fighting is war. The fire fighter is not a man to whom the peace and security that comes to the general public in "piping times of peace" is a reality. He knows nothing of peace. He is engaged in warfare all the time. His trade is fighting. He fights the bitterest and cruellest of enemies, not one day, or two days, or a week, but every day and every night, from the time of his enlistment to the end of his service. Every fire that he is called to fight is a potential man-killer. Nobody can tell how a building is going to "act" when it begins to burn. It may burn with a great flare of flames which may be extinguished quickly and in safety. It may be an insignificant blaze in which something unforeseen will happen and half a dozen men will be killed.

From the time the firemen leave their company house to respond to a call until the fire is subdued and the last man out of the building, nobody can tell whether the fire is going to be one that will be handled safely, or whether it is to be remembered as one that added to the list of firemen killed and injured in the line of duty.

There is no treachery like the treachery of fire. A roof or a floor, which, apparently, is as sound as it was on the day it was built, may cave in the moment a foot is set on it, or a wall that looks staunch and solid may fall without a second's warning. In 1899 a fire broke out in a three-storey cigar factory at Eighty-seventh Street and Avenue A, a nasty little blaze in its way. It was necessary to get to the roof to fight it. With a squad of men and a "lead" of hose I climbed up and began to sound the tin-covered roof with an axe to test its condition. The fire was burning briskly down below, but the roof seemed strong enough to bear a regiment. As I went forward in the lead, striking the tin in front of me with the axe, I called back:

"Come on, men; she'll hold us, all right."

The next thing that I knew I was spitting out cinders down in the basement. The fire had burned out the supports in the centre of the building and when I put my weight on the weakened spot the roof gave way and let me down for a three-storey drop. The men who were behind me saved themselves by rushing back to the walls. They hurried down to the street calling,

"The chief's gone!" and started into the basement to dig me out.

They met me as I was coming out. I was cut and burned considerably, but that was all. I never tried to figure out how I escaped that time. It was a case of the luck which keeps firemen from being killed when they are taking desperate chances.

There is no way to guard absolutely against such accidents. Of course, an experienced fireman can tell to a certain extent the condition of a building and how far the fire has weakened it. If it is obvious that a building is unsafe to venture into, naturally no sane man will go into it or order his men into it. But, as

I have said, fire-fighting is war, and if you go to war you are going to lose men, or else you haven't got near enough to the enemy to do him any harm. There is only one way to fight fire and that is to get as close to it as you can and whip it and whip it quickly. To do this it is necessary to take chances, which, while they may appear reckless to the layman, are absolutely necessary to the efficient practice of the fireman's profession.

In 1908 a fire broke out in a factory in Worth Street. It was a bad fire. Time after time, we apparently had the flames whipped down to a mere smudge only to have them break out again with renewed fierceness. The building was filled with heavy manufacturing material, but it was a strong building, the walls were standing staunch and true and the floors were apparently sound. A squad of men from an engine company started to take a "lead" of hose in through a window on the third floor to gain a point from which the fire could be fought with advantage. We had not been in on this floor, and though every second was valuable I stopped the men and climbed through the window to see if the floor was safe. It was a thick floor and it held my weight, which is greater than the average fireman's, without a quiver.

"All right, men," I said, and they rushed in like a squad of soldiers given the word to charge the enemy.

Two of the four that went in I never saw alive again. Less than a minute after I had let them go that floor gave way with a roar, the centre of the building caved in, and those four smoke-eaters went down in a crash of burning timbers. We pulled two of them out badly injured and two of them dead.

Such treachery as this, seen year in and year out, which takes from the fireman's side without a moment's warning the tried companion of a score of fires, makes him hate the flames as his worst enemy and turns him into an efficient semi-maniac, with only one desire—to get at the flames and put them out. No patriot, fighting for the love of his country, is more anxious to beat an enemy than the true fire fighter is to put out a fire. Life and limb become matters of secondary importance; the fire's the thing, to put it out is all that a man thinks of.

Stubbs: Master of Traffic

AN interesting sidelight on the American man of affairs is afforded in a sketch of John C. Stubbs, who, as director of traffic of the Harriman lines, was that financier's right-hand man for several years. The sketch appears in *Munsey's Magazine*, and is written by Isaac F. Marcossou. The occasion of its appearance is the announced retirement of Mr. Stubbs at the age of 65.

Who is John C. Stubbs?

Ask any railroad man up and down the glistening gridiron of quarter of a million miles of track in the United States, and he will tell you that Stubbs is a traffic wizard. Shippers, and all those who are required to know something about the great transportation game, know him, too. But not until he announced that he was going to retire did the mass of the people find out that this quiet, modest, slender man, the right hand of Huntington and of Harriman for many years, was a force all his own, and a power to be reckoned with in the ceaseless business that touches more of the population than any other industry. Like the unknown millionaire who is the silent bulwark of many a community, he was content to go his way, achieving a big task unheralded.

When you come to analyze his life, you find that there is none of the blare and clash of incident that usually punctuates the activities exploited by the human-interest historian. Instead, there is the simple narrative of quiet efficiency, written in imperishable terms in the growth of whole regions, and translated into action in permanent mileage on the railway map.

But it is not Stubbs the great rate-maker and traffic-producer that most interests us just now. Rather is it John C. Stubbs, the human being who chooses to leave his desk because he thinks he has worked long and hard enough.

It was to get at the root and reason of this determination that I sought him out. I saw him first in his office on the sixth floor of the Merchants' Loan and Trust Building in Chicago. Here, in a long, high-ceiled room, where the roar of the bustling city faintly smote his ear, he sat at an oak table, holding the invisible reins of traffic of the Harriman system. Up and

down nearly twenty thousand miles of track, and across the waters of two oceans, moved the people and the freights that paid tribute to his tariffs.

Yet there was no noise of confusion here. Compared with the highly-charged atmosphere at 120 Broadway, in New York, when his lamented chief was busy, it was like a Sunday school. One thing symbolized the extent of his powers. It was a map of the United States criss-crossed with red lines that showed the conquering way of the Harriman roads.

It is a room of character. On an easel in the most conspicuous place are portraits of his two great chieftains, Huntington and Harriman. On the wall at his right is a portrait of Edwin Hawley. There, too, are Paul Morton, his old-time traffic antagonist, but warm personal friend; Hopkins, Crocker, and Stanford, the giants of the California days.

A group of photographs behind his desk is a significant index to one phase of Mr. Stubbs' genius; for, like Harriman, he had a marvelous instinct for finding big men before they developed. Here you see the picture of Charles H. Markham, now president of the Illinois Central, whom Mr. Stubbs picked for promotion when he was agent for the Southern Pacific at Reno. Alongside is William Sproule, now president of the Wells-Fargo Express Company, whom Mr. Stubbs dug out of an obscure freight clerkship in San Francisco. Here, too, is Charles M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk, formerly a work-fellow of Mr. Stubbs on the Southern Pacific.

More impressive than all these pictures is the personality that dominates the room. If you first beheld this slender, almost frail man of medium height out in a crowd, you would probably guess him to be a country lawyer or preacher. In repose, his presence is not compelling. His face is freckled and lined; his blue eyes gleam kindly behind their spectacles; his white hair curls around a well-shaped head. There is something almost Lincoln-like in the homely simplicity and sincerity of his manner. You would never think that he was a lord of traffic, for

years the associate and confidant of the kings of capital.

Watch him in action, and the homely manner falls away. The blue eyes flash; the face is alert; he personifies tense movement. Then you see the fiber of the man on whom Harriman relied to get the life-blood of traffic that coursed through his great system of railroads.

In his office I talked with Mr. Stubbs about Harriman and Huntington. It was a proper setting for such reminiscence.

"Mr. Harriman," he said, "was the most remarkable man I ever knew. He could look farther and deeper into things than any one else of my knowledge. It was this quality which explains what many people regarded as his unnecessary impatience and irritability. Before you had spoken half a dozen words, he anticipated what you were going to say, for his mind had raced ahead of yours.

"He had no ambition to be the richest man, but he did want to be the most powerful. Money and railroads simply meant power, and he loved power. I never knew a man who believed more implicitly in the future of the United States. He also believed in himself, like Napoleon.

"I never knew him to be unfair. He gave what he exacted. When he played forfeits with his children, for example, he made them pay up their losses to the last penny. It was his way of teaching them the big game.

"Strange as it may seem, Mr. Harriman never worried; but he thought in bed, ~~and~~ this is what killed him. He worked all day, and thought out his problems at night.

"His way of solving the Erie problem was typical. The road faced receivership because it could not pay an issue of maturing notes. Mr. Harriman knew that this receivership would upset the stock market and work trouble for his own vast interests. It was on his mind when he went to bed. He tossed about until six o'clock in the morning thinking out a plan to meet the emergency. Then he turned over and slept an hour. At seven o'clock he was at the telephone, rousing his secretary, who received instructions to assemble securities necessary for a loan of five million dollars. At nine o'clock, when the banks opened, the money was available, and the notes were paid.

"No one ever really knew Mr. Harriman intimately. No one probed into what was in the back of his head. He was the personification of affection and loyalty to his family and to his friends, but, like the smiling Jap, he eluded solution.

"Mr. Huntington," continued Mr. Stubbs, "was a different type of man. Where Harriman was the financier, he was the builder. Both men were tireless workers.

"Mr. Huntington had one peculiarity which, so far as I know, has escaped his biographers. When he was past seventy, he hated the idea of being called old. Once we were fellow guests at a big dinner at the Metropolitan Club, in New York. Mr. Huntington sat across the table from me. During the meal, the man at my right pointed him out, and asked:

"Who is that fine-looking old man over there?"

"I told him, and he remarked that Huntington was a splendid and commanding figure. As we were going home that evening, I told Mr. Huntington about the incident, believing that it would please him. Instead, he fell into a rage.

"Did he call me an old man?" he inquired.

"I had to say yes, whereupon he asked: "Why didn't you kick him under the table?"

Before we leave the subject of railroads, I should like to quote Mr. Stubbs on one more topic, for it shows another angle of his mind.

"If I owned the Union Pacific Railroad," he said, "I would distribute the stock at par. This is not socialism, but what I regard as the sanest method of developing a friendly feeling for the railroad. A wide ownership of bonds of small denomination would go a long way toward achieving the same end. When people have their money in a property, they are not so quick to try to tear it down."

Up to this time we had only talked of railroads, rates, and railroad men. The air was charged with the movement of large affairs. But when I mentioned his contemplated retirement, a new light broke over Mr. Stubbs' face.

"I don't see why any fuss should be made over a man's quitting his job," he said. "However, since I am going to re-

tire to my old home at Ashland, Ohio, let's go down there and discuss it."

Thus it came about that I journeyed to Ashland with him. There was more in that trip than merely getting one end of a magazine article. It was the intimate revelation of the sources of a man's life, and likewise a fresh and helpful excursion into the heart of an Anglo-Saxon democracy.

When I saw Ashland, I also saw the backgrounds of the Stubbs character. Here, sheltered by green hills, watered by pleasant streams, is a centre of sound Americanism. It is a clean, serene, drowsy region unmarred by the ugliness of poverty. From this hardy and well-nurtured section came the first of the Studebakers, the clang of whose anvil rang across the valley. Out of its village school stepped Judge Peter Grosscup, destined to go down in judicial history linked with the Debs and Standard Oil cases. In a cottage near by, William B. Allison dreamed his youthful dreams.

But first in Ashland's gallery of fame, and first in the hearts of her people, is John C. Stubbs. He alone, of her prosperous or eminent sons, has chosen to return to the scenes of his boyhood.

Here comes one picturesque phase of the whole Stubbs incident. It illustrates the fact that deep down under the bustling American consciousness—truer and more permanent than the money-greed—is the instinct for home. When all is said and done, this is what draws Mr. Stubbs from the teeming tracks of traffic.

I walked down the Main Street with him. Nearly everybody knew him, and there were friendly nods and greetings on all sides. Those who did not know him knew who he was, and were proud of him.

I went to a luncheon at the principal hotel, where many of the leading citizens were gathered to greet him. It was an old-fashioned mid-day dinner, for the luncheon habit has not yet invaded the small communities. Anecdotes of the early days flew about. A playmate of Mr. Stubbs, now the leading merchant, told how, despite his frailty, he fought to the last ditch in the school duels. Another friend, now the editor of the daily paper, waxed reminiscent of war-time experiences; and so it went, with cheerfulness

and affection pervading. In the end it was proposed, more seriously than in jest, that Mr. Stubbs should be the next mayor of Ashland.

"If he runs the town as well as he runs the Harriman lines," said some one, "we shall have money in the treasury."

Late in the afternoon I strolled with Mr. Stubbs through the charming little town, and it was then that we talked of the subject that lay uppermost in our minds; for I wanted to know why he was retiring from business. It was a fitting time to speak of peace and the mellowing years, for the still air was fragrant with apple-blossom and lilac. Like a rural Marcus Aurelius, this man of affairs discoursed upon life and work.

"I am going to retire," he said, "because I don't think a man should work after he is sixty-five. After that time all the real fight is out of him. I do not mean the pugnacious quality, but aggressiveness and the ability to take the initiative. While I have my own business particularly in mind, what I say is really true of all activities. In the army, a man is retired before he is sixty-five; why should not the same wise rule apply to other kinds of service, more arduous, more racking than the soldier's life. It is youth that wins. The world belongs to the young man.

"You hear a lot of talk about genius; but there is no genius. It is simply hard work.

"All my life I have worked for other people. I have been too busy to make money. I am not a rich man. What little I have is savings. The big salary did not come until late.

"Now I want to devote a little time to myself. There are many books that I want to read; many places that I want to see. In short, I am tired of turmoil, and I want to rest."

He took me to a big brick house, sentineled by maples, that stood on an eminence near the edge of town. A sweet wind blew in from the hills; the branches of a flowering cherry tree nodded against the porch; the deepening shadows of evening softened the earth. It seemed to be the abode of peace, spaciousness, and comfort.

"This is my home," said Mr. Stubbs. "Here I really expect to live."

He paused a moment. The years seemed to fall away from him, his look became young and eager, and he added:

"Now you know why I am going to retire."

I thought of another picture; it was a marble palace in the Ramapo Mountains

that crowned a princely domain. In a splendid room a little man lay sleeping the unawakening sleep. At sixty-one, Mr. Harriman had sacrificed his life in the race that had no compensations.

Perhaps Mr. Stubbs is right.

Taking Care of Her Own Car

SOCIETY was horrified at first at the idea of a woman riding a bicycle, then rode it to death. It shuddered at the idea of a woman driving an automobile; now the woman who owns a car and isn't her own chauffeur on occasion, is not only hardly smart, but gets a reputation for timidity. This may or may not be so, but it is the beginning of an interesting article by C. H. Claudy in the *World To-Day*. It goes on:

There have been for years many women who would drive their own automobiles, if they felt they could care for them—women with the means to purchase a moderate-priced car, but denied a masculine member of the household to do the grooming, and unable, or unwilling, to keep a properly accredited chauffeur.

To these, the salesman is now presenting a new argument. Instead of trying to convince a woman who is, although highly intelligent, without any knowledge of mechanics, that "my car doesn't need any care; all you have to do is to turn the crank and start it, then get in and ride," he tries to show her that "although this car, like any other car, needs attention to run at its best, that attention is something which a woman, as well as a man, can give it."

He shows her that even if a carbureter does get "out of whack," it isn't a matter of muscle and great knowledge to fix, merely a matter of a little know-how and practice. He shows her that an ignition system is not inherently an affair of the devil, impish, for all the testimony of its actions at times, and that the magic which will exorcise said devilishness is merely patience and, again, knowledge, which can be as easily acquired by a woman as

a man. He shows her the ins and out of steering-gear, of transmission, of differential, of valves, and of control; shows her, in fact, what he would show a man who expected to take care of his own car. The result is, there are more and more women driving cars all the time, who stable them, feed them, clean them, keep them in order, adjust them, "time them up," even if they still leave heavy repairs or matters of muscular labor to paid masculine help.

When it is boiled down to a matter of essentials, there is really nothing more complicated for a woman, in taking ordinary care of the average car, than there is in taking the same care of a sewing-machine or a furnace, two pieces of household apparatus that any modern Priscilla usually understands thoroughly. Now is the time for the skilled automobile mechanic to rise up and roar. One can fairly hear him:

"What? An auto no more complicated than a sewing-machine? A motor-car as easy to take care of as a furnace? Nonsense. He doesn't know what he's talking about!"

And, from the skilled automobile mechanic's standpoint, the assertion is somewhat difficult to swallow. But observe, please, Mr. Skilled-Automobile-Mechanic, and you, too, Miss Want-To-Care-For-My-Own-Car, that the statement said "taking ordinary care of the average car."

Now, what is ordinary care?

In the first place, keeping the tanks full of oil and gasoline, the radiator filled with water. Is there, inherently, anything harder about unscrewing a cap and pouring oil, gasoline or water into a brass hole, than there is in squirting fluid from

ing-machine? A difference in magnitude, not kind.

Ordinary care includes, in the second place, keeping tires well pumped up. One can stop at a garage and have it done; one can buy cylinders of compressed air and do it oneself, with no more effort than is required to attach the hose and turn a handle, or one can get right down to hard facts and pump, just as one did with the bicycle, and if any woman will tell me that it is harder to pump up a medium-sized tire than it is to shovel in coal or take up ashes from a furnace, I will—contradict her!

In ordinary care is found, also, cleanliness. Cleanliness means not only of fenders, body and brass, but engine cleanliness. It means particularly spark plugs and cylinders. Spark plugs don't get dirty standing unused; they soot up just when one is demonstrating one's machine for sale to a purchaser who doesn't know a spark plug from a reach rod, or an ignition system from a spanner, and who thinks any use of a tool on the engine means it is fit for the scrap-heap. Or, they get dirty just when we have put on our daintiest lawn dress, and are in the middle of a ride with our dearest enemy, of whom we want a favor!

In such circumstances, to await, helpless, the coming of something with trousers, who, by the way, unless he comes in his own car, is just as apt to be entirely ignorant of trouble in dirty spark plugs as you are, is humiliating, to say the least. How much more comfortable it is to play the man, don old gloves and a duster, or even an unautolike apron, take out the offending plug, squirt it with gasoline or clean with a rag, rescrow it in place, hook on the wire, and—off again!

How to test for the offending plug with the buzzing coil, and how to remove and clear and replace the plug, is neither hard nor troublesome to learn. Any woman who can learn the intricacies of a shuttle, needle and feed on a sewing-machine can do this equally well; in fact, a lot of them do, which is, when all is said and done, the surest indication that the assertion, questioned by Mr. Expert-Automobile-Mechanic, is a true one.

To say, "Those cylinders are getting carbonized" is to be horribly technical.

Many a woman has heard that from her repair man, in the now happily lost days of repair shop robbery, and said, "Well, for goodness' sake, stop it; I don't want the whole car carbonized!" and has paid roundly for the cleaning which she can do equally well herself, at no expense. For no one will contend that it takes either great skill or great knowledge to pour a little kerosene into the cylinders through their cups, and run the engine until the carbon deposit in the cylinders (the remains of burned oil) is burned away.

By the same token, some helpless woman drivers have had a repair man come to their car and paid him for time and knowledge, to start it, when all it wanted was a little "priming" or extra gasoline put in the cylinders, through those same cups, a thing sometimes necessary in cold weather!

Sometimes, when the motor begins to "miss," it is the battery which is at fault. A "miss fire" is easily recognized, its cure not much harder. It must be faulty ignition, not enough gas, or dirt, if it is to be curable on the road. If the batteries are all right, and there is no "short circuit" (wires touching where they should not), the trouble is in the plug, and it is ignition which is at fault. If the plugs are all right and there is no short circuit, seek the trouble in the storage battery. And the testing of the battery with the instrument made for that purpose (the ammeter) or the shifting of the wires from one set to another, is neither complicated, vastly difficult, nor hard to understand; certainly no harder than the adjustment of a radiator in a house, the reading of a steam-gauge on the furnace, or the management of dampers and doors to produce the desired temperature.

And magneto ignition—which, O feminine shudderer at hard words! means an electrical system for igniting the gasoline gas charge in the cylinders, by means of a little mechanism called a magneto, which generates an electrical current instead of the battery—is almost troubleless, and reduces the hunt for electrical trouble to short circuits and dirt. If you learn where the magneto is, and see always that its wires are tightly fastened, you will know about all you need to about this part of the machine.

Carbureters, I will admit, are affairs not to be adjusted without exact knowledge. Yet on the carbureter depends the performance of the car. If it isn't working right, if it isn't producing the right kind of gas from the gasoline, if, in other words, the mixture is too rich or too poor, there is going to be trouble. Adjusting a carbureter to the car is a matter of knowledge rather than of skill. But, admitting that it gets out of adjustment and must be put back, any clever woman can learn from seeing it done, and understanding why this, that and the other, are done, to do it herself. She is intelligent, this Miss Take-Care-Of-Her-Own-Car, or she wouldn't understand it. It takes only intelligence to understand that a gasoline motor goes because a charge of gasoline gas and air is ignited in the cylinder by a spark, which ignition or "explosion" is accompanied by a great expansion of the gas, which expansion pushes a piston that turns a crank, which motion finally gets to the wheels and turns them.

Understanding this, it isn't much harder to understand that there is some best mixture of gasoline gas and air for the kind of car and the time of year, at the carbureter, to get the best power out of the gasoline used. It is this best mixture which the carbureter gives the car, and, understanding the apparatus and how it does it and why it does it, and how to adjust it, is a part of the education of every autoist, and it's about on a par with understanding the engineering principles of a heating plant. One can heat a house without knowing them, and one can drive and care for a car without ever touching a carbureter, but if one would do either to the best effect and with the most intelligence, such knowledge is desirable.

Even as one star differeth from another star, so doth one carbureter differ from another in glory and mechanism. But all have some method of adjusting the relation of gas and air. She who learns what this relation is, for her car, and can adjust the air or gasoline intake so the car runs best and with least smoke, either in winter, when the cold air makes more of it needful, or in summer, when the air can be cut down, saves herself trouble, time, and "repair" charge.

Then, there are a lot of little things about the engine which any one can learn.

The belt which drives the fan may get loose. Any woman who can fit a dress ought to be able to take up a belt! Yes, it gets your hands dirty—wear gloves. Yes, it's messy—everything about an engine is messy, oily and dusty. Wear the proper clothes. But the continual revolution of that fan means cool water in the radiator, which means smooth running to your car.

The control may develop lost motion. If you understand the control, that is, can follow the rods and wires as they run from carbureter to the control handles on the steering-gear and from the timer to the same place, and can see where the lost motion is, you can correct it, providing, of course, that it is correctable with wrench or other tools. It may well be that in going over and caring for her car, Miss Take-Care-Of-Her-Own-Auto comes across things beyond her skill, strength or knowledge. But if she understands what is the matter, and what ought to be done, and can take her car to a repair shop and say, "Here, there is too much lost motion in this steering-gear," or, "My clutch slips and I lose power," she will get her work quicker, better done, and with less charges than if she is compelled to go to the garage, get a repair man to ride with her, and find out what is the matter, for himself, and then leave him to do what he pleases and render what bill he likes, to what he knows to be dense ignorance.

There are different ways of getting the knowledge required to care for one's own car. One girl I knew had a friend in the automobile business. She persuaded him to allow her to spend some time in the shop. She stood around for a couple of hours for several days and went away with a working knowledge of how a car is put together, which nothing but continual observation of different chassis in various stages of *deshabille* could have given her.

Another young woman contracted with the agent from whom she bought the car in this way:

"I'll buy your car," she said, "and pay you cash for it. You will agree to have a man teach me how to run it, and take it to pieces and put it together again, so I can understand it."

The salesman didn't want to; it meant three days of a repair man's time, but

that \$900 in cash looked so very green, he—did it. The young woman has a mental picture of all the “works” of her car, and can tell as well as any one when anything is wrong, fix it if it is not too complicated, and is not a bit afraid to take her car on a day’s run, if she has “tuned it up” herself.

A young woman was promised a motor the day she could demonstrate to her father that she knew how to take care of it. He was a civil engineer.

The young woman bought a couple of text-books on the automobile, studied them, then asked a friend for lessons in the simple essentials. One day she came to her father and told him:

“I’m ready to show you I know how to run and how to take care of a car.”

Her father borrowed a friend’s car and took her riding. She showed him first that she knew how to drive, and then, as fast as he disarranged the car in several ways, while she turned her back, she put it right again. He disconnected a wire from a spark plug—she found it in a moment. He disconnected the wire from the battery—she tested for current as soon as the car wouldn’t start, and, finding none, went straight to the battery box. He removed a plug and fouled it—she located it, had it clean and back in place in five minutes. Other and more elaborate tests were dispensed with as being injurious to the car, but the daughter gave her father such a lecture on a car’s construction and principles that he was glad to throw up his hands and ask her to have mercy, and please to drive to the garage where the new car was to be bought!

There are dozens of such examples, and whether the car be the simple electric, the slightly more complicated and infinitely more flexible gasoline car, or the little steamers, you will see women not only running them, but running them with the comfortable knowledge that, even if they get out of adjustment, the power to “fix it” is within them, and not necessarily for them in a garage.

The matter of tires must not be neglected. For of all things which may happen on the road, calculated to strike terror to the heart of alleged helpless femininity, a punctured or burst tire is the worst.

Yet coming back once more to the stove and the sewing-machine, the present

scribe can see nothing more difficult in replacing a tire with a new one, save the muscular effort required, than in “tuning up” a heating system, emptying radiators of air, seeing that the water stands at the top of the system, that flues are free and dirt-pockets clean, etc. It is true that it does take a little strength to remove and put on a heavy tire. A medium-sized tire can be managed without trouble by any woman with the understanding of how to go to work, and patching a punctured inner tube is certainly no harder than patching a torn skirt!

Telling a delicate woman that the first thing she must do if she would repair a tire, en route, is to lift the car up from the road enough to allow the wheels to revolve, seems, at first thought, equivalent to saying at once, “You can’t do it.” But in every motor-car tool chest is found a little apparatus called a “jack,” and this tool will do the lifting up of the car for you with less exertion than is necessary to pump water from a well, and with the same motion.

Modern tires are held on mechanically, not alone by air pressure, as were the old double-tube bicycle tires. It is only necessary to use a wrench to get off the retaining nuts and rings and free the rubber “shoe.” Getting the tire off the rim is more a matter of patience and the right use of a tire tool than great strength, and putting the new or patched inner tube in place is neither difficult nor exhausting.

Pumping up is undeniably hard work! But it can be done, with time, patience and a foot-pump, and if there are several to take turns at it, it is really not so terrible a job as it might appear. But the modern way to pump a tire is to have a small tube of compressed air along with you, connect it to the tire, turn a valve, and presto! the tire is ready for use!

Repairing a tire, like all the rest of the moderate, every-day, not highly scientific care which any car requires, if it is to run at its best, is entirely a matter of the right knowledge, plus the will to do. The whole matter rests entirely with the individual woman in question. As between learning the average care required for the average car, and learning to cook a good meal, I think any one who knows anything about automobiles and who has tried to be his own cook, will back the person who tries

to learn the essentials of autoing, to finish first.

However incredulous the masculine reader may be, or his sister either, who has already regarded anything mechanical as about as mysterious as the stock exchange, the fact remains, more and more young women are taking care of their own cars, more and more are learning the simple essentials of keeping a car in tune, of keeping it clean and healthy, and able to run there and back with comfort. With many it is the case of "Do it myself or do without a car," and, as one young modern sister of Phaeton put it, "I never knew how much the men were bluffing when

they talked motor until I learned for myself how very simple such things as batteries, spark plugs, transmissions, and clutches were!"

This, for a mere man to quote, is humiliating, but goes far in proof of the point nevertheless, that there really is nothing more complicated in taking *ordinary* care of the *average* car than there is in taking the same care of a sewing-machine or a furnace!

Try it, Miss Want-a-Car-Very-Badly-But-Am-Afraid-Of-Its-Care, and see if you can write, as a conclusion to this tale, a good round Q.E.D.

Britain's Business Soldier

THOUGH written before the announcement of his appointment to succeed Sir Eldon Gorst as British Agent in Egypt, the following little sketch of Lord Kitchener in *The Organizer* will prove timely:

When Lord Kitchener returned to England from India, where he had been for seven years Commander-in-Chief, the popular opinion prevailed in Great Britain at that time that an appointment would be speedily found for him, enabling him to control, as far as it is given to mortal man to control, the military destiny of the nation. He would be allowed to dictate to a large extent, at any rate, military policy. This is what nearly everyone, not actually engaged in pulling the wires of the nation behind the scenes, felt. And, strange to say, nearly everyone, irrespective of party, was disappointed. Popular supposition was belied. Lord Kitchener was not placed in the all-important position at the head of affairs which had been expected. Now, however, we need no longer lament. He has had his reward. The renowned K. of K. has been appointed a director of the Chatham & Dover Railway!

There is a tradition, begotten of truth, in railway circles, that the man of great name who joins the board of directors of a railway company in this way must be inevitably of the ornamental rather than

of the useful school. All who know Lord Kitchener say it is a tradition to which he will be wholly false. K. of K. is the last man in the world to trade upon his great name. His lifelong hatred of men who do that sort of thing has made for him more than one enemy in the past. But what does that matter to a man who does not care a fig how many enemies he makes provided he feels sure he has found the true way? The men who have served him in the past have brought only one passport—the passport of their ability.

A story comes from a highly authentic source to the effect that during the South African war a really first-class officer went to Lord Kitchener armed with a letter of introduction from a very illustrious British personage, the document almost amounting to a command that the officer should be given a certain post of responsibility on Lord Kitchener's staff. The great soldier had always been guided by one inflexible rule. "I choose my own men and not other people's" was his maxim, and he saw no reason why he should even then depart from it. The officer in question kicked his heels in Capetown for several weeks to no purpose, and ultimately had the good sense to return to London. An army officer may be a pet of society, but before a pet of society can hope to find favor with K. of K. he needs must prove himself "a man for a' that."

"K. is a remarkably good soldier," was once the rather carping tribute of a critic, "but I am not sure that he is not an even better foreman of the works." This remark was, unintentionally, a compliment, because, as a discerning military tactician afterwards remarked, "No general worthy of the name could fail in that capacity."

To be described as a "foreman" means that he is essentially a splendid man of business. He has led armies to victory simply through his innate genius for organization. We saw a fine display of business-tactics and strategy in the way in which he settled things for us in South Africa after Lord Roberts had departed from the scene. It has been truthfully said that by his aid we did not merely beat the Boers; we conciliated them. At Khartum, and even earlier in his career, he gave abundant proof of his skill as a business soldier. Lord Kitchener has the gift of silence, so invaluable to a great

business man. Soldiers who have seen active service under him testify that when fighting is afoot K. of K. invariably keeps his own counsel. There is never any leakage of information when he is in command, because, so far as those around him can gather, there is never any information to leak!

"A thing is ordered. It must be done. No excuses will avail," are the three great working precepts Lord Kitchener's subordinates must ever keep before them. And so it happened during the Khartum expedition, when an officer lost a Nile steamer through another man's stupidity he was a ruined man, since the responsibility was his. The fruits of long years of meritorious services were destroyed. K. of K. does not find it easy to forgive a failure. . . . But, after all, a man who has been called upon to fight the battles of the Empire cannot afford to be a sentimentalist.

What Is to Become of The Preacher?

A STRONG article on the smallness of the salaries paid to clergymen appears in *Hampton's Magazine*, from the pen of Dr. Thomas E. Green, which will set many people thinking. He takes first a typical case.

The Reverend Charles Wesley Bradley is pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church in a thriving Wisconsin town of twenty-seven hundred inhabitants. We shall call this town Cedarville.

Cedarville stands in the midst of one of the most fertile farming regions in the Middle West. Situated in a southern tier of counties, its county line joins the rich Rock River valley of northern Illinois. Farm lands in the neighborhood are worth a hundred and fifty dollars an acre.

The two thousand and seven hundred people of Cedarville are almost all prosperous. For the most part they are intelligent, well educated, highly moral, good citizens. The town has two banks, a couple of weekly newspapers, a creamery, a grain elevator and a fine new high school.

Not an undesirable place for the Reverend Charles Wesley Bradley to be assigned to by the annual conference. The parsonage, though small, is a cheerful, well-built frame cottage. The Bradleys have lived in much worse houses; in fact, they have seldom lived in a better one. In the course of twenty years' itinerancy, a Methodist minister's family has a chance to experience a variety of housing conditions, and learns to be satisfied with mere comfort.

In addition to the house, Mr. Bradley's congregation allows him for his services as their pastor the sum of \$800 a year—that is, they promise him \$800. Generally the quarterly payments are in arrears.

Periodically this question of the minister's salary becomes acute, and the parish board of directors hold a series of meetings to consider ways and means of making up the deficit. When the relief comes and the minister is paid his back salary, the board always appears to be making him a present. He is expected to be grateful, and to show his apprecia-

tion by working a little harder than before.

To be sure he is grateful. The matter of arrears in salary is in a constantly acute stage in the privacy of the minister's family. His wife, who is the business manager of the household, never rests from her responsibility of paying old bills. At forty she looks back on what seems a long life of poverty as hopeless as it was pathetic; a poverty that must hide its face behind a pretense of comfort and contentment, and that must contrive somehow to live up to the requirements of gentility demanded by a clergyman's social position.

The family must dress neatly, the children must be educated, the home must be attractive to visitors, there must always be room at table for a chance guest. The problem of maintaining the standard on a small income paid at uncertain intervals keeps the minister's wife in a state of nervous tension, hardly ever relaxed. Sometimes her tired nerves give way in a fit of temporary rebellion.

Mrs. William Anderson was the wife of the president of Cedarville's largest bank, and the leading woman in Mr. Bradley's congregation. Childless, rich, energetic, Mrs. Anderson gave much of her time to parish activities. She was the president of the Ladies' Aid Society, president of the Woman's Missionary Society, and active in all the Epworth Leagues, temperance societies, Bible study circles and the like which make up the life of a church.

Her motor car purred at the curb as she trailed her silken skirts into the little parlor of the parsonage.

"I've only a moment, Mr. Bradley," she said cheerfully. "Mr. Anderson is waiting for me to drive him to the farm. It's such a charming day to go to the country, isn't it? I wanted to make sure, though, that you remember that next Sunday is our annual collection for foreign missions. I do hope you will urge the congregation to give liberally. We want a good showing in the conference report, you know, and we must do our part in the great missionary movement which is waking up the church just now. Thirty thousand additional missionaries called for, just think of it! I hope Mrs. Bradley is well. Give her my love, and you *will* say all

you can next Sunday for the missions, won't you?"

"Surely," agreed the minister. "Missionary activity is the very life of the church. I had not forgotten, but thank you for coming just the same."

The motor car spun round the corner, the minister went slowly back to his shabby desk and sank wearily into his chair. Before him lay a circular of the Missionary Board, its headline in bold type staring him in the face:

"Fifty Millions for Missions."

For the first time, or perhaps not for the first, but for the hundredth time, it occurred to the Reverend Charles Wesley Bradley, "Why, in the name of common sense, did I not become a foreign missionary instead of an itinerant parson?" It is too late to wonder now. The Reverend Mr. Bradley, at forty-six years of age, with four half-grown children and a tired wife, is undesirable timber for the foreign mission service. But if he only had chosen the foreign field—

In Cedarville he is getting \$800 a year and a house, say \$1,000 in all. That is, he is promised that much, but getting it is more or less problematical.

In the foreign field he would have been paid at least \$1,500, and he would have received it with clockwork regularity. Moreover, the purchasing power of \$1,500 in American gold is so much greater in foreign lands than in the United States that the missionary finds his income almost three times as large as the figures indicate.

In addition to his income there is frequently a salary paid his wife. The Missionary Board does not ask the missionary's wife to perform the unpaid services expected of the parson's hard-worked, unappreciated partner. If the missionary's wife teaches or nurses or helps with the Gospel work, she is paid for it—as she should be, of course. The missionary's wife does not even have the drudgery of taking care of her babies. For every baby that arrives the family income enables her to employ a patient, efficient, silent-footed, restful servant.

Rare indeed is the minister at home who can have three or four quick, industrious, obedient servants, his own conveyance, a comfortable, not to say commodi-

ous dwelling, and a position of social eminence.

And there is no peril any more in the work of a missionary, if he be content to be simply a missionary. Let him keep clear of politics and avoid the ever-present temptations of mixing in with the grasping avarice and dishonesty of business promotion and he is as safe in Japan, in India, in equatorial Africa as he is in Wisconsin.

"Fifty Millions for Missions!" Every meeting of the Protestant churches in conference echoes this demand. Fifty millions, mark you, in addition to the regular appropriations of the missionary boards of the churches. The great sum has been called for and it will undoubtedly be found.

Of course, only a small part of the money will reach the thousand million heathens for whose conversion it is spent, although the fund will be administered with the most religious honesty, and with no little ability into the bargain. Converting the heathen is about the most expensive luxury in which the church indulges.

It has always been an item in the budget of the missionary board that it took one dollar to make a dollar efficient in the field. That will halve the appropriation. Actually, the cost of missions is greater than that. At least a missionary whom I met last year in Japan, on his way home on furlough after eight years'

work in India, told me that every dollar that came into actual practical use in his work had cost the Foreign Missionary Society three dollars and seventy-five cents to put it there.

Nevertheless, if it costs six dollars, instead of three dollars and seventy-five cents, the money would still be spent. The conscience of Christendom demands missionaries. Look at the situation.

According to the figures set forth by the World's Geographical Society, the population of the earth in round numbers is 1,440,000,000.

According to the most hopeful and optimistic figures compiled by religious statisticians, one billion of them are not Christians. Four hundred and forty millions comprehend the membership of all the divergent and oftentimes warring sorts and kinds of Christians. A thousand million of the world's teeming life make up "the perishing heathen."

Among the various nations and peoples there are 13,350 missionaries, for whose support the religious forces of the United States contribute this year ten million dollars.

Since the vast majority of the heathen, when they are not persisting in their allegiance to Mohammed or Confucius, are continuing to bow down to wood and stone, it is apparent that we need more missionaries and more millions. The call has gone forth for thirty thousand new missionaries and fifty million dollars to back them up.



SMOKING ROOM STORIES

In a burst of penitence little Freddie was telling his mother what a wicked boy he had been.

"The other day, mama," he said, "I found the church door unlocked and I went inside. There wasn't anybody there and I—"

"You didn't take anything away, did you, son?" she asked.

"Worse than that; I—"

"Did you mutilate the hymn-books or play any tricks of that kind?"

"Oh, lots worse than that, mama," sobbed Freddie. "I went and sat down in the amen corner and said 'Darn it.'"—*The Housekeeper*.

* * *

O'Toole—"An' why are yez wearin' mournin', Muldoon?"

Muldoon—"Shure an' Oi hov t'. Th' iditor ov a magazine Oi 've been takin' wrote me yisterd'y an' sed thot me sub-scripshun hod expired."—*Judge*.

* * *

A woman in one of the factory towns of Massachusetts recently agreed to take charge of a little girl while her mother, a seamstress, went to another town for a day's work.

The woman with whom the child had been left endeavored to keep her contented, and among other things gave her a candy dog, with which she played happily all day.

At night the dog had disappeared, and the woman inquired whether it had been lost.

"No, it ain't lost," answered the little girl. "I kept it 'most all day, but it got so dirty that I was ashamed to look at it; so I et it."—*Lippincot's*.

A number of years ago, when Alvey A. Adee was Third Assistant Secretary of State, an employe of the State Department was called to the 'phone, and the following colloquy ensued:

"Will you kindly give me the name of the Third Assistant Secretary of State?" asked the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Adee."

"A. D. what?"

"A. A. Adee."

"Spell it, please."

"A."

"Yes."

"A."

"Yes."

"A—."

"You go to the devil!" and the receiver was indignantly hung up.—*Metropolitan Magazine*.

* * *

In a southern county of Missouri years ago, when the form of questioning was slightly different from now, much trouble was experienced in getting a jury in a murder trial.

Finally an old fellow answered every question satisfactorily; he had no prejudices, was not opposed to capital punishment, and was generally considered a valuable find. Then the prosecutor said solemnly:

"Juror, look upon the prisoner; prisoner, look upon the juror."

The old man adjusted his spectacles and peered at the prisoner for a full half minute. Then, turning to the court, he said:

"Judge, durned if I don't believe he's guilty."—*Kansas City Star*.



One of the Inclined Railways for Reaching the Mountain Top

Hamilton— Canada's Manufacturing Centre

HAMILTON, situated at the head of navigation on Lake Ontario, is the leading manufacturing city of Canada.

Not only is it noted as a manufacturing centre, but as a city of homes. Lying in the very garden of Canada, living is comparatively cheap as the fruit and vege-



A Section of the Gore at Night



Hamilton from the Mountain.
One of the Finest Views on the Continent

table districts of the Niagara Peninsula are on its eastern boundary.

Its splendid water supply, healthy climate, beautiful system of parks, pleasant homes, numerous recreation facilities, boating, etc., all tend to make Hamilton an ideal residential spot for high-class operatives in almost any line of manufacture.

As a shipping point, for manufacturers, its location geographically could not be better.

In addition to an excellent harbor, with six lines of boats making it a port of call, are six steam railways and four suburban electric roads.

The building regulations are well defined and the value of building permits

in 1910 was \$2,545,280, an increase of over \$1,000,000 as compared with 1909.

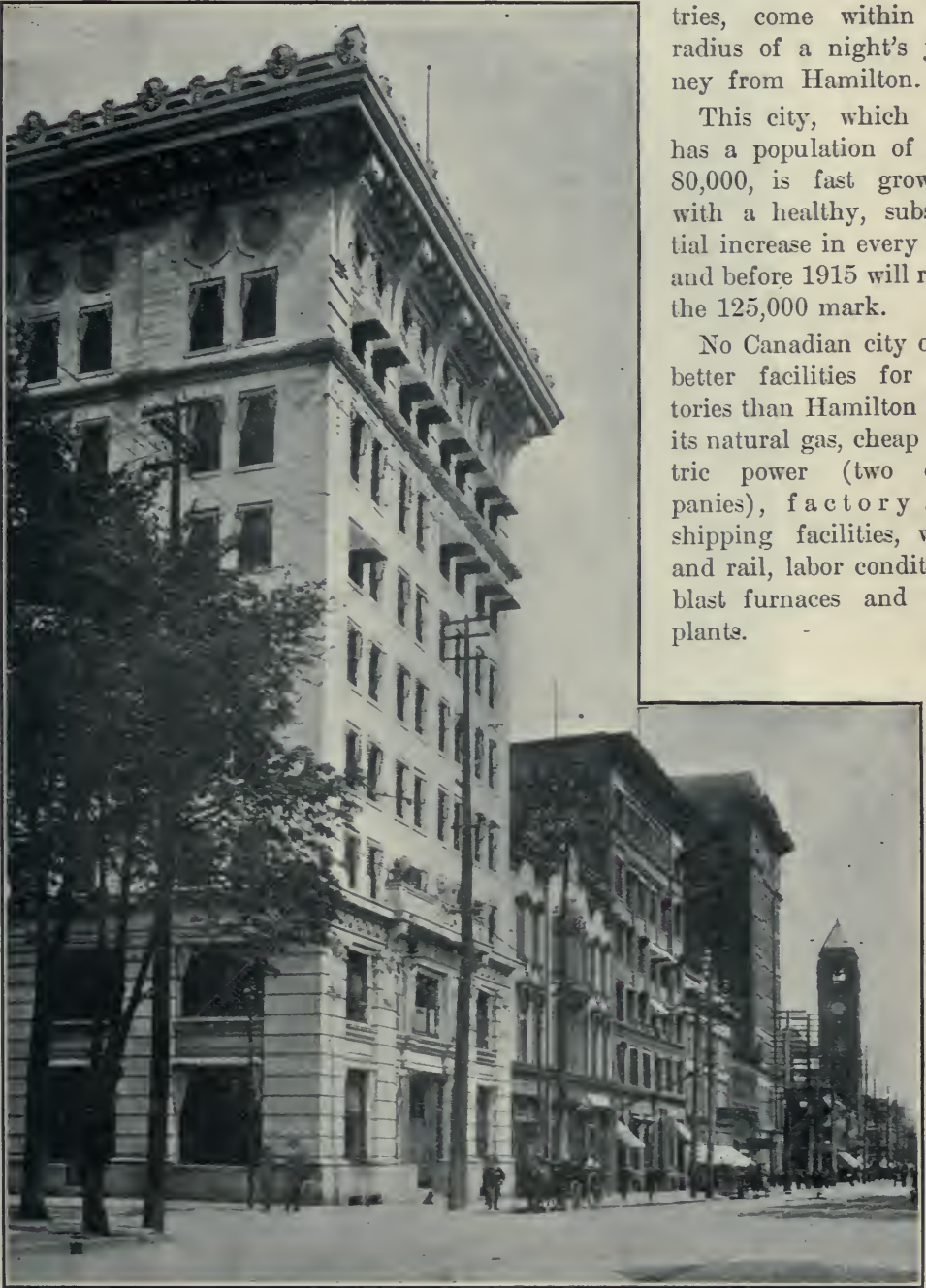
There were sixty-five permits for new factories and factory additions in 1910.

Altogether, there are four hundred factories in this city, with an invested capital of over \$40,000,000, paying in yearly wages over \$13,000,000 and putting on the market manufactured products to the value of \$50,000,000. The above facts and figures go to show most convincingly Hamilton's importance as a manufacturing centre and what the local industrial activity means to the country in general.

Practically all of the important manufacturing and financial cities of Canada and the United States, including the financial and political capitals of both coun-



King Street East at Night



James Street looking North from the Federal Life Building to the City Hall;
Spectator Building midway, Bank of Hamilton just below.

tries, come within the radius of a night's journey from Hamilton.

This city, which now has a population of over 80,000, is fast growing, with a healthy, substantial increase in every year and before 1915 will reach the 125,000 mark.

No Canadian city offers better facilities for factories than Hamilton with its natural gas, cheap electric power (two companies), factory sites, shipping facilities, water and rail, labor conditions, blast furnaces and steel plants.



A Corner of Gore Park Showing the Style of Electric Street Lighting.

The reason why your factory should be located in Hamilton is because forty-four American firms have chosen Hamilton in preference to all other Canadian cities as the place in which to build their plants.

Because there is more United States Capital invested in Hamilton in industrial pursuits than in any other Canadian city.

Because every United States concern that has come to Hamilton has prospered and increased its plant.

Because several important Canadian industries have preferred to remove their plants from other Canadian cities to Hamilton.

For full information, write to

J. G. HENDERSON,

Commissioner of Industries,

Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

Why Man of Today Is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient

By

Walter Walgrove

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The American Man because the race is swifter every day; competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him: the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman, because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire world ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how

regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves: or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste, all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every re-

quirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could, the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued, becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and, as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation, poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system, warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise entitled, "Why Man of To-day is Only 50 per cent. Efficient," which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mentioning that they have read this article in *MacLean's Magazine*.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

Editorial Bulletin

This magazine has received recently a number of letters from officials of the Churches in Canada, and a formal resolution from a Methodist District meeting, in regard to an article which the September issue contained. The points raised are grave ones and ones in which the reading public of Canada cannot fail to be interested. In fairness to our critics and to ourselves we are setting forth the facts more fully on special pages in this number. We are there publishing our reply and an announcement in connection with that reply. We thank our critics for setting us right when we have been in the wrong. At the same time we must ask them to do us justice by reading our reply and announcement. We have not sufficient space in this part of the magazine to make room for it here.

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"The Black Canadian" is the title of the leading article in the November issue of the magazine. The Canadian people have many times been troubled with problem of selecting the people who are to be the fathers and mothers of future Canadians and with whom present day Canadians must live side by side. We have decided that we do not approve of the yellow man. We are not in a mood to accept more "objectionables" from the South of Europe. And recently we have been slightly alarmed by reports that the negroes of the United States were immigrating to the Canadian West.

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The article in the next issue of MacLean's Magazine will be a study of this problem "The Black Canadian." It will not be an alarmist article but will inform Canadians as to just what record the negro has already made in Canada. It will tell the story of the Essex negroes, will show what sort of citizens they made, and what the "Black Canadian" is doing to-day. Canadians everywhere are bound to face this problem. MacLean's Magazine has no desire to alarm anyone. It will try to present the *facts* about the Canadian Negro and leave it for the readers of the magazine to draw their own conclusions.

There will be in the next issue some unusually good stories. Good Canadian fiction is not always easy to obtain, but MacLean's Magazine is looking for it, and in fact looking for everything that can be made of interest to the citizen of this country who wishes to be well informed upon the affairs of his own nation. There will be at least six excellent articles, including a character sketch of Reverend Dr. Carman, "The Pope of the Methodist Church," and a number of other subjects well illustrated with the best photographs we can obtain.

THE EDITORS.



"WE AND THE CLOUDS AND THE WIND WERE ONE BROTHERHOOD."

"Up in the Air."

MacLean's Magazine

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The History of the Forgets

By

James Grant

OVER forty years ago a rosy-cheeked, chubby and very gentlemanly French-Canadian lad, dressed in Lower Canada homespun, climbed one morning onto a stool, at a desk in the book-keeping department of a wholesale dry goods house in Montreal, and began the career of Louis Joseph Forget.

He was a good book-keeper. - He was quick and by his quickness secured leisure for his own pursuits. His pastime was Arithmetic. He loved the multiplication table. He adored the processes of addition and subtraction. He kept little scraps of blank paper and a pencil always at hand, wherewith, when his duties were over, he *figured*. He peopled his young life with figures. He dreamed of figures and learned a thousand things about the multiplication table which no one else would have seen at his age.

The senior partner of the dry goods house had not much liking for boys but he could not help watching this latest addition to his book-keeping staff—figuring. He, himself, had a habit of making additions, subtractions and multiplications on the narrow margins of mysterious papers labelled "Annual Report." When the junior clerk could get his hands on one of

these discarded annual reports he, in turn, turned his analyzing pencil to work upon it, poring over the things which this annual report meant, until one day the senior partner caught him and demanded, in a rough tone, what he was doing.

The junior was so frightened that it took him a long time to explain the case; but the story came out, word by word, and the senior partner, being after all a kindly man at heart, was interested.

"You see," said the little French-Canadian, "I have—I have saved—a—a little, m'sieu', and my family out in the Province—they have saved some money m'sieu', so that I was looking to see if there might be something—"

"That would pay good interest and be a good investment for the future," concluded the employer, tersely. "Hmph! I see," and then, abruptly, "What's your name?"

"Louis Joseph Forget, m'sieu'."

The senior partner took an interest in Forget and gave him advice on investments. The boy was apt—remarkably so. One day the chief said:

"Louis, this is no place for you. You should be a stock-broker."



• THE LATE SENATOR L. J. FORGET

"Oui, m'sieu'," said Louis Joseph, "you must be right," and ten days later, or thereabouts, the dry goods house knew the junior book-keeper no more. Forget was in a stock-broker's office, on another high stool.

This was the beginning of that Forget's real career. He studied stocks more closely. Having mastered the art of figures he studied men; he read in the book which is older than any sacred script, the book of Human Nature as written on the tablets of faces. He was a devout churchman. He made many friends. When he was barely twenty he opened an office of his own. The friends he had made came to the new office and brought their money, their friends and their friends' money. Louis Joseph Forget, wise in arithmetic, wise in the history of stocks and securities, wise in human nature, became successful.

Thus began the first of the Forgets, the founders of "Forget et Cie." A little while ago the ex-junior book-keeper of the dry goods house, died, and was lamented as one of the greater men of Canada.

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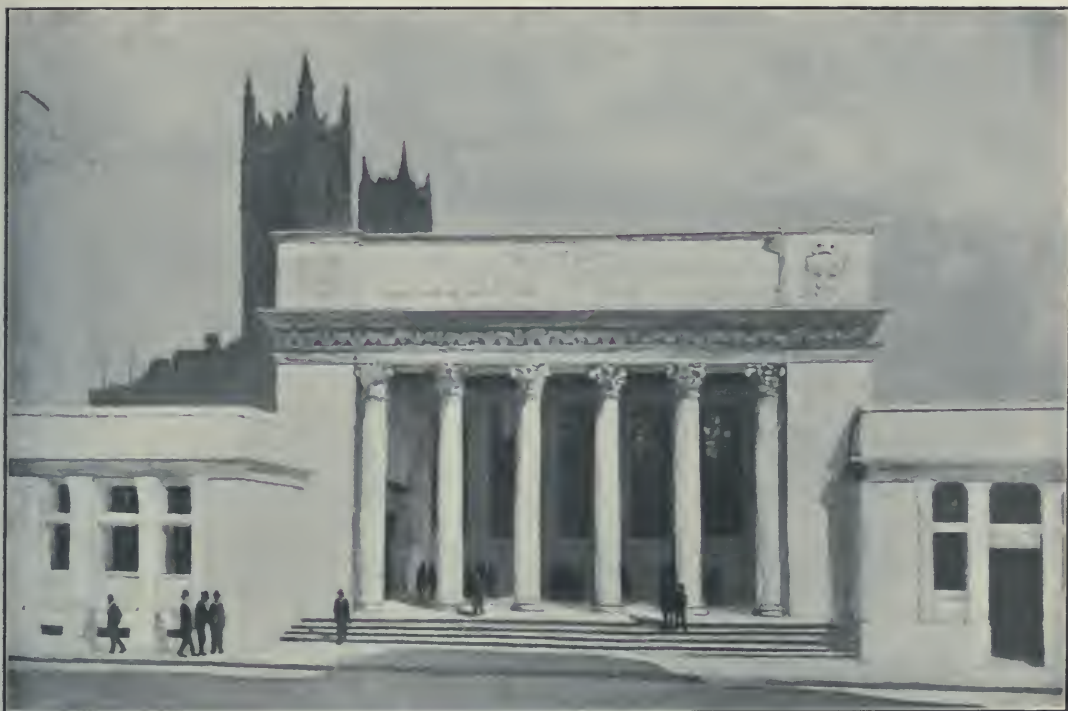
There remains now, Mr. Rodolphe Forget, nephew of Louis Joseph. He now is

the leader of French-Canadian Financial interests. In the last few years he has been becoming a more and more important figure and especially in the last few weeks with the organization of a ten-million dollar Paris-Montreal bank.

Now Rodolphe Forget is even less of a fool than his Uncle the Senator—which is a negative way of saying how great a man he is. But the real proof of Rodolphe Forget lies in the history of his recent encounters with Sir William MacKenzie. At least, this is the way the story goes.

The Toronto Street Railway Company has for years been, as it were, saturated with Montreal money. For years, Mr. Forget has been advising his French-Canadian clients in Montreal to make the people of Toronto contribute to their wealth by using the Toronto Street Railway in getting to and from the office, and home for lunch.

For years, however, Mr. Forget has been trying to make the Toronto Street Railway increase its dividends. The stock of that estimable corporation has been hanging around one hundred and ten for so long that it worried Mr. Forget, and whereas the Roman Catholic investors of Montreal



THE MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE — SCENE OF MANY OF THE FORGETS' ACTIVITIES

are said to eat out of his hand, he has nevertheless a certain duty to them in seeing that Toronto Street Railway paid a better dividend. Just the other day the announcement was made that the Toronto Railway Company would "cut a melon" for its shareholders, but there are few people who were aware that the announcement was also the announcement that Rodolphe Forget had, as it were, "put one over" on Sir William Mackenzie, the wily.

Rumor has it, that when the next to the last directors' meeting was called to pass the dividend for the Toronto Railway Company, Mr. Forget came up from Montreal, prepared to demand that the dividends be increased. The meeting was due a little before noon. Sir William Mackenzie knew of Mr. Forget's presence in town and of his intentions toward that directors' meeting, and he therefore took the precaution—so it is said—of running over to the Street Railway offices and directing the secretary to issue the regular dividend notices, and postponing the directors' meeting. This done, Sir William hopped on his special car and trotted

merrily away to Winnipeg, leaving Mr. Rodolphe Forget stewing.

But Forget's day came.

Mackenzie wanted to increase the capital of the Toronto Power Company the other day by two million dollars. He wished also to issue eight million dollars in bonds, wherewith to buy the Toronto Electric Light Company. These bonds were to be guaranteed by the Toronto Railway Company, just as the new stock of the Toronto Power Company was to be bought by the Street Railway Company. Sir William had it all planned. It was as simple as the proverbial manner of vacating a log—as simple as out-witting Mr. Rodolphe Forget.

But Forget, having been once fooled was five times wise. He came rolling down King Street from the King Edward Hotel with a fist full of proxies from his clients in Montreal. He sought out Sir William Mackenzie before the directors' meeting was due and he said to him something like this: "Now Sir William, you want those bonds guaranteed and the ex-



LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. RODOLPHE FORGET, M.P.

tra stock bought by the Toronto Street Railway?"

Sir William said yes.

"Well," replied Forget, "These things shall happen *provided*—that you arrange for a dividend of eight per cent. on the stock of the Toronto Railway Company and—ah—dispense a bonus."

There was no answer, but Mackenzie did it.

Born on 10th December, 1861, in the French-Canadian town of Terrebonne, near Montreal, he has not yet celebrated his half century birthday. He is the son of Mr. David Forget and Angele Limoges, both of old French families. The Forgets, of this family, came from Normandy. The late Senator's father and his family lived near David, the father of Rodolphe. They were known all over Charlevoix County for their thinking habits, their sound religious spirit, their good citizenship and thrift. Rodolphe's wits were sharpened by mixing with clever people. His schoolmates at Masson College of Terrebonne, were all members of representative families, like the Tourvilles, the Macdonalds and Tailons, many of whom have risen to distinction. Rodolphe was always a strippling. He was tall for his age and precocious. He was keen as a briar and especially quick in his decisions, although he was not impulsive.

A quarter of a century ago, Rodolphe Forget was known in Montreal as a junior member of a stock-brokerage house—"L. J. Forget & Co.," "Courtiers"—as they are called in French, who handled the entire financial dealings of the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec. This alone would have occupied a large firm. However, the new Montreal Street Railway and the Montreal Light, Heat and Power were children of the brains of the Forgets. They believed in the future and concentrated their energies and their money on developing these companies. They had become among the strongest in the country. The Forget interests bought, at a critical time, most of the stock of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. Rodolphe was very active on the Montreal Stock Exchange. Whenever there was a sharp advance in certain power or railway stocks, or when there was any big deal being carried out anywhere in the Province of Quebec,

Montrealers naturally looked to find young Forget's hand in it. He was called "a wonder" for several reasons. One was that he could always put a stock up when all others thought it was already too high. It is said that Rodolphe Forget "gets the crowd short" and then puts on "the squeeze" and makes them put the price up on themselves. Some people are afraid of him.

A few years ago he separated from his uncle and opened brokerage offices at the corner of St. Francois Xavier and Notre Dame Streets, near the Stock Exchange on the Wall Street of Canada. He was many times President of the Exchange and was instrumental in the building of the new Exchange building.

There was another adventure of his in the town of Quebec. There had existed there for years and years a rather pitiful group of corporations which limped along in a hand-to-mouth sort of fashion and which were a continual source of anxiety to the shareholders. There was the city railway service, a suburban service and a gas company, and three others. They were equally far gone in decay.

When Forget became interested, the people who held the stock tried to keep straight faces so as not to show how anxious they were to be rid of their stock-holdings. When these gentlemen found themselves bought out they could scarcely repress a shout, and all through the City of Quebec there was great rejoicing. Meanwhile the financial people of Canada laughed to hear how Rodolphe Forget was selling stock in his merger in France. What a wise fox was he, said they, to go to France! Poor French investors!

Forget foresaw the completion of the Quebec bridge, during the construction of which employment must be given to thousands of men, which would necessarily mean increased traffic on the trams included in the merger. He saw that the dry docks to be constructed there would be a large and permanent industry. Further, he knew of a group of capitalists who were going to build new, enormous pulp and paper mills very near the ancient capital, and that the Provincial Government had planned extensive general development schemes for the whole north-

ern section of the province, which would mean much for Quebec.

He was one of the largest holders of stock in the Quebec Railway & Light Co., that is, the old company. He merged five companies into one. When it was learned that he had pledged himself to sell the stock at fifty, there was laughter among the brokers. But he did it. Quebec stock went on climbing. He announced that he had intended offering to the public \$4,200,000, but it was taken up by the underwriters and he had to announce that all the securities had been disposed of by private sale.

He sailed to Paris one day last October. Wise ones said he had gone to make a market for Quebec. Suddenly the Quebec stock began to rise in Montreal. His influence seemed to have reached across the ocean, for during his absence the stock rose ten points and even touched sixty-two.

He had a set-back last fall when he tried to get control of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co., of New Glasgow, N.S. While he was using his heaviest financial forces to capture "Scotia," Harris, the president of that company, measured swords with him, and perhaps through over-confidence, for it was certainly no lack of ability, Forget failed. On the whole, however, he has been extraordinarily successful. Latterly he has devoted himself to the organizing of companies—

mainly public utility concerns—sometimes reorganizing them or binding them into a merger. His most notable constructive venture recently was the formation of the Canada Cement Co., in which he was one of the prime movers. He was a prominent factor in the recent Dominion Iron & Steel and Dominion Coal Co. battle.

In 1904 he was elected to the Federal House for his native county. He has represented the county ever since.

He is better as a financier than as a politician. He exerts considerable influence in the party on account of his financial potentialities, but his standing is said to have been somewhat impaired by the rumor that he is allied with the few rather weak "insurgents" against Mr. Borden. This may have been misinformation on the part of persons in Ottawa.

He is very active in charitable matters. He takes an active interest in civic affairs, university problems and military work. He is honorary colonel of the 65th Voltigeurs, of Montreal.

He was married twice, first in 1885 to the late Miss Tourville, and in 1894 to Miss Blanch MacDonald. His family consists of three sons and two daughters. His love of home is one of his best French-Canadian characteristics, and when asked what he most desires he invariably replies, "More time to spend with my wife and family."

TIMELY THIS TIME

I've striven hard for timeliness,
But just as sure as fate
Some other fellow writes the stuff
And mine's a trifle late.

I think I'll beat him out this time,
I fancy *he'll* be vexed.
When he reads these timely verses on
The summer after next.

—James P. Haverson.

The Four Lauriers

Being an impressionistic, but not unfriendly,
view of Canada's great men

By H. Franklin Gadsby

THE Autocrat of the breakfast table calculates that there are three John Smiths—the real John, known only to his Maker, John as he thinks he is himself, and John as he appears to the world at large. The Autocrat was under rather than over the estimate, for the last John, the one that other people see, is capable of infinite subdivision. For example, there are four Sir Wilfrid Lauriers that I have met and observed, and goodness knows how many others that I only dimly suspect.

The first Laurier that holds the eye is the Laurier in a hostile Ontario. Many of us have seen him in Toronto, that two-faced city which tears the roof off Massey Hall cheering for him and then stabs him under the fifth rib when polling day comes. What sort of a figure does he cut in a province, which, if it doesn't absolutely hate him, is cold to him, because being Ontario, it is convinced that no good thing can come out of Quebec? This is the way he does it. Listen:

Imagine a bright, sunny afternoon at Queen Victoria Park, Niagara Falls. The campaign of 1911, or is it 1912, is on. Or perhaps I've mixed it up with the campaign of 1908. Never mind! Sir Wilfrid is situated as he might be almost anywhere else in Ontario. He is in a Liberal riding, but he is entirely surrounded by his enemies, Welland County supports the Government, but Lincoln, Wentworth and Haldimand, which touch it on the west and south, send Conservative members to Parliament. This proportion fairly represents how the Premier of Canada stands in the good graces of the largest

and most populous province in the Dominion. Anywhere Sir Wilfrid Laurier goes in Ontario he is Daniel in the lion's den. Or, since Ontario is so largely Scotch and Presbyterian, it may be better to change the metaphor and say that everywhere he beards the Douglas in his hall.

But Sir Wilfrid is not dismayed. He knows his Ontario better than his Ontario knows him. The address has been read, the bouquet has been presented by a little girl mostly white stockings, and the band has played "Hail to the Chief." The Premier steps forward, bowing and smiling with French politeness. The very way he is dressed is a sign that he has read his book and learned all his lessons. There is, if you must know, a sort of likeness between Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The old Tory chief was clean-shaven, had a big nose, a long upper lip and a dome-shaped head, bald in front, and hair thick and clustering behind. That is Sir Wilfrid Laurier's picture, too, but the points of difference are quite as noticeable. In detail the likeness falls apart and disappears, but in the large it is strong enough for an astute politician to make use of and score a point. The main thing is that it exists, and that Sir Wilfrid is not above adding to it the red necktie and white vest which Sir John Macdonald so often favored.

In his day they used to say that Sir John Macdonald was like Disraeli and, as Disraeli was a great man and colorful in his clothes, Sir John copied him. Now Sir John is copied in his turn by Sir Wilfrid, who seeks whatever success there may be in a judicious selection of waistcoats

and cravats. Some people step into dead men's shoes; others utilize their vests and neckties. It is an interesting reflection that Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, is remotely responsible for all the red neckties in Canadian politics. And that the red necktie is a working force among Ontario Conservatives to-day let no one deny who remembers the campaign Sir Charles Tupper made in 1896. It was then he dug up Hugh John Macdonald, the surviving image, though somewhat weaker in the drawing, of his illustrious father. Hugh John did not have his father's brains, but he did have his father's easy manners and his father's nose and he wore red neckties like his father's, which is as near as a wise son can come to knowing his own father, and good enough for campaign purposes anyway. Hugh John made a great hit everywhere in Ontario. He always spoke with a bust of his father on the table beside him. He wore a red necktie; so did the bust. Sometimes he would blow his nose to call attention to the patent facts; the bust quivered sympathetically. At evening meetings the committee usually had it arranged to throw red light on Hugh John, the bust, and the red neckties. The effect was extremely moving. It went down to history as the Nose and Necktie Campaign.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has never forgotten what a red necktie can do in Ontario. There are doubtless weak-kneed Conservatives in that crowd at Niagara Falls, sentimental old fellows, who find the road to yesterday through Sir Wilfrid's Laurier's white vest and are twenty-one again and cracking heads for Sir John on election day. And the red necktie lights them on their way back. And Sir Wilfrid, with that art which conceals art, says nothing on that particular point, but just lets the necktie do the speaking for him. It is art, of course, but it is a touch of nature too. It will be seen that Sir Wilfrid does not overlook any bets. He is, perhaps, more practical than his friends give him credit for.

And while Sir Wilfrid's red necktie is making its quiet appeal to wavering Tory hearts, what is his voice doing? Oh the necromancer! He is invoking for the Grits the shades of their great Ontario dead. He is reminding them that Alex-

ander Mackenzie, the honestest man that ever breathed, was in his time reviled also. He is proclaiming himself a Baldwin Liberal. What won't Saul do when he needs influential names to conjure with? "And Samuel said to Saul, 'Why hast thou disquieted be to bring me up?' And Saul answered, 'I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me.'"

Outside Baldwin and Alexander Mackenzie and the red necktie, Sir Wilfrid Laurier doesn't employ much sentiment in addressing Ontario. He is too wise to scatter 'ears, or raise lumps in the throats of a hard-headed people. With Niagara Falls as his drop-scene he might say many things, which he shows his good sense by not doing. He might burn up a lot of rhetoric telling how his distant forbears discovered the Falls and held the fort then, just as he is trying to do, and he might blind the people and draw cataracts over their eyes that way. But he doesn't. He might compare himself with the Falls and show how each stands about as good a chance of ever occurring again, because there will never be another French-Canadian premier in Canada. That trick can be pulled off only once. It's not many years now when the sceptre will depart from Quebec and the West will be making premiers. He might do that. But he doesn't. Seeing it is an open air meeting, he might ventilate the questions of the day. But he doesn't. He leaves the tabulated statements and tedious explanations to Rodolph Lemieux and George Graham. He does what Macaulay accused Horace Walpole of doing—he chooses only the most interesting parts of his subject. Which is hard on Rodolph Lemieux, who is a word painter himself and can strew flowers.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier might argue. But he doesn't. To tell the truth, the Premier doesn't care for argument, in which respect he also resembles Sir John Macdonald, who was an adept at speaking beside the question. In Quebec Sir Wilfrid uses soaring thoughts and poetic fancies. In Ontario he uses something else, but it is not argument. If a speech addressed to pure reason is what voters want they will get it far better from R. L. Borden than from Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In short, Mr. Borden's speeches are as far ahead of Sir Wilfrid's in fact and solid substance

as Edward Blake's used to be ahead of Sir John Macdonald's. And the analogy goes even further. Mr. Borden's speeches are received just as coldly as Mr. Blake's used to be, and one word from Sir Wilfrid Laurier will do as much to make a crowd forget what Leader Borden has been saying as one jest from Sir John would do to upset Mr. Blake's most eloquent periods. Some people call it magnetism. It is, perhaps, a better knowledge of human nature, a gift of putting oneself in the other man's place and telling him what he thinks himself. Mr. Borden, as Mr. Blake did, talks above people's heads; Sir John Macdonald never did; Sir Wilfrid Laurier never does. The crowd does not warm to Robert Borden any more than it did to Edward Blake, but it takes Sir Wilfrid Laurier to its heart much as it did Sir John Macdonald.

But I am getting away from my subject. It is still afternoon in Queen Victoria Park, Niagara Falls, and Sir Wilfrid is still speaking. He has caught his second wind and is putting reciprocity forward. Reciprocity, carried or not, is his trump card. Carried, it is a putative blessing; not carried, it is at least a good intention, which leaves a "benediction spread" like the sunset. Carried or not, it is a good election play, for the question is big enough to blot out the sins of a time-worn government and to eclipse Henri Bourassa and the Nationalists. Naturally Sir Wilfrid is making the most of it. He makes the most of it by hammering away at the salient points, stripped mostly of figures, for what he wants the audience to get is the idea, not the confusing details. He is giving the people just as much common sense as they can carry away without feeling tired. For a sample of how he does it, look at almost any speech of his on the subject in Hansard, for the unemotional House is very much like unemotional Ontario when it comes to a matter of business.

But the Premier has come to the last lap of his speech. There are charges and accusations made by the Opposition. Again the shade of John A. prompts him. He laughs a thing out of court when there is no other answer. He meets it as Sir John would—with a light word. He tells an old joke or an old story. The average Ontario voter doesn't care for new jokes

and new stories. It stretches his mind to grasp the strange face of them, but when he sees the old ones coming he begins to smile, as it were, at friends tried and true.

The Conservatives have said "Turn the rascals out; put us in." Sir Wilfrid comes back at them with Charles II's quip to his brother James, when that unpopular prince informed him of a plot to assassinate him, "They will never kill me to make you king." The Conservatives have said "Scandals." Sir Wilfrid counters, "There never was a man half so virtuous as Mr. Borden talks." The jest is a variant of Fox's gibe that "Nobody could ever be quite as wise as Lord Thurlow looked." The Conservatives have said "Extravagance." Sir Wilfrid parries out of Dickens, making use of Micawber to prove that thrift consists in living just within one's means. Here is Micawber's philosophy, as applied to the spendings of the Dominion of Canada. "Annual income, £20; expenditure, £20; result, happiness. Income, £20; expenditure, £20.6.0; result, misery. This is fooling and it goes. Yes, Sir Wilfrid talks good, racy, idiomatic English to Ontario, but his attitude is French. It is to banter. In a hostile Ontario he shrugs his shoulders.

The second Laurier that claims attention is the Laurier in Quebec. He has all the other heroes of that hero-worshipping province—Lafontaine, Cartier, Mercier, Chapleau—beaten a mile. Leaving the navy and individual politics out of the question, he unites all the qualities the French demand of their public men—grace, distinction, eloquence and stage presence. He is a man to turn and look at on any promenade in any company in the world. He might be taken for a great poet, a great actor, a great statesman. And any guess would be a good one, for he needs to be all three in his business. At all events, it is Quebec's boast that you couldn't mistake him for a little man anywhere. He is greater than the clergy; greater than that mauvais sujet, Henri Bourassa; greater even than Quebec, for he thinks in half continents and Quebec thinks only for herself.

His name is music in the Quebec believer's ear, for after all is said and done it is a French name and honor to Laurier is honor to the race. Envious people say that what Laurier gets in Quebec is divine

homage such as the ancient Romans paid their emperors, and that what the Quebec audiences should use at their political meetings is not benches and chairs, but prayer-mats. There are stories—manufactured, of course—to illustrate what the simple habitant is supposed to feel about his great compatriot. When it was announced that King Edward VII had ascended the throne of England, Jean Baptiste is figured as exclaiming: "What a pull he must have had with Laurier!" Another one is that Laurier's exact size was being discussed in a little Quebec village on the St. Lawrence. The great men of all times and climes had been mentioned. It was Jean Baptiste's verdict that Laurier's greatness exceeded them all, as the sun outshines a candle. "But," said the quizzer, "is he greater than the Almighty?" "Perhaps not," was the reluctant reply, "but you mus' remember Sir Wilfrid, he is only a young man yet."

Sir Wilfrid himself is not without a sense of his own value with his own people. Being twitted once by a platform opponet, he quoted the words of the French philosopher, who, when asked what he thought of himself, replied "Very little when I judge; very much when I compare." All of which goes to prove that he is sure of his place in the hearts of his countrymen. He comes to his own and his own receive him like a god. And no other gods of the market place can put out his light. At the Quebec Tercentary he shared the cheers with "Bobs." Indeed Quebec took its cue from him as to how the applause should be divided. After the addresses had been read at the King's Wharf, where the Prince landed, there was a pause which was gracefully, heartily and diplomatically filled by the Premier of Canada, who stepped forward with his gold-laced, cocked hat in his hand, and led off with three cheers and a tiger for His Royal Highness. If Edward VII's son was "in right" at the Quebec Tercentary, it was Sir Wilfrid Laurier who put him there. But how would visitors, innocent of Canadian politics, puzzle it out. The Crown Prince would dash by, with his escort of scarlet and gold, and the crowd would dutifully cheer. The glittering calvacade would be followed, perhaps, by a plain, open carriage, in which would be seated a tall, slender man

in the simple attire of a gentleman of the twentieth century—but having the grand air withal—and the sky would split with Vive Laurier! So far as Quebec was concerned, there were two royalties at these fetes—George, Prince of Wales, heir apparent of Edward VII, and Wilfrid Laurier, the reigning King of Canada.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier loves his Quebec and his Quebec loves him. And of all places in it he loves most its quaint old capital city, which was the beginning of Canada, and he has often said that when he leaves politics or politics leave him, here he would like to pass his remaining days and here die and be buried. The reason Sir Wilfrid loves Quebec is because it is soaked with history. Every foot of it is sacred ground; every inch of it teems with sentiment. It is the experience of the ages that, when kings and statesmen have had their say, there is something beyond wisdom and right reason which determines the course of events. And that something is the feeling of the people—in short, sentiment. The world is ruled by sentiment, and there is no place in the world where sentiment is better conserved and oftener used than Quebec. Just as poets are in love with love, so is Quebec in love with sentiment, and always she asks of her orators that they speak with a full bosom. Politicians have to grasp this point at the start or they don't go far—in Quebec. In Ontario they call it rhetoric and sniff at it; in Quebec they speak of it as the fire of genius and warm themselves at it. Sir Wilfrid is a great orator of the kind Quebec likes. Critics say that his English is better than his French. That may be. All one can tell is that the French people of Quebec hang upon Sir Wilfrid's French and keep asking for more. At one meeting at Three Rivers, in the campaign of 1908, an old gentleman on the platform was so busy drinking in Sir Wilfrid's words that he swallowed his false teeth, and a patriot of 1837—they call 'em patriots there—in the audience, fainted through sheer emotion.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier gives his Quebec what his Quebec wants, just as he gives Ontario what Ontario wants. He is a skillful Autolycus, and suits his wares to his customers. He never for a moment lets go his grip of some of the largest feel-

ings in the human breast. He speaks of his old age. Sir Wilfrid is not old. His eye is bright, his mind clear, his voice strong, his form erect and buoyant. His picturesque hair is turning white, it is true, but it is not a badge of senility, it is a touch of color. Sir Wilfrid was only recently sixty-nine, and Palmerston was carrying the British Empire at eighty. However, it pleases Sir Wilfrid, just as it used to please Sir John Macdonald, to be old for campaign purposes. There is a stage in the game of politics when it's time for a statesman to be old and to claim the privileges and affections due to age. Sir Wilfrid has judged that for him this time has come. Therefore let him be old, and let Quebec and all the other provinces be tender to his white hairs.

Sir Wilfrid asks again to be let finish his work, the National Transcontinental Railway, which will place him on the same pinnacle of fame with his greatest predecessor, Sir John Macdonald, one of whose monuments is the C. P. R. Here is a statesman who seeks a memorial more lasting than brass, a fame equal to the greatest—after which let thy servant depart in peace. Quebec understands—and feels. Sir Wilfrid speaks of the new provinces he has helped to make and the principalities he has added to Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba. These are big words and big thoughts, brother men. It is, in short—to touch chords. In Quebec Sir Wilfrid lays his hand on his heart.

The third Laurier is the one we see in the House of Commons. Without being in the least a demagogue, the Prime Minister of Canada aims to be thought the tribune of the people. He goes to some pains to preserve the tradition that he is a democrat up to the hilt, in spite of titles before and letters after his name. Sometimes in the course of duty he has to put on his privy councillor's uniform and appear at state functions with his collars, ribbons and orders. But he does not choose to remain long in the public eye in such attire, and, as soon as decency will permit, slips away to his room and changes back to his everyday clothes. And what's more, he has always refused to have his photograph taken in "that gilded harness." Sir Wilfrid has a reputation for sunny ways. These sunny ways of his are only skin deep. Three-quarters of Sir Wilfrid's sunniness is just Gallic

politeness, the other quarter is tact and gracefulness. It is a sun that shines, but does not warm. At bottom the Premier is cold, calculating, absolute, adamant—firm, as successful premiers have to be.

He has no great gift of comradeship like Sir John Macdonald, whose sunshine was from the heart outward. He does not mingle freely with the members of his party. His little private retiring room, in the corridor off the press room, knows him oftener than Number Sixteen, where Liberals most do congregate. He rules, one would say, more by the admiration than by the affection he inspires. His temperamental inability to be a "good mixer" is all the more remarkable because Sir John Macdonald was such a fine hand at it. All poets have learned from Homer, and it is no derogation from Sir Wilfrid's greatness to say that he has models. On the great British orators—Pitt, Burke, Fox, Bright—Sir Wilfrid has formed his parliamentary style, and from Sir John Macdonald he has taken his tactics in the House. If he had it in him to be a "mixer" Sir Wilfrid would have been one, because Sir John was one, and everything Sir John did in the way of political manoeuvring was right.

In the Green Chamber Sir Wilfrid shows himself a captain adroit, aggressive, alert. He misses no little points of debate and sometimes, in the finesse of procedure, to get ahead of the Opposition, insists on what appear to be trifles. Mr. Borden's mind moves too slowly to circumvent the nimble casuist, who knows the rules and sub-rules of Todd and Bourn not better than Mr. Speaker himself.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's customary attitude in the House is bold and confident. The only time anyone ever saw Sir Wilfrid "rat" in the House was one afternoon when he got too far ahead for Quebec to follow him. It was only a small matter, but it proved that Sir Wilfrid would turn and go back if he had to do it to suit his pace to Quebec's. Dr. Roddick of Montreal had introduced a bill to create a central board of examiners for medical doctors, and to issue degrees which would be good all over the Dominion. The idea had many advantages. All the doctors in the House spoke up for it, and Sir Wilfrid himself made a little speech patting it on the back. Up rose Demers, of St. Jean and Iberville, known to be the

mouthpiece of Laval University. He said little, but that little was enough. It was little, but that little was enough. It was plain that Laval did not favor the bill. And if Laval didn't favor it, the clergy didn't favor it. And, though Sir Wilfrid may have won in 1896 by flouting the clergy on the Manitoba School question, he doesn't make a habit of it. The long and short of it was that Sir Wilfrid 'bout faced, the bill got the six months' hoist and was never heard of again. Only once again was Sir Wilfrid nervous about his Quebec majority, and that was when clause sixteen of the Autonomy Bill was amended to read differently but meant the same thing. However, Québec saw through it and stood true. And so, in the House of Commons, Laurier looks over his shoulder to see if Quebec is there.

The fourth Laurier is one that not many people see outside of deputations and axe-grinders—Laurier in his private

office in the Eastern Block. He is not at home to interviewers, but the man who succeeds in piercing the cordon of private secretaries and getting past the Premier's next friend, Mr. William Mackenzie, finds an entirely new personality from any he has been studying before. This is not the wary politician up to every move in a game full of sharp corners; this is not the spellbinder nor the sunny smiler; this is not even the practical statesman. This is a reserved and god-like being—Jove in a morning coat — seated high above our judgments. What his air conveys more than anything else is a profound detachment from sordid details. He does not fit into the devious game of politics as lesser men play it. He will not stain his mind by looking at their tricks and subterfuges. This is Laurier sitting for his picture in the gallery of fame. He must bear himself as if he already belonged to history.

AUTUMN

All day the clouds have hung in sombre stillness,
 And falling rain has wept among the trees,
 And lonely, haunting winds in bitter shrillness,
 Have bade the world list to their memories.
 While Autumn's veiling haze has draped the wood-
 lands,
 In tender pity for their mourning song,
 Sung to the curled brown leaves upon the hill-lands,
 That mock their sadness as they dance along!

All day, my heart has sung of fond old memories,
 In muffled minor chords that seem to break,
 That could not form one glorious lilting measure,
 Those tremulous ways such sacred windings
 take.
 The day so dreary cleared for evening's star;
 So may my heart rejoice for your dear sake!

—Amy E. Campbell.

Les Chateaux—and French Cookery

By

Anne Hollingsworth Wharton

THIS being a beautiful day, and the sunshine more brilliant than is usual on a September morning in this part of the world, we unanimously agreed to dedicate its hours to one of the most interesting of the neighboring chateaux. The most important question upon which we were not unanimous was whether Chenonceaux or Chinon should be the goal of our pilgrimage. Miss Cassandra voted unhesitatingly for Chenonceaux, which she emphatically announced to be the chateau of all others that she had crossed the ocean to see. "It is not a ruin like Chinon," she urged. "The buildings are in perfect condition, and the park and gardens of surpassing loveliness."

"Of course we expect to go to Chinon, dear Miss Cassandra," said I. "It is only a question of which we are to see to-day."

"Yes, my dear, but I have great faith in the bird in the hand, or, as the Portuguese gentleman expressed it, 'One I-have is worth two I-shall-haves.' The finger of fate seems to point to Chenonceaux to-day, for I dreamed about it last night, and Diana" (Miss Cassandra always gives the name of the fair enchantress its most uncompromising English pronunciation) "was standing on the bridge looking just like a portrait that we saw the other day, and in a gorgeous dress of black and silver. Now don't think, my dears, that I approve of Diana; she was decidedly light, and Lydia knows very well that the overseers of the meeting would have had to deal with her more than once; but when it comes to a choice between Diana and Catherine, I would always choose

Diana, whatever her faults may have been."

"Diane!" corrected a shrill voice above our heads.

We happened to be standing on the little portico by the garden, and looked around to see who was listening to our conversation, when again "Diane!" sang forth, followed by "*Bon jour, Madame,*" all in the exquisite accent of Touraine.

"It is Polly who is correcting my pronunciation," exclaimed Miss Cassandra, "and I really don't blame her." Then looking up at the cage, with a nod and a smile, she cried, "*Bon jour, jolie Marie!*"

Polly has learned some English phrases from the numerous guests of the house, and cordially greets us with "Good-by" when we enter, and "How do you do?" when we are leaving, which you may remember was just what Mr. Monard, who had the little French church in Philadelphia, used to do, until some person without any sense of humor undertook to set him straight. We trust that no misguided individual may ever undertake to correct Polly's English or Miss Cassandra's French, for, as Walter says, "To hear those two exchanging linguistic courtesies is one of the experiences that make life and travel worth while;" and the most amusing part of it is that the Quaker lady is as unconscious of the humor of the situation as the parrot.

After this little interlude, and while Polly was still puzzling over Miss Cassandra's salutation, "*Bon jour, jolie Marie,*" with her head cocked on one side, we continued our discussion, Miss Cas-

sandra pressing the claims of Chenonceaux by what she considered an unanswerable argument, "And you must remember, Zephine, that your favorite Henry James said that he would rather have missed Chinon than Chenonceaux, and that he counted as fortunate exceedingly the few hours that he passed at this exquisite residence." After this Parthian shaft, Miss Cassandra left us to put on her hat for Chenonceaux, for to Chenonceaux we decided to go, of course, taking a train at eleven o'clock from what the local guide is pleased to call the monumental railway station of Tours, and reaching the Chenonceaux station in less than an hour.

At the station we found an omnibus which conveyed us to the Hotel du Bon Laboureur, the Mecca of all hungry pilgrims, where a good luncheon was soon spread before us, enlivened, as Walter expresses it, by a generous supply of the light wine of the country. Looking over my shoulder as I write, he declares that I am gilding that luncheon at the Bon Laboureur with all the romance and glamour of Chenonceaux. Perhaps I am; but I was hungry after our early and exceedingly light *dejeuner*, and the delicate little French dishes appealed to me. Being a mere man, as Lydia expresses it, Walter feels the discomforts of travel more than we women-folk. He says that he is heartily tired of luncheons made of flimflams, omelettes, entrees and the like, and when the inevitable salad and fowl appeared he quite shocked us by saying that he would like to see some real chicken, the sort that we have at home, broiled by Mandy, who knows how to cook chicken far and away better than these Johnny Crapauds, with all their boasted culinary skill.

Lydia and I were congratulating ourselves that no one could understand this rude diatribe, when we noticed a handsome young man at the next table, evidently a Frenchman, laughing behind his napkin. I motioned to Walter to keep quiet, and gave him a look that was intended to be very severe, and then Miss Cassandra, with her usual amiable desire to pour oil upon the troubled waters, stirred them up more effectively by adding: "Yes, Walter, but in travelling one must take the bad with the good. We have

no buildings like these chateaux at home, and I for one am quite willing to give up American social pleasures and luxuries for the sake of all that we see here and all that we learn."

Can you imagine anything more bewildering to a Frenchman than Miss Cassandra's philosophy, especially her allusion to American social pleasures and luxuries, which, to the average and untravelled French mind, would be represented, I fancy, by a native Indian picnic, with a menu of wild turkey and quail. It was a very good luncheon, I insisted, even if not quite according to American ideas, and variety is one of the pleasures of foreign travel—this last in my most instructive manner, and to Lydia's great amusement. She alone grasped the situation, as Walter and Miss Cassandra were seated with their backs to the stranger. In order to prevent further criticisms upon French living, I changed the subject by asking Walter for our Ioanne Guide Book, and succeeded in silencing the party, after Artemus Ward's plan with his daughter's suitors, by reading aloud to them, during which the stranger finished his luncheon, and, after the manner of the suitors, quietly took his departure.

"We shall never see him again," I exclaimed, "and he will always remember us as those rude and unappreciative Americans!"

"And what have we done to deserve such an opinion?" asked Walter.

"Attacked them in their most sensitive spot. A Frenchman prides himself above everything else upon the cuisine of his country."

"And is *that* all, Zephine? And who is the *he* in question?"

When I explained about the Frenchman who was seated behind him and understood every invidious word, Walter, instead of being contrite, said airily that he regretted that he had not spoken French, as that would probably have been beyond Mr. Crapaud's comprehension.

A number of coaches were standing in front of the little inn, one of which Miss Cassandra and Lydia engaged in order to save their strength for the many steps to be taken in and around the chateau; but they did not save much, after all, as the coaches all stop at the end of the first avenue of plane trees at a railroad cross-

ing, and after this another long avenue leads to the grounds. Walter and I thought that we decidedly had the best of it, as we strolled through the picturesque little village, and, having our kodak with us, we were able to get some pretty bits by the way, among other things a photograph of a sixteenth-century house in which the pages of Francis I. were once lodged.

The approach to the chateau is in keeping with its stately beauty. After traversing the second avenue of plane trees, we passed between two great sphinxes which guard the entrance to the court, with the ancient dungeon-keep on the right, and on the left the Domes buildings, as they are called, which seem to include the servants' quarters and stables. Beyond this is the drawbridge which spans the wide moat and gives access to the spacious rectangular court. This moat of clear running water, its solid stone walls draped with vines and topped with blooming plants, defines the ancient limits of the domain of the Marques family, who owned this estate as far back in history as the thirteenth century. Where the beautiful chateau now stands, there was once a fortified mill. The property passed into the hands of Thomas Bohier in the fifteenth century, who conceived the bold idea of turning the old mill into a chateau, or, as Balzac says, "Messire de Bohier, the Minister of Finances, as a novelty placed his house astride the river Cher." A chateau built over a river—can you imagine anything more picturesque, or, as Miss Cassandra says, anything more unhealthy? The sun shone gaily to-day and the rooms felt fairly dry, but during the long weeks of rain that come to France in the spring and late autumn these spacious *salles* must be as damp as a cellar. Miss Cassandra says that the bare thought of sleeping in them gives her rheumatic twinges. There are handsome, richly decorated mantels and chimney-places in all of the great rooms, but they look as if they had not often known the delights of a cheerful fire of blazing logs.

The old building is in the form of a vast square pavilion, flanked on each corner by a bracketed turret, upon which there is a wealth of Renaissance ornamentation. On the east facade are the chapel and a small out-building, which

form a double projection and enclose a little terrace on the ground floor. Over the great entrance door are carvings and heraldic devices, and over the whole facade of the chateau there is rich luxuriance of ornamentation, which with the wide moat surrounding it, and the blooming parterres spread before it, give the entire castle the air of being *en fete*; not relegated to the past like Loches, Amboise, and some of the other chateaux that we have seen.

Unique in situation and design is the great gallery, sixty metres in height, which Philibert de Lorme, at Queen Catherine's command, caused to rise like a fairy palace from the waters of the Cher. This gallery of two stories decorated in the interior with elaborate designs in stucco, and busts of royal and distinguished persons, is classic in style and sufficiently substantial in structure as it rests upon five arches separated by abutments on each of which is a semi-circular turret rising to the level of the first floor. Designed for a *salles des fetes*, this part of the castle was never quite finished, in consequence of the death of Catherine de Medicis, who intended that an elaborate pavilion to match Bohier's chateau on the opposite bank of the river should mark the terminus of the gallery. The new building was far enough advanced, however, to be used for the elaborate festivities that had been planned for Francis II. and Queen Mary when they fled from the horrors of Amboise to the lovely groves and forests of Chenonceaux.

Standing in the long gallery which literally bridges the Cher, we wondered whether the masques and revels held here in honor of the Scotch bride were able to dispel sad thoughts of that day at Amboise when she and her husband were called upon to witness the beheading of some of the noblest men of France and the hanging of over a thousand Huguenot soldiers. Mary Stuart, more than half French, was gay, light-hearted, and perhaps, in those early days, with a short memory for the sorrows of life: but it seems as if the recollection of that day of slaughter and misery could never have been quite effaced from her mind. To Catherine, who revelled in blood and murder, the day was one of triumph, but its horrors evidently left their impress un-

on the delicate physique as well as upon the sensitive mind of the frail, gentle Francis.

Since we have heard so much of the evil deeds of Catherine, it has become almost unsafe to take Miss Cassandra into any of the palaces where the Medicean Queen is honored by statue or portrait. When we passed from the spacious *salles des gardes*, later used as the dining-hall of the Briconnet family, where Catherine's initial letters appear in the ceiling decoration, into the room of Diane de Poitiers, it seemed the very irony of fate that a large portrait of the arch enemy of the beautiful Diane should adorn the richly carved chimney-place.

Although she had already announced that she had no great affection for Diane, Catherine's portrait in this particular room excited Miss Cassandra's wrath to such a degree that her words and gestures attracted the attention of the guide. At first he looked perplexed, and then indignantly turned to us for an explanation: What ailed the lady, and why was she displeased? He was doing his best to show us the chateau. We reassured him, smoothed down his ruffled feathers, and finally explained to him that Miss Cassandra had a deep-rooted aversion to Queen Catherine and especially resented having her honored by portrait or bust in these beautiful French castles, particularly in this room of her hated rival. "Diane was none too good herself," he replied with a grim smile; "but she was beautiful and had wit enough to hold the hearts of two kings." Then, entering into the spirit of the occasion, he turned to Miss Cassandra and by dint of shrugs and no end of indescribable and most expressive French gestures, he made her understand that he had no love for Catherine himself, and that if it lay within his *pouvoir* he would throw the unlovely portrait out of the window; no one cared for her—her own husband least of all. This last remark was accompanied with what was intended for a wicked wink, exclusively for Walter's benefit, but its wickedness was quite overcome by the irresistible and contagious good humor and *bonhomie* of the man. Finding that his audience was *en rapport* with him, he drew our attention to the wall decoration, which consists of a series of monograms, and asked us how we read the design.

"D and H intertwined!" we answered in chorus.

At this the guide laughed merrily, and explained that there were different opinions about the monogram. Some persons said that King Henry had boldly undertaken to interlace the initial letters of Catherine and Diane with his own, but he for his part believed that the letters were two C's with an H between them and, whether by accident or design, the letter on the left, which looked more like a D than a C, gave the key to the monogram, "and this," he added with the air of a philosopher, "made it true to history; the beautiful favorite on the left hand was always more powerful than the Queen on the right. Not," he explained, "that the ways of the King Henry II. were to be commended; but"—with a frank smile—"one is always pleased to think of that wicked woman getting what was owing her."

"Rousseau thought that both the initials were those of Diane. He says in his 'Confessions': 'In 1747, we went to pass the autumn in Touraine, at the castle of Chenonceaux, a royal mansion upon the Cher, built by Henry II. for Diane de Poitiers, of whom the ciphers are still seen.'"

We turned, at the sound of a strange voice, to find the Frenchman of the *Bon Laboureur* standing quite near us.

"These guides have a large supply of more or less correct history at hand, and this one, being a philosopher, adds his own theories to further obscure the truth." This in the most perfect English, accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders entirely French. "Chenonceaux being Diane's chateau and this her own room, what more natural than that her cipher should be here, as Rousseau says? And yet, as Honore de Balzac points out, this same cipher is to be found in the palace of the Louvre, upon the column of *la Halle au Ble*, built by Catherine herself; and above her own tomb at *Saint Denis*, which she had built during her lifetime. All the same, it must have pleased Henry immensely to have the royal cipher look much more like D.H. than like C.H., and there is still room for conjecture, which, after all, is one of the charms of history. So, *Monsieur et Mesdames*, it is quite a

votre choix”—with a graceful bow in our direction.

Evidently M. Crapaud does not consider us savages, despite Walter's unsavory remarks about the *cuisine* of his country, and, noticing our interest, he added, with French exactness: "Of course, the chateau was not built for Diane, although much enlarged and beautified by her, and when Catherine came into possession she had the good sense to carry out some of Diane's plans. Francis I. came here to hunt sometimes, and it was upon one of these parties of pleasure, when his son Henry and Diane de Poitiers were with him, that she fell in love with this castle on the Cher, and longed to make it her own. Having a lively sense of the instability of all things mortal, kings in particular, she took good care to make friends with the rising star, and when Francis was gathered to his fathers and his uncles and his cousins—you may remember that his predecessor was an uncle or a cousin—Henry promptly turned over Chenonceaux to Diane."

The more we saw of this lovely palace, the better we understood Catherine's wrath when she saw the coveted possession thrown into the lap of her rival. She had come here with her father-in-law, Francis, and naturally looked upon the chateau as her own.

"But Diane held onto it," said Walter. "We have just been reading that remarkable scene when, after Henry had been mortally wounded in the tournament with Montgomery, Catherine sent messages to her, demanding possession of the castle. You remember that her only reply was, 'Is the King yet dead?' and, hearing that he still lived, Diane stoutly refused to surrender her chateau while breath was in his body. We have our Dumas with us, you see."

"Yes, and here, I believe, he was true to history. That was a battle royal of dames, and I, for my part, have always regretted that Diane had to give up her palace. Have you seen Chaumont, which she so unwillingly received in exchange? No? Then you will see something fine in its way, but far less beautiful than Chenonceaux, which for charm of situation stands alone."

And in a way, Diane still possesses her chateau; for it is of her that we think as

we wander from room to room. In the apartment of Francis I. her portrait by Primaticcio looks down from the wall. As in life, Diane's beauty and wit triumphed over her rivals; over the withering hand of age and the snares of the unscrupulous and astute daughter of the Medici, so in death she still dominates the castle that she loved. Pray do not think that I am in love with Diane; she was doubtless wicked and vindictive, even if not as black as Dumas paints her; but bad as she may have been, it is a satisfaction to think of her having for years outwitted Catherine, or, as Miss Cassandra expresses it, in language more expressive, if less elegant, than that of Monsieur Crapaud, "It is worth much to know that that terrible woman *did* get her *come-uppings*."

If it was of Diane de Poitiers we thought within the walls of the chateau, it was to Mary Stuart that our thoughts turned as we wandered through the lovely forest glades of the park, under the overarching trees through whose branches the sun flashed upon the green turf and varied growth of shrubbery. We could readily fancy the young Queen and her brilliant train riding gaily through these shaded paths, their hawks upon their wrists, these, according to all writers of the time, being the conventional accompaniments of royalty at play.

Do you remember our impressions of Holywood on a rainy August morning, and the chill gloom of poor Mary's bedroom, and the adjoining dismal little boudoir where she supped with Rizzio—the room in which he was murdered as he clung to her garments for protection? I thought of it to-day as we stood in the warm sunshine of the court, with the blooming parterres spread before us, realizing, as never before, the sharp contrast between such palaces of pleasure as this, and Mary's rude northern castles. An appropriate setting was this chateau for the gay, spirited young creature, who seems to have been a queen every inch, from her childhood, with a full appreciation of her own importance. It seems that she mortally offended Catherine when a mere child, by saying that the Queen belonged to a family of merchants, while she herself was the daughter of a long line of kings. In some way, Mary's words were repeated to Catherine, who

never forgave the bitter speech, all the more bitter for its truth.

Finding that we had not yet seen the *Galerie Louis XIV.*, which for some reason, is not generally shown to visitors, our friendly cicerone, who, as he expresses it, knows Chenonceaux as he knows the palm of his hand, conducted us again to the chateau. For him all doors were opened as by magic, and we afterwards learned that he had some acquaintance with Monsieur Terry, the present owner of this fair domain.

Although the *Galerie Louis XIV.*, on the upper floor of the long gallery, is not particularly beautiful or well decorated, it is interesting because here were first presented some of the plays of Jean Jacques Rousseau: *L'Engagement Temeraire* and *Le Devin du Village*. Such later associations as this under the regime of the *Fermier General* and Madame Dupin, are those of an altogether peaceful and homelike abode. In his *Confessions* Rousseau says: "We amused ourselves greatly in this fine spot. We made a great deal of music, and acted comedies. I wrote a comedy in fifteen days, entitled *L'Engagement Temeraire*, which will be found amongst my papers. It has not other merit than that of being lively." One may easily fancy Jean Jacques "growing fat as a monk in this fine place," as the surrounding country seems to be rich and fertile, and the kitchens of the chateau, which are shown to visitors, are spacious and fitted out with

an abundant supply of the shining, well polished coffee-pots, pans, and casseroles that always make French cookery appear so dainty and appetizing.

Monsieur Crapaud accompanied us, with charming amiability, through this most important department of the chateau, and never once, amid the evidences of luxurious living, did he ever look supercilious or, as Lydia expressed it afterwards, "as if he were saying to himself, 'I wonder what these benighted Americans think of French cookery now!'" Not even when Miss Cassandra asked her favorite question in royal palaces, "How many in family?" was there a ghost of a smile upon his face, and yet he must have understood as he turned to a guide and asked how many persons constituted the family of Monsieur Terry. This Cuban gentleman who now owns the chateau is certainly to be congratulated upon his excellent taste; the restoration of the building and the laying out of the grounds—all so well done, so harmonious; instinct with the spirit of the past, and yet so homelike and livable that the impression left upon us was that of a happy home. In the past, Chenonceaux witnessed no such horrors as are associated with Amboise and so many of the beautiful castles of Touraine. Small wonder that Henry wrote of this fair palace, as we read in a little book lying on one of the tables: "*Le Chateau de Chenonceau est assis en un des meillures, et plus beaulx pays de nostre royaulme.*"

TO AN OLD MINIATURE

Olden and exquisite, verily fair,
Untouched of time, unmarred by mad desire,
Pure as a tear—yet radiant as a smile
In open meadows 'neath the sun's own fire!
'Twas Love's own hand laid Love's own colors there;
Love smiles within thy pictured eyes
And smoothes thy lovely hair.

—James P. Haverson.

The Evasion of Florida Lusk

By

Alice MacGowan

I.

LIGHT flashed out from the cabin: Aunt Zarepta had set all in order there, and lit the fire. Hearne Lusk lifted his seventeen-year-old, stolen bride down over the wagon-wheel and drove on to the small log shed, to put up his team. Florida hesitated shyly at the gate where she had been left, childishly timid lest the old woman linger still in the house. But, the horses fed, Hearne came running to her, eagerly, swiftly, on a bridegroom's light feet, and caught her up in an impetuous clasp. His struggle for this girl had been desperate and embittering. The Sterretts, with all their kith and kin, cherished an age-long feud against the tribe of Lusk and its dependencies and hangers-on. There were numerous killings to the credit—or discredit—of both sides. To-day, the vendetta was a sleeping one, that might at a touch break forth, and Hearne Lusk had risked his life for the girl in his arms, risked it for the mere sight of her often during that secret courtship. He had walked to the settlement once to have a bullet cut out of his shoulder; he had cheerfully taken a shot at Florida's elder brother when that zealous guardian waylaid him on another occasion; and, with all the tremulous triumph of this moment he knew that his risks were not over.

Florida liked Carter Broyles well enough till Hearne broke up that affair—why, they had the girl almost wedded to the fellow; they came as near putting compulsion on her to bring about the match as a mountain family ever does; yet the charm of Hearne Lusk's dark, passionate eyes, and bold though clandes-

tine wooing, took her away from them all. He had married her and brought her to the little cabin which he had builded and furnished for her, mostly with his own hands, a habitation far removed from the Sterrett settlement, and with but one neighbor near it, an old kinswoman of his own, Zarepta Fulgham. Now, as he kissed her and walked with his arm about her toward their own door, the dangers still to be thought of presented themselves, despite his love and ardor, and the triumphant joy of the moment.

The history of the Croffuts came darkly to his mind. Twenty years ago, Lusk Croffut, Hearne's cousin, had run away with and married Lissy Mably, a connection of these same sterretts. The pair lived together less than five years, and the Sterretts never let Croffut speak to his children after the wife stole them and returned to her tribe. Grimmer still was the story of Buck Tamplin. Buck would have the Willett girl, with whose people his own were at feud. The Willets made up with Susy afterward, and used to come about the place when her husband was away. Presently the young couple quarreled. And then one morning a neighbor found Buck's cabin with its door swinging wide, the hounds howling in the front yard, his wife fled home to her people, and Buck himself lying across the threshold with a knife sticking in his back. Oh, yes—that was feud work. All through the long drive over in the jolting wagon, the rapture of possession had surged strong in Hearne Lusk's veins. It throbbed no less exultantly still.

"We're home, Floridy — we're home, darlin'. Yo' mine now," he whispered, holding her close. Then, as his sinister

recollections yet obtruded upon the hour's consummation, he suddenly swung the girl around in front of him with a masterful arm that lifted her almost off her feet, and his hand on her shoulder, pushed her back a little, to stare into her up-raised countenance, where the two stood in the broad, flickering fire and lamp-shine.

"For this cause shall a man forsake father and mother—and that means a woman, too, Floridy—that means you, as well as me. If you ain't ready to forsake them Sterretts, each and every, right now"—he named them over fiercely, her family and kin—"and never speak word to one of 'em again, you'd better tell me before you step foot in that house."

The girl in his grasp flung back her head and returned his gaze with eyes blue like wild gentians, long-fringed and adoring, a child's eyes, shaded by a flying thatch of bronze-brown hair. And the smile that answered his look was adoring too. She met his demand with no hint of demur or unwillingness.

"I don't care if I never put eyes on one of 'em again, Hearne," she declared swiftly, exultantly, in that eager voice which had but lately dealt with such matters as a doll's frock, the swapping of quilt pieces, or the negotiating of "a turrible hard word" in the blue-backed speller. "I've got you—you, darlin—and that's all I want in this world." She laughed out suddenly. "You needn't trouble yourself so greatly, neither," she told him. "Pappy has done give the word that he'll settle with any one of the fambly that dares speak to me. Ain't no danger that I'll go back to my folks when you an' me falls out, honey."

Fall out! Hearne Lusk hugged the slim, pliant, warm young figure hard to his heart, and, lifting her so, ran with her up the path to the cabin, and carried her across the threshold.

When he had set her down, she was silent a moment, looking about her. Then the wild gentian eyes filled slowly with sweet tears, lingering on the mute evidences of Hearne's love and care. There on the wall beside the hearth were shelves, rough, but ample and convenient; there was the kitchen table, and beside it the churn-dash and lid, while below sat the four-gallon stone-ware jar that

was the churn. Ranged in their places were the maple bowl for mixing bread, the stirring-spoon and spurtle of whittled cedar—all made by his own hands.

"Oh, Hearne—oh, Hearne—it's just beautiful!" she whispered, turning to him passionately. "And you done it all for me—for me!" She caught the big man around the neck and hid her face on his breast. "Looks like they oughtn't to be nothing — nothing on earth — I wouldn't give up for yo' sake."

"You an' me is agoin' to be mighty happy here," he told her again and again, his lips against her hair. "They ain't but one thing we could fall out over, and that would be ef you should ever speak to one of yo' daddy's fambly. Hit's war betwixt me an' the Sterretts. You're a Lusk now, honey girl. Hit's obliged to be the same with you. Hit'd be all over betwixt us time you begun to have dealin's with any Sterrett, an' you needn't never doubt it." Thus he strove to hedge and wall his little croft of happiness, the field of his heart, hoping to reap therein, in years to come, its guarded harvest of love and peace. And Florida was zealous in acquiescence.

The months went past swift-footed to the two in the cabin that hung like a nest in Chestnut Creek Gap. It was in December that Hearne had brought his bride home. At first he contrived many little improvements and conveniences about the place. As the winter wore away, he plowed, and harrowed, and made ready the truck patch, and he put in a bit of corn and some other small crops.

But in avoiding the Sterrett neighborhood, and cutting himself off from his own people—only less alienated than Florida's—Lusk had built the nest for his love far from the source of supply for their simple daily life. Their little hoard of savings, buried in a tin baking-powder box beneath the hearth, was getting low. The conviction grew upon Hearne that, unless he left Florida and went out with his team to earn some ready money, the approach of the next winter would find them without enough to go through comfortably. And so one evening in April, when they sat in the twilight on the front door-stone, Florida's head with its bright hair leaned against her husband's arm, he looked for a long time off towards the

West, where a thin new moon hung just over a sunset, clear, tranquil, lemon-colored. A whippoorwill raised its plaintive importunity down by the creek. Then it was silent for a moment; and dubiously, haltingly, Hearne brought forward the suggestion of tan-bark hauling.

"Looks like I've got obliged to do somethin', an' that pretty soon. I don't know anything that'd make as much—not right now—as tan-bark haulin'"—watching her face as well as he could in the dusk; "but hit'd take me away from you. Hit'd shore leave you mighty lonesome, I'm afear'd."

Keyed to close sympathy with the girl beside him, he seemed to feel a curious quality in the moment's silence which followed. Florida raised her head a bit and gazed about her, then shot a swift enigmatic glance at him, before she answered meekly:

"You' bound to know what's best, Hearne. Do as you think well."

"I'd shore come home every Sa'day night," he told her eagerly, anxious to reassure her, if she doubted that it was hard for him to go away.

"I know you would—if you could," Florida assented. "An' I'll be a-watchin' for you, come Sa'day. But any time you needed to stay, or the weather kept you, you have no call to be frettin' about me. I've got my work, and if I need he'p I can go over to Aunt Zarepty's, and call her in."

So it was arranged. Lusk took his team of the lean mountain horses, whose performance is so far in excess of what their appearance would seem to promise, and hauled tan-bark for The Company, down where, eight miles below the Gap and the little cabin, Chestnut Creek rolls into the river. He and his outfit made a link in the train of tan-bark wagons, each with its dark cubic mass swaying in its high frame, the drivers atop calling news or jests back and forth to one another, brakes screaming all the way down the Side. Sometimes the men sang by twos, or yodeled through the valley, as they brought the empty wagons back in the evening. But no slim figure stood in the doorway to welcome Hearne, the sun striking upon a bright head; and he was often a prey to anxiety when he considered Florida's lonely life there in the Gap.

And Florida? She filled her solitary days with an endless round of little tasks and duties. There was Spotty, the gentle, under-sized, resourceful mountain cow that Hearne had brought from the home place. Spotty had a calf in April. With what pride Florida went out to the milking gap at evening with her pail, and laid down the bars and called; with what pride she carried in the milk, and cared for it, and skimmed, and churned, and worked the butter! And there was the pig to look after, and a few hens with their broods—it wouldn't be long before she could give Hearne fried chicken when he came home. There was her garden—her truck-patch, that Hearne had made so well—she tended it faithfully. By the direct or indirect aid of old Zarepta, once each week — sometimes twice — her little store of butter and the choicest of the vegetables, and presently a squawking "fryer" or so, found their way to the distant settlement, and the small sums that came back in payment were carefully hoarded. She loved to be out in the June of the mountains, with its wonderful purple distances, its flying shadows of summer clouds; its silver skeins of rain, and fragrant damps in the forest. And in early June waves of laurel and purple rhododendron began billowing up the steep sides of the gulch. The long, long, exquisite, silent, dreaming days followed each other, rain washed, sun filled, drenched with a still intense beauty and sweetness. Full to the brim, too, for Florida, with homely tasks and enterprises. She had always a long itemized account of undertaking and accomplishment for her man's return; and she came to him with it, hurrying, eager, like an anxious, approbative child. Yet Hearne's stay down in Lower Chestnut began almost immediately to be plagued with reports of Florida's attending play-parties—play-parties—she, a married woman!

He asked her about the first one: he had missed getting home for two Saturdays and so had not seen her for three weeks. She answered, with a little catch of the breath, but an entirely unmoved countenance, that she had gone over to help the Dease girls out with supper.

"Wasn't that a mighty long trip for you, honey child, alone, in the night?" questioned Hearne, in surprise.

"Yes, hit would 'a' been a sorter far ja'nt," assented Florida; "but Aunt Zarepty, she was agoin' over to take 'em some truck she'd cooked, and so we went together. Do ye know, Hearne," she added sagely, "hit looks curious to me that folks can pleasure theirselves with such as that? Hit made me reel right funny to think that less'n a year ago I used to go to play-parties myse'f."

Reassuring words; yet two weeks later old Lige Groner stopped to tell Hearne that he'd better look after that woman of his'n—she was gettin' a heap too gay.

"My gals tells me that Floridy's been to two play-parties in the last week," the old mischief-maker related, with gusto, bending over his horse's neck to switch its forelegs free of flies. "Floridy Sterrett was the sightliest gal on Caney Fork. Her and Cyarter Broyles was mighty nigh wedded when you come along an' grabbed the gal, an' ef you go off and leave her to run her own machine like you're a-doin', I don't blame her for hikin' out to play-parties an' sech, where Cyarter's at—darned if I do!" he ended with a wheezy laugh. But Hearne Lusk turned on him a look so black that he hastily thumped his heels into the old sorrel's ribs and ambled on without more words.

Carter Broyles! That evening, when work was done, Hearne went over to the pay-shed and stated briefly that he was obliged to go home, though it was but Friday. The man behind the rough desk looked up and laughed at him good-naturedly. To Hearne, who was seeing red, hidden mockery sounded in the laugh.

"I reckon you want to get off for the dance at Ventner's" the paymaster said as he counted out the money.

Hearne growled an unintelligible answer. Yet, once mounted on his wagon-seat, facing the red light of an evening sky, the suggestion wrought in his mind. Andy Ventner's place was not so much out of his way, and—well, he would see. The trip was a long one, and by the time he approached the vicinity of Ventner's farm it was late—nearly nine o'clock—and those who were for the dance had already arrived; he had the green silence of the woods-road to himself. Chin on breast, he brooded. Surely he had loved Florida. He went back

over his own conduct, and decided that, if there were any fault, he had loved her too well. That was it—he had given her too much of himself, and she had tired of him, and turned to an earlier lover. The thought was fire.

Tethering his horses in a little glade, he stole through the grove toward the lights and sounds that told of merry-making. He would watch to-night. He would not go in to the dance and confront her there,, as he first intended. He would watch outside, and then——. He never completed that sentence in his own mind. There were three cabins on the slope; and the window and door of each sent forth long streams of ruddy shine; while from one sounded the thin, jiggling staccato of the countryman's fiddle. Hearne listened to the thud and stamp of feet on the floor, dancing to the tune of Muskrat; and stole nearer to see if he could identify any of the figures that crossed the light as Florida—or Carter Broyles. While he watched fruitlessly the dancers within, suddenly Florida came slipping past a doorway outside, looking back over her shoulder, her fluttering calico dress caught close around her. It was Florida—there was no mistaking the set of the graceful head on the slim neck, the burden of bright hair. An indistinct figure in the shadow of the house joined her, and they sat down together, apparently to talk.

The man in the grove stood there long, fighting with himself, trying hard to get where he dared to go forward and speak to his wife. To kill Carter Broyles now would not give him back Florida—little Florida—as she had been. He must think what he ought to do. The jiggling fiddler changed to "Cítico," and then the dancers called for "Old Joe Clark." To Hearne Lusk, hidden in the grove, the bright glare of the interior, the heavy stamping, that swift movement, and the loud, gay, calling, encouraging, protesting, exclaiming voices, all were but a dim background to what was going on there in the shadowed angle outside. When he won at last to sufficient calmness, and strode up to the bench by the wall, it was empty.

"Hello, Hearne!" shouted somebody from the door. "You here?"



He set her down in their new home, and they laughed in one [another's] faces.

"Yes," returned Lusk, raising a ghastly face to his host's gaze. "I was passing along—going by, you see—and I 'lowed I'd stop in and git my wife."

Old man Ventner came out effusively—quite too effusively, Hearne thought.

"Floridy?" he said doubtfully (uneasily, it seemed to Lusk), "Well, now, as it chanches, Floridy *was* here early this evening. She never come to the dance; but she happened in, like—same as you did, mebbe. She's gone home, I reckon. Won't ye stay, Hearne—now yo' here? Come in—come in and have a drink, anyhow."

But Hearne was on fire to be gone. If the old man was lying to him, if Florida was still in the house, with that—whoever it was—that she had been talking to on the bench by the door, he wanted to get home and find it out. If what Ventner said was the truth, he would face her the sooner, and know it. He stumbled back to his team, tore them loose from the branches where he had tied them, and started off through the woods by a short cut, difficult to find even in daylight.

The short cut, after the manner of its kind, delayed and befooled him. He was fumbling about for its dim trace, when the joyous clamor of a coon-hunt came to him far ahead and to his left. While he still hesitated, at fault, the rout streamed athwart his course, hounds yelping eagerly, four or five young fellows whooping, skylarking, and cheering on each his dog by name. For that one moment when they plunged across the open track, the tall forest stood illumined, every wayside bush was distinct, and Hearne's road was clear to him. Yet instead of whipping up and hastening ahead, his arm involuntarily dragged the horses back almost to their haunches. For of these laughing young faces, dancéd upon by the ruddy shine of the pine torches, he could have sworn that one was that of Carter Broyles.

The hunt, with its trail of dim light, its whooping men and baying dogs, bore off to his right. Presently Hearne relaxed his arm and drove slowly ahead. Well, whether that was Carter Broyles or not, the only thing to do was to get home and see how Florida looked and what she said. When he reached his own

cabin it was midnight. In a daze of uncertainty, he put the horses up, and approached his dwelling with a heart that labored high in his throat. Florida answered his hail, opening the door just as she had apparently risen from her bed. She was plainly amazed to see her husband, and, it seemed to him, uneasy.

"W'y—w'y, Hearne, honey!" she cried. "I never looked for ye to—is anything the matter at —?"

"I come a-past Ventner's—the dance —" he broke in upon her, and then could have bitten his tongue off for speaking before there was any light by which he might see and study her face. But he got the quick gasp with which she received his news—he made the most he could of that.

"Did ye—did ye see me thar?" she faltered finally. She was kneeling on the hearth to blow the coals bright, that she might light a candle. "I went over to take Miz' Ventner some carpet chain I been dyeing for her" — holding up small, yellow-stained fingers to show that they had been in the dye-pot. "I—I never studied 'bout hit bein' the evenin' of the dance. I wished I hadn't went, after I found that out."

Hearne looked at her dumbly. He had parted his lips to ask her who it was that she sat talking with on the bench in the shadow of the door. Suddenly he closed them and turned away. What was the use? If a woman aimed to deceive you, she could lie. The dark thought came to him that he could learn more by keeping his own counsel and appearing satisfied with her explanations.

All through the night that brought no sleep to him, the whisper was in Hearne Lusk's ear that Florida was a Sterrett after all. Yes, he saw it now; she had been good and willing to have him take work at a distance. She had always let him go without complaint or repining; the spells of depression and weeping which he had at first—fond fool!—accounted for with his absence, were indeed dispelled by them. Had not his wife even seemed to anticipate his departure with an excited joy which plainly looked beyond to something desirable that she could not share with him? Had he not always found her refreshed and cheerful when he re-

turned? Writhing in soul beneath these sinister suggestions, he yet forced himself to lie silent and motionless. He knew that at last Florida slept; but for him the night wore away in wakeful torment. About dawn a thought came to him—a test—and he rose ready to apply it.

"Floridy," he began slowly at the breakfast-table, fixing his brooding dark eyes upon the face opposite him, "the Company has done offered me a stiddy job over at Far Cove."

"That's good," said his wife absently. Her blue eyes were on something outside window, and she smiled to herself. "I reckon you'll take it, won't ye, Hearne?"

Lusk looked at her and drew his breath sharply. Where was the loving, tender, childlike bride he had brought home to his cabin but a few months ago — the clinging sweetheart he had carried across its threshold, her arms close around his neck? He swallowed once convulsively before he spoke. It seemed impossible to reach this girl. He felt miles away from the soul of her.

"I reckon I will," he said. "Could you be ready to move, come Wednesday?"

Florida looked around at him with a frightened stare. Her young face crimsoned, then abruptly bleached to startling pallor.

"To move?" she whispered after him. "I cain't go away from here, Hearne. Sure enough, I cain't. Oh, you won't ask me to go away from—here—will ye? I'll be so good, honey. I'll do anything you ask me to—but that. How long you goin' to be workin' at the far end of the Cove, Hearne?"

"About six months," he told her suddenly. "What's the matter with you on the subject of movin'? Other men's wives go to whar the work is. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothin'—nothin', Hearne," she hastened to assure him. "It's just that we've got sech a good truck-patch planted here; and there's my little chicken-house you made me. And Spotty, she's used to this range now; she'd hate mighty bad to change. And the Seb'm Stars is agoin' down at dark, Hearne—hit'd be a mighty bad time—to—Hearne, there ain't nobody—nobody in the neighborhood that I hate to leave, of course—you'd know it wasn't that——"

She broke off on a wavering note that had no conviction in it. Lusk—ashamed to look at her—sat and eyed the floor.

"Well"—he got to his feet heavily—"hit's a pretty bad business when a man's wife won't go with him where he has obliged to go to earn the livin'," he said finally. "But bein' as them's yo' ruthers, I'll work down to the Far Cove by my lonesome, and when you want me you kin send word for me—do you understand that, Floridy?"

"Hearne"—she came fawning about him, with her palms out and her piteous eyes raised—"don't you go and git mad at me. I—just leave me stay here till you come back, an' I'll have everything fixed up so pretty you'll be glad you let me do my way."

The man turned that dark face, lit by its passionate eyes, full upon her; the little, slim, weak-looking thing, so pretty and childish—a Sterrett, and already following her own secret devices. She didn't want to come with him. His nostril twitched; his breast had a weight like lead in it. Be glad? Should he ever be glad of anything concerning her again?

II.

There was no need for Hearne Lusk to take the job at Far Cove, but he took it. He told himself he would stay away till Florida sent for him. Too proud, too near to some sort of ultimate trust in her, to make actual inquiries among the other workmen, his neighbors, in whose faces he sometimes fancied a hidden knowledge of his affairs, and whose glances seemed to him occasionally to hold sympathy—though, at least, none of them brought him stories now of Florida's unseemly attendance at play-parties—finally he came, through long brooding, to the resolve to make an unexpected return from his self-imposed absence, and find for himself what Florida Lusk was hiding from him. His people are slow in hate, as in love, and he nursed this project several months before a strange little misspelled letter from his wife hardened it into resolution.

Der Hearne;—I getting along well. No needs for you to hurry yourself in coming back here. I needed some money and taken two

dollars out of the box. I never taken but two dollars and I wont touch any more but you will know and will not be mad at me when you come back. But dont come no sooner than you aimed to, becos I dont want you to hafto werry about me.

Your wife, FLORIDA LUSK.

tonished those sedate, well-cared-for beasts.

As his sinking heart had foretold, the cabin looked deserted from the first glimpse he got of it, far down the road. The pied branches of a young maple were tapping against its windows; golden and russet and crimson leaves were dancing in



She went down to the milking, early.

That was the note that Hearne—never much of a scholar—studied out slowly. He stood staring at it in his hand long after he had mastered its contents, then lifted his head and looked about dumbly at the familiar woods. He went to the boss for his money and his time, and drove the horses home at a pace which as-

the breeze about it; the sourwood at its corner was one rosy flame, for the frosts of September had visited the forests of the Cumberlands and left them clad in splendor. He drove his team into the yard, leaped down, and ran to shake the locked door, thundering on it with his whip-stock. Then he drew back, jeering

at himself for the empty rage that bullied a vacant house. His blows rang hollow. They brought no face to window or door, no answering voice to his hail. Of course she was gone; she had gone (where, oh, where? with whom?) when she sent him that letter—a shudder took him yet when he thought of it—warning him not to hasten his return. He bent back with a half-choked curse and looked up at the chimney. No hint of smoke against the sky. They had a long start of him—but he would hunt them down. Thought of the quest steadied him. He drew a hand across his eyes, then turned to assure the comfort of his horses. He stabled and fed them before he made an entry into the house.

It had been plainly unoccupied for some time; yet the departure of its inmate had been orderly: everything was in place, sorted, put away as Florida took pride in having it. Only her clothing was gone—it was empty only of her and her own personal belongings, this little nest he had made for her. He looked about upon it, and a swimming was in his head. Then suddenly he found himself in the middle of the floor with Florida's little footstool in his hands, the stool that he had made to raise her feet from the floor above the draughts. In those first days, she had been used to sit on it by his knee, her head leaned against him. And now—oh, God! He was breaking the little stool into splinters before he knew what his intention. Then, lest idiot rage lead him further, he strode out of the house and took the path across the gulch to Zarepta Fulgham's. He tore open the rickety gate and cried out to the old woman, in her front yard, shaking and sorting something in her gingham apron.

"Whar's my wife? Whar's Floridy gone?"

She retreated to the door-stone; it might almost be said that she seemed to flee before him, stopping there under pretense of blowing the chaff from the cow-peace in her apron, and apparently barring his way.

"Ain't you goin' to bid me in?" he demanded briefly. "Who's in thar you don't want me to see?"

The veins in Hearne Lusk's neck began to swell. His black eyes looked danger-

ous. Zarepta, thus put to it, opened the door noisily, and only wide enough for herself to enter. The man crowding after her thought he got a glimpse of someone who fled him, heard a closing door at the back of the room.

"Is Floridy here?" he halted on the threshold to ask; but his tone meant a thorough sifting of the matter.

Old Zarepta dropped her apronful of pease with a rattle to the floor. She whimpered and clung to his arm.

"Yes, she is, Hearne," came the final admission. "But don't you get to r'arin' round here. They's somebody in the room with her that you'll be mad about, I reckon—somebody I never aimed for you to know of nor see on this place. Wait, Hearne. I want to tell ye——"

Silently, Hearne flung the old woman behind him with a turn of the wrist, and made for the door. Here was something definite to strike. His hand was almost at the knob when from the silence of that other room pricked out a keen little sound, the thin, shrill wail that is like no other. Hearne staggered and put his hands before his eyes.

"Floridy!" he whispered, shaking from head to foot.

The old woman, very brave now, opened the door and pushed him hastily into the room. He heard his wife's voice calling his name. She lay very white on a bed in the corner.

"Hearne—oh, Hearne! Darlin'!" she called out weakly to him. "Did you hear about it and come already? See!" She drew aside the coverings and showed a little silky head on her arm, a tiny countenance which puckered itself amazingly and sent forth once more that querulous cry.

Hearne fell on his knees beside the bed and hid his face in the covers, torn by long, dry sobs. Florida reached out a trembling hand and put it on his bowed, dark head.

But something stirred beyond the bed, some one knelt there half hid.

"Oh, law!" whispered Florida, her blue eyes clouding with anxiety; "I aimed to be safe back in our house before you come home, Hearne. You ain't mad about me seein' Mommie and having her with me, air ye, honey?" she inquired timidly. "Look like when I knew the

baby was to come, I jest couldn't do without my mother. Hearne"—with a little break that was almost like laughter in her voice—"honey, I went to every play-party and dance I could hear of, beca'se Mommie sent me word she'd do the same, and we'd meet at them places and talk. Hit mighty nigh killed me to have you away from me so much; and yet, look like a gal's obliged to have her mother at such a time." Her voice quavered pleadingly.

"But I remembered what I'd promised you, and I was scared. Hearne, honey, if you was to be mad at me, I'd shore die!"

And, looking closer, he recognized the gray-haired little old woman who crouched away from him at the bed-head, the gallant of poor Florida's innocent trysts.

"Mother Sterrett," he said huskily, reaching a hand across to her, "we-all'll have to raise this here chap so he'll mend the feud."

SPOOKS!

Spooks! Don't talk o' spooks when you're runnin' up the stair!
What am crouchin' in the shadow of that doorway, over there?

What am peekin' round that corner, as you steal apast the door?

What am making that there creakin' of a loose board in the floor?

What am whistlin' down the chimney? What am rattlin' of the blind?

What am scratchin' at the woodwork as a match you're tryin' to find?

Am it spooks that makes these noises? Am it spooks? Or does you doubt?

Whee-e-e! Who pattered 'cross the room, and blew the candle out?
And as you're creepin' into bed and pullin' up your toes

What am knockin' on the window? Am it spooks? Who knows?

What red eyes am starin' at you from the darknes 'round?

What noise am that outside the door, that queer shufflin' sound?

Don' you jump so, it am Mammy's hand upon your wooly head,

Come to snuggle, and to tuck you up into your cosy bed.

Hush-a-bye, ma little honey, Mammy's near you all the night;

There ain't nuthin' 'round this cabin that you're scared of in the light.

Go to sleep ma piccaninny, shut your frightened brown eyes, do!
There ain't nuthin' in the shadows that can be of harm to you.

The wind it am, you hear a whislin' and blowin' round the house,
No, ma honey! that there scratchin' am the scamp'rin' of a mouse.

Those red eyes? Why no, chile; nonsense, does you not know old black Jim?

Go to sleep! the rain am stoppin'; and the moon am chinin', dim;
Come to watch ma piccaninny, as she lies asleepin' still,
Keeps away the spooks and goblins, till the sun lights up the hill.

—Margaret Osborne.

The Seven Hundred Dollar Preacher

By the Editor

THIS magazine has been vigorously criticized for having published in the September issue excerpts from an article which appeared in Hampton's Magazine, and which was entitled "What is to become of the Preacher?" The underlying idea in the article was to hold up to view the inconsistency of sending Missionaries out to the Heathen when the preacher at home does not get sufficient salary upon which to live decently. The writer of the original article went so far as to declare that money is wasted in Foreign Missions: that it costs \$3.75 to administer \$1 worth of actual missionary work; and that the churches in the United States are asking for \$50,000,000 for Foreign Missions—all these things at the same time that many a home pastor is grossly underpaid. Canadian clergymen in the Anglican, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches have written to us protesting, that these figures are incorrect and that the entire article was "dangerously misleading," because as one writer put it, MacLean's Magazine circulates among the majority of business men in Canada.

In so far as the specific statements made by Hampton's Magazine are challenged, the editor of MacLean's Magazine is quite willing to accept the word of our Canadian clergymen to the effect that Foreign Missions do not spend \$3.75 to administer one dollar; and that there is, in short, no criticism, so far as we have yet learned, which can be successfully made in this connection. But MacLean's Magazine does feel it is its duty to say, since the subject has roused so much interest, that concerning the main allegation in the American article referred to, that is, that preachers of Christianity in Home fields are often underpaid while the revenues of the churches are being sent to Foreign fields, this magazine is in full sympathy with the American writer. We have nothing to say against Foreign Missions. We recognize the excellent work they are doing. We do feel, however, that the churches of this country owe it to the laymen, owe it indeed to this Nation itself, to ensure fair salaries to our home preachers before sending funds abroad.

We say now-a-days that everything in a civilized community must justify its existence. One would not think of denying that the Churches do not justify their existence. Everyone recognizes in them, no matter what one's religious beliefs may be, that the churches are a refining influence in the community. In an indirect and a subtle way they assist the police. Where there are churches, lives and properties and a citizen's rights are safer.

But there is another saying, that all things must aim to be efficient. Our public institutions are expected to do the utmost with a given supply of energy. An engine that cannot get the maximum of "pull" out of one pound of steam is on its way to the Scrap Heap. Efficiency is demanded of everything, and the question in our mind is this: Are the churches, as public institutions—for they are such, more or less—efficient? The fact that a Church or any organization does great good, and is indispensable, does not justify that Church or that organization in being inefficient.

We submit that the Seven hundred dollar preacher, be he settled in a definite charge or be he a missionary, single or married, ordained or unordained—is a sign of inefficiency on the part of the churches that allow him to exist. Seven hundred dollar salaries are keeping young men out of the ministry of our various religious denominations. Seven hundred dollar salaries are an invitation for weak men.

This is not written with a view to making the personal lot of the under-paid preacher any better than it is, although that of course is desirable. This is written from the impersonal standpoint of the community at large. Buddhist or Baptist, Roman Catholic or Presbyterian, High Church or Low Church, or no church at all, we must recognize in the churches civilizing influences which are supported directly or indirectly by the whole community and from which the community has the right to expect efficiency. The churches have work to do besides the saving of souls. They must give men the inspiration to be strong men and good citizens. They must combat the spirit of ultra-materialism. They have the opportunity and they are letting it slip, by under-paying the men at home.

Why are there rural communities in Ontario which are rotten with degeneracy? It is not alone because the Churches have sent weak men to those communities, but it is partly on that account. The Seven Hundred dollar preacher cannot live decently, much less be a walking "Inspiration." It takes the biggest, brightest and best men that can be found. The Christian religion should be able to hire the same brains that the great railways command, but they make the mistake of thinking that a man can live on Glory—and Seven Hundred. He can't. Conferences, Assemblies and Synods discuss the question of the under-paid home preacher and conclude in a spirit of brotherly love, that it would never do to reduce the Foreign mission appropriation, although they recognize the "grave need" of the Home Missions. This delicacy of feeling is wrong. It behooves either the Foreign Mission departments to step up like gentlemen and say: "We will not take our share until you have enough at home," else it is the duty of the laymen of this country to over-ride departmental etiquette, and see that the churches at home are made efficient first.

Mary

By

Elizabeth Maury Coombs

YES 'in, Miss Deacon, Pete Bruffey were a bad man. Why, the whole Blue Ridge mountains knowed that when *he* sot eyes on a gander at the gander-pullin's, thar weren't no more popularity nor pullin' for that thar gander. It was Pete's,—for he weren't no more 'feared of a gun than you be of a button-hook, an' all that skeers anybody 'bout'n ary button-hook as I ever knowed is that it be agoin' to slip behind the beereau to be lost to the world twell next spring-cleanin'."

The Deaconess of the mountains smiled gently.

"I 'member," mused the old crone, her eyes fixed on the back log of the hickory fire, as she gazed into the past—"I 'member the day Pete was born—'member it jest as well as I do yestiddy's dinner—which were turnip-tops teched with frost; the bacon weren't hardly cooked a mite, an' my son's wife ain't no gre't hand at corn-bread—which, when all is said, is the bone of the dinner. But thar, whar is the daughter-in-law what *kin* cook to suit her husband's mother! I dunno whar she be—but 'pears like I done hearn tell that she died afore she was born. Whar was I?"

"Lawd, Lawd! how time goes, an' folks in front of it! I 'member when Pete was born, an' I was thar t'other night when he died. All them times what lay in betwixt an' between, he were jest the same—maybe sometimes a *leetle mite* samer. Some folks is born cross-eyed, but Pete he were born with a cross-eyed soul. Seem-like he seed everybody an' everything plumb twisticated. You 'member Watch, his ole dorg? That ole flea-bit fool dorg wored a hole plumb in the big road gittin' up an' a-layin' down agin to turn diffunt sides on himself to the north wind, whilst

he waited o' nights, down yonder at Punk's ba'room to come home with Pete. Yet Pete were such a onery cuss he ain't nuvver had a kind word fer his dorg—much less fer his wife.

"An' now you say Mary Bruffey is right smart sick, an' you b'lieve she's not a good 'oman! Mary Bruffey bad? Why, bless your soul, Miss Deacon, that thar 'oman is as good as green peas in spring! Why, I lay you could stew more natural meanness out'n a Baptist preacher—an' me a hard-shell church member in good standin' says it—than you could out'n that 'oman's whole body—bones, boots, an' all!

"I knowed her when she was a slip—knowed her when she looked more like a clove pink what had been pressed in the fam'ly Bible than anything you ever see. Sweet an' slim she were, even for a gal-critter, always with them wide gray eyes o' her'n a-lookin' 'way off into the middle o' next week. Knowed her when her Pa had her edicated jest like a lady to play the pianner with fingers as white as the drivellin' snow—they weren't mountain folks like we-alls. She could play 'Monastery Bells,' an' all—'cept the front start—of the 'Maiden's Prayer,' an' Teacher said she only had to skip that 'cause why her fingers couldn't stretch, an' that made it sound kinder like the Maiden's Jumps instead.

"Mary ain't *nuvver* been mean, either that day or this. I stayed with her when Pete died, an' him a-kickin' at me like a mule at a yaller jacket, whilst I was a-tryin' for to wrop his cold foots up in my red flannen petticoat, which be the same one I got on the Chris'mas tree at the Mission nigh on to three year ago, an' which by this time is wore that thin a blind man

could dart straws through it. I ain't complainin', Miss Deacon, but yet I will say that, when all is said, Chris'mus ain't far off when you see Jeemes' ole dorg Tige begin for to stand round the 'simmon tree waitin' for one to drap.

"But, Lawd, Lawd, whar was I by now!

"Mary!" Pete would call, an' she a-hurryin' an' a-standin' at the head o' the bed, a-cryin', so 'feard he was goin' to die, an' me a-standin' at the foot o' the bed, a-cryin', so 'feard he wasn't.

"Mary! Mary!" he'd call. 'Why, the devil don't you light the lamp?'

"An' thar sot the lamp—a green tin one with a cracked 'chimbley—on a soap-box right afore his two eyes!

"Gawd knows the shadders is dark enough!" Then he'd shrink back, tremblin' like water in the wind. An' that thar Mary woman, she'd tell him the lamp *was* a-burnin'. 'The Book says, 'While yet the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return,' but the sinner can't always see when the lamp be a-burnin'—that's the way I reads the riddle, for Pete ain't nuvver returned—an' I for one am glad of it, for I was his nearest neighbor.

"No'm, Pete Bruffey ain't nuvver come back to these here mountains, though Mary knelt down by his bed an' tried to lead him to the light, as the Word says.

"Honey," she'd say, 'I be here with yer, an' the light is clear. Didn't you see how it flared up when the wind comed through the broken blind, jest like it always do?'

"But he didn't seem like he could hear, fer he jest kep' on a-sayin' like children learn to read:

"Mary, Mary, light the lamp. The shadders is darkenin'!

"Ole Watch whimpled, with his nose against the door-jamb—scratched at it—seemed like he half wanted to come in, an' half didn't. Then he sot out thar on a little hump o' ground an' moaned his heart out to the mountains. That thar dorg loved Pete, an' for why the Lawd knows—ef *He* do! *He* made dorgs, an' He made women, an' sometimes I think he made 'em the same day, an' His mixin's got mixed, fer Mary would ha' followed Pete into the shadders. I was thar, an' I seed her make up her mind ter foller him.

"You tell me she turns folkses' little children from her door. Pore critter, she ain't nuvver had none o' her own. She'd

always be a-sayin' ter me, 'Babies 'ud make a new man out'n Pete.' But fer my part, if so be as I had er been in the new-makin' men business, I'd ha' begun on some good fresh gully dirt rather than waste stitches on Pete Bruffey's remains. But that's neither here ner thar. You say she's cross and kicks the ole dorg when he whines; she has even been knowed to go to the sto' to get whiskey an' try to get drunk—she that's hated that stuff like cold pizen ever sence she come into the world! She's tryin' to fool you into thinkin' she's a bad 'oman, Miss Deacon. Mary ain't no drunkard—she's jest tryin' to be bad so's to foller Pete. She thinks thar ain't no other way ter do it. She *ain't* bad! She may fool you—she may fool the preacher—she may fool the Lawd—but she ain't agoin' to fool me, fer I hev been her highest neighbor for nigh on ter forty year. Pete were a drunkard, an' Mary has done made up her mind to foller Pete—I seed it that night when she said, said she: 'I'm comin' with *you*, Pete.' An' he says, sighin' like the breath of wind that dies down at break o' day, 'The—shadders—is over—it—all!'

"I tried to suage her away, then. 'Mary,' says, I, 'the light was jest over yonder ahind the hills—but,' says I, 'Pete he jest ain't nuvver seen it, 'cause the pore critter's soul's eyes was plumb twisticated.'

"That was two years an' a month ago. Fer two days after—the day of Pete's funeral—my ole Spot she had a heifer calf, an' it snowed, rained, and hailed on the buryin' day, an' so I was mighty sorry fer Mary: a buryin' day's got to mighty sunshiny to collect ary crowd in these here mountains. But that same day I was mighty glad fer myself an' ole Spot, fer my ole man had done declar'd out as how he weren't goin' to spend any more time traipsin' round the world lookin' up good homes fer bull calves ter please me an' my contrary ole spotted cow.

"Am I goin' to Mary when you say she says she'd rather I wouldn't? Why, Miss Deacon," protested the old woman, rising and reaching her hand over to where her slat sunbonnet hung, drooping from its peg, "*in course* I'm agoin'! Mary jest don't want ter let on she wants her friends, 'cause she's afeard you won't think she's cross an' mean enough ter foller Pete."

Adjusting the limp bonnet over her sleek white hair, with its small white knot looking like a silver-skin onion at the nape of her neck, and scorning by a gesture the proffered help of the Deaconess, the old woman stepped along the steep path leading to the big silk-leaved poplar that whispered beside the little spring she and Mary had shared in common all the years of their neighborliness. The path of red clay like a painted streak led up the hill and through a field of yellow sedge, and in the gullies the honeysuckle vines, red-purple by the frost, ran like spilt wine down the hillsides.

The old dog growled from where he drowsed on the shuck mat in front of Mary's door, but sank down again with a groan and only one or two tired rat-tats on the floor with his stump tail, as Mary's neighbor spoke to him. Reaching across, she pulled the leather string that lifted the latch, and she and the Deaconess went straight into the one-room cabin without knocking.

"Mary," said the old woman going toward the bed cheerily, "I brung yer some of my fried pies—thinkin' you was sick and might relish somethin' that would set light on yer stummick."

But the Deaconess advanced to the bed and found her patient too far gone for even fried pies to make an appeal to her appetite. A change had come since she had gone by in the morning to her little school—the subtle gray change of twilight, the courier of the dark that comes before the dawn.

The little Deaconess knelt by the bed and lifted up her voice: "O Lord, our Light in time of Darkness, our Strength in—"

The dying woman's hand stayed her.

"I'd a sight ruther ye—wouldn't pray—miss. I don't feel no call ter go ter heaven. I'd a sight ruther go with Pete."

"But maybe," faltered the Deaconess, in spite of the prevailing opinion of Pete's intimates—"maybe Pete went to heaven."

"No'm, he didn't—you didn't know Pete."

"Well, even if Pete didn't go to heaven, you want to—because you know there is no marrying nor giving in marriage there, and your husband will be the same to you as any one else."

"Yes'm," spoke Mary's old neighbor from the fireplace, where she was putting the noses of the chunks together, "I read that onct, an' says I to my ole man, 'Bill, I do reckon as how there's a confusion an' a stew up thar when menfolks can change partners every time the coffee 's weak an' the socks ain't darned.' An' he 'lowed as how, 'Ole 'oman, you got to be a sight more keerful o' my feelin's up thar than what you done been down here. You just dar say, 'You better had split me some kindlin's, Bill,' an' I'm gone 'fore you have time to see whether the wood-box is full or not!'"

Soon the good old woman hurried forward in her heartsome way with the bowl of hot tea she had brewed, but Mary's hands were busied feebly with picking threads from the worn patchwork quilt, her eyes were looking out into the darkness: she seemed only to remember the one passive passion of her passive life—Pete.

The snow commenced to fall, whisperingly among the brown leaves that still clung tenaciously to the oaks before the cabin door. Sometimes a flake or two even fell down the wide chimney with a little sputter upon the live red coals.

"I'm plumb glad it ain't rain," declared the old woman. "Rain sobs so, an' it might wake Mary. Lawd send she may sleep clean across to the other side!"

But towards morning the gray eyes opened, and Mary smiled like a child in its sleep.

"The shadders fall—I be comin', Pete—comin' to you in the darkenin' shadders! But over yonder, ahint the mountains, seems like I see a light—I see a light as we two kin find."



Looking Younger Than Your Years

By

A. W. Anderson

HE looks fifty, does this erect, vigorous, Canadian business man and when he tells you that he is sixty-seven past, you feel inclined to gaze at him incredulously; but the twinkle in his eye does not betoken guile, only amusement at your obvious astonishment, and then you remember his family and at length realize that he must be as old as he says he is. To meet such a man is not as common an occurrence as it ought to be. Too often it is the man of fifty who looks sixty-seven in this land where business life makes such demands on one's vitality; and when the reverse is encountered, curiosity is raised as to how, by what magic means, the result has been achieved.

In the eyes of some people he may be a faddist, addicted inveterately to reading physical culture journals and practising the precepts they contain, but he has proved to his own satisfaction that it is a good thing to be persistent in caring for one's health and that habits of regular exercise formed when young and followed through life are a great source of satisfaction in old age.

"The great trouble with most people," says he, "is that they lack the determination, the downright grit, to stick steadily at physical exercises through all sorts of conditions of mind and body. They usually start out with unbounded enthusiasm, enter into the spirit of the thing with excessive vigor for a few weeks or months, and then something turns up to distract them and they give it up. Such spasmodic efforts are worse than useless and are often detrimental to health.

"I once found it necessary to bribe my wife to go through a series of exercises every day, giving her so much a week if she would stick to it. By this means, even though it was not particularly commendable, I am convinced that she built up a surplus of health which is now standing her in good stead.

"My regimen of health is a simple one and it is one that I have adhered to for many years. There are three basic principles. First, be sure to have the digestive organs performing their functions perfectly. Indigestion with all its attendant evils is at the root of most of the troubles man is heir to, and the system must be got into shape to avoid them. Second, one's breathing apparatus, the lungs, must be used to the full. This is a weak spot in many constitutions and proper breathing will work wonders if practised consistently. Lastly, the blood must be made to circulate freely. A stagnant circulation is detrimental to efficient work.

"To put my body into proper condition, so that digestion, breathing and circulation are all as nearly perfect as I can make them and so that I can do my day's work effectively, I begin first thing in the morning with my physical exercises. Lying on my back in bed, I fill my lungs with the fresh air which has been streaming into my bedroom all night through the open windows, expanding my chest and holding in the air for some moments; then expelling it and taking a fresh breath. This carries off all the impurities in my lungs and wakes me up thoroughly. On rising, I go through about five minutes' exercises

with either Indian clubs, dumbbells or without any apparatus at all, drinking between the different movements about two glasses of cold water. Following this I take a sponge-bath. I used to take a cold dip every morning but found that it was a little too much of a shock for my system and so resorted to a sponge, using tepid water. After drying myself I rub my body all over with a brush until my skin gets into a glow and the circulation is racing. Then I dress and am ready for my breakfast. All this I do in a leisurely way, with my mind concentrated on what I am doing, so that I shall derive the greatest amount of benefit from the course.

"In eating, I follow the rule of eating slowly and masticating my food thoroughly. When I was a young man I was troubled with acute indigestion which made my life miserable. An old friend told me one day that he could give me a sure cure if I would follow his prescription. He advised me to lay in a stock of hard-tack and eat a piece of it between mouthfuls of other food. I tried it and in a surprisingly short time I was completely cured of the indigestion. The way it worked was simply this: I couldn't bolt the lumps of the sea biscuit, as I had become accustomed to swallow my other food, and the habit of chewing it, once acquired, was applied to everything that I ate. I used to send to Halifax for barrels of sea biscuit for some years afterwards, eating it at all my meals.

"This habit of incomplete mastication of food is a bad one and while it may not show any ill-effects for years and years, sooner or later it will make itself felt. I well remember a friend of mine, a hale, hearty fellow who is still living in the city of Toronto; he used to boast that he had no stomach, meaning that he could eat anything without discomfort. He talked this way until he was fifty and then without any warning his over-taxed stomach rebelled and he collapsed. It took him ten years to get back to something like his former health, though even now he has to exercise the greatest care in his diet.

"Contrast with this a lady who also lived in Toronto. She was of delicate constitution but always seemed to enjoy good health. When she was seventy-four, someone asked her how she managed to keep

so fresh. She replied that she always made it a habit never to swallow anything. By this she did not mean that she ate nothing, but simply that she chewed her food so thoroughly that it appeared to dissolve away without any apparent effort of swallowing.

"Of course I must admit that it takes time to eat in this slow way and I am often an hour at a meal that other men would get through in fifteen or twenty minutes, but all the same I would rather do this than be troubled with indigestion.

"In going to my office I always make it a point to walk part of the distance, perhaps a mile. I walk briskly, bringing as many muscles as possible into play and I also breathe deeply. This deep breathing is a grand thing. Often when my office gets stuffy during the day and I begin to lose my grasp on things, if I just slip on my hat and take a little walk along the street, inhaling deep breaths of air, when I return to the office I feel fresh as a daisy.

"In the evening I try to take my mind completely off my business and this I now do chiefly by reading. I find a good novel a splendid restorative after a hard day's work. I retire fairly early, but first I very often take a short walk, again going through my breathing exercises, and I invariably run through my physical movements after undressing. Then I swing open the French windows, close my door and jump into bed, where I always enjoy sound sleep.

"Mind you, I do not claim that my way of living prevents sickness or any occasional fit of indisposition. There are influences working all the time to cause these troubles, which the best of systems cannot prevent. But I do say that I am in condition to fight off attacks better than most men. I venture to say that there are few men of my age who could run a hundred yards' dash, as I can, without puffing and this I am able to do by reason of my chest development.

"The best of all exercises to my mind for a business man who can afford it is horse-back riding. For many years I rode every morning before breakfast and to this exercise I attribute a good portion of my present health. And this reminds me of a somewhat amusing incident bearing on this same subject of physical culture.

When I first took to riding, I used to give it up when winter came on. The first winter, feeling the loss of the exercise, I bought a piece of indoor apparatus at which I used to work every morning. During the fall I had gone to my tailor and ordered a new suit of clothes, which were sent up to the house in due course. Not requiring them at once, they were put away. About four months later my wife remarked that my business clothes were getting shabby and that I ought to have a new suit. That reminded me that I already had a new suit. So I brought it out and tried it on, but I found that it wouldn't fit; it was too small. I did not realize what was the matter and took the clothes down to the tailor, telling him that he had made a bad fit, a thing he had never done before. He looked up the measurements and found that the suit had been made to the measured size. Then to make sure he measured me again and found that in the four months I had developed two inches in the chest. My exercises had brought about this result. Since then I have added four inches more to my chest measurement.

"After riding for some years, I took up bicycling with much advantage. I can also see benefits in motoring as it gives one plenty of fresh air and induces deeper breathing. Walking, too, is admirable and for the man who cannot afford a horse or a motor it is really quite as good, if not better, when it is pursued in the proper way.

"If business and professional men now at the heyday of their health and vigor would only take heed to their physical needs, how thankful they would be later on. Only the other day I went to see a lawyer friend of mine who I fear has nearly reached the end of his career. A brilliant jurist, a hard worker, he neglected physical exercise entirely and to-day, at a comparatively early age, he has to give it all up. Our cities are full of examples of the same sort of folly. A few rules and exercises observed each day, such as I have outlined, will do for others what they have done for me. At sixty-seven, I feel as young in spirit and vigorous in body, as I did ten or even twenty years ago and I can still do a good day's work and enjoy it."

THE LAND OF NIGHT

A weary God, with trembling hand
 Had traced the Yukon to the strand.
 "Here shall the wolf and big deer range," said he.
 "Man shall not trouble thee."

Between her, and Man's World, he put
 A hidden pitfall, every foot.
 "This is the land where life is death," he cried.
 "So stay the other side."

He gave her winter, lone and cold;
 Long night, to screen her bosom's gold;
 And then, half smiling, filled ravine and dell
 With shadows, meant for Hell.

The Sphynx-like sun awoke, and sent
 His rays through the abandonment.
 "Master," he said, "it's vain. While gold's about
 "You cannot keep man out.

—H. Mortimer Batten.

The Story of a Strong Man

By

By Francis Dickie

FROM Wainwright westward to the Battle River as the line runs is twelve miles; twelve miles of a steady unbroken drop in grade. Leaving Wainwright for perhaps two miles the line is over fairly level plain, then strikes a high sandy range of hills which lie for many miles along both sides of the river. From this point the roadbed rounds in a series of many curves interspersed with short tangents till it reaches the bridge. But once the hills are struck the perspective of the line is narrowed to only a few feet ahead, the sharpness of the curves and their numerousness coupled with the high putting hillsides and long cut banks thus foreshortening the view.

Dan Dempster, roadmaster and superintendent of track laying from Wainwright to the front, was listlessly idling away an hour in the long bar of the Wainwright saloon where a number of railroad men were generally congregated. It was strictly against company rules to drink, or for that matter to be seen in a bar, but the men for the most part were heedless of it, and Dan himself at least had nothing to fear, for he was too good a man, too much of a manager, and knowing as he did every inch of his work from first track spike to last switch frog, held slight fear of dismissal for this slight breach of company edict.

In the superintendent's tall well-knit though not heavy six feet two, there was nothing that gave token of unusual strength. Only those who had been in close contact with him and personally knew him were aware of his power. And when Macrimmon, civil engineer and personal friend, remarked carelessly that "Dan could lift him sitting on a chair by

just gripping the rung," a conductor new to the road was loud in his disbelief, and promptly made a bet.

Now to most men to lift an ordinary chair, even unweighted, by gripping the rung and raise level with the shoulder, is no easy feat. If you don't believe it try. But Dan, with Macrimmon's one hundred and eighty pounds of weight seated in the chair, leaned down, caught the rung, swayed, strained a moment, chair and man rose quickly in the air and with seeming ease the superintendent set his burden upon the top of the bar, then, changing hands lowered it slowly, and without apparent effort, to the floor. As the engineer pocketed his money he continued his boasting, and this time there was no dissenting voice.

"That's nothing for Dan," he laughed. "Why up to Tofield last month when they started laying steel on the branch I saw him take and carry a thirty-foot rail of eighty-pound steel. You see, it was this way. There was twelve Galicians carrying it with tongs, and they was so slow coming that Dan, who was there looking after the putting in of the switch, got mad and run over and grabbed hold of it in the centre and walked off with it himself. Oh you ought to seen them huskies look."

Finishing this anecdote, Macrimmon bought a drink, but the superintendent, being a modest man and having some work to attend to, had slipped away.

Ten miles down the track toward the river a lifting gang were at work, the gravel trains bringing their loads from across the river a few miles further westward. Wishing to see how things were progressing, Dan left the hotel and walking to his office in the yard he threw the

clerk's track speeder on the rails and sent the little velocipede rapidly down the yards, its speed increased by the high wind from the east. Reaching the gang a little later he inspected the work and then began his pump back. It was hard going against the wind, but he had almost reached the point where the hills dropped away when a pounding roar told him a train was coming from Wainwright. A little puzzled, he pulled the car off the tracks wondering what it could be for there was nothing expected at this time.

* * *

At the west end of the yards ten flat cars loaded with steel and one box car of ties were standing. They had been "spotted" there early in the afternoon ready to go out on the first material train for the front. The yard-men after spotting had gone, leaving the whole string with unset brakes. As the afternoon drew on, the rising east wind drove with ever increasing force against the string. This and the down grade and their heavy tonnage had started them in motion. With a little creaking start the wheels moved barely an inch, then another and gathering momentum began to creep down the yard. By the time they reached the switch they were going slowly but with sufficient speed to force the switch points and swing onto the main line. The lower end of the yard was deserted and no one noticed them go. This was what Dan had heard approaching.

The cars passed him at about fifteen miles an hour, and it took him only a second to realize the danger that they were to the extra gang, scarce eight miles away, and to the unloading work train beside which they were working. Turning the velocipede, he set it upon the rails and sent it racing after the runaway which was every moment going faster. The handle bars of the little car bent under the pressure of his driving strokes and the little guide wheel bounced sometimes many inches from the rail.

It was but a moment's run to overtake the string.

He sent the little speeder in close to the end of the big box car on the tail end of the train. He caught the foot-rail of the end ladder. Steadying himself he reached up and with the other hand

caught the second rung of the ladder. Releasing his first grip he raised himself up till he was at a standing position feet resting upon the seat of the speeder then with a quick spring he made the ladder and climbed rapidly upward to the brake wheel. The cast off speeder dropped behind.

With a few quick turns he set the brakes on the box car. The wheels wailed and squealed but the train went on with undiminished speed.

Running along the roof he climbed down the farther end and swung onto the first flat car and working with feverish haste soon had the brake set on the whole ten cars. But there was no perceptible slackening. Instead, at every passing rail joint, the runaway gathered headway.

The screaming brake shoes were smoking now and long lines of sparks flashed from every truck, and on the end car Dan stood watching the fast flying landscape, an awful sense of his own helplessness assailing him. Ahead, scarcely four miles now, was the extra gang and the unloading train. As the track lay the runaway would be upon them almost as soon as it came into view.

Then an idea came to him. For only a moment he hesitated. It might mean death to him but there were those ahead and besides it was death now either to stay on the train or to leap from it.

To carry an eight hundred pound, thirty-foot rail which was already lifted from the ground, as he had previously done, was no light trick even for Dan. But to get it here on a swaying flat-car, where each rail was laid close packed, seemed almost impossible. But he set about it. He had just six minutes before the runaway would be upon the train ahead.

He was standing about the centre of the car and also about the middle of the rail so with legs wide apart, braced against the terrific roll of the speeding train he bent down and grasped the flat top, his fingers closing around where the surface curved to the body of the rail. Gasping, every muscle crying out, he tugged. Slowly, very slowly, the big rail rose, an inch. Then another—till it was above the rest.

With a little jerk he let it fall back slantingly, thus resting it on top of the others and straightened up, every muscle

quivering, to rest himself for the final feat.

Then once more he reached down and caught the rail. His fingers, from the terrific grip and strain against the rough steel, were torn and bleeding but he did not notice. Once more he raised the rail up, up till it was on a level with his waist then with arms crooked and burden held close to his body he started down to the end of the car.

His heart was pounding madly, the veins on his forehead standing out fiercely distended, his breath came in gasps and with every step the aching overburdened muscles sent up awful shooting pains. But he staggered on over the groaning steel expecting at every lurch of the car, as it swung around some curve, to lose his balance and be thrown along the right-of-way.

He was almost there. Somehow he seemed to be walking on a chariot of fire, his head buzzed and his eyes, starting from their sockets, saw red, but still he hung to that mass of steel though seemingly millions of tons were pressing down upon his overburdened arms.

Within a foot of the edge of the car he halted. Before him the track rushed under the flying wheels and the air was full of the roar of pounding trucks and screaming brakes. Crouching his legs wide apart, he hesitated a second, desperately trying to force more strength into his weary arms. He thought of laying the steel down and resting but instinctively knew, with his fast waning strength, he could never lift it again. It was now or never.

Back and forth ever so slightly he swung his body to gain the necessary momentum, then his arms straightened out

—and *threw* the mass of steel; it was a scarce foot in distance yet it was a wonderful cast. Almost as it dropped, but too quick for eye to perceive, the onrushing front trucks of the flat car struck it and the man knew no more.

With a scream the wheels of the front truck hit the huge rail. They bumped over. They were torn from the body of the car and leaving the track, went tearing over the ties into the ditch below. Then the rear trucks struck and the rushing cars following slewed the flat car half around and, weighted as they were with thousands of tons of steel, broke couplings and piled one above the other. Broken draw-bars, torn out whole, trucks, loosened rails and ties, hurling through the air and falling, lay strewn in terrible confusion along the right-of-way. The rails of the first car, with the terrific pressing force from behind, half burying themselves in the soft sloping sides of the cut, poised, quivering like arrows gone home true to a mark.

And Dan, hurled like a stone from a catapult with the impact, shot into the air and dropped with a dull thud on the brown dead grass at the top of the cut; his head striking a boulder, and lay still. The crew of the wrecking train found him an hour later; bruised, battered and still stunned but very much alive, and carried him to the caboose.

* * *

Should you ever travel over the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific's great trans-continental and are fortunate you may perhaps meet and talk with some old timer of this division of the road and he will tell you, quietly, yet with pride, of the runaway steel train and the strength of Dan.



"Petticoats"

By

Margaret O'Grady

NO man really loves just one woman! You had voiced it to the men themselves and they ridiculed it, denied it, defied it and laughed at it, according to their mental attitude. Then you promptly cast it forth into a feminine circle—and immediately became unpopular.

They believe it? Not they! Monstrous! And when the little, newly-married bridled and with chilling directions demanded if for one instant you doubted the disinterested, consuming passion of her adoring spouse for her, it was obvious you were on the verge of a delicate situation, which might be discreetly rescued by desisting. Here was antagonism and here was ignorance, blind, blissful and feminine in matters pertaining to that incarnation of colossal instability, the masculine heart. They regretted you had permitted your misguided intelligence to meander through such devious and heretical bye-ways. Henceforth you should be to them as one removed, remote and your absurd doctrine as the proverbial red rag to the infuriated male cow. Altogether, the atmosphere was chilly.

The constancy of women is pathetic; men's sincerity a joke. Men desire and demand diversity. Any petticoat will do, only should it be a pink one to-day undoubtedly it must be a blue one to-morrow. And if after a series of mildly exciting episodes among the be-ruffled sex, milord creates a pleasant attachment for a certain fair one, it most assuredly is not that particular damsel who has brought things to the climax of an impassioned declaration. Rather is it not the psychological moment and the petticoat? The latter may be real, supplement-

ed by midnight eyes and dusky locks. Had the psychological moment occurred earlier in the week the petticoat had been, mayhap, of lavender, cheerfully accompanied by alluring dimples and an irreproachable skin. It is very simple. We are told that man has laughed at petticoats from the time when it was the custom for every great house in England to keep a tame fool dressed in petticoats, that the heir of the family might have an opportunity of diverting himself with his absurdities. And he has been diverting himself tolerably well, ever since. But, be it observed, the gaping face beneath the cap and bells is a man's face. It would appear, therefore, that while a woman may impersonate Folly, she rarely assumes the role of the Fool. Lumaens, the great Swedish naturalist, who was the first who ventured to class man in a scientific system with the rest of animated nature, being at the same time severely censured for degrading the dignity of the human race by such an approximation, tells us, among other things, that men have "a particular pre-eminence in their organ of voice." Indeed, yes. Have not you a glittering example of it within the sacred confines of your own fireside? Also his ability to use these vocal organs at the most inopportune time has been only too frequently and too forcibly demonstrated. Heavens! he has swallowed his collar button or kicked a refractory stovepipe into a disfigured knot!

Moore apparently knew the fickleness of the sex when he thus admonishes cavorting gallants: "When you are far from the lips that you love, make love to the lips that are near." The trend of masculine

affections was not as a closed book to the poet.

Such a weather-cock in affairs of the heart is a man that you feel a slight surprise when the hero in "Reveries of a Bachelor" informs you, after untold anguish and unmitigated sorrow for his lost love: "You sigh—poor thing! and in a very flashy waistcoat you venture a morning call."—on some other fair Miranda, you opine.

In sharp contrast to this quickly forgotten amour, you hear Persephone, the sad queen in "A Spie of Hades" exclaim: "I too have died for love." And you are inclined to believe the lady. Even Byron, whose loves were numerous, running the entire gaunt of variation, beginning with Miss Chaworth and ending with the Countess Guiccioli, admits that "Man's love is of man's life, a thing apart."

If Cleopatra had not appeared at the psychological moment, would not Anthony have been swearing fealty to some other Egyptian or Roman petticoat? So rare a virtue is constancy in men that Emerson, recognizing the fact, asserts: "Romeo, if dead, should be cut up into little stars to make the heavens fine." And, yet, the world abounds in Juliets, which calls forth no surprised comment.

Are men better dead than alive? Is that what Meredith meant when he wrote:

"Men the angels eyed,
And liked the picture best
When they were greenly dressed
In a brotherhood of graves."

And Shakespeare, that keen observer of human emotions, avers that since the world began there was not any man died in his own person, *vi delicet*, in a love cause. "Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

The belief, then, is forced upon you that the early demise of the average amorous youth is either due to accident or a severe attack of mumps.

When a man sins against society, there is a big hue and cry and some cackling busy-body whispers: "Cherchez la femme!" The irony of it! Is it not this very "look for the woman" element in him that has brought about his present unhappy state? Had he but avoided her!

Men have been pursuers ever and he

who seeks woman seeks trouble—and gets it. Had the serpent in the Garden of Eden been of the feminine sex, what would have happened? Does not the imagination conjure a picture of the faithful consort of Adam industriously wearing a verdant petticoat in fig-leaf design, while her fickle spouse is jabbering spoony speeches to the serpent lady or probably inditing hieroglyphic love missives on birch bark?

The unattainable attained loses its attraction. A man wins a petticoat, he tires of it, he forgets it. But let some other man happen along with a desire for possession, then—well, the poet describes it best.

"How many a thing which is cast to the ground,

When others pick it up becomes a gem!

We grasp at all the wealth it is to them;

And by reflected light its worth is found."

Here, at last, is an example of masculine sincerity in Gray's Melancholy Youth:

"Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,

Heaven did a recompense as largely send;

He gave to misery all he had, a tear;
And gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend."

But he died, you see. Besides he only desired a friend, which proves that on his side, it was merely platonic. All of which aids to illustrate that the psychological moment and petticoat theory is, at least, tenable.

And should the gaudy and befrilled old rose uptilt her audacious chin in impermanent superiority because to some he has vowed she is the only one, let her not display unseemly pride, for had it not been the psychological moment, then in verity, might he not have been wheezing the identical words into the adorable ear of the modest little grey petticoat, with the discreet tucks and the innocent flounces?

Impossibilities are beyond human performance. And for a man to love just one woman, is a moral, mental and physical impossibility.

The Trail of '98

By

Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako."

BOOK IV

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CHAPTER XVI

At last, at last we had climbed over the divide, and left behind us forever the vampire valley. Oh, we were glad! But other troubles were coming. Soon the day came when the last of our grub ran out. I remember how solemnly we ate it. We were already more than three-parts starved, and that meal was but a mouthful.

"Well," said the Halfbreed, "we can't be far from the Yukon now. It must be the valley beyond this one. Then, in a few days, we can make a raft and float down to Dawson."

This heartened us, so once more we took up our packs and started. Jim did not move.

"Come on, Jim."

Still no movement.

"What's the matter, Jim? Come on."

He turned to us a face that grey and death-like.

"Go on, boys. Don't mind me. My time's up. I'm an old man. I'm only keeping you back. Without me you've got a chance; with me you've got none. Leave me here with a gun. I can shoot an' rustle grub. You boys can come back for me. You'll find old Jim spry an' chipper, awaitin' you with a smile on his face. Now go, boys. You'll go, won't you?"

"Go be darned!" said the Prodigal. "You know we'll never leave you, Jim."

You know the code of the trail. What d'ye take us for--skunks? Come on, we'll carry you if you can't walk."

He shook his head pitifully, but once more he crawled after us. We ourselves were making no great speed. Lack of food was beginning to tell on us. Our stomachs were painfully empty and dead.

"How d'ye feel?" asked the Prodigal. His face had an arrestively hollow look, but that frozen smile was set on it.

"All right," I said, "only terribly weak. My head aches at times, but I've got no pain."

"Neither have I. This starving racket's a cinch. It's dead easy. What rot they talk about the gnawing pains of hunger, an' ravenous men chewing up their boot-tops. It's easy. There's no pain. I don't even feel hungry any more."

None of us did. It was as if our stomachs, in despair at not receiving any food, had sunk into apathy. Yet there was no doubt we were terribly weak. We only made a few miles a day now, and even that was an effort. The distance seemed to be elastic, to stretch out under our feet. Every few yards we had to help Jim over a bad place. His body was emaciated and he was getting very feeble. A hollow fire burned in his eyes. The Halfbreed persisted that beyond those despotic mountains lay the Yukon Valley, and at night he would rouse us up:

"Say, boys, I hear the 'toot' of a steamer. Just a few more days and we'll get there."

Running through the valley, we found a little river. It was muddy in color and appeared to contain no fish. We ranged along it eagerly, hoping to find a few minnows, but without success. It seemed to me, as I foraged here and there for food, it was not hunger that impelled me so much as the instinct of self-preservation. I knew that if I did not get something into my stomach I would surely die.

Down the river we trailed forlornly. For a week we had eaten nothing. Jim had held on bravely, but now he gave up.

"For God's sake, leave me, boys! Don't make me feel guilty of your death. Haven't I got enough on my soul already? For God's pity, lads, save yourselves! Leave me here to die."

He pleaded brokenly. His legs seemed to have become paralysed. Every time we stopped he would pitch forward on his face, or while walking he would fall asleep and drop. The Prodigal and I supported him, but it was truly hard to support ourselves, and sometimes we collapsed, coming down all three together in a confused and helpless heap. The Prodigal still wore that set grin. His face was nigh fleshless, and, through the straggling beard, it sometimes minded me of a grinning skull. Always Jim moaned and pleaded:

"Leave me, dear boys, leave me!"

He was like a drunken man, and his every step was agony.

We threw away our packs. We no longer had the strength to bear them. The last thing to go was the Halfbreed's rifle. Several times it dropped out of his hand. He picked it up in a dazed way. Again and again it dropped, but at last the time came when he no longer picked it up. He looked at it for a stupid while, then staggered on without it.

At night we would rest long hours round the camp-fire. Often far into the day would we rest. Jim lay like a dead man, moaning continually, while we, staring into each other's ghastly faces, talked in jerks. It was an effort to hunt food. It was an effort to goad ourselves to continue the journey.

"Sure the river empties into the Yukon, boys," said the Halfbreed. "'Tain't so far, either. If we can just make a few miles more we'll be all right."

At night, in my sleep, I was a prey to the strangest hallucinations. People I had known came and talked to me. They were so real that, when I awoke, I could scarce believe I had been dreaming. Berna came to me often. She came quite close, with great eyes of pity that looked into mine. Her lips moved.

"Be brave, my boy. Don't despair," she pleaded. Always in my dreams she pleaded like that, and I think that but for her I would have given up.

The Halfbreed was the most resolute of the party. He never lost his head. At times we others raved a little, or laughed a little, or cried a little, but the Halfbreed remained cool and grim. Ceaselessly he foraged for food. Once he found a nest of grouse eggs, and, breaking them open, discovered they contained half-formed birds. We ate them just as they were, crunched them between our swollen gums. Snails, too, we ate sometimes, and grass roots and moss which we scraped from the trees. But our greatest luck was the decayed grouse eggs.

Early one afternoon we were all resting by a camp-fire on which was boiling some moss, when suddenly the Halfbreed pointed. There, in a glade down by the river's edge, were a cow, moose and calf. They were drinking. Stupidly we gazed. I saw the Halfbreed's hand go out as if to clutch the rifle. Alas! his fingers closed on the empty air. So near they were we could have struck them with a stone. Taking his sheath knife in his mouth, the Halfbreed started to crawl on his belly toward them. He had gone but a few yards when they winded him. One look they gave, and in a few moments they were miles away. That was the only time I saw the Halfbreed put out. He fell on his face and lay there for a long time.

Often we came to sloughs that we could not cross, and we had to go round them. We tried to build rafts, but we were too weak to navigate them. We were afraid we would roll off into the deep black water and drown feebly. So we went round, which in one case meant ten miles. Once, over a slough a few yards wide, the Halfbreed built a bridge of willows, and we crawled on hands and knees to the other side.

From a certain point our trip seems like a night-mare to me. I can only remem-

ber parts of it here and there. We reeled like drunken men. We sobbed sometimes. and sometimes we prayed. There was no word from Jim now, not even a whimper, as we half dragged, half carried him on. Our eyes were large with fever, our hands were like claws. Long sickly beards grew on our faces. Our clothes were rags, and vermin overran us. We had lost all track of time. Latterly we had been traveling about half a mile a day, and we must have been twenty days without proper food.

The Halfbreed had crawled ahead a mile or so, and he came back to where we lay. In a voice hoarse almost to a whisper he told us a bigger river joined ours down there, and on the bar was an old Indian camp. Perhaps in that place some one might find us. It seemed on the route of travel. So we made a last despairing effort and reached it. Indians had visited it quite recently. We foraged around and found some putrid fish bones, with which we made soup.

There was a grave set high on stilts, and within it a body covered with canvas. The Halfbreed wrenched the canvas from the body, and with it he made a boat eight feet in length by six in breadth. It was too rotten to hold him up, and he nearly drowned trying to float it, so he left it lying on the edge of the bar. I remember this was a terrible disappointment to us, and we wept bitterly. I think that about this time we were all half-crazy. We lay on that bar like men already dead, with no longer hope of deliverance.

* * * * *

Then Jim passed in his checks. In the night he called me.

"Boy," he whispered, "you an' I've been good pals, ain't we?"

"Yes, old man."

"Boy, I'm in agony. I'm suffering untold pain. Get the gun, for God's sake, an' put me out of my misery."

"There's no gun, Jim; we left it back on the trail."

"Then take your knife."

"No, no."

"Give me your knife."

"Jim, you're crazy. Where's your faith in God?"

"Gone, gone; I've no longer any right to look to Him. I've killed. I've taken life He gave. 'Vengeance is mine,' He

said, an' I've taken it out of His hands. God's curse is on me now. Oh, let me die, let me die!"

I sat by him all night. He moaned in agony, and his passing was hard. It was about three in the morning when he spoke again:

"Say, boy, I'm going. I'm a useless old man. I've lived in sin, an' I've repented, an' I've backslid. The Lord don't want old Jim any more. Say, kid, see that little girl of mine down in Dawson gets what money's comin' to me. Tell her to keep straight, an' tell her I loved her. Tell her I never let up on lovin' her all these years. You'll remember that, boy, won't you?"

"I'll remember, Jim."

"Oh, it's all a hoodoo, this Northern gold," he moaned. "See what it's done for all of us. We came to loot the land an' it's a-takin' its revenge on us. It's accursed. It's got me at last, but maybe I can help you boys to beat it yet. Call the others."

I called them.

"Boys," said Jim, "I'm a-goin'. I've been a long time about it. I've been dying by inches, but I guess I'll finish the job pretty slick this time. Well, boys, I'm in possession of all my faculties. I want you to know that. I was crazy when I started off, but that's passed away. My mind's clear. Now, pardners, I've got you into this scrape. I'm responsible, an' it seems to me I'd die happier if you'd promise me one thing. Livin', I can't help you; dead, I can—you *know how*. Well, I want you to promise me you'll do it. It's a reasonable proposition. Don't hesitate. Don't let sentiment stop you. I wish it. It's my dying wish. You're starvin', an' I can help you, can give you strength. Will you promise, if it comes to the last pass, you'll do it?"

We were afraid to look each other in the face.

"Oh, promise, boys, promise!"

"Promise him anyway," said the Halfbreed. "He'll die easier."

So we nodded our heads as we bent over him, and he turned away his face content.

'Twas but a little after he called me again.

"Boy, give me your hand. Say a prayer for me, won't you? Maybe it'll help

some, a prayer for a poor old sinner that's backslid. I can never pray again."

"Yes, try to pray, Jim, try. Come on; say it after me: 'Our Father——' "

" 'Our Father——' "

" 'Which art in Heaven——' "

" 'Which art in——' "

His head fell forward. "Bless you, my boy. Father, forgive, forgive——"

He sank back very quietly.

He was dead.

* * * * *

Next morning the Halfbreed caught a minnow. We divided it into three and ate it raw. Later on he found some water-lilies under a stone. We tried to cook them, but they did not help us much. Then, as night fell once more, a thought came into our minds and stuck there. It was a hidden thought, and yet it grew and grew. As we sat round in a circle we looked into each other's faces, and there we read the same revolting thought. Yet did it not seem so revolting after all. It was as if the spirit of the dead man was urging us to this thing, so insistent did the thought become. It was our only hope of life. It meant strength again, strength and energy to make a raft and float us down the river. Oh, if only—but, no! We could not do it. Better, a hundred times better, die.

Yet life was sweet, and for twenty-three days we had starved. Here was a chance to live, with the dead man whispering in our ears to do it. You who have never starved a day in your lives, would you blame us? Life is sweet to you, too. What would you have done? The dead man was urging us, and life was sweet.

But we struggled, God knows we struggled. We did not give in without agony. In our hopeless, staring eyes there was the anguish of the great temptation. We looked in each other's death's-head faces. We clasped skeleton hands round our rickety knees, and swayed as we tried to sit upright. Vermin crawled over us in our weakness. We were half-crazy, and muttered in our beards.

It was the Halfbreed who spoke, and his voice was just a whisper:

"It's our only chance, boys, and we've promised him. God forgive me, but I've a wife and children, and I'm a-goin' to do it."

He was too weak to rise, and with his

knife in his mouth he crawled to the body.

* * * * *

It was ready, but we had not eaten. We waited and waited, hoping against hope. Then, as we waited, God was merciful to us. He saved us from this thing.

"Say, I guess I've got a pipe-dream, but I think I see two men coming downstream on a raft."

"No, it's no dream," I said; "two men."

"Shout to them; I can't," said the Prodigal.

I tried to shout, but my voice came as a whisper. The Halfbreed, too, tried to shout. There was scarcely any sound to it. The men did not see us as we lay on that shingly bar. Faster and faster they came. In hopeless, helpless woe we watched them. We could do nothing. In a few moments they would be past. With eyes of terror we followed them, tried to make signals to them. O God, help us!

Suddenly they caught sight of that crazy boat of ours made of canvas and willows. They poled the raft in close, then one of them saw those three strange things writhing impotently on the sand. They were skeletons, they were in rags, they were covered with vermin.—* * * *

We were saved; thank God, we were saved!

CHAPTER XVII

"Berna, we must get married."

"Yes, dearest, whenever you wish."

"Well, to-morrow."

She smiled radiantly; then her face grew very serious.

"What will I wear?" she asked plaintively.

"Wear? Oh, anything. That white dress you've got on—I never saw you looking so sweet. You mind me of a picture I know of Saint Cecilia, the same delicacy of feature, the same pure coloring, the same grace of expression."

"Foolish one!" she chided; but her voice was deliciously tender, and her eyes were love-lit. And indeed, as she stood by the window holding her embroidery to the falling light, you scarce could have imagined a girl more gracefully sweet. In a fine mood of idealising, my eyes rested on her.

"Yes, fairy girl, that briar rose you are doing in the centre of your little canvas hoop is not more delicate in the tinting

than are your cheeks; your hands that ply the needle so daintily are whiter than the May blossoms on its border; those coils of shining hair that crown your head would shame the silk you use for softness."

"Don't," she sighed; "you spoil me."

"Oh no, it's true, true. Sometimes I wish you were not so lovely. It makes me care so much for you that—it hurts. Sometimes I wish you were plain, then I would feel more sure of you. Sometimes I fear, fear some one will steal you away from me."

"No, no," she cried; "no one ever will. There will never be any one but you."

She came over to me, and knelt by my chair, putting her arms around me prettily. The pure, sweet face looked up into mine.

"We have been happy here, haven't we, boy?" she asked.

"Exquisitely happy. Yet I have always been afraid."

"Of what, dearest?"

"I don't know. Somehow it seems too good to last."

"Well, to-morrow we'll be married."

"Yes, we should have done that a year ago. It's all been a mistake. It didn't matter at first; nobody noticed, nobody cared. But now it's different. I can see it by the way the wives of the men look at us. I wonder do women resent the fact that virtue is only its own reward—they are so down on those who stray. Well, we don't care anyway. We'll marry and live our lives. But there are other reasons."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Garry talks of coming out. You wouldn't like him to find us living like this—without benefit of the clergy?"

"Not for the world!" she cried, in alarm.

"Well, he won't. Garry's old-fashioned and terribly conventional, but you'll take to him at once. There's a wonderful charm about him. He's so good-looking, yet so clever. I think he could win any woman if he tried, only he's too upright and sincere."

"What will he think of me, I wonder, poor, ignorant me? I believe I'm afraid of him. I wish he'd stay away and leave us alone. Yet for your sake, dear, I do wish him to think well of me."

"Don't fear, Berna. He'll be proud of you. But there's a second reason."

"What?"

I drew her up beside me on the great Morris-chair.

"Oh, my beloved! perhaps we'll not always be alone as we are now. Perhaps, perhaps some day there will be others—little ones—for their sakes."

She did not speak. I could feel her nestle closer to me. Her cheek was pressed to mine; her hair brushed my brow and her lips were like rose-petals on my own. So we sat there in the big, deep chair, in the glow of the open fire, silent, dreaming, and I saw on her lashes the glimmer of a glorious tear.

"Why do you cry, beloved?"

"Because I'm so happy. I never thought I could be so happy. I want it to last forever. I never want to leave this little cabin of ours. It will always be home to me. I love it; oh, how I love it!—every stick and stone of it! This dear little room—there will never be another like it in the world. Some day we may have a fine home, but I think I'll always leave some of my heart here in the little cabin."

I kissed away her tears. Foolish tears! I blessed her for them. I held her closer to me. I was wondrous happy. No longer did the shadow of the past hang over us. Even as children forget, were we forgetting. Outside the winter's day was waning fast. The ruddy firelight danced around us. It flickered on the walls, the open piano, the glass front of the book-case. It lit up the Indian corner, the lounge with its cushions and brass reading-lamp, the rack of music, the pictures, the lace curtains, the gleaming little bit of embroidery. Yes, to me, too, these things were wistfully precious, for it seemed as if part of her had passed into them. It would have been like tearing out my heart-strings to part with the smallest of them.

"*Husband*, I'm so happy," she sighed.

"Wife, dear, dear wife, I too."

There was no need for words. Our lips met in passionate kisses, but the next moment we started apart. Some one was coming up the garden path—a tall figure of a man. I started as if I had seen a ghost. Could it be?—then I rushed to the door.

There on the porch stood Garry.

CHAPTER XVIII

As he stood before me once again it seemed as if the years had rolled away, and we were boys together. A spate of tender memories came over me, memories of the days of dreams and high resolves, when life rang true, when men were brave and women pure. Once more I stood upon that rock-envisaged coast, while below me the yeasty sea charged with a roar the echoing caves. The gulls were glinting in the sunshine, and by their little brown-thatched homes the fishermen were spreading out their nets. High on the hillside in her garden I could see my mother idling among her flowers. It all came back to me, that sunny shore, the white-washed cottages, the old grey house among the birches, the lift of sheep-starred pasture, and above it the glooming dark of the heather hills.

And it was but three years ago. How life had changed! A thousand things had happened. Fortune had come to me, love had come to me. I had lived, I had learned. I was no longer a callow, uncouth lad. Yet, alas! I no longer looked futurewards with joy; the savour of life was no more sweet. It was another "me" I saw in my mirror that day, a "me" with a face sorely lined, with hair grey-flecked, with eyes sad and bitter. Little wonder Garry, as he stood there, stared at me so sorrowfully.

"How you've changed, lad!" said he at last.

"Have I, Garry? You're just about the same."

But indeed he, too, had changed, had grown finer than my fondest thoughts of him. He seemed to bring into the room the clean, sweet breath of Glengyle, and I looked at him with admiration in my eyes. Coming out of the cold, his color was dazzling as that of a woman; his deep blue eyes sparkled; his fair silky hair, from the pressure of his cap, was moulded to the shape of his fine head. Oh, he was handsome, this brother of mine, and I was proud, proud of him!

"By all that's wonderful, what brought you here?"

His teeth flashed in that clever, confident smile.

"The stage. I just arrived a few min-

utes ago, and hurried here at once. Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Glad? Yes, indeed! I can't tell you how glad. But it's a shock to me your coming so suddenly. You might have let me know."

"Yes, it was a sudden resolve; I should have wired you. However, I thought I would give you a surprise. How are you old man?"

"Me—oh, I'm all right, thanks."

"Why, what's the matter with you, lad? You look ten years older. You look older than your big brother now."

"Yes, I daresay. It's the life, it's the land. A hard life and a hard land."

"Why don't you go out?"

"I don't know, I don't know. I keep on planning to go out and then something turns up, and I put it off a little longer. I suppose I ought to go, but I'm tied up with mining interests. My partner is away in the East, and I promised to stay and look after things. I'm making money, you see."

"Not sacrificing your youth and health for that, are you?"

"I don't know, I don't know."

There was a puzzled look in his frank face, and for my part I was strangely ill at ease. With all my joy at his coming, there was a sense of anxiety, even of fear. I had not wanted him to come just then, to see me there. I was not ready for him. I had planned otherwise.

He was fixing me with a clear, penetrating look. For a moment his eyes seemed to bore into me, then like a flash the charm came back into his face. He laughed that ringing laugh of his.

"Well, I was tired of roaming round the old place. Things are in good order now. I saved a little money and I thought I could afford to travel a little, so I came up to see my wandering brother, and his wonderful North."

His gaze roved round the room. Suddenly it fell on the piece of embroidery. He started slightly and I saw his eyes narrow, his mouth set. His glance shifted to the piano with its litter of music. He looked at me again, in an odd, bewildered way. He went on speaking, but there was a queer restraint in his manner.

"I am going to stay here for a month, and then I want you to come back with me. Come back home and get some of

the old colour into your cheeks. The country doesn't agree with you, but we'll have you all right pretty soon. We'll have you flogging the trout pools and tramping over the heather with a gun. You remember how—whir-r-r—the black cock used to rise up right at one's very feet. They've been very plentiful the last two years. Oh, we'll have the good old times over again! You'll see, we'll soon put you right."

"It's good of you, Garry, to think so much of me; but I'm afraid, I'm afraid I can't come just yet. I've got so much to do. I've got thirty men working for me. I've just got to stay."

He sighed.

"Well, if you stay I'll stay, too. I don't like the way you're looking. You're working too hard. Perhaps I can help you."

"All right; I'm afraid you'll find it rather awful, though. No one lives up here in winter if they can possibly avoid it. But for a time it will interest you."

"I think it will." And again his eyes stared fixedly at that piece of embroidery on its little hoop.

"I'm terribly glad to see you anyway, Garry. There's no use talking, words can't express things like that between us two. You know what I mean. I'm glad to see you, and I'll do my best to make your visit a happy one."

Between the curtains that hung over the bedroom door I could see Berna standing motionless. I wondered if he could see her too. His eyes followed mine. They rested on the curtains and the strong, stern look came into his face. Yet again he banished it with a sunny smile.

"Mother's one regret was that you were not with her when she died. Do you know, old man, I think she was always fonder of you than of me? You were the sentimental one of the family, and Mother was always a gentle dreamer. I took more after Dad; dry and practical, you know. Well, Mother used to worry a great deal about you. She missed you dreadfully, and before she died she made me promise I'd always stand by you, and look after you if anything happened."

"There's not much need of that, Garry. But thanks all the same, old man. I've seen a lot in the past few years. I know

something of the world now. I've changed. I'm sort of disillusionised. I seem to have lost my zest for things—but I know how to handle men, how to fight and how to win.

"It's not that, lad. You know that to win is often to lose. You were never made for the fight, my brother. It's all been a mistake. You're too sensitive, too high-strung for a fighting-man. You have too much sentiment in you. Your spirit urged you to fields of conquest and romance, yet by nature you were designed for the gentler life. If you could have curbed your impulse and only dreamed your adventures, you would have been the happier. Imagination's been a curse to you, boy. You've tortured yourself all these years, and now you're paying the penalty."

"What penalty?"

"You've lost your splendid capacity for happiness; your health's undermined: your faith in mankind is destroyed. Is it worth while? You've plunged into the fight and you've won. What does your victory mean? Can it compare with what you've lost? Here, I haven't a third of what you have, and yet I'm magnificently happy. I don't envy you. I am going to enjoy every moment of my life. Oh, my brother, you've been making a sad mistake, but it's not too late! You're young, young. It's not too late."

Then I saw that his words were true. I saw that I had never been meant for the fierce battle of existence. Like those high-strung horses that were the first to break their hearts on the trail, I was unsuited for it all. Far better would I have been living the sweet, simple life of my forefathers. My spirit had upheld me, but now I knew there was a poison in my veins, that I was a sick man, that I had played the game and won—at too great a cost. I was like a sprinter that breasts the tape, only to be carried fainting from the field. Alas! I had gained success only to find it was another name for failure.

"Now," said Garry, "you must come home. Back there on the countryside we can find you a sweet girl to marry. You will love her, have children and forget all this. Come."

I rose. I could no longer put it off.

"Excuse me one moment," I said. I parted the curtains and entered the bedroom.

She was standing there, white to the lips and trembling. She looked at me piteously.

"I'm afraid," she faltered.

"Be brave, little girl," I whispered, leading her forward. Then I threw aside the curtain.

"Garry," I said, "this is—this is Berna."

CHAPTER XIX

Garry, Berna—there they stood, face to face at last. Long ago I had visioned this meeting, planned for, yet dreaded it, and now with utter suddenness it had come.

The girl had recovered her calm, and I must say she bore herself well. In her clinging dress of simple white her figure was as slimly graceful as that of a wood-nymph, her head poised as sweetly as a lily on its stem. The fair hair rippled away in graceful lines from the fine brow, and as she gazed at my brother there was a proud, high look in her eyes.

And Garry—his smile had vanished. His face was cold and stern. There was a stormy antagonism in his bearing. No doubt he saw in her a creature who was preying on me, an influence for evil, an overwhelming indictment against me of sin and guilt. All this I read in his eyes; then Berna advanced to him with outstretched hand.

"How do you do? I've heard so much about you I feel as if I'd known you long ago."

She was so winning, I could see he was quite taken aback. He took the little white hand and looked down from his splendid height to the sweet eyes that gazed into his. He bowed with icy politeness.

"I feel flattered, I assure you, that my brother should have mentioned me to you."

Here he shot a dark look at me.

"Sit down again, Garry," I said. "Berna and I want to talk to you."

He complied, but with an ill grace. We all three sat down and a grave constraint was upon us. Berna broke the silence.

"What sort of a trip have you had?"

He looked at her keenly. He saw a

simple girl, shy and sweet, gazing at him with a flattering interest.

"Oh, not so bad. Traveling sixty miles a day on a jolting stage gets monotonous, though. The roadhouses were pretty decent as a rule, but some were vile. However, it's all new and interesting to me."

"You will stay with us for a time, won't you?"

He favored me with another grim look.

"Well, that all depends—I haven't quite decided yet. I want to take Athol here home with me."

"Home——" There was a pathetic catch in her voice. Her eyes went round the little room that meant "home" to her.

"Yes, that will be nice," she faltered. Then, with a brave effort, she broke into a lively conversation about the North. As she talked an inspiration seemed to come to her. A light beamed in her eyes. Her face, fine as a cameo, became eager. rapt. She was telling him of the magical summers, of the midnight sunsets, of the glorious largess of the flowers, of the things that meant so much to her. She was wonderfully animated. As I watched her I thought what a perfect little lady she was; and I felt proud of her.

He was listening carefully, with evident interest. Gradually his look of stern antagonism had given way to one of attention. Yet I could see he was not listening so much to her as he was studying her. His intent gaze never moved from her face.

Then I talked awhile. The darkness had descended upon us, but the embers in the open fireplace lighted the room with a rosy glow. I could not see his eyes now, but I knew he was still watching us keenly. He merely answered "yes" and "no" to our questions, and his voice was very grave. Then, after a little, he rose to go.

"I'll return to the hotel with you," I said.

Berna gave us a pathetically anxious little look. There was a red spot on each cheek and her eyes were bright. I could see she wanted to cry.

"I'll be back in half an hour, dear," I said, while Garry gravely shook hands with her.

We did not speak on the way to his room. When we reached it he switched on the light and turned to me.

"Brother, who's this girl?"

"She's—she's my housekeeper. That's all I can say at present, Garry."

"Married?"

"No."

"Good God!"

Stormily he paced the floor, while I watched him with a great calm. At last he spoke.

"Tell me about her."

"Sit down, Garry; light a cigar. We may as well talk this thing over quietly."

"All right. Who is she?"

"Berna," I said, lighting my cigar, "is a Jewess. She was born of an unwed mother, and reared in the midst of misery and corruption."

He stared at me. His mouth hardened; his brow contracted.

"But," I went on, "I want to say this. You remember, Garry, Mother used to tell us of our sister who died when she was a baby. I often used to dream of my dead sister, and in my old, imaginative days I used to think she had never died at all, but she had grown up and was with us. How we would have loved her, would we not, Garry? Well, I tell you this—if our sister had grown up she could have been no sweeter, purer, gentler than this girl of mine, this Berna."

He smiled ironically.

"Then," he said, "if she is so wonderful, why, in the name of Heaven, haven't you married her?"

His manner towards her in the early part of the interview had hurt me, had roused in me a certain perversity. I determined to stand by my guns.

"Marriage," said I, "isn't everything; often isn't anything. Love is, and always will be, the great reality. It existed long before marriage was ever thought of. Marriage is a good thing. It protects the wife and the children. As a rule, it enforces constancy. But there's a higher ideal of human companionship that is based on love alone, love so perfect, so absolute that legal bondage insults it; love that is its own justification. Such a love is ours."

The ironical look deepened to a sneer.

"And look you here, Garry," I went on, "I am living in Dawson in what you would call 'shame.' Well, let me tell you, there's not ninety-nine in a hundred legally married couples that have formed such a sweet, love-sanctified union as we have. That girl is purest gold, a pearl

of untold price. There has never been a jar in the harmony of our lives. We love each other absolutely. We trust and believe in each other. We would make any sacrifice for each other. And, I say it again, our marriage is tenfold holier than ninety-nine out of a hundred of those performed with all the pomp of surplice and sacristy."

"Oh, man, man!" he said crushingly, "what's got into you? What nonsense, what clap-trap is this? I tell you that the old way, the way that has stood for generations, is the best, and it's a sorry day I find a brother of mine talking such nonsense. I'm almost glad Mother's dead. It would surely have broken her heart to know that her son was living in sin and shame, living with a ——"

"Easy now, Garry," I cautioned him. We faced each other with the table between us.

"I'm going to have my say out. I've come all this way to say it, and you've got to hear me. You're my brother. God knows I love you. I promised I'd look after you, and now I'm going to save you if I can."

"Garry," I broke in, "I'm younger than you, and I respect you; but in the last few years I've grown to see things different from the way we were taught; broader, clearer, saner, somehow. We can't always follow in the narrow path of our forefathers. We must think and act for ourselves in these days. I see no sin and shame in what I'm doing. We love each other—that is our vindication. It's a pure, white light that dims all else. If you had seen and striven and suffered as I have done, you might think as I do. But you've got your smug old-fashioned notions. You gaze at the trees so hard you can't see the forest. Yours is an ideal, too; but mine is a purer, more exalted one."

"Balderdash!" he cried. "Oh, you anger me! Look here, Athol, I came all this way to see you about this matter. It's a long way to come, but I knew my brother was needing me, and I'd have gone round the world for you. You never told me anything of this girl in your letters. You were ashamed."

"I knew I could never make you understand."

"You might have tried. I'm not so dense in the understanding. No, you would not tell me, and I've had letters, warning letters. It was left to other people to tell me how you drank and gambled and squandered your money; how you were like to a madman. They told me you had settled down to live with one of the creatures, a woman who had made her living in the dance-halls, and every one knows no woman ever did that and remained straight. They warned me of the character of this girl, of your infatuation, of your callousness to public opinion. They told me how barefaced, how shameless you were. They begged me to try and save you. I would not believe it, but now I've come to see for myself, and it's all true, it's all true."

He bowed his head in emotion.

"Oh, she's good!" I cried. "If you knew her you would think so, too. You, too, would love her."

"Heaven forbid! Boy, I must save you. I must, for the honor of the old name that's never been tarnished. I must make you come home with me."

He put both hands on my shoulders, looking commandingly into my face.

"No, no," I said, "I'll never leave her."

"It will be all right. We can pay her. It can be arranged. Think of the honor of the old name, lad."

I shook him off. "Pay!"—I laughed ironically. "Pay" in connection with the name of Berna—again I laughed.

"She's good," I said once again. "Wait a little till you know her. Don't judge her yet. Wait a little."

He saw it was of no use to waste further words on me. He sighed.

"Well, well," he said, "have it your own way. I think she's ruining you. She's dragging you down, sapping your moral principles, lowering your standard of pure living. She must be bad, bad, or she wouldn't live with you like that. But have it your own way, boy; I'll wait and see."

CHAPTER XX

In the crystalline days that followed I did much to bring about a friendship between Garry and Berna. At first I had difficulty in dragging him to the house, but in a little while he came quite willingly. The girl, to, aided me greatly. In

her sweet, shy way she did her best to win his regard, so that as the winter advanced a great change came over him. He threw off that stern manner of his as an actor throws off a part, and once again he was the dear old Garry I knew and loved.

His sunny charm returned, and with it his brilliant smile, his warm, endearing frankness. He was now twenty-eight, and if there was a handsomer man in the Northland I had yet to see him. I often envied him for his fine figure and his clean, vivid color. It was a wonderfully expressive face that looked at you, firm and manly, and, above all, clever. You found a pleasure in the resonant sweetness of his voice. You were drawn irresistibly to the man, even as you would have been drawn to a beautiful woman. He was winning, lovable, yet back of all his charm there was that great quality of strength, of austere purpose.

He made a hit with every one, and I verily believe that half the women in the town were in love with him. However, he was quite unconscious of it, and he stalked through the streets with the gait of a young god. I knew there were some who for a smile would have followed him to the ends of the earth, but Garry was always a man's man. Never do I remember the time when he took an interest in a woman. I often thought, if women could have the man of their choice, a few handsome ones like Garry would monopolise them, while we common mortals would go wifeless. Sometimes it has seemed to me that love is but a second-hand article, and that our matings are at best only makeshifts.

I must say I tried very hard to reconcile those two. I threw them together on every opportunity, for I wanted him to understand and to love her. I felt he had but to know her to appreciate her at her true value, and, although he spoke no word to me, I was soon conscious of a vast change in him. Short of brotherly regard, he was everything that could be desired to her—cordial, friendly, charming. Once I asked Berna what she thought of him.

"I think he's splendid," she said quietly. "He's the handsomest man I've ever seen, and he's as nice as he's good-looking

In many ways you remind me of him—and yet there's a difference."

"I remind you of him—no, girl. I'm not worthy to be his valet. He's as much above me as I am above—say a siwash. He has all the virtues; I, all the faults. Sometimes I look at him and I see in him my ideal self. He is all strength, all nobility, while I am but a commonplace mortal, full of human weaknesses. He is the self I should have been if the worst had been the best."

"Hush! you are my sweetheart," she assured me with a caress, "and the dearest in the world."

"By the way, Berna," I said, "you remember something we talked about before he came? Don't you think that now——?"

"Now——?"

"Yes."

"All right," She flashed a glad, tender look at me and left the room. That night she was strangely elated.

Every evening Garry would drop in and talk to us. Berna would look at him as he talked and her eyes would brighten and her cheeks flush. On both of us he had a strangely buoyant effect. How happy we could be, just we three. It was splendid having near me the two I loved best on earth.

That was a memorable winter, mild and bright and buoyant. At last spring came with gracious days of sunshine. The sleighing was glorious, but I was busy, very busy, so that I was glad to send Garry and Berna off together in a smart cutter, and see them come home with their cheeks like roses, their eyes sparkling and laughter in their voices. I never saw Berna looking so well and happy.

I was head over ears in work. In a mail just arrived I had a letter from the Prodigal, and a certain paragraph in it set me pondering. Here it was:

"You must look out for Locasto. He was in New York a week ago. He's down and out. Blood-poisoning set in in his foot after he got outside, and eventually he had to have it taken off. He's got a false mit for the one Mac sawed off. But you should see him. He's all shot to pieces with the 'hooch.' It's a fright the pace he's gone. I had an interview with him, and he raved and

blasphemed horribly. Seemed to have a terrible pick at you. Seems you have copped out his best girl, the only one he ever cared a red cent for. Said he would get even with you if he swung for it. I think he's dangerous, even a madman. He is leaving for the North now, so be on your guard."

Locasto coming! I had almost forgotten his existence. Well, I no longer cared for him. I could afford to despise him. Surely he would never dare to molest us. If he did—he was a broken, discredited blackguard. I could crush him.

Coming here! He must even now be on the way. I had a vision of him speeding along that desolate trail, sitting in the sleigh wrapped in furs, and brooding, brooding. As day after day the spell of the great and gloomy land grew on his spirit, I could see the sombre eyes darken and deepen. I could see him in the roadhouse at night, gaunt and haggard, drinking at the bar, a desperate, degraded cripple. I could see him growing more reckless every day, every hour. He was coming back to the scene of his ruined fortunes, and God knows with what wild schemes of vengeance his heart was full. Decidedly I must beware.

As I sat there dreaming, a ring came to the 'phone. It was the foreman at Gold Hill.

"The hoisting machine has broken down," he told me. "Can you come out and see what is required?"

"All right," I replied. "I'll leave at once."

"Berna," I said, "I'll have to go out to the Forks to-night. I'll be back early to-morrow. Get me a bite to eat, dear, while I go round and order the horse."

On my way I met Garry and told him I would be gone over night. "Won't you come?" I asked.

"No, thanks, old man, I don't feel like a night drive."

"All right. Good-bye."

So I hurried off, and soon after, with a jingle of bells, I drove up to my door. Berna had made supper. She seemed excited. Her eyes were starry bright, her cheeks burned.

"Aren't you well, sweetheart?" I asked. "You look feverish."

"Yes, dear, I'm well. But I don't want you to go to-night. Something tells me you shouldn't. Please don't go, dear. Please, for my sake"

"Oh, nonsense, Berna! You know I've been away before. Get one of the neighbor's wives to sleep with you. Get in Mrs. Brooks."

"Oh, don't go, don't go, I beg you, dear. I don't want you to. I'm afraid, I'm afraid. Won't some one else do?"

"Nonsense, girl. You mustn't be so foolish. It's only for a few hours. Here, I'll ring up Mrs. Brooks and you can ask her."

She sighed. "No, never mind. I'll ring her up after you've gone."

She clung to me tightly, so that I wondered what had got into the girl. Then gently I kissed her, disengaged her hands, and bade her good-night.

As I was rattling off through the darkness, a boy handed me a note. I put it in my pocket, thinking I would read it when I reached Ogilvie Bridge. Then I whipped up the horse.

The night was crisp and exhilarating. I had one of the best trotters in the country, and the sleighing was superb. As I sped along, with a jingle of bells, my spirits rose. Things were looking splendid. The mine was turning out far better than we had expected. Surely we could sell out soon, and I would have all the money I wanted. Even then the Prodigal was putting through a deal in New York that would realize our fortunes. My life-struggle was nearly over.

Then again, I had reconciled Garry to Berna. When I told him of a certain secret I was hugging to my breast he would capitulate entirely. How happy we would all be! I would buy a small estate near home, and we would settle down. But first we would spend a few years in travel. We would see the whole world. What good times we would have. Berna and I! Bless her! It had all worked out beautifully.

Why was she so frightened, so loath to let me go? I wondered vaguely and flicked up the horse so that it plunged sharply forward. The vast blue-black sky was like an inverted gold-pan and the stars were flake colors adhering to it. The cold snapped at me till my cheeks tingled, and

my eyes felt as if they could spark. Oh, life was sweet!

Bother! In my elation I had forgotten to get off at the Old Inn and read my note. Never mind, I would keep it till I reached the Forks.

As I spun along, I thought of how changed it all was from the Bonanza I first knew. How I remembered tramping along that hillside slope, packing a sack of flour over a muddy trail, a poor miner in muddy overalls! Now I was driving a smart horse on a fine road. I was an operator of a first-class mine. I was a man of business, of experience. Higher and higher my spirits rose.

How fast the horse flew! I would be at the Forks in no time. I flashed past cabin windows. I saw the solitary oil-lamp and the miner reading his book or filling his pipe. Never was there a finer, more intelligent man; but his day was passing. The whole country was falling into the hands of companies. Soon, thought I, one or two big combines would control the whole wealth of that land. Already they had their eyes on it. The gold-ships would float and roar where the old-time miner toiled with pick and pan. Change! Change!

I almost fancied I could see the monster dredges ploughing up the valley, where now men panted at the windlass. I could see vast heaps of tailings filling the creek-bed; I could hear the crash of the steel grizzlies; I could see the buckets scooping up the pay-dirt. I felt strangely prophetic. My imagination ran riot in all kinds of wonders, great power plants, quartz discoveries. Change! Change!

Yes, the stamp-mill would add its thunder to the other voices; the country would be netted with wires, and clamorous for far and wide. Man had sought out this land where Silence had reigned so long. He had awakened the echoes with the shot of his rifle and the ring of his axe. Silence had raised a startled head and poised there, listening. Then, with crack of pick and boom of blast, man had hurled her back. Further and further had he driven her. With his advancing horde, mad in their lust for the loot of the valley, he had banished her. His engines had frightened her with their canorous roar. His crashing giants had driven her

cowering to the inviolate fastnesses of her hills. And there she broods and waits.

But Silence will return. To her was given the land that she might rule and have dominion over it forever. And in a few years the clamour will cease, the din will die away. In a few years the treasure will be exhausted, and the looters will depart. The engines will lie in rust and ruin; the wind will sweep through the empty homes; the tailing-piles lie pallid in the moon. Then the last man will strike the last blow, and Silence will come again into her own.

Yea, Silence will come home once more. Again will she rule despotic over peak and plain. She is only waiting, brooding in the impregnable desolation of her hills. To her has been given empery of the land, and hand in hand with Darkness will she return.

CHAPTER XXI

Ha! here I had reached the Forks at last. As I drew up at the hotel, the clerk came out to meet me.

"Gent wants to speak to you at the 'phone, sir."

It was Murray of Dawson, an old-timer, and rather a friend of mine.

"Hello!"

"Hello! Say, Meldrum, this is Murray speaking. Say, just wanted to let you know there's a stage due some time before morning. Locasto's on board, and they say he's heeled for you. Thought I'd better tell you so's you can get fixed up for him."

"All right," I answered. "Thank you. I'll turn and come right back."

So I switched round the horse, and once more I drove over the glistening road. No longer did I plan and exult. Indeed a grim fear was gripping me. Of a sudden the shadow of Locasto loomed up sinister and menacing. Even now he was speeding Dawsonward with a great hatred of me in his heart. Well, I would get back and there came for him.

There came to my mind a comic perception of the awkwardness of returning to one's own home unexpectedly, in the dead of night. At first I decided I would go to a hotel, then on second thoughts I determined to try the house, for I had a desire to be near Berna.

I knocked gently, then a little louder, then at last quite loudly. Within all was still, dark as a sepulchre. Curious! she was such a light sleeper, too. Why did she not hear me?

Once more I decided to go to the hotel; once more that vague, indefinite fear assailed me and again I knocked. And now my fear was becoming a panic. I had my latch-key in my pocket, so very quietly I opened the door.

I was in the front room, and it was dark, very dark and quiet. I could not even hear her breathe.

"Berna," I whispered.

No reply.

That dim, nameless dread was clutching at my heart, and I groped overhead in the darkness for the drop-light. How hard it was to find! A dozen times my hand circled in the air before I knocked my knuckles against it. I switched it on.

Instantly the cabin was flooded with light. In the dining-room I could see the remains of our supper lying untidily. That was not like her. She had a horror of dirty dishes. I passed into the bedroom—Ah! the bed had never been slept on.

What a fool I was! It flashed on me she had gone over to Mrs. Brooks' to sleep. She was afraid of being alone. Poor little girl! How surprised she would be to see me in the morning!

Well, I would go to bed. As I was pulling off my coat, I found the note that had been given to me. Blaming myself for my carelessness, I pulled it out of my pocket and opened it. As I unfolded the sheet, I noticed it was written in what looked like a disguised hand. Strange! I thought. The writing was small and faint. I rubbed my eyes and held it up to the light.

Merciful God! What was this? Oh no, it could not be! My eyes were deceiving me. It was some illusion. Feverishly I read again. Yes, they were the same words. What could they mean? Surely, surely—Oh, horror on horrors! They could not mean THAT. Again I read them. Yes, there they were:

"If you are fool enough to believe that Berna is faithful to you visit your brother's room to-night.

"A WELLWISHER."

Berna! Garry!—the two I loved. Oh, it could not be! It was monstrous! It was too horrible! I would not believe it; I would not. Curse the vile wretch that wrote such words! I would kill him. Berna! my Berna! she was as good as gold, as true as steel. Garry! I would lay my life on his honor. Oh, vile calumny! what devil had put so foul a thing in words? God! it hurt me so, it hurt me so!

Dazedly I sat down. A sudden rush of heat was followed by a sweat that pricked out of me and left me cold. I trembled. I saw a ghastly vision of myself in a mirror. I felt sick, sick. Going to the decanter on the bureau, I poured myself a stiff jolt of whisky.

Again I sat down. The paper lay on the hearth-rug, and I stared at it hatefully. It was unspeakably loathsome, yet I was fascinated by it. I longed to take it up, to read it again. Somehow I did not dare. I was becoming a coward.

Well, it was a lie, a black devil's lie. She was with one of the neighbors. I trusted her. I would trust her with my life. I would go to bed. In the morning she would return, and then I would unearth the wretch who had dared to write such things. I began to undress.

Slowly I unfastened my collar — that cursed paper; there it lay. Again it fascinated me. I stood glaring at it. Oh, fool! fool! go to bed.

Wearily I took off my clothes—Oh, that devilish note! It was burning into my brain—it would drive me mad. In a frenzy of rage, I took it up as if it were some leprous thing, and dropped it in the fire.

There I lay in bed with the darkness enfolding me, and I closed my eyes to make a double darkness. Ha! right in the centre of my eyes, burned the fatal paper with its atrocious suggestion. I sprang up. It was of no use. I must settle this thing once and for all. I turned on the light and deliberately dressed again.

I was going to the hotel where Garry had his room. I would tell him I had come back unexpectedly and ask to share his room. I was not acting on the note! I did not suspect her. Heaven forbid! But the thing had unnerved me. I could not stay in this place.

The hotel was quiet. A sleepy night-clerk stared at me, and I pushed past him. Garry's rooms were on the third floor. As I climbed the long stairway, my heart was beating painfully, and when I reached his door I was sadly out of breath. Through the transom I could see his light was burning.

I knocked faintly.

There was a sudden stir.

Again I knocked.

Did my ears deceive me or did I hear a woman's startled cry? There was something familiar about it—Oh, my God!

I reeled. I almost fell. I clutched at the doorframe. I leaned sickly against the door for support. Heaven help me!

"I'm coming," I heard him say.

The door was unlocked, and there he stood. He was fully dressed. He looked at me with an expression on his face I could not define, but he was very calm.

"Come in," he said.

I went into his sitting-room. Everything was in order. I would have sworn I heard a woman scream, and yet no one was in sight. The bedroom door was slightly ajar. I eyed it in a fascinated way.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Garry," I said, and I was conscious how strained and queer my voice sounded. "I got back suddenly, and there's no one at home. I want to stay here with you, if you don't mind."

"Certainly, old man; only too glad to have you."

His voice was steady. I sat down on the edge of a chair. My eyes were riveted on that bedroom door.

"Had a good drive?" he went on genially. "You must be cold. Let me give you some whisky."

My teeth were chattering. I clutched the chair. Oh, that door! My eyes were fastened on it. I was convinced I heard some one in there. He rose to get the whisky.

"Say when?"

I held the glass with a shaking hand:

"When."

"What's the matter, old man? You're ill."

I clutched him by the arm.

"Garry, there's some one in that room."

"Nonsense! there's no one there."

"There is, I tell you. Listen! Don't you hear them breathing?"

He was quiet. Distinctly I could hear the panting of human breath. I was going mad, mad. I could stand it no longer.

"Garry," I gasped, "I'm going to see, I'm going to see."

"Don't——"

"Yes, I must, I say. Let me go. I'll drag them out."

"Hold on——"

"Leave go, man! I'm going, I say. You won't hold me. Let go, I tell you, let go—Now come out, come out, whoever you are—Ah!"

It was a woman.

"Ha!" I cried, "I told you so, brother; a woman. I think I know her, too. Here, let me see—I thought so."

I had clutched her, pulled her to the light. It was Berna.

Her face was white as chalk, her eyes dilated with terror. She trembled. She seemed near fainting.

"I thought so."

Now that it seemed the worst was betrayed to me, I was strangely calm.

"Berna, you're faint. Let me lead you to a chair."

I made her sit down. She said no word, but looked at me with a wild pleading in her eyes. No one spoke.

There we were, the three of us: Berna faint with fear, ghastly, pitiful; I calm, yet calm with a strange, unnatural calmness, and Garry—he surprised me. He had seated himself, and with the greatest *sang-froid* he was lighting a cigarette.

A long tense silence. At last I broke it.

"What have you got to say for yourself, Garry?" I asked.

It was wonderful how calm he was.

"Looks pretty bad, doesn't it, Brother?" he said gravely.

"Yes, it couldn't look worse."

"Looks as if I was a pretty base, despicable specimen of a man, doesn't it?"

"Yes, about as base as a man could be."

"That's so." He rose and turned up the light of a large reading-lamp, then coming to me he looked me square in the face. Abruptly his casual manner dropped. He grew sharp, forceful; his voice rang clear.

"Listen to me."

"I'm listening."

"I came out here to save you, and I'm going to save you. You wanted me to believe that this girl was good. You believed it. You were bewitched, befooled, blinded. I could see it, but I had to make you see it. I had to make you realize how worthless she was, how her love for you was a sham, a pretence to prey on you. How could I prove it? You would not listen to reason: I had to take other means. Now, hear me."

"I hear."

"I laid my plans. For three months I've tried to conquer her, to win her love, to take her from you. She was truer to you than I had bargained for; I must give her credit for that. She made a good fight, but I think I have triumphed. Tonight she came to my room at my invitation."

"Well?"

"Well. You got a note. *Now, I wrote that note.* I planned this scene, this discovery. I planned it so that your eyes would be opened, so that you would see what she was, so that you would cast her from you—unfaithful, a wanton, a——"

"Hold on there," I broke in, "brother of mine or no, I won't hear you call her those names; no, not if she were ten times as unfaithful. You won't, I say. I'll choke the words in your throat. I'll kill you, if you utter a word against her. Oh, what have you done?"

"What have I done! Try to be calm, man. What have I done? Well, this is what I've done, and it's the lucky day for you I've done it. I've saved you from shame; I've freed you from sin; I've shown you the baseness of this girl."

He rose to his feet.

"Oh, my brother, I've stolen from you your mistress; that's what I've done."

"Oh, no, you haven't," I groaned. "God forgive you, Garry; God forgive you! She's not my—not what you think. She's my wife!"

CHAPTER XXII

I thought that he would faint. His face went white as paper and he shrank back. He gazed at me with wild, straining eyes.

"God forgive me! Oh, why didn't you tell me, boy? Why didn't you tell me?"

In his voice there was a note more poignant than a sob.

"You should have trusted me," he went on. "You should have told me. When were you married?"

"Just a month ago. I was keeping it as a surprise for you. I was waiting till you said you liked her and thought well of her. Oh, I thought you would be pleased and glad, and I was treasuring it up to tell you."

"This is terrible, terrible!"

His voice was choked with agony. On her chair, Berna drooped wearily. Her wide, staring eyes were fixed on the floor in pitiful perplexity.

"Yes, it's terrible enough. We were so happy. We lived so joyously together. Everything was perfect, a heaven for us both. And then you came, you with your charm that would lure an angel from high heaven. You tried your power on my poor little girl, the girl that never loved but me. And I trusted you, I tried to make you and her friends. I left you together. In my blind innocence I aided you in every way—a simple, loving fool. Oh, now I see!"

"Yes, yes, I know. Your words stab me. It's all true, true."

"You came like a serpent, a foul, crawling thing, to steal her from me, to wrong me. She was loving, faithful, pure. You would have dragged her in the mire. You——"

"Stop, brother, stop, for Heaven's sake! You wrong me."

He held out his hand commandingly. A wonderful change had come over him. His face had regained its calm. It was proud, stern.

"You must not think I would have been guilty of that," he said quietly. "I've played a part I never thought to play;

I've done a thing I never thought to have dirtied my hands in the doing, and I'm sorry and ashamed for it. But I tell you, Athol—that's all. As God's my witness, I've done you no wrong. Surely you don't think me as low as that? Surely you don't believe that of me? I did what I did for my very love for you, for your honor's sake. I asked her here that you might see what she was—but that's all, I swear it. She's been as safe as if in a cage of steel."

"I know it," I said; "I know it. You don't need to tell me that. You brought her here to expose her, to show me what a fool I was. It didn't matter how much it hurt me, the more the better, anything to save the name. You would have broken my heart, sacrificed me on the altar of your accursed pride. Oh, I can see plainly now! There's a thousand years of prejudice and bigotry concentrated in you. Thank God, I have a human heart!"

"I thought I was acting for the best!" he cried.

I laughed scornfully.

"I know it—according to your lights. You asked her here that I might see what she was. You tell me you have gained her love; you say she came here at your bidding; you swear she would have been unfaithful to me. Well, I tell you, brother of mine, in your teeth I tell you—I *don't believe you!*"

Suddenly the little, drooping figure on the chair had raised itself; the white, woe-begone face with the wide, staring eyes was turned toward me; the pitiful look had gone, and in its stead was one of wild, unspeakable joy.

(To be Concluded.)



The Woman of Mystic Cove

By

Agnes Faulknor Nelson

REX DE VOE was the first to see her. Having spent the early part of the night in whacking at mosquitoes, he was sleeping the heavy, dreamless sleep of the weary, when, just as the sun's rim appeared above the eastern horizon, the monotonous sound of a cowbell struck on the still, dew-bathed air.

De Voe awoke with a curse, his cot creaking significantly, as he stretched his long limbs preparatory to rising, and there was murder in his heart as he issued forth from the tent in his pyjamas, a single-bladed paddle in his hand. The sound of the bell came from the direction of Mystic Cove, not more than forty feet to the east of Knickerbocker Cove, and so, picking his way over the rough ground, he made for that spot.

Suddenly he dropped flat on the ground behind the trunk of an enormous pine. After a moment he peered cautiously around the tree trunk. She was still there, resting her hands on her paddle, which was thrown athwart the bow of her canoe, and De Voe knew instinctively, notwithstanding the fantastic costume of some of the campers, that she was no Sugar Islander.

His first impression was that she was a gipsy. Her heavy black hair, parted in the middle, hung over her shoulders in two long braids; a red, Mexican handkerchief, worn like the hurdy-gurdy woman's, emphasized the oval of her dusky brown face and the brilliancy of her coal-black eyes. She was not pretty, according to De Voe's comprehension of the

word, but she was decidedly picturesque in her bright colored clothing. And she seemed a creature of supple strength and buoyant health, as wide awake at sunrise as the Knickerbockers were at seven. De Voe folded his arms beneath his chin and stretched his long, lithe body on the pine-needles, wondering how long he would be compelled to remain there, while the cow, dripping wet from her swim, grazed peacefully on the grassy slope behind the cove.

At last! With a quick, light stroke of her paddle she turned the canoe about and left the cove, following the shore past Point Du Quesne and Temagami Bay, De Voe, with one wild rush after the cow, chased it from the island and stole noiselessly back to his tent.

He did not mention it to the other men. In the first place he was not particularly interested in gipsy-like girls who haunted Mystic Cove at sunrise; in the second place there was a possibility, in fact a probability, that he would only win for himself the reputation of walking in his sleep. But he was not surprised when Harry Petersen came hurrying back from Mystic Cove the following night, the water dripping from his bathing-suit, and announced that he had dived head foremost off a rock into a canoe, upsetting the canoe and its occupant, whom he discovered, when they had both regained their breath and equilibrium, to be a gipsy woman.

"Why didn't you bring her over?" asked Benjamin Franklin, greatly con-

cerned, "she'll catch her death of cold this chilly night. You're a chump, you are!"

"Wouldn't come," replied Petersen, his body shaking with deep reverberations of laughter. "She seemed a trifle surprised, but she was as cool as a cucumber over the whole affair. Splendid nerve!"

She passed the island a day or two later, alone in a launch.

"There's your gipsy, Nat!" cried Benjamin Franklin to Petersen, who was cleaning bass down at the shore, and Petersen waved his knife frantically in the air.

Immediately she responded with a handkerchief and a "*Como le va!*" in a clear, sweet treble.

"*Como le whack,*" called back Petersen, laughing.

There was scarcely a day that she did not pass the island after that—sometimes in her canoe, occasionally in a launch, and on windy days in a dinghy, which she managed with the skill of a born sailor. And always she waved her hand at Knickerbocker Cove and called out with the frank air of goodfellowship: "*Como le va!*" Some of the men began to look for her each day; others, including De Voe, resented her friendly advances.

"Don't know why she wants to wave at us," grumbled that Knickerbocker, as he rolled on the ground with Campeo, his bull-pup. "She might wait till she's introduced."

"She probably considers herself introduced to Nat," returned Karl Heidenreik, lazily preparing to take a snap-shot of Pop Moore's house-boat. And Nat's laughter rang out loud and long.

Karl half believed he knew her reason for haunting Mystic Cove, for he had found the place wonderfully attractive himself. No bay among all the islands was as deep and as narrow; as varied in its picturesqueness, with its high rocks on one side and its sloping bank of thick underbrush on the other; as calm and full of shadows from early morning to dusk; or haunted with so rare a charm. It was a spot to be silent in, to rest in, to dream in, to grow cool in.

So thought Karl as he lounged and smoked in his canoe the night of the camp-fire at Temagami Bay. A new moon

silvered the surface of the water, adding to the charm of the cove, and when a canoe glided silently past him Karl continued to smoke in dreamy abstraction. Then it suddenly occurred to him that she might consider it *her* bay, and himself *de trop*, and with a word of apology he was about to paddle away when she addressed him in that thrilling sweet voice that was an ill-match for her gipsy costume.

"Don't let me disturb you, senor," she said. "I have no right to monopolize the bay," and turned her own bow towards the opening.

Karl begged her to remain, but seized with a sudden fit of shyness departed himself, casting a lingering look over his shoulder at the picture she made as she sat erect in her red canoe, her paddle poised in indecision, the moonbeams lending a sort of witchery to her whole make-up.

* * * * *

There was no moon to herald the Knickerbocker camp-fire. The wind drove heavy, black clouds through the sky and rolled the waves up high on the beach. It was a night for roasted corn and steaming hot coffee and loud song, and the cone-shaped fire built in the open space before the tents seemed all the cosier for the gale.

"Listen! There's a putt-putt out there!" said De Voe, in the midst of a conversation.

Bennie Franklin was on his feet, straining his ears to hear the putt of the exhaust pipe. It came intermittently, then ceased altogether, and there was a cry from out in the lake.

Every Knickerbocker was on the beach before the cry could be repeated, and Bennie Franklin and De Voe, stepping into the strongest canoe, pushed out quickly from the shore. The two men, bending to their double-bladed paddles with firm, quick strokes, sent the spray dashing from their bow.

"Bet you what you like it's the woman of Mystic Cove," drawled Karl. "Just like her nerve to be out on such a night."

The others on the shore did not answer him. They waited, listening.

The canoe hove in sight, towing a heavy naptha launch. In the launch, at the wheel, stood a gipsy woman, her

cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling, her hair wind-blown about her brow. De Voe allowed Bennie Franklin the pleasure of assisting her to land. He came back to the fire with a disgusted look on his handsome face.

"What's the matter?" asked Karl.

"Gasoline valve flooded," grunted De Voe. "Why does a woman want to run a launch anyway? Now I suppose they'll ask her to stay to the shin-dig."

Which was exactly what Bennie Franklin did.

"Oh, how delightful!" she exclaimed, warming her little brown hands at the fire. "It's a boys' party, is it not?"

"That's what it was," sighed De Voe.

But Petersen was more chivalrous. He came up to her, attired in his picturesque bath-robe, tall and graceful, an angelic smile playing about his wide mouth.

"Here's to the Senora, who comes to break the monotony of our boys' party," he said in low tones, raising his glass of punch to his lips. "Won't you have my seat?"

He motioned to some cushions propped against a tree, and when she had accepted it, stretched himself on the ground near her.

Someone whistled.

"Won't you tell our fortunes, senora?" he asked. "See I cross my palm with silver."

She shook her head diffidently.

"It would take too long to tell yours, *amigo mio*," was her enigmatical reply, and Petersen was seen to blush in the firelight.

"Why do you wear these clothes?" he asked with malice aforethought. "You are not a gipsy."

She drew herself up proudly, as though she questioned his right to criticize her apparel, and there was a fine air about her that the other men, with the quick perception of men who are always chivalrous in their attitude towards women, easily recognized. Karl glared at Petersen. But with a swift change of mood (and her changeableness was her chief charm) she responded with a flash of humor.

"Clothes from the beginning of the world have been mainly a question of ornament. Isn't that what Teufelsdröckh says?"

She appealed to Bennie Franklin, who shook his head.

"Don't know," he replied, "I'm not acquainted with that chap."

Karl Heidenreik laughed softly.

"From the time of the aboriginal savages," he confirmed, and a glance of understanding passed between them.

"So, for similar reasons—that is, love of decoration, due mostly to vanity—you wear your robe of many colors, and I my gipsy costume," she said, in a tone half-mocking, half-serious, as she turned again to Petersen.

With unruffled composure, she proceeded to take up in her fingers a thousand-legged creature that was crawling up her dress and to throw it over her shoulder.

Bennie Franklin gazed at her in unfeigned admiration.

"Gritty, ain't she?" he remarked in a loud whisper to De Voe, at which she blushed and threw him a friendly glance.

"I like the boy they call Bennie," she confided to Peterson. "He has such an honest, boyish face. But the long-limbed, handsome chap lying on the ground with the faraway look in his eyes—has he the sulks?"

"Come out of it, Reggie!" called Petersen. "Spruce up and be sociable."

De Voe ran his fingers through his woolly pompadour, displaying two rows of large, even, white teeth.

"It's a grand night," he remarked.

She laughed—a succession of pleasant-sounding ripples.

They talked. Suddenly she said:

"Would you not like a dish of cheese and macaroni? I could make it on the spirit lamp."

They were all delighted with the idea, and Petersen was despatched to the stores for a box of macaroni.

De Voe watched her curiously as she mixed the ingredients with deft fingers; there was no faraway look in his eyes now. Karl hovered about and offered to grate the cheese. A woman who could cook, quote Teufelsdröckh, sail a dinghy, and yet dress like a common gipsy, was in his mind a mystery worth solving. Petersen lay on the ground, smoking a cigarette, and watching her through half-closed eyes. He thought he had a key to the

enigma in the inner pocket of his bathrobe.

"Can a bed of rushes float away?" he asked casually, addressing his question to no one in particular, but keeping his eyes focused on the cook.

"Can cows swim?" asked De Voe.

"Yes, cows can swim," said the Woman of Mystic Cove, "but I was not aware of the fact until the other morning. I had an object lesson."

"To return to the question of rushes," resumed Petersen, with serene good-nature, "would you call it a phenomenon to go to bed at night with the view of a clear bay from your open tent, and to wake up in the morning to find the bay choked up with bullrushes five feet high? Isn't that rather rapid for one night's growth?"

"Temagami Bay?" questioned the men in surprise. "Are they still there?"

"No. The commodore ordered them to be set afloat again, but they were there this morning."

"Must have floated down from Camelot," said Bennie Franklin. "They're the only rushes near."

The gipsy looked up from her dish of steaming macaroni.

"Camelot!" said she. "What a pretty name!"

"It is a government-reserve island," volunteered Karl. "There's a deep semi-circular bay at the head of it completely hidden by rushes."

"I wasn't as lucky as Pharaoh's daughter," continued Petersen, rolling another cigarette, but I found something in the rushes, too."

The men were curious to know what he had found, but the gipsy displayed no interest whatever. She poured the water off the macaroni, putting in the other ingredients, which she had mixed together in a bowl, and in a few minutes announced that it was ready to serve.

She was surrounded by a circle of hungry men, each bearing his own saucer.

"Geel did you ever taste such stuff?" cried Bennie Franklin, licking his lips.

She laughed, amused at his frank way of complimenting, and announced suddenly that she must go. Her launch was pounding against the docks in a way that threatened to break its sides.

"You can't go alone," said Karl Heid-enreik, "that's one thing certain. Which one of us will you have to run your boat?"

She glanced from one to another and hesitated, her cheeks a reddish-brown.

"I'll take Bennie," she said finally, and Bennie, puffing out his chest, walked down to the dock with a bit of a swagger.

"Won't you have my robe?" asked Petersen, to show that there was no ill-feeling. "It's cold on the river."

"*Gracias*, I will," she replied, and he took it off and held it for her.

They were left alone for a moment.

"Why did you call me *Senora*?" she asked in a low voice. "Why not *senorita*?"

"I looked at your left hand."

She glanced down at her ringless hand with a puzzled look in her dark eyes.

"There's a white streak there that has never been tanned," explained Petersen, with his broad Irish smile.

She bit her lips.

"I see that you are very observant," she said, the color flooding her face. Then she went down to the dock.

"There's something in the pocket of my robe which I imagine belongs to you," Petersen called to her, as Bennie Franklin shoved off from the dock.

Her answer was inaudible.

"What was in your pocket, Pete?" demanded De Voe, as the launch and the canoe disappeared.

"It was some lines in Spanish," Peterson said as they went back to the fire. "They were rolled up and tied with a red ribbon. She's a Spanish actress."

"I wonder where she's camping," said De Voe. "It must be near Sugar."

Bennie Franklin, returning later in his own canoe, which he had towed behind the launch, added little to their knowledge.

"She's camping in a house-boat, moored in the bay at head of Camelot," he informed them. "She had the rushes loosened to make a channel for the launch, and that high wind last night must have floated them down here. I heard a man's voice in the house-boat. Here's your coat, Pete."

Pete extended a hand for the bathrobe.

"Did she find something in the pocket?" she asked carelessly.

"Yes, a roll of paper. Seemed mighty glad to get it, too. '*O, mi manuscrito!*'" she cried.

"That destroys your actress theory," said Karl, in a tone of relief. "She's a playwright."

She came no more to Mystic Cove. The men missed her daily salute, and when three days had gone by without having even a distant glimpse of her, it was De Voe himself who proposed that they paddle over to Camelot by moonlight and serenade her. They paddled silently along the north shore of the island, then broke irresistibly into song, accompanied by a banjo they had borrowed for the occasion:

"How we loved that macaroni!
That cheese and macaroni!
O, nothing is in it,
No, not for a minute,
With cheese and macaroni."

No answer came from the bay behind the rushes. Someone gave the Knickerbocker call and a loon swimming near gave back a lonesome "Oo-oo!"

"She's gone," said Bennie Franklin, and four canoes full of sheepish men turned and made for Sugar Island again.

* * * * *

Four months later the Knickerbockers went into the Waldorf one cold night on

their way home from the theatre. As all the tables in the Palm Room were occupied they stood for a few moments in the hall until a place should be made for them.

Suddenly a woman descending the wide stairway attracted their attention. A certain distinction in her carriage, the poise of the head, and the light of jewels on the bodice of her gown first drew their eyes. There was something strangely familiar about her—whether it was in the olive-tinted skin or the coal-black eyes she turned for the merest fraction of a second in their direction before she joined a group of people, among whom some of them recognized the Spanish ambassador.

"Geel!" said Karl Heidenreik, taking a long breath. "I'm going to the register."

He returned presently with an odd look in his big, blue eyes.

"She's the Duquessa de Valenciana, wife of one of the old grandees of Spain," he informed them. "The elderly man with the white moustache is her husband, the Duque de Valenciana. Sorry you snubbed her, Reggie?"

De Voe shrugged his shoulders, but it was Bennie Franklin who spoke.

"Well, she may be all that," he said, condescendingly, "but all the same she's a dandy good sport."

"Table!" called the head waiter, and the Knickerbockers filed slowly into the Palm Room.





Her Excellency's Music Room

The Ducal Palace at Ottawa

By

W. Arnot Craick

IT is a far cry from Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace to Rideau Hall.

The contrast is immense. With an Aberdeen, or a Minto, or a Grey in the gubernatorial chair, Canadians did not mind so much that Government House should be so markedly inferior to the residences of royalty, but when a scion of the royal house arrives on the scene to take his place as tenth Governor-General of this expansive Dominion, there is just a tinge of shame that he and his, accustomed

ed to the luxuries of palaces, should be housed so comparatively poorly. Fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, really very few Canadians have ever seen Government House, much less entered it, and little do they care what the place looks like so long as the roof doesn't leak and the walls keep out the wind. In this democratic land there is plenty of respect for authority and consideration for health and comfort, but very little pampering of privilege.



The "A.D.C.'s" Room

It is, after all, only by contrast that Rideau Hall suffers. It has absolutely no form or comeliness, when compared with many another gubernatorial residence, but for all practical purposes it is a very comfortable and unassuming old place, quite good enough in the eyes of most common-sense people for anybody's home, be he king, duke or commoner. Only those who still cherish a little reverence for the divine right of kings will have misgivings at placing a royal duke in such a queer, wandering, ramshackle old house.

In this strenuous land houses, as well as people, have a way of growing old before their time. As compared with many a country mansion in the old land, Rideau Hall is merely a child, and yet it has about it all the signs of venerable old age. It has had a chequered career. It has been overhauled and patched so many times that it is to-day but a semblance of

its former self. In the conglomerate mass of wings, towers and gables, which surround and cover it, the original building is buried away and lost to view.

Built originally in the year 1838 by one of the magnates of the day, called Thomas Mackay, it was a nine days' wonder to the good people of Bytown, who looked across at the "Castle," as it was called, from the future site of Canada's capital, and whispered beneath their breath about the extraordinary wealth of a man who could afford to build such a wonderful house in the backwoods. The place became famous not only because it was a remarkably fine mansion to be built on the very fringe of civilization, but because of the abundant hospitality of its owner and his charming daughters. "Mackay's Castle" was the show place of Bytown, standing there so romantically amid its splendid acres of wood and field,



The Dining Room

and beneath its roof was entertained many a titled visitor, who came to Bytown to watch the picturesque operations of the lumbermen. The late King Edward VII., when, as Prince of Wales, he visited Canada in 1860, was a guest at Rideau Hall, and practically all the Governors before Confederation spent some time there.

When Bytown was transformed at one stroke into Ottawa and the capital of the future Dominion, it became necessary for the Government to select a fitting habitation for the Governor-General. What more natural than that Rideau Hall, situated so beautifully on the outskirts of the little city, should appeal to the members of the Cabinet as the very place for the purpose? It was leased as a preliminary in 1865, and purchased for eighty thousand dollars in 1868. There are not wanting those who blame the Government of that day, and particularly the Minister

of Public Works, for not proceeding at once to demolish the old house and rear a fine new building on its site, suited to the rank and dignity of its future occupants. But it must be remembered that the Canada of 1867 was very, very far from being the Canada of 1911. Its population was sparse and its revenues were small. Moreover, Rideau Hall was in those days an astonishingly fine house, and in comparison with the homes of even the wealthiest people, a residence of much distinction. So, instead of tearing it down, it was fixed up for the reception of His Somewhat Impecunious Excellence, the Right Honorable Viscount Monck, G. C. M. G., the first Governor-General of the Dominion.

Since the days when Lord Monck was accustomed to borrow horses to haul the vice-regal carriage to the city, eight vice-roys have dwelt at Rideau Hall, for per-



THE SCENE OF THE GAYEST AND MOST DISTINGUISHED SOCIAL AFFAIRS IN CANADA—THE BALL ROOM IN THE NEW HOME OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT IN OTTAWA.



His Excellency's Bed Chamber



One of the many "Visitor's" Rooms



A corner in the Drawing Room

iods ranging from five to six years. Their regimes have been marked by the addition to this and that feature to what has become a veritable patchwork Government House. The ball-room, practically the one apartment of any marked distinction in the building, was a product of the jolly days of the Earl of Dufferin. The racquet court, a big bare ugly barn of a place, dates from the time of the Marquis of Lorne. The little chapel was added in the period when the Earl of Aberdeen occupied the Hall, and the second tower and a large section of the conservatories will in future years serve to recall the regime of His Excellency Earl Grey. In this way the history of the viceroys is imbedded in the walls of Government House.

Rideau Hall possesses one great redeeming feature, and that is its charming location. In full view from the windows of the house, across an intervening stretch of level ground are the Government build-

ings, rising picturesquely on Parliament Hill. Beneath and around them rise the roofs of the city. In the opposite direction lie the wooded hills of Rockcliffe Park, with its charming roads and footpaths. Between, stretches the broad expanse of the lordly Ottawa river, rolling majestically eastwards, and beyond there are the hills of Quebec, with their ever-changing coloring and variety—altogether a scene to stir the hearts of poets.

Were there not the rather official-looking gates, the lodge, the extensive grounds and an occasional glimpse of uniforms among the trees, one would be inclined to pass Rideau Hall by, and look for Government House elsewhere. But all these evidences point to the presence of authority, and the visitor enters the grounds. From only one side of the Hall is there any semblance of symmetry or charm in its appearance. This aspect, which is the one shown in practically all photographs



"The Oval Room" — A Waiting Room

of Government House, may lay claim to some respect, giving one the impression of a comfortable and unpretentious English country-house—a resemblance which will probably become more and more noticeable as the visitor proceeds on his way.

Despite the somewhat ramshackle appearance of the Hall, there is notwithstanding a certain degree of impressiveness about the place, inspired, no doubt, by the strict formality which is always observed within its portals. The entrance hall may be old-fashioned, its floor may be covered with oilcloth from which the pattern has been obliterated here and there by the passage across it of countless feet, but one never forgets that through it have moved a long succession of famous men and women, and their presence even in memory is sufficient to redeem it from complete unworthiness.

The ball-room to the left of the en-

trance hall is a large and handsome apartment. Its lofty ceilings and well-chosen decorations, with the portraits of the late King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and previous Governors-General of Canada, render it quite an imposing room. It has been the scene of many a famous and brilliant event in the social history of the Dominion. Here the state balls have taken place and the state dinners. Here on many occasions amateur theatricals have been performed and such other celebrations and festivities as have marked the course of each viceroy's regime.

Occupying a similar position to the right of the entrance hall is the white-elephant of a racquet court. It may be a useful appendage to the house and may afford convenient room for indoor tennis and other games, but attached as it is to the most prominent corner of the building, it is far from being a thing of beauty.



The Governor-General's Study

It is reached through an octagonal waiting-room in one of the two towers and the billiard room. An ingenious arrangement of canvas suspended from a pole, which crosses the court, can be used to convert the place into the semblance of a big tent or marquee, and here on the night of the state ball, refreshments are served, with a fair approximation to an outdoor setting.

Leading directly from the main entrance and reached by a flight of steps ascending from the entrance hall, is a narrow hall or passageway, which extends almost the entire length of the building. From it open on either side the principal rooms of the house. It is carpeted in crimson, as are most of the apartments, and the rich color with the pure white of the doorways and panelling give an appearance of warmth and brightness throughout. Large photographs of such

important events in recent Canadian history as the Quebec Tencentenary and the memorial service in Toronto to the late King Edward are hung from the walls, and other curios find places here and there in cabinets and cases.

First come several of the offices of the Governor-General's staff, including that of the Comptroller of the Household. Beyond on the right lie the drawing-room, Her Excellency's private sitting-room and the Governor-General's office and study. To the left is the dining-room. All four apartments are large, bright and comfortably, but not showily, furnished. His Excellency's study is a new room, occupying the ground floor of the second tower, which was only recently added to the Hall. Passing on towards the rear, the visitor reaches the private rooms of the aides and the other members of the household—small and very plainly furnished.

though occupied for the most part by young men of distinguished birth. Then he emerges into the conservatories, which are alike the pride and glory of Rideau Hall. They have been considerably enlarged under the superintendence of Countess Grey, who is extremely fond of flowers, and is a clever amateur gardener. Extending back fully two hundred and fifty feet, they contain an immense variety of flowering plants and provide a charming retreat for the lover of nature during the rigorous months of winter. A palm house in the centre rises to a considerable height and is provided with comfortable seats for lounging. The only other apartment in the house worthy of note is the little chapel, which has not been used by Earl Grey and his family except on the occasion of deaths in the family. It will probably be occupied again by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who may prefer the seclusion of a private chapel to the conspicuousness of a pew in any of the Ottawa churches.

Situated quite close to the Hall is a large skating rink, with commodious dressing, promenade and refreshment rooms, and here during the winter months it has been the custom of the Canadian viceroy to entertain the more youthful members of Ottawa society on Saturday afternoons. This is a form of amusement which has always been prominently associated with life at Government House, and the scene presented on the rink and the adjacent toboggan slide is a brilliant and animated one. Attached to the open rink is a covered curling rink, where the

Governor-General and his more sedate friends can enjoy the excitement of the roarin' game.

Outdoor forms of entertainment are always preferred at Rideau Hall, because of the lack of facilities for catering to the comfort of guests inside. Skating parties in winter and garden parties in summer are therefore of frequent occurrence and are enjoyed by large crowds of people.

Government House becomes the scene of a variety of entertainments, particularly during the months when Parliament is in session. A state dinner marks the opening of the session and a state ball is usually held towards its close. Interspersed between come a host of smaller dinners and other entertainments of a less formal character. In addition, visitors of distinction who come to Ottawa are generally entertained at the Hall. Particularly was this the case under the regime of Earl Grey, who took a deep interest in science, literature and art and delighted in having about him men famous in these pursuits.

The conversion of Rideau Hall into a ducal palace will probably involve a considerable change in the way of doing things in that already historic house. A miniature court will be held within its walls, which will recall to mind the days when the Princess Louise lived beneath its roof. Whatever the outcome may be, the regime of H.R.H., the Duke of Connaught, will at least serve to add some interesting associations and memories to Canada's Government House.



The Appeal of Fall

By

Edwin L. Sabin

IN my Bartlett's "Quotations" I find several lines upon "autumn," but none upon "fall"—save "by dividing we fall," "fain would I climb yet fear to fall," "pride will have a fall," "what a fall was there," etc. Yet, after all, why not that last—eh? "Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!" Sure! I maintain that this is a cryptogram, and that Shakespeare (or Bacon) delivers it with a double meaning. He knew. "What a fall was there" when he (like us) was young!

Spring has been termed the season of youth. Why, especially? So it is—but so is summer, and fall, and winter. So is Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, and every day, skipping Sunday. Sunday shall be the season of age, if you like—or at least it used to be that, when starchiness, squeaking shoes, and general gloom combated the very sunniest, blithesomest out-of-doors that God in his gracious goodness might send.

However, this essay is not upon Sunday, nor upon Monday, Tuesday, and the rest; but upon fall—the truly fall, as much a season of youth as any spring ever caracolled over by poet-spurred Pegasus. In fact, fall belongs to youth; and the intrusion or the inclusion therein of rheumaticky, fearful age is a mistake—or, at the most, but a necessary measure in order to provide the barrels of apples and the new sausage with which fall announces arrival.

The first sign of fall is school. Through the rollicking, free-lance summer the school-house has been muzzled, and, dumb and impotent, has been obliged to glower in vain as, all careless of it, you and yours have ambled past. You even

have played in the very yard, and have emerged unscathed. But all too soon, one morning, it shows symptoms of awakening from its enforced lethargy. Its windows blink open, its mouth yawns, and from its cavernous depths issue thumps and stamping and clouds of dust! The dratted janitor is busy stirring it up, poking it into life, as if he might be poking a slumberous behemoth. Doesn't the janitor ever forget? Never! On the contrary, he seems delighted to remember!

It is no use counting up the few remaining days of summer. The janitor is an unmistakable weather-breeder. The oftener you count the days, the fewer they are; and Mother expeditiously extracts the blamed old books from seclusion. She doesn't forget, any more than does the janitor.

"Aren't you glad to have school begin again, Johnny?" invites the fatuous and kindly Elder Person.

Naw! Was he, or she, when in your estate? You bet not. The only fun about it is that you will have a new teacher; but this is a mild and transient excitement.

Along the line of school, fall would appear to concern principally the head. But it concerns the feet also. They share in the feeling of incarceration by which the regime of school is marked. Confined and swollen and stiff, they must hobble and thump about in shoes; and thus pent, for a few days they are as unhappy and as ungainly as any other animals who have been pastured out.

New school-books and new school-teacher alike have been worn common, and now the evenings are perceptibly longer, so that the "you may play till eight o'clock"

injunction stretches out into the fascinating envelope of dark.

The days are golden (but all days are golden); the evenings have a certain chilliness—as if winter might be encamped over the hill and were making his survey of the promised land under cover of the dusk. By this warning, it is time to set up the stoves and to bank up the house.

The stoves (which are set up by Father, Mother overseeing, Maggie-the-girl helping, you attending as an eager non-combatant) appear as old friends, and lend an air of dignity and preparedness to parlor and sitting-room. With the house banked, the stoves up, coal and apples and potatoes in the cellar, wood in the shed, the future is secure; for the fortress of Home is stocked and victualed.

Not as in these degenerate days when we live hand to mouth—that is to say, by grace of daily delivery from grocer, drug-store, and dry-goods counter—were potatoes bought by the sack and apples by the dozen. In yon corner bin, where the cellar was darkest, reposed potatoes by the sack, for winter consumption; and ranged opposite were a barrel of russets, a barrel of wine-saps, and a barrel of greenings. But all this pales to insignificance, when Father recites again, for general delectation, the proud fact that back on the farm, *his* father (who was your grandfather) every fall put into the cellar (an enormous cellar!) forty barrels of cider; and every drop was gone by the end of next harvest-time!

Well, there aren't any barrels of cider in *your* cellar; and if there were, and it got hard, you couldn't drink it, because you have signed the pledge. Cider comes only by the jug, at Thanksgiving, or for mince-pies.

Yes, even the days have a tinge of crispiness. Somebody has sighted a flock of wild ducks southward bound, over the town; and everybody knows that when the ducks and geese fly, it is a sure sign of winter. Mother exhumes from the closet drawers and from the trunks in the attic the household's fall plumage in guise of "medium weight" underwear, which all must don. Other mothers have issued an edict in like vein, so that the school-room smells pleasantly of camphor and of moth-balls.

Nuts are getting ripe; and white ethies and gastronomy demand that gleaners wait until after the first frost, no one (who is smart) does wait, except, perhaps, in the case of chestnuts. But hazel-nuts and hickory-nuts and walnuts and butternuts must be gathered betimes or not at all. There always are the squirrels and the blue-jays and the kids who don't go to school to contend with.

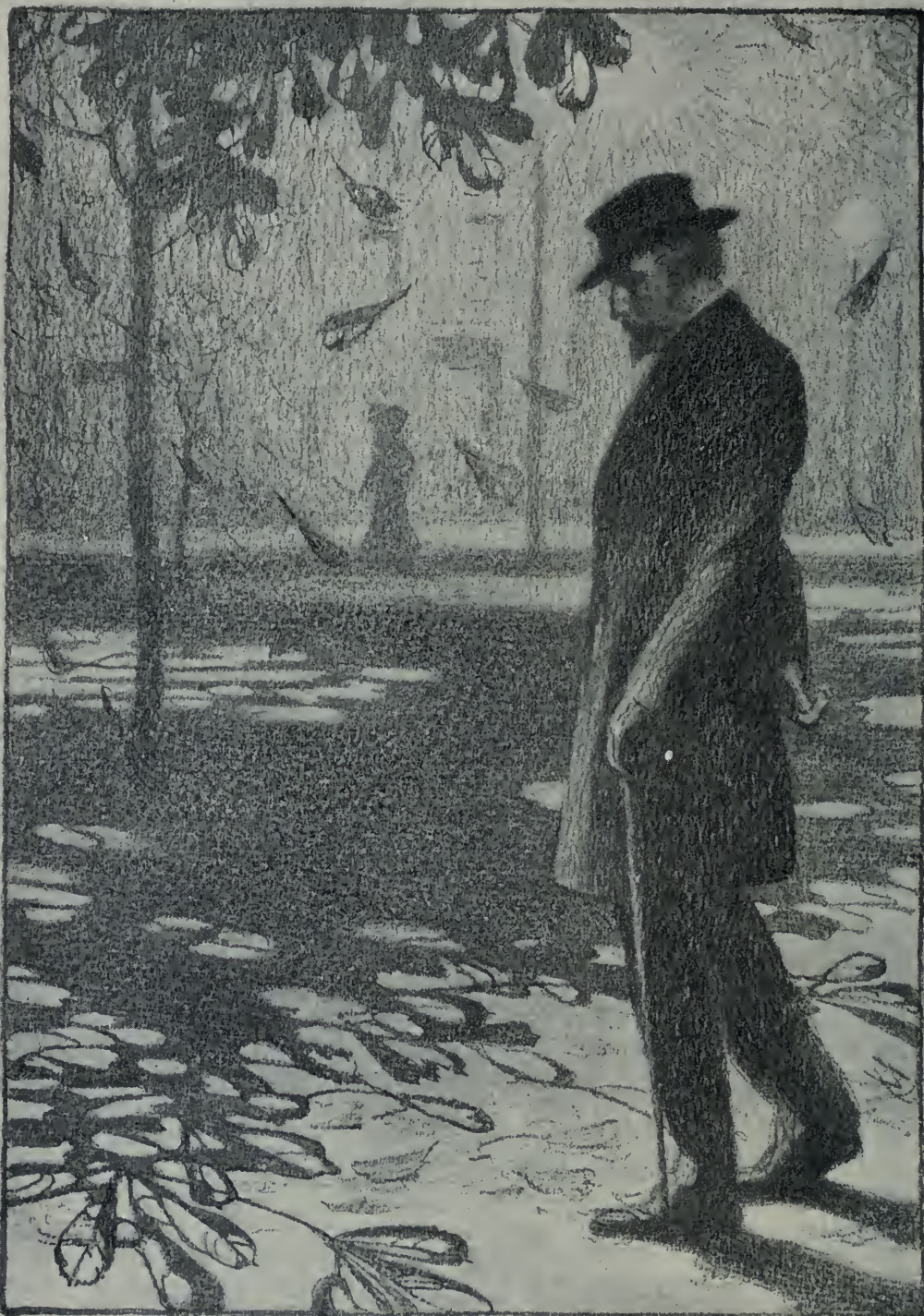
So the spoils are sacked and toted home, to be spread upon the woodshed roof or the roof of the back porch, there to ripen at their security and leisure—by eagle eye of you and Maggie-the-girl guarded from predatory jay.

Now are *you* stocked up, in your private store. Apples in the cellar, nuts on the roof! Aye, this is fat fall!

By fits and starts crisper grow the mornings and the evenings, and even earlier comes the dusk, so that there is a long reading-space betwixt supper and bed—a time in which Injuns may be slain, and pioneer times may be lived again; in which occur discussions upon domestic or foreign affairs, by Father and Mother; or in which, failing of other entertainment, you and Johnny Schmidt, next door, may play at marbles on the carpet.

The delirious excitement of Hallowe'en approaches, culminates, and reluctantly passes, for another year. And now there is frost o' mornings. Mother's begonias must be hustled in, and her geraniums; and in the south window is built up, on the wire tiers, the customary pyramid of plants—Mother's cherished proteges who must have the best of the winter's sunshine.

The leaves are dropping fast, so that all the front yard is littered with those from the maples, and all the back yard with those from the apple-trees. With these the house is banked at the foundations, from ground to first clap-boards; with these the rose-bushes and the pansies and the violets and clove pinks must be bedded, at Mother's direction; and the remainder also must be raked, but for the burning. Presently this after-school labor brings its reward in shape of bonfires. Along the street the flames are leaping, the smoke is eddying, as if the town is lighting beacons against the nearing host of winter. Around the bonfires may you and your fellows gambol and parade, per-



SHADOWS OF AUTUMN

C.W. JEFFERYS

forming reckless prodigies of prank and dance.

The sunsets are red, answering back with winter's bael-fires upon the horizon. Ducks and geese fly continuously—and some night all the air is vibrant with tumultuous honking as in cohort after cohort the alarmed migrants stream for the south. That is a sign, not even the veriest dullard can mistake. And after school Mother takes you down-town and buys you the boots—the winter boots—the annual boots with red-and-gilt tops and copper toes—the boots which are intended to last you through till spring!

And what is before these boots—what scuffing and scraping and sliding and soaking and freezing—ere, shorn of their pristine freshness and of pretty much every other original attribute, they are cast into the desolation of the alley, only such boots know.

That very night it comes: the cold wave. It rushes down from the north, driving before it the geese, and shakes the house and howls above your bed. But you may rest oblivious to external events, until intern-

al events apprise you thereof. For early in the morning Father has arisen, to make in the hard-coal stove of the parlor that fire which (he fondly expects) will not go out all winter. The heralding scent of warmed polish is wafted up to you, announcing the crisis. To this you awaken.

And hurrah! For, bless us, this is winter—or very much like it, asserts Mother.

"Cold as Greenland," asserts Father. Keen and gusty is the November air, as the gray clouds scud across the pale sky. The porch vents its first, familiar cracking as you step upon it, reconnoitring. The sitting-room (which is also the dining-room and breakfast-room and supper-room) stove exhales its cheery warmth, and the obstinate and sluggish parlor stove exhales its odor of polish.

And hurrah! Here is a change, and changes are welcome. Bluffy arrayed for winter—in comrade mittens and comrade scarf and comrade cap—and further accoutred with those new boots, may you stump forth, cringing not, but gleefully receptive of weather whatsoever that may be, and ready to bid winter, if this be winter, hail.



IN VAIN

On through the years he toils to reach success,
That, winning, he may lay it at her feet,
While every day her hungry eyes entreat
Life's dearest boon to her, his least caress.

—J. P. H.—

Saving Time in English Business Life

By

Hamilton Adams

TIME-WASTING in modern business routine may seem almost an impossibility, but it is safe to say that the average business man in Canada burns up enough time in useless interviews with every Tom, Dick and Harry, who sends in his business card, as would enable him nearly to double his working capacity. I refer to the average business man,—the fellow who gets down to the office in the grey of the morning, who keeps his nose at the grindstone all day and who must of necessity handle a lot of detail work,—not that exceedingly rare but nevertheless valuable kind of a man, who by some extraordinary power races Father Time to a finish early in the day.

Business men in Canada, taken as a whole, are distinguished by their accessibility. It is no very serious problem for a stranger, no matter what his mission, so it be a legitimate one, to secure admission to the private office of even the biggest manufacturer. I have known young canvassers or salesmen after a weary day's tramp about the streets of a Canadian city, return to headquarters, quite unsuccessful in their particular canvass, but smiling cheerfully none the less because of the kindly way they have been treated. This accessibility of the Canadian business man is at once his glory and his shame. He becomes the victim of a raft of callers, who prey on his precious time, dislocate his plans and curtail his effectiveness. Dearly indeed does he pay for his reputation for courtesy.

In this respect, the Canadian has little to learn by way of improvement and reform from his American confrere. If any differentiation in method is discoverable, it will be found that the American business man is even more approachable, more polite and more courteous than the Canadian business man. It is true that he may be a little quicker to dismiss a caller, who cannot show that he has a good proposition to discuss and can discuss it intelligently, but, notwithstanding, the tendency to receive and listen to every caller who sends in his card, exists quite as markedly in the United States as in Canada and there is a similar waste of valuable time.

Now the Englishman in his business life adopts quite a different attitude. If accessibility characterizes the Canadian business man inaccessibility distinguishes his British brother. It is figuratively as hard for the visitor to break into the Englishman's business castle, as it was in the olden days for the robber bands to break into a nobleman's feudal tower. He is hedged around with all manner of devices to protect the sanctity of his private office. There is practically only one way to get at him and that is by hanging out the white flag and craving the indulgence of a special interview, whenever it shall suit the great man.

From the standpoint of the man on the outside, this English system is a very disagreeable, and oftentimes even an offensive one, but looking at it in the reverse

way, it has many good points. That a vast amount of time is saved, goes without saying. That a great deal of indiscriminate canvassing is discouraged is also apparent.

To illustrate the extreme to which the British system may be carried, the recent experience of a young Canadian on a visit to London might be related. This young man carried with him several letters of introduction to London business men. He took the first of these letters one morning in person to the office of the man to whom it was addressed. The letter had been written by a personal friend of the latter, in Canada, and in New York it would have ensured him a warm welcome, but in London its reception was somewhat after this fashion,—the uniformed dignity at the main entrance, on being asked if Mr. So-and-So was in, replied, "Yes, he's in. Have you an appointment with him?" On being informed that there was 'no appointment arranged,' he replied, "Mr. So-and-So never sees any one except by appointment. You had better write him a letter and ask for an appointment." The visitor, feeling very much repulsed, hereupon produced his letter of introduction, and requested that it be delivered to Mr. So-and-So. He was confident that this would prove an open sesame, but to his dismay, word came back to him that Mr. So-and-So was very much occupied at present, but would be pleased to see him at twelve o'clock Friday, three days later on.

The visitor called at the appointed time and, as if by magic, on the presentation of his card, obsequious attendants took charge of him, doors opened before him, and presto! he was seated in a bright little office, with a cheery fire, and in friendly converse with the head of the firm. At the end of the interview, the visitor was invited to dine with the latter a few days later at one of the London clubs. The intercourse between the two was of an almost intimate nature as a result of the two meetings and the Canadian felt that he had gained the friendship of the Englishman.

So far so good. The reader may be inclined to say. "That's perfectly satisfactory. Once you learn the ropes and know how to do it, you're all right." But, listen to the sequel to this little story. A

week or so later the Canadian had occasion to call once more at this particular office. He went there, in fact, to say good-bye to the Englishman, feeling under some degree of obligation to him for his hospitality. To his astonishment his card had apparently lost its efficacy. After some insistence, he succeeded in having it taken in to the Englishman's private office, but even that was of no avail. The rule of the office could not be broken for anybody, he was told. It was quite as binding as any of the laws of the Medes and Persians.

It would be foolish to maintain that such treatment is at all general in England. This is an isolated case, serving to show the extreme to which the inaccessibility idea is carried in some offices. But it is nevertheless true that with very few exceptions, it is impossible to see the English business man except by definite appointment. The same young Canadian soon learned this. After presenting two or three of his letters in person and being repulsed every time, he came to the conclusion that he could accomplish his purpose just as effectively by writing letters, explaining his mission and asking for appointments. To all his letters he received prompt replies, arranging for early interviews and, when the time came for these interviews, he found to his satisfaction that he was received promptly. There was no loss of time either for him or for the man upon whom he called.

The British system (for there is much the same state of affairs in Scotland as in England) has many points in its favor which should commend it to business men on this side of the Atlantic. Of its drawbacks something will be said later, but meanwhile there can be no valid objection to the contention that it is a splendid time saver. Britons may be slow workers, may be most conservative in their methods, and may be old-fashioned in many of their ideas, but they build exceedingly sure. Steady, uninterrupted labor tells in the long run, and the fact that a business man can, if he wishes, concentrate on a given task for days at a time, without having fresh and divergent ideas thrust on his attention at intervals, helps him immensely.

I once asked a Londoner whether he thought that the average English business

man accomplished more than the average American, and he replied that he felt quite confident that he did, just for the very reason that he conserved his time better. "You see," said he, "we get to work pretty early and we stay at it late. There is something about our climate which makes it possible for us to work long hours without wearying ourselves in the same way as you do in America. And then we take good care only to see people who have some definite business to transact with us. The man who comes along and has nothing to propose in which we would be interested never gets a chance to see us."

The weakest spot in this way of handling callers is that the business man may really lose more by refusing to see a visitor than he will gain. It is conceivable that a most unlikely arrival at the outer barrier may have some idea fertilizing in his brain which would be of immense value to the firm. The Canadian business man, because he is willing to see everybody with at least the semblance of gentility about them, captures the idea and

profits by it. The Englishman, like as not, lets it slip. The former assumes the attitude of a learner; he feels that there is no ground where some treasure may not lie hidden, and he is willing to take a chance to find it. The latter ignores chance and sticks to the narrower road of certainty.

It is pretty much a matter for personal decision as to what is the wisest course to pursue. There is no doubt about it that Canadians waste a lot of time in interviews which are at best often simply gossiping junkets. There is likewise, no doubt, but that many business men would find the adoption of the English system, even in a modified form, of considerable benefit. Particularly would this be the case among that large body of men who have not yet attained the point where it would be possible for them to relegate the handling of details to assistants. Once a man is free of details, he would be foolish not to open his mind to the reception of new ideas and his door to the reception of all kinds of visitors.

MARY ANN MAGEE

I mind the day I sailed away
 From Mary Ann Magee.
 "I'll shure remimber you," she says,
 "Mind you remimber me."
 I mind the kiss she give me, too,
 That all the folks might see
 Young Tim Malone was all her own,
 An' she, my Ann Magee.

I mind the day I sailed away
 To Mary Ann Magee.
 As I remimbered her that day,
 Shure she'd remimber me.
 We called on Father John that night,
 An' 'twasn't long till he
 Made Missis Mary Ann Malone
 Of Mary Ann Magee.

—J. P. H.

Redwing

By

Mrs. James Atwood

SOMEWHERE along the boundary line between British Columbia and Washington the frosts of September nights were fast clothing the vegetation in the flaring reds and yellows of late autumn and the highest hills were putting on their caps of snow.

In sheltered passes, between the mountain ranges, the sun still held sway, and the waters of Boundary Creek sparkled and danced for joy as he slowly rose over the Eastern mountain peaks and looked down on them.

But, on a certain morning, he looked down also upon a young Indian woman who lay asleep close beside the creek, while, at a little distance, her 'cayuse' was breakfasting off some bunches of grass.

A shawl covered her shoulders and half concealed her face, and its brilliant reds and yellows harmonized with the surrounding foliage and made it hard to distinguish her from it.

Not far from her resting place, a white tent and long water flume indicated the present dwelling of some one engaged in placer mining, and, presently, a young man emerged from the raised flap of the tent and began building a fire of broken twigs and various pieces of driftwood cast up by the waters of the creek, while immediately afterwards another followed, with fishing rod in hand, evidently intent upon catching a breakfast of fresh fish.

His wanderings along the bank of the creek soon brought him close to where the woman was sleeping, and he had almost stumbled over her before he discovered it was a human being instead of a mass of sumach or Oregon Grape vines that he had nearly planted his foot on.

His exclamation awoke her, and she sat up and looked at him without speaking.

"Klahowya, tillicum," said the young man. "What in the name of Jerusalem brings you asleep in this place at such an hour?"

"Heap good place," she answered in fairly good English. "What for Redwing not sleep here?"

"Oh, so that's your name, is it—Miss Redwing, I salute you—but where are the rest of your people, and why are you here alone?"

"Redwing run away," she answered gravely. "Redwing no want to stay in Jim's tent," she continued. "She no like Jim—he bad Indian—beat her all the time. And then, she steal horse and run away—long way, into Big Queen's country."

"You are a nice young woman," replied her companion. "You steal your husband's horse and run away from him—and then make a brag of it. By and by Jim come after Redwing and take her back and beat her more for behaving so badly."

"No, no," she cried, "Redwing go with you—me heap catchee fish—cook—wash—Redwing very good kloochman."

And she rose, arranged her shawl and skirt and walked over to her horse, who stood quietly waiting for her to take hold of his bridle.

She removed it, as well as the Mexican saddle, and then turned him off to graze amongst the low foothills.

The young man watched her silently—wondering all the time what he should do with this self invited guest. But after she had driven the horse away, she quietly re-

turned, and taking the fishing rod out of his hand, threw the line into the water and stood gazing at it without vouchsafing another word on the subject.

He continued to watch her for a little while, and then returned to the tent to take counsel with his friend upon the difficulties of the situation.

Harry Lindsay and Dick Burchell had been born and brought up beside each other in a small English town. Their parents belonged to the well-to-do middle class, and when the boys grew to manhood—after receiving a fairly decent education at the same grammar school—and refused to settle down steadily to any business or profession, they concluded it was better to give them a good outfit, with a little money, and let them try to carve out their own fortunes in one of the Colonies than perhaps waste a great deal in forcing them to take up some uncongenial occupation in their own country.

And so they wandered from place to place, until about two years afterwards, when they found themselves placer mining in the Boundary District of British Columbia.

Dick Burchell appeared to think it a good joke when Harry Lindsay related the adventure which had just befallen him, and declared there was no reason why they should not avail themselves of the voluntary services of the Indian woman. They had a spare tent which they could put up and place at her disposal, and then—if she agreed to do their cooking and washing for her 'grub' and perhaps a little money now and then—why, it would prove a most satisfactory arrangement for them, instead of having to start in and do it for themselves amidst their arduous duties of gold washing.

And so it came about that when Redwing arrived on the scene, with a dozen half-pound speckled trout, she was at once placed in charge of the culinary department of this bachelors' establishment.

These were the days when gold in large quantities was being taken out of Boundary Creek, and as the partners were able to pan out from twenty to twenty-five dollars a day, they were very well satisfied with the result of their labors—and also congratulated themselves upon the acquisition of their new 'help', as her fried fish, stewed venison and rabbit, as well as her

bannocks and flap-jacks, were worthy of an older and more experienced cook.

Her own age was about twenty-two, and she was good-looking—after the manner of her kind.

She possessed the usual taciturnity of the Indian, but took quite an interest in their work, and when one of the partners got his gun and wandered off over the hills in search of deer, grouse, prairie chicken or rabbits to replenish the empty larder, Redwing frequently helped the remaining one shovel in 'dirt' to the flume or move the riffles.

A month passed without any important event happening to change the quiet or mar the peace of this rural home, and the young men looked forward with regret to the time, drawing so near now, when heavy frosts and snows would arrive and prevent a continuance of their placer mining until the following spring.

It had got to the middle of October, and fierce blustery gales were sweeping through the canyon and warning them that the time was at hand when they must seek more sheltered quarters.

A kind of a reserve began to spring up between these old comrades, and, unless when working together at their gold-washing, each avoided the others company. Also they were both ready with excuses now to shirk going away into the hills in search of game when it became necessary, and somehow, if one found the other in close conversation with Redwing it immediately brought a sullen frown to the face of the observer.

'Twas the old story—a woman had come between them.

But this brown-faced source of discord appeared quite unaware of her disturbing influence, and apparently looked upon them both with equal indifference.

Still the jealousy of the partners made them suspicious of her and each other, and they watched closely for any evidence of secret understandings.

One evening, Harry Lindsay, returning with a bag of grouse, entered the tent so noiselessly in his moccasins that he did not disturb Dick Burchell and Redwing, who were sitting outside, close to the farther end of it, engaged in conversation.

"Dick go away to Spokane next week," he heard his partner remark, "Redwing come with him?"

"What for Dick go?" she answered. "Plenty gold here—plenty good food—water no freeze long time yet."

"Dick tired—work all the time is good. Suppose Redwing come with Dick to Spokane. Dick buy her 'hy yu' dresses, handkerchiefs, beads, get a house there—have plenty good time."

"Harry go too?" she asked

"No, Harry go to Vancouver. He got one 'kloochman' there."

"Ach," she said. And then there was silence for a moment.

"Me tell you by and by," she remarked.

And then Harry stumbled over a coal oil box in the dusk, and the others moved away.

Harry left the tent again and wandered off over the hills. It was an hour later when he came back, and the moon had risen and illuminated the whole landscape. The scene was so soothing in its quiet beauty that it might have calmed the rage that was seething in the young man's breast and exercised the devil which had taken possession of him.

Dick was sitting on a rock near the entrance to the tent, and the Indian woman was busy somewhere in the interior.

"I want to speak to you," Harry said, "but let's climb the rocks and walk to the head of the canyon. It is as light as day."

They scrambled over the boulders and up the rocks until they stood above the canyon, and then walked some distance away beside it.

Neither spoke until the light of their camp fire was only dimly visible in the far perspective, and then Harry turned suddenly and faced his companion.

"Why did you tell Redwing that I was going to Vancouver?" he asked, "and that I had a girl there?"

Dick was smoking a cigarette, and he puffed at it deliberately two or three times before replying.

"Well, you know Ellen Peters has come out from home to visit her brother there, so I thought you would be sure to go and see her."

"Why should I go and see Ellen Peters any more than yourself? You were the one she favored long ago."

"I don't think so," remarked Dick, resuming his cigarette.

"See here," said Harry, "we had better have this out and have done with it. That little mahogany devil has come between you and I, though I'll be damned if I can tell which of us she favors, so let's fight it out, as the brutes do, and the best man wins."

"All right," said Dick, removing his coat and waistcoat.

Harry followed his example.

They were both strong, well-made men and as well versed in the "science of the fists" as most young men of the English-speaking race are nowadays, so the exhibition of boxing which ensued, though it might probably have delighted many of the admirers of the "Prize Ring," was scarcely in harmony with its present surroundings. As the moon was at its full, and was bathing every boulder, tree and shrub with an effulgence of pale glory, and throwing out in bold relief the background of hills and rocky slopes, while, far below, the murmuring voice of the creek could be heard, as it babbled over its golden sands.

The moonbeams gleamed brightly for a few minutes on the hands and white uncovered arms of the combatants as they played about each others heads and shoulders, but Harry was the better man, and his opponent soon began to feel it, and, with the recklessness of the loser, struck wildly at his antagonist—retreating unconsciously before some of the punishment he was receiving.

Neither observed that they had got close to the edge of the canyon when Harry rushed in, dealing fierce blows with the evident intention of bringing the fight to a finish as soon as possible.

His fist came down on the side of Dick's head with the force of a sledge hammer, and, with a loud cry, he fell backwards over the edge of the canyon.

All the folly and brutality of his conduct was revealed in a flash to Harry as he stood alone on the brink of the chasm, and he flung himself on the ground and peered down the rocks—calling his old chum's name, again and again.

But, as no reply came back to him, he scrambled down to a ledge near the bottom of the canyon upon which he could make out something was lying. And there he found Dick—dead. He had

fallen on the back of his head upon a sharp, jagged piece of stone and broken his neck.

Harry sat there till morning with his old comrade's head lying on his knees, and all those hours he held converse with the dead upon their past life, from the time, as little boys, they had fought over a marble or tame rabbit until that fight, over a woman, which had just divided them forever.

The moon faded out and the sun came up once more over the Eastern mountains and looked down on the pitiful sight, and Harry climbed the rocks again and re-

turned to the tent before seeking help to bury his friend.

But, as he came opposite and prepared to descend the canyon, his eyes fell on two horses which were tethered on the opposite side, while Redwing and an Indian packed on to them blankets and provisions of all kinds, and he paused—in a half dazed condition—to watch them.

Presently they saw him, and both climbed upon their horses in front of their baggage and rode away.

But Redwing turned and waved her hand to him.

"Klahowya, tillicum," she cried. "Redwing go back with Jim."



THE FLOWERLESS PATH

A flowerless path, a path of gloom,
I tread alone each weary day;
Where shadows fall and dangers loom,
And all is grey.

It winds o'er rocks and arid plains,
Where ev'ry step is fraught with pain,
And leads where desolation reigns,
And naught to gain.

My courage flares and vainly tries
To guide my footsteps on the way;
And when at last it fails and dies,
I kneel and pray.

In some fair land the flowers bloom,
And sunshine falls and shadows cease,
I pray dear God dispel the gloom,
And give me peace.

—J. A.

Cards !

By

Nan Maury Lemmon

"**M**ONEY for cigarettes?" quavered the old banker.

"Money for *card debts*!" shouted his great-nephew, making a last superhuman effort to be heard.

"Shut up, sir! Don't yell so!" snapped the old gentleman. "Anybody would think I was deaf."

To conceal the fact that he had not yet understood, he took out his heavy gold watch, almost the size of a tea-saucer, held it with trembling fingers while he calculated the time, then, scrambling out of the wheel-chair, balanced himself precariously between two walking-canes and started down to the spring-house. Every morning at nine o'clock he set out on this tour, as punctually now as when the bank clerks could set the clock by the arrival of their president.

The very young man just back from college did not move to assist him, yet watched rather tenderly his slow progress down the hill. The sight of the queer top hat, the flowered dressing-gown lined with heavily quilted satin and flapping around thin, shaky knees, the white woollen socks and well-worn bedroom slippers, brought back vividly the day he had been spanked with one of those same slippers for stealing peaches, but the remembrance was more sentimental than resentful. Presently he rose leisurely, threw away a newly-lit cigarette, and followed his great-uncle down the hill.

A group of weeping willows shadowed the spring-house, and a little branch gurgled away from the milk-crocks set in the spring. On a stone bench, immovable save for restless eyes, sat the old banker. He greeted his nephew only with a resentful sniff.

The intruder approached warily this time and repeated as distinctly as possible:

"Uncle, did you ever help out a young man in debt?"

"Sell out a young man in debt? Why, time and again, the young fools!" came the quick response. "But the day Eugene Fontaine was twenty-four and his gambling debts amounted to twenty-three thousand dollars, our cashier was in a taking, I tell you! You see, he was old Fontaine's executor, and——"

"Yes, but about the money, sir, I——"

"Money? Why, he inherited most of it from his father. Old William Fontaine was a powerful rich man for those days. When he died he bequeathed two-thirds of his estate to his widow, and the River Bend plantation—where I've seen a hundred buck niggers worming tobacco—thirty thousand dollars, and a breed of fancy house-niggers, to his son, Eugene.

"Among those house-niggers was a pair of twins, Cynthia and Sylvia—fifteen years old, thirteen hands high, and weighed ninety-seven pounds apiece—and through some mistake in the management of the estate, in a big cattle deal, Sylvia was thrown in with some horses to even up a trade for a herd of steers, and so was missing when the property was divided up. Eugene spent hundreds of dollars the next year trying to find her, but couldn't get a trace of her—not a trace.

"Eugene Fontaine was as fine-looking a young fellow as you would find in a day's ride, and liberal—so liberal the boys around town nicknamed him 'His Lordship.' I saw him for the first time the day he came to the bank—I was under-clerk then—to see Mr. Carey, his father's executor, and receive his share of the es-

tate. The next week he married the beautiful Miss Paige, on her fifteenth birthday—an orphan and an heiress—and it was fortunate,” went on the old man, tapping on the moss-covered stones with his cane, “that he started out with a big bank account, for he didn’t have then—and never did have—the slightest idea of the value of money.

“Money! Why, he would lend it, give it, or throw it away to anybody he thought needed it! Then he had some crazy notion about niggers being human, and Lordy, Lordy—he let many a good trade slip between his fingers on account of such blame’ foolishness. Any man who got into trouble always found Eugene ready to help him out. Once Mr. Carey tried to stop this by refusing to advance his interest, but Eugene just went out and sold his riding horse for half its value and bought another one on credit, gave the money to the man who wanted to borrow it, and ‘hought he had done a mighty smart piece of business.

“In less than two years,” continued the old banker, without interruption, for his nephew had seen the hopelessness of breaking in, “Eugene Fontaine had run through every cent he had. Mr. Carey was powerful upset over it—I remember his telling me about it the week we rode over to the Springs to spend our bank holiday. There was time and a-plenty for talking, as we went all the way on horseback, with our saddle-bags behind us, stopping overnight at the tavern, and sending a trunk on ahead by the stage. Mr. Carey fretted over Eugene most of the way, but in the end he decided that though the blow was hard on the poor boy, having to stay at home and work hard and save every cent was the only way to make a man of him.

“‘Work hard,’ he put it, ‘and save every cent’—and the very next evening as we were sitting on the long hotel porch, a coach and four rounded the turn—the finest turnout seen there that year—and it was Eugene Fontaine and his family come to spend the summer at the Springs. I didn’t see him at first, but behind the boy leading at the riding horses was the wagon for the baggage and servants, and nobody could mistake that set of fancy house-niggers anywhere! There was the coachman and boy, two nurses for the

baby, his own body-servant, and the other twin, his wife’s maid—strangely enough, I was certain I had seen her in the hotel that morning already.

“That night, son, just as I was entering the ball-room, I heard a faint sort of musical laugh, and, looking round, saw the slave girl again. At that moment young Mrs. Fontaine came down the corridor and stopped in the dickens of a temper to see her own maid Cynthia, as she thought, standing at the door of the ladies’ dressing-room. She started to scold and question her, but in a second began to call out for her husband as if she’d found a mare’s nest, and, sure enough, the girl turned out to be the missing twin, Sylvia, who was there with the family of Villeneuve, the famous gambler from New Orleans.

“Eugene was greatly delighted over finding the girl. The next day he offered to buy her back, and her mistress, Villeneuve’s mother, seemed anxious to be rid of her. She had the girl weighed and examined by a doctor, as was the custom in those days to decide upon the value, and then called out in the side yard to be looked over.

“I remember to this day how that girl looked standing there by her sister—silly brown hair, creamy skin, and slim feet and ankles, the whole set of ’em had. It’s a pity they couldn’t have been horses, those twins; they’d have made such a perfect match! But though they appeared alike, son, there seemed, too, some wide difference between ’em: one of ’em just looked like a pretty, young animal, but that girl Sylvia—why, you felt sure she had a soul—a genuine, unawakened soul! She stood there without a sign of sensitiveness, and her eyes, with a child-like ignorance of evil that was right pathetic, sought out unabashed the eyes of the men in the crowd, and she gave a faint sort of musical laugh. It sounded like somebody laughing in a dream!

“Well, just as the purchase was about to be concluded, Villeneuve, who had been absent, arrived unexpectedly and stopped the sale—stopped the sale, I tell you!—and though Eugene offered twice her value, he refused to part with the girl at any price.

“What say? Strange, eh? Well, I should say it *was* strange! The refusal

puzzled us all for a time, but no one suspected the reason until it was noised around among the slaves and finally reached Eugene through his body-servant, that Villeneuve was planning to carry Sylvia off with him to Louisville the next week and pretend she was a Creole. When young Fontaine heard this his quixotic sympathy, ever on the surface, was instantly aroused, and he vowed he would regain the girl and set her free if it took a million dollars.

"I wonder now I didn't guess what went on that next week. I might have known Villeneuve wanted to get Eugene in a card game and fleece him, and I used to meet the boy coming upstairs to bed in the mornings as I went down before breakfast for my walk. Still, it was an unknown thing to gamble for niggers among gentlemen in those days. Why, public opinion was against it! It was considered a thing nobody but a rowdy would do! So it never crossed my mind that Eugene had raised the money on his whole plantation—twenty-three thousand dollars—to play for Sylvia, and was losing it rapidly day by day.

"There was a deal going on at the Springs that week—a tournament, and a ball afterwards where the beautiful Mollie McIntyre was crowned Queen of Love and Beauty. I remember I made her an offer that very night, son, and she jilted me. I was mightily taken with her. She afterwards married Bob Singleton of South Carolina, and died of scarlet fever on her bridal tour. Once her sister——"

"But the card game?" interrupted his listener.

"Eh? What did you say?" inquired the old banker in a cracked voice.

"Go back to the card game!" yelled his nephew. "Tell me, for Heaven's sake, how did it end?"

"Card game?" repeated the old fellow thoughtfully. "Tut, tut! Was I talking about a card game? Oh, yes. Why, to be sure! Well, when it finally came to light the tremendous sum young Fontaine had lost, there was a deal of talk among the guests at the Springs, and when it was whispered around that the two men were playing for the slave girl, the excitement spread like wildfire.

"It seems they had been playing on a little side porch, as it was hot July

weather, and, it being rumored the game would start again about midnight, a crowd gathered to watch it through the night.

"Fontaine was late in appearing. He had joined old Mr. Cecil, who had been hanging and hesitating over the price of a bottle of foreign wine in the bar outside, and it was characteristic of Eugene that he called back casually, 'Send him up the whole case of it, and charge it to me,' to the clerk as they left the room. This little act of generosity, done when his ward was on the edge of ruin, touched the old man to the end of his days — though he had the wine to pay for, as well as all young Fontaine's hotel bills, when we left for home the next day."

"Well, no sooner did he take his seat at the table than Eugene began to lose again, and lost on steadily for hours, for he was betting rashly, and with that utter carelessness which only those fools who have no idea of money values can keep up. Just before sunrise, at that ghastly hour they say people die, the game seemed to be nearing an end. The candles burning in the daylight threw vague, flickering shadows on the faces of the men. It was a period of depressing, anxious silence. Suddenly, a strange sort of musical laugh broke the stillness, making us all start nervously and turn in its direction, and, looking up, we saw the slave girl standing in the dawn.

"She had stepped out on a little balcony that was connected with the servants' wing opposite, and—well, I'm not one of those fools that think it's smart to use fancy language, but nothing else will express the picture that girl made as I can see it—as pretty a picture as any ever hung on a nail yet. She stood there unconscious of the crowd as any sleep walker and conscious that her destiny hung on the falling of a card. The rosy dawn light fell on her supple figure so that we could see clearly where her gown had slipped away from the rounded shoulder, and how her creamy skin blended with her lips, the color of crushed strawberries. A few wind-loosened, silky brown curls blew lightly in the breeze. She looked far away with an appealing, questioning gaze—the questioning of a bewildered child who cannot understand.

"Villeneuve flushed when he heard the

laugh, and turning his thick-set, muscular body, stared directly at Sylvia—directly and passionately. As he looked at her his dark, moody face, which until then had been like a block of stone, seemed to become alive, while over it played an expression of triumph and assured possession. Across the table, in striking contrast, sat Eugene, his youthful, refined face, with its almost divine look of constant sympathy for the tragedies of others, showing keen and pitiful distress at his failure to rescue the girl. For the moment the two seemed not men, but the embodiment of Good and Evil, while motionless above them stood the slave girl for whom they were playing—playing not only for her body, but for her immortal soul!

"Well, the instant Sylvia disappeared, quick as lightning the luck changed. Then Villeneuve commenced to get nervous and angry, and his betting grew rash. Presently Fontaine dealt — the usual five cards to each. His own hand, I remember, was three kings, an eight spot, and the deuce of clubs. The betting began at once—there was no discarding in those days. Yes, it was a kind of poker, but they called it 'Bluff.' The pile of chips grew larger and larger in the middle of the table, still the 'bluffing' kept up, until the men, crowding 'round, held their breath in astonishment. At last Eugene, flicking the ash from his cigarette, pushed forward his whole pile of chips and laid down his cards. There was a short silence, then a shout went up. Son, they say we waked up the people in

Lewisburg, ten miles away. Sylvia was won!

"And yet," added the old banker after a moment's pause, "in spite of his success, Eugene Fontaine sat there well-nigh bankrupt. But before he ever rose from his seat he called for pen and ink and sent for the magistrate, and there among the scattered cards and chips on table, with the sun lighting up his lofty, high-bred young face, he had Sylvia's manumission papers made out, setting the girl free."

The old man rose with difficulty on his stiff legs, and, reaching out cautiously with his canes, prepared to start back to the house.

"But the card debts, sir," bawled his nephew breathlessly—"did they sell out his place?"

"Oh, no, his mother paid 'em—just as I paid yours last week without telling you," the banker snapped out suddenly, returning to his usual irritable manner as he came back to the present, "only in Eugene's case he promised never to play cards again. Have you got grit enough to agree to that?"

"We'll call it a bargain, sir," the youth stammered joyously as he helped his uncle carefully up the hill. Then, after a few moments' thought, still unable to free himself from the vivid realism of the past, he questioned, "And what became of the slave girl, sir?"

"Sylvia?" queried the tale-teller sharply, letting himself down by slow degrees and with many groans into his chair. "Why, she eloped with Villeneuve the next week."

ON A FLY-LEAF

These are my blooms I send to you,
I kiss them ere they start.
My love is singing where they grew,
Deep down within my heart.

Unlike the blossoms bought and sold,
That live but for a day,
You cannot purchase them for gold,
Nor give one flower away.

The mystery behind their birth
Is far from human ken,
'Tis deeper than the springs of mirth,
Beyond the tears of men.

—By Frederick Truesdell.



What It Really Feels Like to be "Up in The Air"

By

James P. Haverson

THERE are two psychological stimulants under which a man may go up as a passenger in a flying machine should he be lucky enough to meet the opportunity. These are Courage and Confidence. Of the comfort and support to be had from the former I know little or nothing, but of the latter I can speak with authority, for it was under the sole support of confidence in the man that took me that I made — a long flight! No—a two-minute flight of about as many miles and as many hundred feet from the earth. It was with Charles F. Willard, at the recent aviation meet at Toronto.

I say that I may know a little of what it would be to go up under Courage for I waited two days at the Hamilton meet to fly with J. V. Martin in his Farman biplane. When I went to Hamilton to go up, I had never seen Martin, and, dur-

ing the two days which I waited to travel on that trip—which was never made, I learned little or nothing of the man, so that when, for a few minutes, his decision to go up or stay down hung in the balance, I quaked. I had committed myself to the venture, but I did not like it a little bit. He did not go, and I was spared a ticklish decision of my own.

But while there I met Charles F. Willard, who promised that he would give me "a ride" at the Toronto meet. From then on, his shadow was with him a little less constantly than I was. Perhaps for this reason I came to know Willard pretty well. At all events, I grew to feel that he was not only the "daring aviator" of which the newspapers are so fond of telling, but also a minutely exacting watcher of the chances of a man in the air, a fellow who overlooked nothing, and took no unnecessary chances. So when, towards the close of the afternoon's flying on the Saturday

that closed the Toronto meet, he told his "boys" to make ready the seat upon which I was to ride, and when the pieces of McCurdy's broken machine, which I had seen splintered in a short fall of fifteen feet but two days before, were brought out and lashed into the machine, I did not worry. I knew Willard. I had Confidence, if not Courage.

I was seated and waiting to fly; there was a halt of about five minutes while a loose nut was tightened on the front running wheel, and it brought on an attack of the fidgets, due, however, more to a desire to get started and make sure of my trip than to any worry as to its outcome. It was now up to Willard.

At last the propeller was turned, and after a few coughing grunts settled down to that steady alert whirr as of a great beetle in a vast hurry. Willard took his seat and the machine rushed ahead as the men behind released their hold. We rolled up the runaway, and I was watching the bouncing forewheel for the moment when we should leave the ground. I cannot remember when it came. I cannot say that I saw it.

The first thing to indicate that we were at last in the air was a curious swaying lurch to the side. It was like the motion of a sailboat slipping over the edge of a wave. It was a boat sailing very close to a very big wind, for we were traveling then at about forty miles an hour and gaining speed. The wind brought the tears streaming from my eyes. But it brought a pulsing joy into the veins the like of which I had never known.

We lifted, lifted, lifted! We crossed a road about fifty feet up and sailed on over a field. Beside the fence, two men squatted on the ground. I saw their upturned faces and pitied them, for a man in a flying machine is entitled to look down on the mere earth crawlers. We were out over another field and were approaching the brow of a hill. Over this we sped, and out over the middle of a field where a farmer had been reaping. His machine had been left where he had finished his day's work. That was as it should be, but up aloft there in the smother of glorious rushing air currents, we had nothing to do with days and times of day. It seemed as if that wonderful

flight should never stop. There were no aeroplanes when Browning wrote his "Last Ride Together."

Willard turned in his seat and laughed back at me. "How do you like it?"

"Fine," I shouted back, and I meant it. I meant just that, "Fine!" I meant that it was thrilling every nerve, bringing every fiber to a higher point of feeling than I had believed could be known. I was like the mouse in the jar of oxygen; I was living at a higher velocity than ever before.

Willard lifted his hands from the controlling wheel and lever, and then I found that I, too, had actually let go with one hand and was waving it at him.

Then we were turning. We banked up against the wind, and came around on a slant. I could feel the machine slip away about twenty feet toward the ground, but there was no sensation of falling. It was the boat slipping down the wave again, only more like it than before. We bore around with the great free air beating in our faces, and driving down to the last corners of our lungs. It is hard to try to describe a thing when it has advanced beyond the terms of all the things which you have known before. It was merely—wonderful.

We were on our way back to the field. We continued to bear down towards the earth. When we came back over the hill we were not more than a hundred feet up, and I remembered with regret that the "Betsy" would not climb *with* the wind. We rapidly drew up to the field. We were going very fast, but you had to *feel* it, for there is no ground close enough to enable you to *see* your speed.

At last we crossed over a line of telegraph wires, and with an easy swoop were back on the ground over which we rolled until we lost our speed and came to a stop. It was hours before I was sober after that. When I had gone up I had expected to meet fear somewhere on the way, but when we left the ground I had been too busy for every breathless second. I did not remember it again until someone asked me if I had not been afraid. One could say nothing. It seemed so hopeless to try to explain.

I had expected to be proud of the achievement. I had expected to walk loftily by my fellows who had never flown. I came down in a great humility. It was as though I had walked in great and holy places, in clean and untrodden ways. For a time malice, envy and hatred were as though they had never been. None of the petty human littlenesses can survive in the free, open ways of the air. With the return to earth they come about a man again, but they are not with him up There, and they cannot fasten on his heart after he alights—for a little while, at least.

When one has come down from the clouds, one walks softly. Perhaps if one keeps very still and hopes very hard, that

glorious thrill will come again. Flying will soon be far from the rare and half uncanny thing it is to-day. If there be doubters, let them fly, and they will doubt no more. You have heard of the faith which moveth mountains. Fly and you shall know it. I was formerly a skeptic, and watched the airmen as one looks at freaks of the circus. When I saw Ralph Johnstone really leave the ground some years ago only half of my mind believed it. When I walked about and talked with Charlie Willard, a quiet faith walked into my heart. When I rose into the air with him, I did not know why I had *believed*, but I knew that I had been right to believe. Men have flown, and men have died to fly. It is almost worth it.

THE SONG OF THE ROAD

"I am the Road; the Road am I!
Earth is my bed, my roof the sky—
So come, little Brother, come!"

On and on, and over the hill,
Ran the Road, but the Man stood still,
And pondered awhile, as every Man will,
'Ere he lists to the calls that come—

"I am the Road; the Road am I!
Earth for a bed, a roof the sky—
On and on to the ends of the earth,
Through lands of plenty and lands of dearth,
I run my winding, blinding way,
Out of the night and into the day—
Come, little Brother, come, I say.

For I am the Road; the Road am I!
With earth for my bed, a roof the sky,
And freedom of life ye cannot buy!—
So come, little Brother, come!"

On and on 'neath the white starlight,
Runs the Road, and the mothering night
Shelters a Man in his headlong flight,
As he follows the call—the Song of the Road.

—Otto F. Bond.

A Slip or a Fall

By

Thomas Le Breton

CHAPTER I.

THE SLIP.

JOHAN ROMALEES was starving. A man of education, by no means a fool, not thirty years of age, tall and well looking, he was walking London's streets for the third day since his last meal.

He had tried to enlist, but his eyesight was defective; he had tried the labor exchanges, but no one wanted a man who could merely speak four languages and write B.A. after his name. He assured employers of labor that he was physically capable of doing manual work. They looked at him disapprovingly. They felt sure that there must be something wrong about such a man. They told him that the supply of casual labor far exceeded the demand.

He had been brought up to expect a fortune. He was in the wilds of Turkestan when his father died, and he discovered that all the money had been mud-dled away. Therefore he came to London, probably the most foolish thing a penniless man could have done. He received a considerable amount of sympathy from those who might have helped him, but nothing more, and he was too proud to disclose his real position. Then he had a belief that a man willing to turn his hand to any kind of work would never starve. Since then he had found out his mistake.

He passed up the busy Strand, leg weary and sick at heart, wondering how long his tough frame would hold out against death. What he most feared was

that he might fall from weakness and be taken to the workhouse, and this for his proud nature would be worse than death. So he decided to tramp into the country while he had still strength to walk. There were woods he knew of where a man might die decently and in privacy.

Languidly he noticed a young fellow stop and stare at him, and he flushed angrily. He tried to hold up his head and to walk erect. Already, he thought, he was attracting attention. The man was about his own age, and apparently a gentleman. Perhaps, thought Romalees, he wanted to give him a shilling, and the thought urged him away.

He passed Trafalgar Square and the Haymarket, and going up Regent Street reached Oxford Street. He felt that he was reeling like a drunken man now, so that he was forced to rest for a minute. The stream of the traffic turned him round, and then he saw the young fellow who had stared at him so brutally in the Strand. He, too, was stopping and watching him.

Forcing his dragging limbs to move again, he marched proudly on, and would not look back. At last the Park was reached, and he could only just stagger to the first disengaged seat. He almost fell upon it, for he was so dazed with faintness that he could hardly see or stand. In five minutes he was better, and glancing up he saw his persecutor walk past, then turn and walk back, hesitatingly and evidently undecided about something. Of a sudden he came across and sat down beside Romalees, who rose at once, feebly, but in protest.

"One minute," the other man cried eagerly. "Do excuse me, but I've been looking for you for seven weeks, so do give me a minute to explain."

The man's tone was not offensive, Romalees judged. He also acknowledged to himself that his present position was making him super-sensitive. He sat down again without replying.

"Thank you awfully," the stranger said heartily, and then added, half laughingly, "Do you see how wonderfully like you I am? Might be your twin. Just have a look at me."

Romalees looked. He saw a frank, smiling face, deep-set blue eyes, a certain boyishness of expression that was very attractive, and a mouth that was almost womanly in its sweetness. A want of firmness and strength of character were expressed, but kindness was shown in abundance. He was certainly very like the reflection that John Romalees had so often seen in his shaving-glass.

"Yes, you are undoubtedly like what I was," he acknowledged stiffly. He was still suspicious of the stranger.

"I expect I'm still more like you when you're all right; but you look a bit run down now," the stranger said apologetically. "Don't think me a bounder if I say you look look as if you'd had a rough time."

"You are mistaken, sir," Romalees answered angrily, and then, seeing a look of distress on the other's face, he changed his tone. "I'm the bounder," he said, "to hug my pride like that, I am right down on my luck. I want work, and I want it badly."

"My name's Havithang," said the stranger, introducing himself. "My dad's cousin and heir to the Earl of Tancaster. I'm in a hole, and I'm coming to you, a stranger, to help me out. Will you let me explain the affair? It might help you out at the same time."

"I'm in no hurry," Romalees said, coldly. That last sentence hurt his pride again, sore wounded as it was.

"That's good of you," Havithang went on briskly, "for it must seem like cheek on my part; yet I hope you'll forgive that later. I followed you right from the Strand. I wanted to speak to you all the time and funk'd it. Here I've been looking out for a chap resembling myself for

seven weeks, and then when I'd spotted him at last, I funk'd it."

"I'm not much to funk," Romalees said, bitterly. It was not so long ago when he was this man's equal in society and now he spoke of helping him.

"You know a bounder when you see one, the same as I do," observed the other, "and I could see that you thought me one, and perhaps I am. P'raps you'll think worse of me when I've told you all. But if you'll listen I've got to take my chance."

He was so ingenuous, so boyish, that Romalees smiled. "Go ahead," he said.

"Well, it's like this," Havithang began with some embarrassment. "My dad wasn't always heir to Tancaster. He was a younger son, and next door to being a beggar. He's an swfully good sort, the very best and dearest old chap in the world; and he'd been brought up to spend money; and when he hadn't got any he went on spending it all the same. Savvy?"

"He must be cleverer than I am," said Romalees laughingly. He felt more at ease now with his strangely acquired companion.

"But, of course, it's the sort of thing that can't go on forever," Havithang thought fit to explain, "and the dad, some years ago, got into the deuce of a hole. It was such a hole that I don't like to think about it. I never asked him exactly what it was, and he's never told me; but you may take it from me that it was a black hole.

"Then he got into the clutches of a bounder reeking with money. He's a Mr. Oliver Raynor, of Bradford. I don't know how he did it, because I don't like to ask; but he did. Old Raynor was the son of poor parents. You know the sort. One room for a whole family affair. But he grubbed on somehow and made a pile. He was awfully keen on being connected with the aristocracy. Not much to hanker after, but that was his hobby.

"So he told the dad that he'd got a niece, and if I would marry her when she became nineteen he'd give the dad back a lot of papers that the dear old chap is just dying to handle. They're something that will ruin him if they get into anyone else's hands, and so he must destroy them. The dad told me all this, years back, but



“ ‘Because I am here under false pretences,’ he said.”

I'd forgotten all about it until two months ago, and then he showed me a letter from Raynor, saying that his niece Olive is now nineteen, and he'd better send me to Bradford to complete the contract."

"Is she a nice girl?" asked Romalees, with a show of interest.

"Don't know—never saw her," Havithang answered with a laugh. "The old bounder knows me, but she doesn't. He always stops with the dad when he comes to London. However, whether she's nice or not she's not for me, for fact is," he laughed uneasily, "I'm married. Yes! Got spliced to the jolliest little girl in the world, and daren't tell the dad because of this bother."

Romalees had an idea of what was coming. Havithang was hesitating, so he gave him a lead.

"You think I might be mistaken for you?" he said.

"That's it," answered Havithang eagerly. "That's just it. Now, if you are not married—" He waited for a reply, and Romalees assured him that he was single.

"That's good," he said happily. "I dare say the girl's all right, and if you could take her off my hands, and get back the papers, on the wedding day as promised, I'll settle just as much of my allowance on you as you like. I've three thousand a year, but now I've got such a jolly little wife, I can live on less." He looked anxiously at Romalees, making figures on the gravel with his stick.

"So you want me to impersonate you," the other man said, thoughtfully, "and marry a girl who would think me a better man? Sounds criminal."

"Not it," cried Havithang heartily. "You're a better man than ever I was, because—well, I'm so easily led. Now you look a good sort who would make a girl happy, and so she'd gain by the exchange. And then you'd defeat the ends of a confounded old blackmailer who'd ruin the dearest old chap in the world. I'm asking you now for his sake. If you knew old Raynor you'd do it. If you knew my dad you'd do it. Perhaps, if you knew Miss Raynor you would. Who knows?"

"Since you've been so frank with me," Romalees said with a sigh. "I may as well

tell you that it's that or starvation with me. Starvation plays the deuce with conscience," he added bitterly.

"Good heavens, man!" cried the other, genuinely shocked. "I didn't think it was as bad as that. What a brute I am! Come and have dinner with me. At home," he added, with a glance at his companion's shabbiness; "and then I can fix you up. You'll have to use my tailor, you see. Old Raynor knows my style."

And so John Romalees dined with his newly-made acquaintance and the jolliest little wife in the world, and after dinner finally agreed to the adventure, so that the Egyptian might be spoiled.

A week was to be given to the study of John Percival Havithang and his family and connections, with illustrations from sundry albums. At the end of that time the real John Percival Havithang journeyed to an out-of-the-way corner of Lorraine, and the imposter took train for Bradford.

II.

THE FALL.

That same afternoon a slim, bright-faced girl entered the room where Oliver Raynor was entertaining the proposed bridegroom. Masses of dark, curly hair were piled above a smiling, oval face, looking fairer even than it was because of the contrast of big brown eyes with almost black lashes and lips that were scarlet.

"She's coming down," Raynor had told his guest a moment before, "and you must go a bit shy with her. If she was to think we'd fixed it up for you to marry her, she'd be off like a bird. She's got to be courted properly and all that."

"My friend, Mr. Havithang, the son of Colonel Havithang, with whom I stay when I am in London, you know," was the introduction, as Romalees came forward. The girl offered her hand frankly, and as he took it Romalees trembled. He had expected, from what Havithang had told him, to find her as vulgar as her uncle, and as set upon the match. In that case, he had decided she deserved to be taken in; but the sight of this innocent girl swept away the last excuses for his

conduct which he had been laying to heart. Then his hopes rallied again. Appearances are often deceitful, he told himself.

"I am glad to see you," she said, a little shyly; "we don't often see London people here." Small, even white teeth showed as she smiled, and he thought her expression charming.

"You know London, of course?" he asked her, already wondering how he was to get out of this dreadful scrape without prejudicing the Havithangs.

the best place in the world for them as has money; and if she's a good girl to her old uncle she'll never want for nothing."

"It must be dreadful to be poor," the girl said, with a sigh. "I'm afraid I have never realized it. But what an opportunity the rich people of London have!"

Romalees laughed so bitterly that the girl looked curiously at him as he replied.

"Rich folk don't know of one-tenth part of the misery about them, and they don't care."



"So you want me to impersonate you," the other man said thoughtfully.

"I have been at school in Belgium until lately," she answered, "and have never been to London. From what uncle tells me it must be like fairyland compared with Bradford."

"I am afraid you would not think so," he told her, with a shivering recollection of his own experiences. "It is a place so big that misery can hide itself, and it is full of poverty and sorrow."

"Oh; come now, Havithang," Oliver Raynor's coarse voice broke in. "Don't go setting my niece against London. It's

"They can't be all alike," she said, "and I suppose you've only read about this. At least I hope so."

Romalees thought of a possible return to his poverty and this very soon. The long days without food, the cold nights that seemed endless. It was still very real with him.

"You may well hope so," he said gravely, "only I do know that things are worse than you could possibly imagine."

"Now then, Havithang!" cried Mr. Raynor irritably. "What's wrong with

you? You ain't a bit like yourself. At your time of life I never thought o' talking horrors to young ladies."

"Pardon me," Romalees said, turning to Miss Raynor, "but the thoughts of London brings back to me many scenes I wish I could forget."

"But I like to know the truth," she cried earnestly. "Perhaps, some day—I I don't know—but perhaps I shall be able to do some good in the world."

"Here! let's have dinner," Raynor broke in quickly. "You give me the blues, Havithang. Blest if I ever thought you were that sort. Here! Olive, you ask him about the theatres. That's more in his line."

Soon after dinner Mr. Raynor found that business demanded his attention, and Romalees was left alone in the big drawing-room with Olive. At her uncle's request she sang a few songs in an unaffected style, and then, turning round, she faced the visitor.

"I can't sing well," she said, laughingly; "only it pleases uncle."

"It pleased me," he said, and smiled. Then, seeing her frank eyes looking straight into his, shame overcame him, and he moved away.

"You hear such good singing in London," she said, "and I am sure you are too honest to flatter. I haven't a good voice for singing, have I?"

"You have a nice voice for speaking," he told her, smiling again, and then she laughed. It was impossible to be dull in her presence.

"There! that is honest," she declared in her unconventional way. "If you had insisted that I sang well I should not have trusted you again. Because uncle tells everyone that I shall be rich, I feel that people are not generally honest with me. It is a dreadful thought. I wish I could trust someone."

Romalees was on the point of telling her that she could trust him, and then the recollection of his mission silenced him. Already he saw that he had undertaken the impossible. Now he had to get out of the tangle the best way he could.

"Do tell me more about London and its poor people," she asked, breaking a moment's silence. "I am so interested. I know so little of the world. At school we are only told what our teachers con-

sider is nice for us to know. They think poverty horrid."

Romalees had thought her beautiful directly he saw her. He began to think her more beautiful than he had thought at first. As she sat upon the music-stool, her slim white hands crossed over one knee, her eyes, deep and full of light, shining with her earnestness, he believed that he saw a mind as beautiful as her outward self.

He described London as he had seen it in his days of want. Somehow he began to tell the tale of his own trouble, speaking of it as though it was that of some man whom he had come across. Then he suddenly stopped.

"But there is a bright side," he said abruptly. "London has others than the miserable."

"I can guess the bright side," she said with a sigh; "so do please tell me more about the poor fellow you spoke of. Is he still so poor? And a gentleman too! Couldn't I help him without his knowing it? Oh! do let me do so through you."

A gush of tears came into his eyes, so that he had to rise and turn away and furtively dry them. He despised emotional men, and yet for once in his life he could not control his feelings.

"Ah! I believe you've done it!" she cried enthusiastically. "Somehow, I can see that it is just what you would do. Do you know that you are quite different from what uncle described you? I thought you'd be rather frivolous."

"I don't think I'm frivolous; I'm learning," he said slowly. "I'm still learning a lot about myself that I never knew before, and what I'm learning—" He stopped abruptly, and went to the window.

There were gardens beyond, laid out in small beds cut out of velvety lawns, and these were gay with flowers. The sun was just setting, and peace was coming with the night, but it had no balm for his troubled spirit.

He must escape at once, he decided, for it was sufficient degradation that he had consented to become an impostor. In the morning he would make an excuse and disappear.

The horrors of the inhospitable streets came freshly to his mind, but now they did not daunt him. The memory of Olive

Raynor would help him to bear his trials, and, besides, he was strong again now. Perhaps in this part of the country he might obtain work on a farm, or, as he knew something of horses, he might become a groom. If ever he met Olive again it should be as an honest man.

He told her more about London, since she was persistent in her inquiries. He described the miseries of the arches on a wet night, with the wind driving in among the ill-clad refugees there. He told her of the crowded streets, and of sympathetic policemen forced to unpleasant duties. He was still full of the subject when Mr. Raynor came in, and it had to be shelved.

"How are you getting on, my boy?" Raynor asked, after Olive had retired for the night. "She's all right, ain't she?" "She deserves the best of husbands," Romalees answered shortly. "You will have some trouble in finding one good enough."

"Oh! I've found him right enough," the elder man cried boisterously, slapping his guest on the back. "And it strikes me she's of the same opinion already." He laughed boisterously, his coarseness making Romalees wince.

He kept up this style of conversation until bedtime brought relief, and then Romalees was glad to be alone with his thoughts. He decided that it would not be fair to Havithang to tell Raynor the truth. If he did so Colonel Havithang would certainly suffer, and he thought that Raynor could be very hard on a man when it pleased him to be so. So he settled to write and inform Havithang that he must throw up the business, and at the same time he meant to explain that Olive was not the sort of girl Havithang believed her to be.

But what of Olive's future, he wondered. Would she find a husband who would thoroughly appreciate her as he was sure he would have done? Her uncle would never understand her nature. He thought too much of money. He would probably compel her to marry some fortune-hunter. The thought was maddening, but it would not leave him. All night long he lay awake, planning and scheming, and always to find a way by which Olive should not be the worse because of his deceit.

He was up early next morning, tired and hopeless. Life seemed harder than ever now. He realized that he had had a glimpse into paradise, and that, being unworthy, he could never enter therein.

The mist was rising from the hills, and settling over the valleys like a great white sea of moving billows, when he went into the garden, to try once more to think out an excuse for leaving that morning. He would receive no post, and the only chance he saw was to go to the village post office and there to make belief to 'phone to town, and to find himself recalled.

He strolled in to the long straight road, and began walking down it, with eyes lowered, as he pondered miserably over his fall. In the days when he was starving he was an honest man. What would Olive think of him now, if she knew the truth? And he would give anything so that he might win her good opinion.

He was still looking down drearily when he heard her speak.

"Why, Mr. Havithang," she cried in surprise, "you are out early this morning." A basket was on her arm, and she blushed prettily as her eyes met his. She had been on an errand of mercy, and was confused to think that he had discovered it.

"You have your poor here as well as in London, I can see," he said as he stopped to talk to her; and she nodded assent, laughing a little.

"There's an old woman here who would starve if I did not help her. And yet I know she has money, but won't spend it. Of course, she says she has none. Oh! Mr. Havithang, I do hate deceit. Don't you?" And her frank eyes sought his.

He flushed like a schoolboy, with the knowledge of his own deceit heavy upon him. It was cruel that he had met her under circumstances which must for ever divide them. Fate had not yet done with her tortures for him, he thought bitterly.

"You hate deceit, don't you?" she repeated her question, a little surprised at his silence. Then he made an effort.

"I do," he said with feeling. "I loathe and detest it. Those who deceive such as you are unspeakable criminals."

She was surprised at the tone of his speech. There was something about him

that she could not understand. He was so different from what her uncle had led her to expect; but better—much better.

They walked in silence for a little way. He dreaded to show himself in his true colors. He was not brave enough to encounter her scorn, and yet she must sooner or later know everything. Those honest eyes of hers would then turn away from the man who had sold his soul for bread. He gave up the idea of going to the post-office and making pretence to be called to town. It seemed to him that he could not tell this lie to her without her finding it out, and then she would learn that he was full of lies. Therefore he walked back with her, and postponed his flight until some happy opportunity enabled him to get away without more deceit.

So the day passed, and another and another; and although he determined that each one must be the last, yet he lingered on, unable to tear himself away, and dreading the parting more and more.

On the tenth morning he rose earlier than usual and packed his portmanteau. He was desperate now, and his departure could no longer be stayed. He decided not to say good-bye to Olive or to make any excuse. They must think what they liked about him, and whatever they thought would not be as bad as he deserved. At least, there should be no more deceit—that he had settled with himself.

When he reached the hall the first servants, only just come down, were starting dusting and sweeping. They hardly noticed him as he opened the front door and went out. He knew that he had left all happiness behind him now, but he did not falter. He was half-way down the garden when from an upper window Olive called to him. His first impulse was to run, but his training compelled courtesy. He turned and raised his hat. Olive was dressed for walking, looking fresh and charming as she stood there framed by the window.

"Are you going way?" she asked, seeing his portmanteau.

"I must," he answered; and her look of dismay aroused in him a feeling of satisfaction which he found it impossible to suppress.

"Won't you say good-bye to me? I'm coming down."

She disappeared, and he wondered whether he ought not to run away while there was yet time; but before he could make up his mind she was by his side.

"You did not tell me you were going," she said, a little show of fear in her eyes. "Why didn't you want me to know?"

"Because——" He hesitated for a moment, and then a sudden impulse forced a confession from him. "Because I am here under false pretences," he blurted out. "Because I came here on a disgraceful mission."

"A disgraceful mission?" she repeated, paling. He saw her lips tremble and her hands clench upon a stick that she was carrying. "I can't believe that. What do you mean?"

He steadied himself now, knowing that there was no escape. He began by explaining that he was the man whom he had described to her as starving in the streets of London. He saw her sympathy in her eyes, and encouraged by it he went on to tell her of his temptation, making little of his desire to help Colonel Havithang. He tried to slur over this matter, lest she should fear her uncle; yet he felt that he must mention it in order that she might be upon her guard.

"Surely my uncle would not be so cruel?" she said brokenly at last. She had questioned him so that he had been compelled to tell more than he had meant to.

"It is probably a mere threat," he answered. They walked on through the garden in silence, and turned into the road. He hardly dared to look at her now; he felt his shame so deeply.

"I should not have told you about your uncle," he said at last, "only I feared that you might be tricked into marrying someone unworthy of you."

"There must be some truth in it," she said, after another pause; "for once I heard my uncle say that he had Colonel Havithang under his thumb. I thought it a joke then, but now——" She pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, but in a moment she was mistress of herself again.

"I feel sure that you wouldn't have tried to deceive me had you not wanted to save the colonel," she said quietly. She

was quite calm now, but Romalees could guess some of the emotions that disturbed her.

"I cannot even adopt that excuse," he answered, still afraid to look straight at her. "I was starving and mad. I did not know then that there are worse things than starvation.

They were well down the road by this time, and of a sudden she stopped.

"You mustn't go from here yet," she said earnestly. "I must find a way to save the colonel first. Now that I know all, there can be no hurry for you."

"I will do what you tell me to," he replied sadly. "That is the least thing I can do. Yet my shame will make my stay a heavier punishment than I have ever borne before."

She sighed, and made no answer, and as he followed her back to the house they did not speak again.

III.

THE RECOVERY

The day passed drearily. The mill-owner's jests jarred upon Romalees and the girl, and Olive's attempt to conceal her trouble would have been noticed by anyone less self-satisfied than Mr. Raynor.

After dinner he ostentatiously left the young people together in the drawing-room, where Olive sat at the piano, playing some plaintive melody which sounded inexpressibly sad to the man who knew that he had put a gulf between them.

He noticed that she had been weeping, and he longed to make atonement, but he had nothing to offer. He had sinned, and his sin had found him out.

At last she turned upon the stool and faced him. She was very pale, but her eyes were steady now, and they looked straight into his.

"I have been questioning uncle," she said, choking back a little sob, "and I find that he has some papers which give him a hold over Colonel Havithang. I hope—I think—that his threat to use them would never be carried out"—she held up a slim hand warningly. "Please let me think so, at any rate, and don't tell me otherwise."

"I am glad you think so," he answered. "I hope and trust you are right."

"He has been very good and kind to

me," she went on, catching her breath, "and if he would do wrong it is with the mistaken idea of benefiting me. Still, the colonel must not remain under such dread as oppresses him now. If it was not that uncle wants me to marry well, there would be no trouble, I am sure. It is horrible enough without that. It is terrible to think that I was to be foisted on a man who never wanted me, and who would regard me as a burden." She clenched her hands as she spoke, and her face flushed angrily. "Could anything be more degrading for a woman?" she cried, panting in an agony of grief.

"If only——," he began, and then was silent. For a moment he had forgotten that he had placed himself outside the pale.

"And so——," she continued, and then stopped as suddenly as he had done. There was silence for a minute, and he bent his head so that he might not see her face when she gave her verdict. "The anxiety must be blighting the colonel's life," she added with a sigh.

"I should say it was," he replied, echoing her sigh.

"There is only one way out, so far as I can see," she said, almost in a whisper, turning the stool so that she looked away from him. "I must marry you."

He sprang to his feet with a cry, but she motioned him to sit down again.

"Wait," she said faintly, as though the scene was overpowering her, "wait until I have explained all. I do not see any other way to get the papers, and they must be got, not only for the colonel's sake, but also to save uncle from doing so wicked a thing as he has threatened. He will give up the papers the morning we are married, and then we shall say good-bye." He watched her struggle to appear composed, not daring to speak.

"If ever you should want money then——" she began, but he sprang to his feet and interrupted her.

"Do not think me as mean as that," he said, hoarse with emotion.

"You will have to obtain a special licence," she told him, calming herself by an effort, "and we shall be obliged to get married without telling uncle, because of your name. I shall leave you to make all necessary arrangements."

"I will do everything," he agreed quietly. She glanced at him quickly and then looked down again.

"I will write to you in about a month. I want you to go away now. I will tell uncle we are engaged. I am sure you will make it all as easy for me as you can. Good-bye."

She gave him her hand; it was cold and lifeless. Half an hour later he had left the house without having to bid farewell to his host.

A month later he met her at a little church near Bradford. No confidences passed between them, and their meeting had more formality about it than when he had gone out the first morning after he had seen her and found her in the road near her uncle's house. They walked straight up to the altar, and two witnesses were sent for.

Then began the solemn service that was to make the twain one, and his heart seemed to swell and swell until he could hardly breathe. His sin had reached a climax, now that this mockery was forcing her, whom he had learned to love so dearly, to tell lies that must be for ever recorded against her. He glanced at her, and saw how pale her face was. Her lips were set, and he could not see into her eyes. Her hand trembled when he held it, with the ring upon it, which should have given them endless happiness.

The clergyman, an old man, gave them some good advice before they rose, and every word cut into John Romalees' heart, and was graven there. A motor-car was in waiting, and Mr. Raynor had been warned, so that when they reached his house they found him radiant with delight and quite ready to excuse the secrecy that had been practised.

"Young folks have their whims and fancies these days," was all he said. "And, after all, so long as it's done proper, what does it matter? Olive, my dear, I'm a very happy man. Now I know you've got a husband to look after you as will never forsake you, whatever happens. I've something for him." He turned away abruptly and went to his study, while Romalees asked his young wife for guidance.

"Tell me what I am to do next," he asked in desperation, "and forgive me before we part."

"I am coming as far as London with you," she answered, still keeping her face away from him. "I shall write to uncle from there and confess. He will forgive me, I am certain."

He did not dare to comment lest he betrayed his feelings, nor was he sure whether he would have the blow of parting fall at once or whether he was glad to have it postponed. Then Mr. Raynor came hurriedly in and placed a bundle of papers in his hand. His face was flushed and his eyes moist, so that he seemed little like a villain.

"Give these to the dad, my boy," he said, "and just call his attention to the fact that I cut off his signatures long ago. Tell him that it was only because I wanted to make sure of my girl marrying a gentleman that I kept them at all, and didn't tell him they were harmless. Ask him to forgive and forget for his new daughter's sake. She's worth it, my boy; she is indeed." He blew his nose violently, and Romalees wished a thousand times that he had never deceived the old fellow. His own love for Olive made Raynor's fault less in his eyes, for he was sure that he would have done anything in his power to make her happy, even though he sinned against others in so doing.

There was no breakfast after this strange marriage. Olive made an excuse that they had a train to catch, and half an hour later they were again in the motor hurrying to the railway station. They did not speak, and Romalees sat watching the treasure that had been lent to him for so short a time, trying to make up his mind to accept the inevitable without delay. The train was just coming in, and by this time he had quite made up his plans. He obtained a ticket for Olive, saw her comfortably placed in a corner seat, and then waited on the platform for the end of all things, so far as hope and happiness were concerned.

"Aren't you coming in?" she asked, looking frightened.

"No; I am going back to tell your uncle what a blackguard I am," he answered, trying to show a calmness that he was far from feeling. "Then he will go after you and take care of you. Wire where he can find you."

She sprang from her seat, and, opening the carriage door with nervous hands,

jumped out just as the train was moving. He had to catch her in his arms to save her from falling.

"I am coming back with you," she declared shakily, nor could his arguments alter her decision. The journey by road was again passed in silence until they had almost reached the house.

"I want you to stay while I see him first," she said.

He bowed his head gravely; he had no further arguments to offer. Then he sat in the car while she went indoors, and added to his torments as only a repentant man can. It seemed hours before Raynor came to the door and quietly asked him to come in.

"I am the chief one to blame," the mill-owner said, when they were within the library. "Olive has told me all. It's hurt me more than I can tell you, and the kindest thing that you can do for me is to say nothing."

"But Olive!" Romalees said. "I have ruined her life."

"She'll speak for herself," was the reply. "And now you and me can shake hands," and he offered his hand.

Romalees took it mechanically, his thoughts centred on the wife who was ever to be a stranger to him.

Then Raynor left, and Olive slowly came into the room. She looked anxious, and yet not as sad as she had done.

"Husband," she whispered. He started, moving a little way toward her, and then stopping, lest he had mistaken. "John, we are forgiven," she said, and with a cry of joy ran to his arms, and sobbed while he held her to him as though he were afraid of losing her.

"I never meant to leave you," she said softly, "but I did so want you to beg me not to go from you."

Then he told all that he had with such efforts kept to himself, and she was satisfied.



HOW FIRST SHE CAME

When first she came, the month was May,
A robin whistled far away;
She stood beside the door a while,
Her lips half parted in a smile;
My shabby room, I feared, looked gray.

I hardly knew just what to say,—
My study was not meant for style,
The books lay round in many a pile,
When first she came.

She would not read, but said she'd stay
And be a fairy for the day,
Creating beauty to beguile
The castaway on learning's isle;
She brought some flowers to make things gay,
Thus first she came.
—Fred Jacob.

THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES

How Germany Went to Morocco

A fascinating little story touching international politics, and one incidentally which is all the more interesting in view of the continued strained relations between France and Germany, is told in the *English Review*.

People have often asked, says the article, why Germany ever departed from her attitude of watchful aloofness towards that country. Her best statesman regarded the land of the Moors as an apple of discord wherewith to set England and France by the ears, just as Persia and Afghanistan seemed to him peculiarly adapted for the purpose of keeping mistrust and hatred between Russia and Britain continually simmering. That is one of the methods of German diplomacy. The answer commonly given to this question is that Prince Bulow struck out a line of policy very different from that of Prince Bismarck. He discerned the advantage of direct interference as a means of putting pressure upon France sufficient to make her pliant. In other words, Germany's present policy is part of a cleverly laid plan conceived by a statesman who saw things clearly and looked far ahead.

As a matter of fact, Germany's present attitude on the Morocco question is the result of a casual trip made very unwillingly by his majesty, the Kaiser, which in its origin and conception had as little to do with politics as had Tenterden steeple to do with Goodwin Sands.

When France, in virtue of her agreement with Great Britain, formally assumed a preponderant political part in Moroc-

co, Germany had acquiesced, confining her pre-occupation to her commercial interests, and had accepted France's readily given assurance that these would be respected religiously. That was the first act of the drama.

After this the curtain was rung up on a bit of romance which seems oddly out of place in a serious political drama. But it is truth—truth of the kind that sounds stranger than fiction, and is often much less credible. The month of March was well advanced. In Berlin, balmy breezes were just beginning to awaken thoughts and feelings of spring in the minds and hearts of ordinary citizens, and Court officials were planning the Kaiser's Lenten cruise in the Mediterranean. Only the outline now needed filling in. What places should his Majesty touch at? "Why not pay a visit to Algiers?" asked one. "An excellent plan," remarked another, "it will give his Majesty an opportunity of . . ."

"Tangier is the place the Emperor ought to call at; it offers many advantages," suggested another. This idea was new, bold, Wilhelmesque, so to say, and after a little discussion it was adopted. But with the advent of a critical geographer came doubts and misgivings, and the plan was seriously called in question. This gentleman's objection was grave. "Tangier cannot be included among the places of call," he said, "because there is not water enough in the roadstead to allow the Hohenzollern to anchor there." Here was a difficulty with a vengeance. It would never do to send the Imperial

yacht to a place where the water was too shallow to enable it to enter. "But is it a fact that the water is not deep enough?" another inquired. Nobody could answer authentically. Finally, it was decided to address the question to some one on the spot.

From Berlin an urgent telegram was despatched to the German representative at Tangier, inquiring whether there was water enough in the roadstead to enable the Imperial yacht to anchor there. As this official possessed no cypher, the message was despatched *en clair*, and could be read by everyone in the telegraph office. The official, replying in the same way, stated that there was quite enough water to accommodate the Imperial yacht. That settled the matter. The plan was approved definitely; the Kaiser would visit Tangier. As yet, however, Wilhelm II. knew nothing about it. He had not been consulted. But it was assumed that he would raise no objection. In any case they would approach him on the subject.

Meanwhile the contents of the telegram had leaked out at Tangier, as all secrets are wont to do in such little places in the East. Ill-natured foreigners say it was the English who revealed them. More accurate observers set it down to people of another nationality. But the relevant point is that a journalist got hold of the news, and the *Times* was enabled to publish a telegram from Tangier announcing as imminent a visit of Kaiser Wilhelm to Tangier. The sensation was world-wide: Kaiser Wilhelm among the Moors! Vernal madness! This visit, politicians said, would be a much more disturbing factor in European politics than his Majesty's solemn entry on a white charger into Jerusalem or his symposium with Abdul Hamid had been. It would be a wanton provocation, said the French. Brief, the project seemed so freighted with dubious consequences that many doubted whether it would be carried out.

Among the personages to whom the announcement came as a stunning surprise were the Imperial Chancellor and his august master, to whom the principal role in the political adventure was assigned. And the Kaiser's astonishment was tinged with annoyance. He resented the liberty taken. He had given no thought to poli-

tics in connection with his coming cruise, certainly none to *la haute politique*. It was to be a cruise and nothing more. Individuals, French, American, or others, he might, of course, receive, as he had done so often before, and enjoy a quiet chat *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. But to turn a much-needed holiday into an international demonstration and cause a flutter of trepidation among the friends of peace throughout the world! No, this was too much. He would not join two aims so desperate as private pleasure and international politics.

Besides, he had disinterested himself and his Government politically in Morocco. Had he not charged Prince von Bulow to declare that Germany acquiesced in the Anglo-French agreement on the international status of that realm? This important declaration had been made only a few days ago. How could he now embark on an undertaking which would belie all this, and perhaps jeopardise the peace of Europe? In truth, he had gone much further. France had received positive encouragement from Germany to go ahead. The Kaiser had often alluded to Morocco as French, doing it deliberately and with a purpose. In conversation with the military attache of the Republic, for example, he had employed the phrase "*Votre Maroc*," with emphasis, and gazing intently into his hearer's sparkling eyes the while. The Emperor knew, could not but know, that these words which were honey-drops to a French officer were reported to the Government of the Republic, and had been taken to heart by the President and the Ministers. And could he now unsay and undo all this? Evidently not. *Noblesse oblige*. Besides, why should he. His views had undergone no change. Nothing had happened to modify them. His court officials had gone too far. They had acted with zeal unweighted with discretion. It was rash on their part to venture into the sphere of politics without taking a competent guide. They ought to have consulted somebody—Herr von Schoen, for example. True, Herr von Schoen was absent. . . . Well, in any case the Emperor's mind was made up. He would set his face against the project. The cruise would be nothing but a cruise, as it professed to be. He would touch

only at harmless ports and steer clear of Tangier.

At this conjuncture Prince von Bulow enters on the scene. Having learned from the *Times* telegram that the Kaiser had decided to see Morocco for himself, the Imperial Chancellor asked for an audience. He was received. "I have come," he said, "to offer my loyal and respectful congratulations to your Majesty on the brilliant idea you have conceived of affording the Moslems of Morocco an opportunity of doing homage to the powerful friend of the Caliph of all Islam. They will appreciate it thoroughly, and so will your Majesty's subjects at home, for it will do more to raise the prestige of the Empire than anything your Majesty's Government could have suggested. It is in truth a brilliant *coup*."

But the Kaiser knitted his brows, listened coldly to his Chancellor, and responded in a different key. He replied that the idea was nowise his. He had neither originated nor approved it. Neither would he carry it out. He would not go to Tangier. Such a visit would do more harm than good. It would run counter to the Imperial policy announced and pursued heretofore. In a word, the Kaiser showed himself resolutely adverse to the scheme. The Chancellor insisted, giving reasons for his view and endeavoring to weaken those adduced by his sovereign. The Emperor, however, turned the conversation, and soon after the Chancellor departed. But Prince Bulow did not let the matter drop. He spoke of it to several courtiers who had frequent intercourse with his Majesty, and he urged them to recommend it. Patriotism prompted his action and would warrant theirs. Some of them mentioned the subject to the Kaiser, but stopped short when they found that they were knocking at a closed door. None of them received encouragement, and some met with rebuffs. The Emperor seemed determined not to reconsider his refusal.

Meanwhile, preparations, official and unofficial, for the cruise went on apace. Abroad it was assumed that the Kaiser's visit had been decided upon. But this was an error. Even those who were to accompany his Majesty, and who met in Berlin, had to admit among themselves that the programme was an unknown

quantity. Would they or would they not touch at Tangier. Apparently not. Comparing notes, they elicited the fact that the Emperor had not said or done aught that could be construed as a token that he had changed his mind. And there was not the slightest reason for assuming that he had been won over to the plan but was keeping his conversion secret. Presumably, they would not land in Morocco. The scheme was given up. It was with this conviction that they quitted Berlin and started on their journey. All this time the monarch had been reading with intense interest the leaders and special articles which the tidings of his intended visit to Tangier called forth at home and abroad. Prince von Bulow took care that his Majesty should see every note and comment calculated to convince him of the wisdom of going to Morocco, and he had but to wish for such articles and they filled the papers forthwith like flowers called into existence by the wand of a magician. But the Emperor read in silence.

The cruise began well, but brought no change. The subject of Tangier was tabooed on board. The Imperial yacht touched at Lisbon and anchored there. But there was no symptom pointing to an intention on his Majesty's part to land on the soil of Morocco. At last the time allotted to Lisbon was up. The Hohenzollern weighed anchor. The vessel began to move out of the Tagus, slowly at first, then more rapidly, and all at once the news spread: "The Emperor has given orders to make for Tangier. We are going to Morocco, then, after all." What had influenced the Kaiser to forego his resolve and do the bidding of his Chancellor? Was it the arguments marshalled by Prince von Bulow? Was it the advocacy of the courtiers, or the approval lavished in advance by the Press? Probably no one will ever know.

Was the Kaiser then really converted to the plan he had so resolutely opposed? No, not yet. At least not wholly. He was entertaining it, weighing pros and cons, peering ahead and looking backwards, counting up the cost. But he still wavered. He had not yet fully made up his mind. The Hohenzollern was meanwhile bearing him rapidly nearer to Moorish waters. The critical moment was ap-

proaching. The vessel steamed into the roadstead of Tangier. Here, at last, was Morocco. What would the next step be? The weather was unfavorable on the last day of March, 1905. The water was the reverse of smooth, foam-crested waves caused the lighter craft to rise and fall, and the wind was freshening. The Kaiser still hesitated whether to land or to return without setting foot on the territory of the Sultan. He watched and waited. Meanwhile, the foreign vessels stationed at Tangier saluted the Hohenzollern and the commanders went on board to pay their respects to the Imperial visitor.

And now comes one of the cruellest strokes of irony in the story. The French commander received a superlatively warm welcome from the Kaiser. He was a genuine, rough sea-dog, a latter-day Jean Bart, whose breezy, seamanlike frankness could at a moment's notice be transformed into dare-devil prowess. The Kaiser plied him with questions on naval subjects, and seemed delighted with his pithy replies and the way in which they were given. Then suddenly came the fateful query. Pointing to the roughening water the monarch asked: "Is it possible to land to-day without danger?" The answer was an emphatic affirmative, an affirmative that came with the cheery tones of an incentive that whets desire. And it was that reply which settled the matter. Thereupon, the Kaiser issued the order to man the launch and prepare to go ashore. In this way the cause was set operative of all the subsequent international trouble which brought Europe in sight of war, and still trails its slow length along. The irony of fate willed it that it should be an honest Frenchman devoid of political guile who turned the scale with his "*Possible? Mais assurance. Pourqu'oi pas?*"

The Kaiser went ashore, and Tangier was transfigured. The streets appeared clean—for this occasion only. From the balconies hung many-colored flags, crowds of graceful figures in flowing draperies of white filled the narrow thoroughfares. Si Abdul Malek Mulai Hassan, the Sultan's uncle, appeared to welcome the Imperial visitor, and brought gifts of horses, oxen, sheep, and other offerings galore. The Emperor mounts his charger. As he moves forward a French lady throws a

tricolor bouquet to which a long train of crape is attached—a reminder of the lost provinces. The Imperial charger, startled, rears on his hind legs. At last the Kaiser starts on his two hours' visit. It was during those two hours that he declared that the Sultan of Morocco is "an absolutely independent sovereign," and that he, Kaiser Wilhelm, would treat directly with him. The semi-official Press in Berlin took their cue from these words, and an anti-French campaign was inaugurated which led to the fall of M. Delcasse, the diplomatic conflict with M. Rouvier, the conference of Algeiras, and the present entanglements.

Such is the genesis of Germany's Moroccan policy. The German nation, as a whole, are entirely ignorant of its origin, and we, of course, regard it as part of the Emperor's genial statesmanship, whereas in reality it was as sudden and accidental as was the famous telegram to President Kruger. They call it "*Plotzlichkeitspolitik*" in German. It may be styled the policy of the unexpected.

And when people ask, "What is Germany seeking in Morocco, what deep-laid plot of demarcation or expropriation has she laid there, is it a port she wants, a coaling station, mines, land, or what?" the true answer is quite as simple and, to the general, quite as unexpected. As it was chance that took the Emperor to Morocco, so now he uses it in exactly similar fashion, suddenly, unexpectedly, at hap-hazard, as a pawn in the *Kriegspiel* of diplomacy, for this and that purpose.

He sticks to it because out of the medley of international condominium some thing assuredly will issue. It may be a port, a concession, an actual demarcation of sphere of influences. That is not the question. The question is that some good, some benefit must inevitably accrue to Germany. It must, because with her power, and her recent *rapprochement* with Russia, the German and Austrian armies are the controlling influence on the Continent. It has been well said that Germany occupies the same position in Europe to-day as did Napoleon after Jena. And it is the key to the whole situation. That being so, the Moroccan question may be viewed quietly. Neither France nor Germany desires a war about Morocco. The entire situation is one of diplomatic

bluff, out of which Germany, with her major power, confidently anticipates some substantial compensation.

Nor, from our point of view—from the military point of view, of course—would it seriously matter to us if France agreed to present Germany with a port, or, indeed, gave her such sphere of influence as she might please. A port in Morocco would decentralize the German Navy. It would be a source of weakness to Germany in time of naval war. From the English standpoint it is ludicrous to pretend that we have any reason to complain if the defensible area of Germany is extended. The very contrary is the case. The more Germany enlarges her line of defence, the more vulnerable, in time of warfare, would she be to us. It may be said outright that Germany's ensconcement at Agadir would materially weaken her naval arm.

The really serious part in the Moroccan affair is this disposition of Germany to

invalidate international treaties at will and pleasure, for here the ethical side of diplomacy is offended, and things that are inherently immaterial in themselves assume the gravity of serious crises. On three occasions Germany solemnly entered into agreement with France regarding the problems and respective rights in Morocco, accepting the principle of international control, and three times now she has cast her agreement to the winds. On each occasion the Moroccan question has become a grave international concern, because there are other signatories to the agreements, and if treaties are to have any value at all it is considered wise to adhere to them. The question arises: Why does Germany enter, apparently loyally, into agreements if she reserves the right to break them? And the corollary presents itself: What is the use, therefore, of entering into agreements with Germany if she has no intention to respect them? And that is, in fine, the problem.

As an East Indian Sees America

IF people are sufficiently courageous they may wish to see themselves as others see them. But it would take courage to face some peoples' opinions of some of us. It is especially so in the certain instance we have in mind wherein, as shown in the article which we reprint herewith, an East Indian tells how *he* saw the United States.

His article does not mention Canada, and indeed we are anxious to believe that although we do live side by side the average Canadian is a more mannerly animal than the average American. There is, however, no doubt that, had Mr. Singh extended his visit to this country he would have had something to say of us too—probably not complimentary. Mr. Singh in effect states that he was treated with abominable rudeness in the United States. Reading his article one is compelled to admit that in *our* eyes more of his experiences were quite commonplace, but through *his* eyes, we see them differently.

Even, he says, writing in *The Hindustan Review*,—even though the stranger may dress himself as does the American of his standing, if his features are of a slightly different cast, his hair of a somewhat different hue, he is liable to be singled out and stared at. The street gamins are apt to insultingly call him a "nigger," if his complexion happens to be a little bit dark. I have known American boys and girls, of various ages, to follow me in droves as I walked along on the sidewalks of American metropolises; these urchins yelling and screaming and calling me all manner of names as they went along, their number being constantly reinforced. The very first hour I spent on the American continent, and before I had become callous to American impudence, was about the most miserable hour I have spent in my life. I was walking down from the wharf, where I had landed, to the city of Seattle, Washington, leisurely taking in the sights, which then appeared to me to be wonderful in the sense of being new. I

had gone but a short distance when a crowd of boys and girls, some shabbily, some stylishly dressed, formed a ring around me and sped on as I did. It is the fashion in the United States for men to shave the face clean. My beard and long hair attracted the attention of the gamins. "Mr., there is a barber shop around the corner. You better get a shave," yelled one of the boys. "Yes. And get a hair cut while you are about it," shouted another. "Better get two hair cuts while you are about it," called out a third. Amidst this yelling, impudent crowd, I, an utter stranger in the country and continent, felt as does a Negro who is being taken to a tree to be lynched by an infuriated American mob. Surrounded by this conglomerate procession as I went on my way, the urchins would yell "Skidoo," "23 for you!" These happened to be the current phrases which were the rage of the time when I landed on the continent about four years ago, and I had to bear the brunt of them. I did not know what the terms meant as they were yelled at me; and it was good that I was ignorant of their significance, for, translated into plain, everyday English, these phrases meant no less than: "Get ye gone," and, to be sure, if I had fathomed their meaning I certainly would have been inexpressibly dejected, harassed and discomfited as I was by the little brutes who were hectoring me.

"Get ye gone!" That was the welcome America gave me when I landed on the continent; but that was not the last of that kind of welcome that the people of the United States were to accord me during my extended sojourn in the land of the Stars and Stripes. The very first impression I formed of America was its rudeness to strangers of different appearance from the citizens of the land. The very first conclusion I arrived at in the United States was the fact that I would have to put up with a great deal of impertinent notice. It was providential that the very first day of my arrival on the continent, I registered a vow not to permit myself to be tormented by the ungentelemanly and lo! the ungentelemanly attention paid to my brown visage and raven-black hair: for had I allowed myself to be discomfited by American rudeness, I certainly would have seen the in-

side of a lunatic asylum within the first six months of my residence in the United States.

As I open the flood-gates of my memory, reminiscences of American unmannerliness force themselves on me. I was in Chicago at the time the last Republican convention was held at which the Honorable William Howard Taft was nominated as the candidate of the Republican party for President of the United States. I wanted to go to the Convention to see what it was like, and I went to the office of the Secretary of the Convention Committee to endeavour to obtain a ticket of admittance. On the second floor of the Coliseum—a mammoth building, containing one of the largest halls in the world—was the office of the man whom I had to see in order to obtain what I was after. The corridor in front of this office was packed with men. A newspaper man I knew volunteered the information that amongst the crowd were prominent political bosses, also Senators and Congressmen and newspaper correspondents from the large metropolitan daily papers of the continent. The Secretary of the Reception Committee of the Convention was engaged, and I had to wait ten minutes before being admitted into his presence. I leaned back against a wall and began to take in what was going on around me.

As I stood watching the men standing about me in small knots, talking to one another, apparently about some absorbing topic, a man tapped me on the shoulder. He was a great deal taller than I was, and as I looked up I found that he was faultlessly dressed in expensive clothes. He wore gold-rimmed spectacles. A massive gold chain bridged his two lower waist-coat pockets and from this hung a huge gold fob. He had on his fingers two or three rings set with sparkling diamonds, and carried in his hand a gold-headed cane. A diamond stud adorned his stiff-bosomed boiled shirt. These details impressed me and as I scanned this man's face, which was blacker than my boots (he was an Afro-American) he spoke to me in elegant English:

"Beg your pardon, Mister, but will you tell me who you are?"

I knew what my questioner wanted to find out. He wished to know whether

or not I was a Negro. But in order to have some fun at his expense, I said unhesitatingly, "I am a newspaper man. Does he (meaning the Secretary whom I was to see) want me to come in now?" I asked him, carrying the joke farther and making him feel that, despite the gold and diamonds on his person, I regarded him as the office boy of the Secretary.

"Oh! I am not an office boy. I should think you could have seen that," he rejoined sarcastically.

"Then, pray, why bother me with the question?" I asked mischievously.

Rebuffed, the "colored" gentleman walked off with an air of injured pride. What he thought of me, I never learned, save what I scanned from his angry face. No sooner was I alone than another man—this time a "white" man—who stood beside men, volunteered:

"Bravo! Well done! I am glad you squelched that *nigger*. He controls a few colored votes and feels that he is the boss of everybody. We toady to him at election time, but after November 3rd we will not hesitate to show him his place. It certainly was a mistake to make the nigger the white man's equal. The colored man was made to take orders from the white man, and no matter how much you may whitewash him, he still remains a nigger."

This man was a Southerner. His accent and sentiment revealed beyond mistake his identity. After he had finished his diatribe on the inferiority of the colored races, I said:

"Well, I am a *colored* man myself—not a Negro, but still a colored man. But so far as impudence is concerned, the white man can't be beat." Then I told him what happened to me a few mornings previously. I had my Indian head-dress on, and when I boarded a street-car I walked down the aisle looking for a seat and found there was just one seat available in the car, half of it being occupied by a woman. No sooner had I sat down when she turned around and began to boldly stare at my face. It was my turban that most interested her. Presently she said:

"Is it not too bad to have your head bandaged so? What kind of an accident did you have?"

"The accident of being born in India, madam, and traveling in a curiosity cursed land. I don't need sympathy, since my head does not hurt me."

What monumental ignorance did this question reveal, I thought to myself.

I remember a somewhat analogous incident. An oldish American woman brought a wet towel and began to rub my forehead with it, as hard as she could. When asked to explain why she did so, she said she was trying to see if she could rub off the brownish-black stain from my face. She declared I spoke English like an American, and she was trying to discover if I was merely masquerading as an (East) Indian for some ulterior motive. I was fearfully enraged at the performance; but the woman went about it in such solemn earnestness that to this day I have never been able to decide whether she was cracking a joke at my expense, or was in earnest, actuated by prejudice and ignorance.

It is this daring of the American women that irritates an Oriental sojourner in America. Your Yankee friend is likely to coolly ask you to lay bare the innermost secrets of your soul—and to do it in the most *nonchalant* manner, disguising it under the cloak of a joke. An Indian friend of mine had resided for a long time in an eastern (Eastern United States) city, and had formed many valuable friendships. One evening he called with me on two sisters and their mother. As we were sitting idly gossiping, the conversation turned on marriage in India. One of the sisters suddenly asked my friend:

"How about your wife, Mr. —?"

She is all right," he replied, just as hastily as the query was put to him.

"Why, Mr.—, you said you were not married at all," triumphantly put in the other sister, with a touch of grim humor. The discomfiture of my friend is easier imagined than described. Yet the young American woman was actuated by "smartness"—probably jocoseness—to ask such a question: or maybe the mind of the American woman, like that of the woman of other countries, works in devious grooves and perhaps there was a deeper motive for this query than I divined. All the same, it was the bold, *nonchalant* manner of the woman that impressed me most, and it

certainly was illustrative of a similar trait in the average American woman — and eke man.

This spirit of *nonchalance* in the American is so well cultivated that you cannot rebuff it. At least, such has been my experience. More than anything else, you cannot whip an American at argument so that he will stay whipped. He never acknowledges his defeat, and the minute you get off his breast he rises, forgets his bruises, and begins to charge you once again, trying to down you if he can. Many a time this conclusion has forced itself on me until now it has become part of my working philosophy in America. As an instance of how impossible it is to rebuff an American, I will cite a personal incident. Wherever I go in America, whether it be a crowded metropolis, or a slimly-settled country site— whoever I meet in America, be the person man or woman, rich or poor, cultivated or illiterate—sooner or later, directly or indirectly, I am asked the question: "How old are you?" Poor John Chinaman gets the brunt of the blame for asking such an impertinent question: but I can swear to it that I have found the American to be absolutely the limit in this respect. I do not know whether other people have had the same experience or not; but I have. As a rule, this question is asked me in all frankness and sincerity. It is the editor of a newspaper who has hurriedly looked through my scrap-book and seen the articles I have contributed to newspapers and magazines of various lands. The editor looks at my face, which is minus a single furrow of care or anxiety. He then shifts his eyes to my hair, which has been, until recently, unstreaked with silver. Then comes the question: "By the way, you are not very old—are you?" Now when the question is asked, the only thing to do is to simply state the case. Evasion will not avail. I have tried it—without success. For instance, I may say: "I am not a hundred thousand years old." Quick as a flash comes reply from the editor. "I knew *that*;" but how old are you, anyway?" If it is a society leader, a woman with money and power (whatever that word may mean) she asks you this question more politely and she repeats her query less brusquely; but the insistence is

there, the same quality, the same quantity of insistence. The young woman will say, for instance: "So you have been away from home for — years?" and you will say "Yes." She will talk for an hour about what you saw in foreign lands, and then will come the query: "And how old were you when you left home?" When she has the answers to her two questions, your age is just a matter of simple arithmetic. If you somewhat hesitate to state just how old you are, you will be condescendingly told: "My question may sound impolite, but we are interested (this word is drawled out, in-ter-est-ed) in *you*." Funny interest, you may say to yourself, that hinges on one's age: but you cannot put off your friend by any adventitious means. She wants to know — she has made up her mind to know—she will know—and the best course you can adopt is to let her know. Otherwise there is a divorce between you and your peace of mind. I once tested the ingenuity of a woman friend as to her ability to find opportunities and ways to pick out of me just how old I was. She asked me a half dozen times, not once putting to me a direct question. A half dozen different ages I gave her, and each time she laughed. At last came my birthday, and she, unembarrassed, asked me how many times she must "spank" me, explaining that in her part of the country it was the custom to spank a friend or relative on his birthday, as many times as he was years old. This was really ingenious—at least it appeared so to me—and I rewarded her stick-to-it-iveness and patience by honestly answering her question.

This pestering perseverance and impertinent audacity in the American are truly galling to a foreigner, especially so during the initial stage of his sojourn in the country. Equally discomfiting is the fact that the average American feels that there is no one who is of so fine a calibre as the citizen of the United States. He considers himself to be by far the highest evolved—the flower of creation. The United States and the American are *it* (to use an Americanism)—all else is second-rate or good for nothing. As to the Asiatic, his head is filled with mashed potatoes instead of brains. The orthodox American regards the Oriental as a huge joke. All kinds of fun

are had at his expense. I remember the case of a young Chinese, a very bright fellow, who came to the United States some time ago to study political economy. He spoke English imperfectly, and, as is the case with most Chinamen, he would say "l" where he ought to say "r." Consequently he would call "rice," "lice," and "Mr. Lice" was the name by which he became popularly known. A young American boarding in the same family as did the Chinaman, taught the Celestial to drink his tea with a tablespoon, to eat his pie with a knife, saw his bread with his teaspoon, eat his soup with a fork, and other ludicrous things, telling him that they were essentially high-bred table manners in America. I had the painful experience of seeing the Chinaman make a fool of himself at an important function. Every one present enjoyed the joke, except the Celestial, who was utterly oblivious of the fun that was being had at his expense.

The Chinaman had cut off his queue and dressed like an American college man. His eyes were but slightly oblique. In fact, there was nothing but a very slight suggestion about his features of his Mongolian origin. One Sunday he went to the Post Office to get his mail. Nearly everybody, men, women, boys and girls, in the larger American cities, goes to the Post Office to get mail on Sunday, there being no carrier delivery on the Sabbath. In the rotunda of the Post Office my Celestial friend met a crowd of people, all waiting for the doors to open. As he stood there he heard a knot of three young women talking. One said: "Look at the Chink!" The second interjected, "Why, Isabel! He is a right handsome fellow." The third articulated, "Yes, Isabel, you ought to marry the yellow beast." "No!

Excuse me!" rejoined Isabel, shuddering as if the suggestion was contaminating.

My friend from China was greatly wrought up over this incident. He was hyper-sensitive, on the one hand, and without a sense of humour, on the other. Naturally he took the insult to heart and was grieving over it. "Isn't there any way of stopping this nonsense?" he asked me in all earnestness. "Couldn't I call an officer to my help?" he continued impassionately. "You certainly could call a policeman, if you wish," I told him, "but he will not succour you—he will simply laugh at you." Then I showed the Chinaman a little excerpt that I had clipped from a Chicago newspaper, and which was so typical of the unmannerliness of a certain type of Americans that I had pasted it in my note book. It ran as follows:

"Not many years ago, walking in Clark Street, I saw a young American brute spit a mouthful of tobacco juice into an open package of candy which a Chinaman was carrying in his hand."

"Are such things possible in civilized America?" was the only comment John Chinaman made. "Yes," said I, "they are possible in half-civilized America. The country is young: it has much to learn. Refinement, one could not expect to look for in men and women whose parents were backwoods people, cut off from communication with the world, engaged in rudimentary farming in a fierce struggle with Nature; and who, themselves, have no time for anything else save chasing madly after the almighty dollar. When Americans have a little leisure and some inclination to be introspective, they doubtless will outgrow their burly manners, but not before." This is a simple proposition and constitutes more than ample excuse for American rudeness to strangers.



Canada's Great Fair

By

N. B. Johnson

IF a man were to spend year after year of his life endeavoring to perfect a certain device, or some great product—if he had spent almost all his energy in studying the means of overcoming the problems of making a certain article—and if, after he had done this, he invited men and women to see the work, only to have them look at it hurriedly and pass out without half understanding the cunning workmanship, the unwearying endeavor, the everlasting patience of the man who perfected the article, it would be one of the usual ironies of life. And it happens every day.

For instance, at the Toronto Exhibition, what were the really interesting things? A man on a tight wire? A fat woman? A Grand Stand Performance? A man who cut your likeness in black paper or made rapid cartoons of your profile while the crowd stood around and wondered? No. The things which are a real means of seeing the progress of the country, were the exhibits of manufactured and natural products, as set forth in the various booths

in the great buildings. People hurried through these buildings either because they wished to hurry, or because they were compelled to hurry by the souvenir-seeking crowds. They naturally would not take the time to study each new invention, each new machine and new mechanical construction as shown there. The exhibition was, it is true, an advertisement for the various firms who exhibited there. But it was also a means whereby intelligent men and women might see the great progress which had been made in the past year in the various trades and handicrafts.

Many a man who would have spent more time among the exhibits was compelled to make his visit short, or not to go at all, because he had not the time. The account of the various leading exhibits as contained in the following pages will give any reader a good idea of some of the best things which were shown at the fair. They draw attention to the products of the respective exhibitors, and are instructive and informing.

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